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THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY

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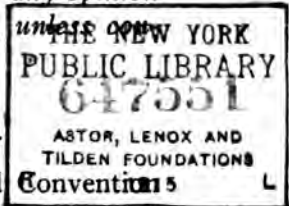
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JULY, 1914

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MODERN PROBLEMS AND THE THEOSOPHIC LIFE.

TO supplement that part of the work of the Annual of The Theosophical Society which is for members only, it is the custom to arrange for a Lecture, to which all are welcome who are sufficiently interested in the thought and activities of the Theosophical Movement to wish to come. This year, at the close of the Convention, the annals of which are to be found in the present number, such a Lecture was delivered, the title being: Modern Problems and the Theosophic Life.

The Lecturer, who spoke from thirty years' experience of the Theosophical Movement, began by saying that, a generation ago, Theosophy was a sensation; then it became a scandal; later, it came to be regarded as a body of teaching, a system of metaphysics; while, at present, those who have seen it pass through all these stages, have become convinced that Theosophy is a life. Let us suppose then, said the Lecturer, that a group of people had diligently set themselves to live that life—whose character and significance might perhaps be considered more at length later on—and had in some measure succeeded in so doing. What would be their view of some of our modern problems, their view, as the fruit of living the Theosophic Life?

To begin with, they would tend to regard all problems of life as problems of the will; the supreme problem being, to find out the Divine Will—the Will of God—and to obey that. So that their tendency would be to ask how this or that problem looked, viewed in the light of the Divine Will. And, holding that the search for the Divine Will, and obeying it, are the great matters of life, these practical students of divine things—for such is the meaning of Theosophist—would inevitably regard self-will, the assertion, that is, of one's own will against the Divine

Will, as the one indubitable evil, the greatest of all misfortunes, the infallible root of unhappiness and misery.

These practical students of divine things would, therefore, ask themselves, when they were confronted with one or another of the "burning questions" of the day, whether those who espoused one or another cause were seeking with a single heart to find and obey the Divine Will, or whether their movement was not, perhaps, a conscious or unconscious expression of self-will. If this latter, then it stood condemned, and its fruit could be nothing but confusion and misery.

What are the burning questions of our modern life? There is, to begin with, the Woman question, of which the question of equal suffrage for men and women is a minor concrete expression; there is the Labor question, growing daily more explosive in this and other countries; and there are questions of politics, of the church, of religious life. On all these, the imagined group of practical students of divine things would find themselves, by the very force and tendency of their lives, in possession of very clear and definite views. In one sense, therefore, for them these Modern Problems would not exist; they would have ceased to be problems, since their solution would have been found, not by speculation, which is always a somewhat uncertain light, but by sheer force of living, the great solver of all problems.

What view would this supposed band of students of life hold on that exceedingly controversial matter, the Woman Question? Probably, some such view as this. Holding that the one vital thing in life is to seek the Divine Will, and, finding it, to obey, they would hold, to begin with, that this is the vital thing for men and women equally. While they do this, they are safe. On all other paths, they are doomed to confusion and misery; the misery which besets any living thing which is out of harmony with its own fundamental law.

Is the motive power of the Woman Question, taking it in its largest sense, the effort to find and fulfil the Will of God? Or is it, perhaps, an expression of self-will? This is the first question which the supposed practical students of divine things would raise. And they would, perhaps, find, to their astonishment, that the prophets and prophetesses of the Woman Question have never even raised that most fundamental question, but, assuming themselves to be altogether right, have gone boldly, even wildly, ahead, pursuing their problem to all kinds of practical issues, before they have even sought for its first principle.

But, granting that the vital thing, for men and women alike, is, to seek the Divine Will, and obey it, these students of life would quickly

discern that that Divine Will has bestowed on men and women a different range of faculties; has set for them contrasted ways of obedience. For the men, the executive way; for the women, the way of inspiration. Therefore, for men, the path of obedience to the Divine Law, which is their own inherent law, is the way of executive action. For women, it is the way of inspiration. By following these contrasted, supplemental ways, they will find well-being, power, peace.

The executive way is, primarily, the expression and application of physical laws, as in the building of a house, a street, a city. The properties of substances, of wood, stone, slate, iron, are mastered and ranged under the steadying power of gravitation. To set the physical forces running through material things, ranging and ordering them, to conquer the material world by setting the will to guide and rule the natural forces: this is the executive way. Further, there comes the ranging of the wills thus applied, so that many men work together in the conquest of nature, as gangs of bricklayers on a big building, groups of structural ironworkers, a train crew, or the small army which makes up the crew of an ocean liner. The ordering of these many wills is the higher part of the executive way.

Any headway along this line can be made in one way only: the way of complete obedience to the Divine Will, as expressed in physical law and the properties of natural substances. A skyscraper can be built only by slavishly obeying the law of the strength of materials, the law of gravitation, the laws of cohesion, of strain, and so on; all direct expressions of Divine law. So the ordering of the wills of men can be successful only by obedience to the law of the will; fundamentally, by supplying these men with something they want, whether it be more evident prizes, or the simple prize of the means of physical life. But there is no headway possible without obedience; no permanent headway, without conscious obedience to the Divine law, the Will of God.

This is the executive way. Through it men come, in time, to a practical knowledge of the Will of God. To that end our multifarious industries and activities exist. What, then, is the contrasted way, the way of inspiration, the way which is natural and inherent for women, as the executive way is for men? Men, busy with the study of application of natural forces, perpetually digging, as it were, into the mountains of material substance and physical force, are in as perpetual danger of forgetting the finer, the diviner aspect of life; in perpetual need, therefore, of inspiration. Without inspiration, they will dig downwards and bury themselves in the earth; with inspiration, they will build an upward path to heaven. The task of the women is, to find and impart this inspiration to the men.

The quality of inspiration is like the quality of light. Formless itself, it makes visible all beautiful forms. Therefore, in the view of the supposed band of students of divine things, it is the part of women, not so much to dictate this or that concrete betterment, but rather to stand for the loveliness of all lovely things; and to stand for it, not so much by precept as by example; by embodying it in themselves; by presenting in their lives the beauty of holiness, the charm of all things true and lovely; by making themselves a light which shall reflect the everlasting light, the light of heaven.

At this point, the Lecturer did a rash thing. He said that, if confronted with the application of this ideal, the band of imagined students would most likely begin with the marriage service, and insist that the great word Obey, in the injunction, "to love, honour and obey" should be taken literally; that it is meant to be carried out. And, to support this unpopular doctrine, that wives should obey their husbands, he told a story which he termed a Parable. The Parable was this:

He said that the band of students of divine things were once confronted with the strange text of Saint Paul, declaring that "Woman should have authority upon her head, *because of the angels.*" Unable to solve its mystery, they deputed an angel, who had access to the courts of heaven, to carry the matter up and lay it before Saint Paul himself, and that Saint Paul, thus questioned, had answered the enigma by another enigma; that he had said: "Men are men, but women are either elementals or angels!"

What possible meaning could be attached to this dark saying? This, perhaps. Men, by the very necessity of their work, are compelled to learn obedience; obedience to natural law, to the laws of substances and forces, to laws of the will. Even if they do take their guidance from the earth, they must follow it with complete fidelity, or they must die, beaten in the daily battle with the material world. Literally, their house will tumble about their ears and bury them, if they take the least liberty, if they swerve even a little from the plumb-line of obedience. So they get their discipline day by day. What they need, is not so much discipline as inspiration.

But women, especially if they belong to the growing class who are not compelled to work, and to work steadily and hard, are without this continuing discipline. If, thus liberated, they make the fulfilment of their own wills and wishes the great purpose of their lives, then they very soon swing loose from divine law, and weave about themselves a cocoon of fancies and desires which straightway shuts them out from the realities of things and imprisons them in a net of their own

emotions, wishes and desires; which, in fact, turns them into elements when they might be angels.

Whether they recognize it or not, they become miserable. Further, shutting out the divine light, they wholly lose the power of inspiration. Or, as the Gita puts it, "When the women become corrupted, the whole body politic goes to the devil." Something like this may, then, have been Saint Paul's meaning. There must be a steady pressure of authority upon the woman's personality, to save her from the danger of becoming a slave to her own self-will, which is a cause of misery for her and which shuts out the divine light that should pass through her, leaving mankind in darkness. Because of the angels, therefore, that they are meant to be, they should have authority upon their heads.

And the Lecturer said further that, once a woman recognized this, and, finding the right man, set herself to obey him, she found a double happiness; happiness for herself; happiness for him. For she became to him the light and source of inspiration, the embodiment of the loveliness of all lovely things, because, through an obedience which kept her personality in check, she gave her soul a chance to blossom like the rose, to make its own loveliness shine through her, irradiating her with everlasting charm, filling her heart with inspiration.

Why, if this be so, do not women find the right man, and, finding him, obey, and thus open for themselves and him the door of joy? Because, said the Lecturer, the men have lost the power, because they have lost the right to command. Through their infidelity, their cowardice, the lowness of their ideals, they have so buried themselves in the earth that the power is gone from them. It becomes impossible to obey them, whereas, if they responded to divine law, it would be impossible not to obey them. Therefore the primary responsibility for the vagaries, the anarchy, of the modern Woman Movement, lies not with the women but with the men. It is the reversal of the story in Genesis. The man has fallen and has led the woman into anarchy after him.

From him, therefore, must come the first steps in obedience. He must set himself to seek, to love, to reverence, to adore, the Divine law, the Will of the Father, bending every energy of his nature to the task of finding that law and obeying it. Then, little by little, as he finds and obeys, he will win back his birthright, rise once more from the earth and stand upright, so that any woman will be not only willing but even joyful to obey him, obeying in him the law of God made manifest. Not the Christ alone, but every man, should thus be a Divine Incarnation, as every woman should embody the healing, illumining power of the Holy Ghost, the Comforter.

Here the Lecturer followed one act of rashness by another. Having already somewhat broadly hinted that the fervid apostles and prophetesses of "Votes for Women" were, in the view of the supposed group of students of divine things, merely woolgathering, he lost the chance to make peace with their enemies by saying that, in this view, which he evidently shared, the Anti-suffrage advocates, if of the feminine persuasion, were in even worse case. For they were even more completely self-deluded. Playing politics, building up mannish associations, delivering platform orations, writing long controversial letters to the papers, plunging into pamphleteering, they showed an equally fundamental misunderstanding of the true nature of their sex, its true destiny and power. Could it be said that the harangue of an Anti-Suffrage orator was the embodiment of the loveliness of all lovely things, which, by its very radiance, would win men's hearts to the beauty of holiness?

The Lecturer tried to make the matter clearer by a comparison. Take the whole substance of poetry, he said, and consider it as, in a sense, the substance of inspiration, an embodiment of beauty and charm, making visible and tangible the loveliness of all lovely things. Do the poets gain their power, does poetry gain its power, by insisting argumentatively on this or another concrete reform? Or is it not the case, on the contrary, that, the moment poetry enters the arena of controversy and lends itself to a Cause, it loses all its force and becomes mere rhymed pamphleteering, however melodious—like some of Shelley's didactic poems? The true power of poetry lies elsewhere than in the espousal of any concrete "reform." It lies in so flooding and suffusing men's hearts with beauty, that all right and noble actions will become instinctive to them.

So with the power of women, the power of inspiration, which they can only enter into through the lowly door of obedience. They will gain and wield the power to inspire, by embodying in themselves the loveliness of all lovely things; by making that loveliness visible and present, in their beauty, in their charm, in the fine loveliness of spirit which illumines and inspires and heals; which so floods the heart of man with the joy of its loveliness that there is no room there for what is base and gross.

Therefore "woman should have authority on her head because of the angels." Therefore she should obey. But man must obey first, and, to obey, he must cease to be such a coward. This, said the Lecturer, is the pre-eminent vice of modern men, the vice which, more than any other, has robbed them of their birthright, the divine right to be obeyed. Take the gross sin of drunkenness. Does this come of cowardice? In reality, yes. The man is afraid of his moods, afraid of his thoughts, afraid of his duties, afraid most of all of his own

cowardly heart. Therefore he drinks, not primarily to produce temporary paralysis of the legs, but to fill his muddled head with delusions, delusions about himself, delusions about life, delusions as to his own heroic might. This, like every vice, is an expression of cowardice.

The Lecturer, in speaking of the power to exact obedience, had used the words "divine right." Did this imply that the imagined band of practical seekers after divine things desired the resurrection of that antiquated and discredited doctrine, "the divine right of kings?" The Lecturer came at this indirectly. If a woman, who, as a woman, was worth her salt, found the right man, the man, loyal and courageous, who set himself early and late to seek the divine will and obey it, fearless of death or danger to himself, would she not be constrained to obey him? Would she not find the greatest joy in obeying him? For the heart of woman yields instinctive homage to courage, as the heart of man yields homage that will never die to purity.

If then, in like manner, a tribe or a nation should find a man who, with loyalty and unflinching courage, sought the divine will, and, through a happy quality of light and power in his heroic soul, not only sought that law but found it, found it in such fulness that he could interpret and follow the divine law not only for the personal problems of his separate life or the separate lives of others, but for the large, general problems of his race and nation, would not that race gladly and instinctively follow him, thus recognizing in him a divine right, nay, even that antiquated and discredited thing, the divine right of kings?

So the word of the enigma is Obey, Obey and Obey. And, since Obedience is the golden key which opens the door of heaven, so anarchy, the determination at all costs to obey one's own wishes only, is the iron key of hell. Anarchy is the malady of our times. Not merely destructive lawlessness, but the subtler thing that leads to lawlessness: the conviction that, for each, his own wish should be paramount; that, in this sense, the sense of following out his own wish, he is expressing his true individuality. For the truth is that, never shall we express our real selves, our true individualities, in any way but the one way: a faithful seeking and following of the will of God, the deeper will and law of our natures, to which the lower, surface will is always opposed, as the present is always opposed to the larger, higher promise of the future.

So that this worship of one's own wish, this modern anarchy, is a delusion, a thorough-going violation of the deeper law, the law along which alone our real evolution can take place. We must ceaselessly sacrifice the present and the ease and comfort of the present to

the greater future. So we must ceaselessly sacrifice the lesser and lower will in us to the greater: the personal will to the will of God.

All obedience is training for that, and the only effective training. Therefore the modern Labor movements, which take as their ideal not obedience, but ease and comfort, are as false and misleading as the Feminist movement. Both take their stand upon self-will, upon the worship of self-satisfaction; but Evolution, the great divine law of growth from lower to higher, from less to greater, from the natural and human to godlike, builds not upon ease and self-satisfaction but on sacrifice, on valorous obedience to the greater, deeper will, the obedience which always offers up today on the altar of tomorrow.

So the practical seekers after divine things find their problems solved. Seeking first to obey, and not to satisfy themselves, they stumble on the secret of happiness and joy, of true development and growth. And, since their obedience rests in no ephemeral law, but in the everlasting Law of God, they enter, through obedience, into the everlastingness of that law, opening, with the golden key of Obedience, the door of heaven and immortality.

PRECEPTS OF IYEEYATEE.

"Life is like unto a long journey, with a heavy load. Let thy steps be slow and steady, that thou stumble not. Persuade thyself that imperfection and inconvenience is the natural lot of mortals, and there will be no room for discontent, neither for despair. When ambitious desires arise in thy heart, recall the days of extremity thou hast passed through. Forbearance is the root of quietness and assurance forever. Look upon wrath as thy enemy. If thou knowest only what it is to conquer, and knowest not what it is to be defeated, woe unto thee! It will fare ill with thee. Find faults with thyself rather than with others. Better the less than the more."

Translated by Prof. K. Wadagatti, of the Imperial University.

FRAGMENTS

From a letter to a Lay Chela:

“Believe neither the turmoil of your emotions nor the restless hunger of your heart,—these with time will pass: but rest assured that joy lies in the depths of life, that happiness enfolds us, and that darkness and shadow are unreal and passing. When the gloom settles upon the soul, and you feel the chill twilight gathering, wait patiently. Even the night has its stars, will we but raise our eyes to heaven; and sure, beyond all failing, the sun rises with another day at its appointed hour, and in the warmth of sunshine and brightness earth seems born anew.

“I remind you but of what you know. Nevertheless I bid you, when the darkness gathers, summon courage to face it, patience to bear it, and the faith that knows the dawn is waiting and knows it cannot fail. For God is love; and the law, compassion absolute. Dare you then to say this is not so? That you are signalled out for misery alone?

“O eyes so blinded by your tears! O poor heart, rent with pain and suffering! You have not seen into the depths of life, nor tasted the last drop within the cup, for those who taste have found it sweet. What is the path the Masters have trod, think you? Woe unutterable, we call it: but they will tell you that in its very sorrow lies a joy; and in its sacrifice, reward for all their hopes. Not alone we walk, nor unregarded. The Master’s eye notes all, and His pity and His love enwrap each toiler like a garment. Courage and patience, then, and ever, ever forward. Some day the light will shine and peace console you, and I shall greet the radiance of your knowledge which will tell me all is well.

“Lo! like a bugle call across the ocean of physical existence, they bid us know—those who have ‘gone before’—that all *is* well. And we may trust those words of theirs, and following the path that they have shown, loosen the bonds of ignorance and illusion, and stand some day where now they stand, in full soul-consciousness, and know that it is bliss.”

* * * * *

From the letter of a Master:

“Softly the daylight dies, and the flaming light of the sunset fades in the Western sky. The planet shows above: a silver spark in a sea of violet. Three homing birds—black silhouettes—pass across. The freshness of falling dew is in the air; the scent of grass and earth and hidden flowers. A stir of insect life arises, reminiscent of vague memories, growing more even in its cadences as the light grows more dim. The day has been full of care and pressure—

cross purposes—unfulfilled plans. To-morrow I turn to the mountains again, taking D— with me. The mountains! how I have longed for them and their uplifting peace. My blessing upon you, child of the loyal heart. Keep the flower in your bosom fresh. Treasure all within your heart—both from above and from below. I always visit you there: there you come always to me: there lies mirrored the vision of the everlasting snows,—their keen, pure air, the sanctity of their silences. Keep that vision before your eyes. So shall others see it, even if in their blindness they cannot see. So shall those darkened lives be touched by some of their exaltation. Live forever upon those heights, wherever your feet may tread. Hush. Good-night. My peace—and theirs—I give you.”

* * * * *

Notes from a talk given by one of the Masters to certain Chelas of the Master K. H.:

“I do not ask any of you to live on *the* summits: that were, as yet, to ask too much. But I do ask you all to live on the summits of *your own* attainment. This each one can do.

“Be unfaltering in your remembrance of the *privilege of service*. Nothing is so great. It is the highest boon that the most spiritual beings ask, the hall-mark of discipleship, the crowning glory of adeptship. You, disciples, who strive forward to the hour of Initiation, who have learnt by much sacrifice, and tasted in many communions somewhat of the meaning of that event, realize that for you there can be no fatigue, no possibility of discouragement, no sense of being overburdened, no fear of responsibility. These so-called burdens are essential attributes of service, and each one must be welcomed with reverent gratitude and joy. Only under the pressure of incessant service can the disciple grow. Does fatigue follow? Look deep within yourselves for needed adjustments here. At the service last night I noticed indications of strain. These mean but one thing: weak points. What has a disciple to do with weak points? Consider this. Discover the disharmony in your natures. Purify. Discipline. Re-adjust. Each such spot is a centre of contagion for the whole group.

“The world behind you is praying for helpers none the less fervently because its prayers are dumb. Labour unremittingly, therefore, that you may attain the power to aid them: lifting them,—and so carrying part of that common weight of care and responsibility which your Master serenely bears, and which it is your privilege to share.”

CAVÉ.

LETTERS TO FRIENDS

X

DEAR FRIEND:

I HAD hoped that I might be able to see you again before I left, but this morning's mail shows me that my hope was vain and that if our interrupted conversation is to be continued it must be by letter instead of face to face.

At first, I was sorry for this; for so much more can be said than can be written. Sometimes, indeed, I wonder at the temerity that dares to write upon any real or vital theme. The chance is so small that the written word should ever tell the truth. Did not you yourself quote to me that passage from *Virginibus Puerisque* in which Stevenson reminds us that it takes two to tell the truth,—one to speak and one to hear? Who can know how what is written will be read, or through what moods it will be interpreted to the understanding? As for your moods, dear man, they are as stable as April weather. If I send you my messenger wrapped in mackintosh and with my best umbrella, he is as likely as not to find you hatless and coatless basking in brilliant sunshine. Whereas if I deck him gaily in straw hat and white flannels he will meet you miles from any shelter, drenched and shivering in a Northeast gale. In conversation one's umbrella can be put up and down, and one's mackintosh be put on and off, as occasion may demand. But in a letter one has no such freedom. One is sewed up in one's garments as permanently as the traditional Laplander,—and often as unpleasantly. "The perception that it is my own cow will not stop the arrow sped under the delusion that it was a ferocious tiger." Could even George Fox "speak to your condition" if he had to speak some twenty-four hours in advance?

Yet as I thought over our last conversation, I realized that these difficulties, real as they are, might serve my turn, and make my point more clearly than anything I could say if we were talking at our ease. For now, if you are to understand me at all, you will have to put some of my counsel into practice; and instead of listening lazily to my description of a certain mental attitude, you will have yourself to take it. As I cannot adjust my words to your mood, you must even adjust your mood to my words, and prove to yourself, what I have always told you, that you can rule and use your moods, instead of being ruled and used by them.

This, then, is what I want you to do. Go back, in thought, to the real beginning of our friendship,—to that scorching day in early June when I called at your office in the city, and we walked together to the subway. Take that walk with me again, in memory. Be once more

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jostled by that hot, perspiring crowd. Wend your way between the packing cases that blocked the sidewalk. Climb over the skids and ropes which ran from the brewer's truck at the curb. Wait, on the narrow wooden bridge spanning the excavation in the street, till the procession of surface cars, trucks, delivery wagons, and motors leaves an opening through which we can dodge. Hear the metallic clank and grind and roar of the elevated train, and the pound of its flat wheels; the deafening hammering of the pneumatic riveters on the building going up beside us; and the shrill yelling of the newsboys on the corner. Take into your nostrils the smell of gas from the open ditch and the fetid odor from the crowd. Be blinded by the glare of sunshine, and dizzy from the blood driven to your head by heat radiating from baked walls and pavement. Feel again, as you felt that day, the outrage to every sense and nerve in your body, till you turned and swore at the pasty-faced, unhealthy looking clerk who ran full tilt against you, and who only spat indifferently as he hurried on. Recall your feeling as you looked after him, with twitching face and hands, and then suddenly beckoning to me, dived down a side street and stopped before a little church all but buried beneath the loft buildings which towered beside it.

Do you remember the half shame-faced, half whimsical look you gave me as you pushed open the leather-padded door that shut off its cool, dark quiet from the inferno of the street? You said nothing: gave no explanation, knowing that none was needed; but stood for a moment till your eyes grew used to the darkness, broken only by the white gleam of the marble altar, the dim red lamps before it, and, high above, the many hued glow of a rose window. You led me along the stone aisle, between the empty rows of seats, to the one small recessed chapel on the right,—so small that there was scarcely room for the four chairs that had been placed in it. There we sat, in silence.

I want you to sit there again with me, feeling again as you did then. Do you remember that after a little while we knelt,—in prayer as silent as that silent church, and as full of benediction and of healing peace?

It may have been ten minutes that we stayed there,—perhaps fifteen,—I do not know. But I recall, as probably you do not now, the amazing thing you said to me as the door swung to behind us: "I have not been here for a year. It is the one place I know that has no walls. In it, one is on a mountain top,—alone under the glory of God's stars."

I did not answer, and you did not speak again, for we were once more in the noise of the street, in the pushing, hurrying crowds, the smells, the blinding glare and stifling heat. But though these were unchanged you were changed. The nervous, tortured look was gone from your face, and I think you noticed your surroundings not at all. You moved serenely, choosing your way unconsciously and unhesitatingly, and the pavement seemed always clearest just before you. You were not thinking of these things or of yourself, and could not have noticed them or now remember them. But I both noticed and

remembered. And you, I know, can recall the mood you then were in, and the contrast to what it had been a short fifteen minutes before. I want you to recall it.

If you have done so,—if, feeling after feeling and mood by mood, you have lived over again in memory the contrasting thoughts and emotions that succeeded one another in that brief half hour,—then I can say what I have in mind to say, both briefly and with some fair chance that it may not be wholly false.

My first point is this: in re-inducing in yourself the attitude of mind and heart and will that was yours in that little chapel, and in feeling again its silent aspiration, which drew your soul to prayer, you have been meditating.

You have told me that you cannot meditate. The truth is that you, and every man, are always meditating. The question is only upon what you meditate. Memory, imagination, thought and feeling,—when are they ever silent? When are we not desiring something, feeling something, thinking something? This combined activity of thought, feeling and desire is meditation. It is the most continuous and the most intimately familiar process of consciousness,—and the most potent.

You may object that this is not what you have meant by meditation, when you said you could not meditate; and that it is not what religious writers mean when they counsel meditation, for it would be obviously absurd to counsel that which is by its very nature always taking place. It is true that between the unpurposed broodings, which form the ever changing yet continuous background of our consciousness, and such meditation as devotional treatises describe, there is a marked difference. But this difference is one of direction and of degree. As processes the two are the same. If, as I have so often seen you do, you sketch idly while you listen to me talk, you are prohibited from claiming that you cannot hold a pencil and do not know what it means to draw. You may draw well or badly, things hideous or beautiful; but draw you can, and meditate you can. The process by which you recalled and felt again all the hideousness of those glaring streets and pushing crowds was precisely the same as that which brought back to you the peace and benediction of that darkened, silent church. The power is yours to invoke what scenes, what thoughts, what feelings you will; and the act of invocation is the act of meditation, regarded as a purposed instead of an unpurposed process.

If you still object that what you have just done was only to invoke the past through memory, whereas if meditation is truly the gateway to new consciousness it must depend upon the power of imagination, I reply that between memory and imagination there is no such difference as you suppose. It may be, as Plato seems to hint, that imagination is but the memory of the soul. Do you recall the day when motoring we came upon and caught a runaway horse, and we sat and waited by the roadside for the farmer's team which we had passed a mile or

more before? In imagination you pictured its arrival; else we would not have waited for it. But this imagination was based on memory. So the swift flight of the soul's consciousness from the world of spirit to the world of matter, from the potential to the manifest, may outstrip the slow, sure movement of evolution and of growth, and, seeing the future in the present, by both memory and imagination, prepare the way for it, and aid it to come into its own.

But such a discussion is beside the mark. You have imagination, no less than memory. You have never been to Chinon,—never at least in this life. Yet in imagination you can take your stand upon its ruined battlements, and look down upon the swiftly flowing Vienne, the stretch of meadow beyond the fringe of willows on its further bank, the encircling hills, dark with woods and vineyards, and the long white road that winds between them. You can make time cease, and live again in the age of chivalry. As you stand and watch, you can catch, far off on the crest of the hills, the glimmer of the sun reflected from burnished lance heads, and trace a low moving cloud of dust. You can feel in heart and mind and will the spirit of France in her extremity, overrun by the armies of her enemies, despoiled of her fairest provinces, betrayed, humiliated, beaten, hemmed in on every side, yet ablaze with the new hope and indomitable courage kindled from the divine fire and all giving devotion which flames through the heart of Joan of Arc. Yes, without turning, without taking your eyes from that advancing, lengthening cloud of dust, big with unknown issues of combat or of succor, you can see her kneeling in that now roofless chapel, communing with her "Brothers in Paradise," and drawing from "great Michael, Prince of God's chivalry," the strength and wisdom for the saving of her nation and the crowning of her King. And as you see her thus, that slim girlish figure in its page's dress, her dark hair cut level with her shoulders, her full, free throat, and upturned, tear-stained face, radiant with the love and adoration shining through it, something of her spirit passes into you, and you know yourself strong to meet, with her, whatever may befall. By imagination, no less than by memory, you can make your own what time, what environment, what consciousness you will. That this is within your power is my first point.

My second point is that there is nothing you can do which is more important, and which has more dynamic and lasting effects upon your life, than to meditate,— than to invoke, by set purpose and act of will, those thoughts, feelings and desires which are purifying and strengthening. I do not think I need to argue this point at length. In your own experience, which I began by asking you to recall, you have proof enough, if you but reflect upon its significance. Let us grant, for the moment only, that it is not what a man is, but rather what he does that is important. Let us think only of his work among his fellow men, in his business or profession; or his duty to his family and in his own home. Still I say that there is nothing more important, to the right

performance of such work or duty, than right meditation. For right meditation enables us to come to our work in the right spirit, and in no other spirit can we do our work as it should be done. This is surely so trite and so obvious that not even your mind will venture to question it. Why then do you not act upon it?

Partly because it requires effort. We can no more change the current and direction of our moods, without effort, than we can change, without the exertion of force, the course of any moving mass. Our moods have a real momentum; and most of us, unfortunately, an equally real inertia of the will. It seems so much easier to let our moods possess us than to dominate them. We wait until they pass, or until something "happens" to change them. And so we drift, blinding ourselves, where we can, to the dissonance between our mood and the spirit which we know our work requires if it is to be done as it should be done.

But in reality it takes less effort to change a wrong mood in its inception, than it does to drag ourselves against its opposition through the routine of the day. No one needs to be told the value of hope and courage in times of stress and trial, nor how heavy are the burdens which are carried with a heavy heart. It is infinitely worth while to lighten our hearts when we cannot lighten our burdens, and to take hope and courage for our companions when we know we shall have to fight. Each morning, by meditation, we can attune ourselves to the day that lies before us, and make our own whatever spirit we may need. On the calendar, before me as I write, are these words: "It costs more to maintain one vice than ten virtues"; and the labor, if it be such, of meditation is far less than that which is the cost of our undominated moods.

Now I can hear you cry out at me in utter exasperation: What on earth has come to the man, that he should be writing in such a solemn way that it is better to be courageous than cowardly, cheerful than depressed! As if I and every one else did not know it without his telling! And simply because, when he reminds me of it, I can put myself back in memory to ten minutes of peace, or imagine myself in his old castle of Chinon, he seems to think I can control all my feelings, and purr sweetly when some one steps on my tail and rubs my fur the wrong way.

I do not know about the purring, but I do mean precisely that you can induce in yourself and maintain any mood or any state of feeling that you desire, and that you can do this with no more difficulty, and much less irritation, than you have experienced in reading this letter. Dear man, is there any mood, any feeling, which you would wish to have, which has not been depicted and exemplified over and over again in the literature of religion or of history? In the poets or in the writings of the saints? You are able to read, and to make live in your own consciousness that which you read; to use your memory, your understanding, your imagination and your will to open your heart, first to the contagion of your author and then to the living reality of which he writes, till its spirit floods your own and arouses your desire and your

will to show it forth in act. In that will is the fruit of your meditation. Without it all that you have done is little more than dreaming. But with it meditation becomes the most dynamic of life's acts.

This then is the meaning of my second point. If you would do your work effectively and fulfil rightly and happily the duties that are yours, look forward in the morning to what lies before you in the day, and make up your mind what qualities and feelings will best enable you to meet it. Then take from your shelves one book or another and turn to those passages which embody the feeling you desire. Dwell upon them, meditate upon them, live them; and set your will to the task of making their spirit live in you and in your acts. The time you give to this will be well spent and more than paid back throughout your day.

My letter is already too long, and I have not fulfilled my hope that I could say briefly what I had to say. Therefore I can only indicate my third point. You must find its implications for yourself. It is not true that what a man does is more important than what he is. His work lives only as he lives, and with such life as is his. The only gift we can make is the gift of ourselves, and all that is of importance to us or to our fellows or to God is what we are. I reminded you of what you said to me as we left that church: "It is the one place I know that has no walls. In it, one is on a mountain top, alone under the glory of God's stars." You proved that day that it is not intercourse with men that fits us to move easily and helpfully among them, but that it is intercourse with God. There is no universal brotherhood save through the Father of us all. But deeper and more vital than that is this truth: we can only come to ourselves as we come to the Master. In and through Him only do we come to a being "that has no walls", where we are ourselves, and all of ourselves, because in communion with Him who is in Himself all. This communion you know and have experienced. It is yours for the taking,—as it was yours to enter when you would that cool and silent church, shut off from all the city, yet bringing you to peace with all your fellows and open without walls.

Do you wonder that I thought it amazing when you told me it was a year since you had been there? And that I deem it still more amazing you should seek so seldom to enter the temple in your own heart, for which the little church stood as symbol?

Faithfully yours,
JOHN GERARD.

BERGSON'S PHILOSOPHICAL POSITION

X

IT would be a bold man who would attempt to make Bergson clearer than he himself is; and yet so manifold are the subjects with which he has dealt, and so comprehensive his range, that no article suitable for a magazine could examine them all. A selection, therefore, has to be made of those features which seem most characteristic and at the same time of most general interest. Professor James wrote in *A Pluralistic Universe*—"I have to confess that Bergson's originality is so profuse that many of his ideas baffle me entirely. I doubt whether anyone understands him all over, so to speak; and I am sure that he himself would be the first to see that this must be, and to confess that things which he himself has not yet thought out clearly had yet to be mentioned, and have a tentative place in his philosophy." We shall, then, endeavor to present Bergson's world-theory, "Creative Evolution"—which he uses as the title for his greatest book,—together with certain of the arguments he uses to deduce this theory. We shall also discuss some of the conclusions to be drawn from this conception relative to the soul and its destiny, and attempt to determine the lasting features of Bergson's philosophy and his true philosophical position. Above all, it must be remembered that Bergson's *method*, as opposed to the intellectual systems of his predecessors, is the heart and center of his contribution, that for which he will be remembered rather than for any one original idea. Some of these ideas, however, are very suggestive of the philosophy advanced by Madame Blavatsky and often called Theosophy. It was this that first attracted the writer to Bergson; and it would be gratifying to think that Theosophical ideas had so permeated the Western world's atmosphere as the result of the labors of the Society, that an intuitional philosopher could find them available in his search after the Divine Wisdom.

Since the spiritual life is, in one of its aspects, an intellectual life, whatever simplifies and clarifies and advances thought is a help to the spiritual life. Bergson's undertaking is, therefore, by no means merely an intellectual luxury; and especially is this so because he does not make it necessary for us to become intellectual acrobats in order to attain some certainty of knowledge, some spiritual freedom. This very achievement is the logical outcome of the spiritual background which is the

basis of his philosophy; it is only those who lack this *point d'appui* that get lost in the endless meshes of intellect. Bergson has tried to take man as he is, leaving out no part of his nature. Taking as a fulcrum that plane of consciousness in himself which he *knew* to be most real, he has raised the whole thinking process by constructing a method of direct approach to this plane, itself super-intellectual and spiritual. To him philosophy is essentially a struggle to rise above one-sided ideas, the false moulds in which our minds are encased and have become hardened. He has sought to gather the whole of the mind together, so to speak, and to place it in its true position as subordinate to the will and higher consciousness of man. And conceiving the mind to hold such a place, he has attempted to make a thorough-going exposition in terms of ordinary thinking of the method each must apply to himself in order to reach this same detached position. Once having attained, we can turn about on the mind and use it without being any longer deceived by its limitations. Then, each one can and should discover his own truth;—intellect checking up and mapping out the way intuition has pioneered.

Bergson's interpretation of his intuitions about life, evolution, and the spiritual world is, of course, but another human effort, subject to errors and limitations. But Bergson knows this perfectly well, and to those who accuse him of leaving many great problems unsolved he answers that an adequate philosophy will be itself an evolution. In other words we must grow towards and into the Wisdom Religion, to *Theosophia*, and no one philosopher can perform this service for the race once for all. "A philosophy of this kind will not be made in a day. Unlike the philosophical systems properly so called, each of which was the work of a man of genius and sprang up as a whole, to be taken or left, it will only be built up by the collective and progressive effort of many thinkers, of many observers also correcting and improving one another. So the present essay does not aim at resolving at once the greatest problems. It simply desires to define the method and to permit a glimpse, on some essential points, of the possibility of its application" (*Creative Evolution*, XIV). Bergson's critics would do well to remember this passage in his Introduction.

In *Creative Evolution* we get a term that as nearly as possible expresses the heart of the Bergsonian conception of reality. Our philosopher tells us frankly that he has gazed intently at reality, and that no mental machinery is capable of giving a true picture of what the consciousness knows and perceives at such times. In order to interpret the experience, however, he has endeavored to describe what he sees in terms of life. His vision is that of a great life flowing through time. This life-current is the fundamental reality, and is spirit in antithesis to matter. The material universe is "the ebb of this great flow"; is a flux and not a thing. Thus a given instance of life is, so to speak, an inversion of the spiritual process, and is losing its vitality. It is existence almost without duration in comparison with the whole from which

it was pushed; for duration or timelessness, as the finite intellect conceives time, is of the very stuff of this coursing life. Bergson states and restates his thought in many ways, for he cannot escape using terms which others have applied differently, and he does not wish to be misunderstood. Life, he says, is tendency, is an irresistible internal push, which, if it relaxed its tension would sink into gross materiality. "Life is creation, the material is reality unmaking itself." "The real can pass from tension to extension and from freedom to mechanical necessity by way of inversion. Life is an effort to remount the incline that matter descends." Again he pictures life as an immense wave that flows through and organizes matter—"sometimes turned aside, sometimes divided, always opposed; and the evolution of the organized world is the unrolling of this conflict." Bergson warns us, however, not to be misled by his similes, which are but the best images that the physical can give. "In reality," he expressly says, "life is of the psychological order." Again, "Consciousness or supra-consciousness, is at the origin of life."

Evolution, as we look out or back upon it, is the unfolding of this life-force throughout the ages. It has met and overcome obstacles; it has also been checked, and appears even to have failed of its purpose. For Bergson clearly believes that evolution does not *of necessity* imply progress, and that it is sometimes conforming to our ideals and sometimes quite antagonistic to them. He also sees that the unity of life is to be found in the original impulse, which contained within itself the many tendencies which are differentiated in the course of development. Thus this original "sheaf" of tendencies is manifested in vegetation; in ants, bees, and wasps; differently again in other animals; while the best of its capacities are developed in man. In some of the great lines of evolution Bergson feels that he has found "blind alleys," and also many cases of retrogression.

The most interesting expressions of this original impulse, this *poussé vitale*, are to be found in the vegetative, instinctive, and rational life-streams, which are conceived not as successive degrees or stages of development, but as "divergent directions of an activity that has split up as it grew. The difference between them is not a difference of intensity, nor, more generally, of degree, but of kind,"—a view, as he says, contrary to that held since Aristotelian days. On the subject of matter, Bergson is equally original. "Matter," he says, "was life originally." That is, the cosmical *élan* which is life, conscious or supra-conscious reality, is a current that ceaselessly flows. When it turns backward, when for some unexplained reason the direction of the flow is reversed, the result is that flux we call matter. "Life is a reality which is making itself, matter is the same reality in the process of unmaking." Matter is real, but it is derivative and perishing. Matter and life or spirit are one in origin but different in degree. Spirit "is confronted with matter, that is to say, with the movement which is the inverse of its own

and which is necessity itself. But it seizes on this matter and strives to introduce into it the largest possible amount of indetermination and freedom."

Over this matter the life-force has obtained various kinds of control, has succeeded in moulding it so as to form vehicles for self-expression. As men have not received all that life has to offer, so we may conclude that the possibilities of the future are boundless. Men have intellect and self-consciousness and free-will: in this they transcend the torpor of vegetation and the instinct of animals. Ants, bees, and wasps, however, have the instinctive powers developed far in advance of mankind. To quote from *Creative Evolution* again: "It is as if a vague and formless being, whom we may call, as we will, man or super-man, had sought to realize himself, and had succeeded by abandoning a part of himself on the way. The losses are represented by the rest of the animal world, at least in what these have that is positive and above the accidents of evolution . . . Consciousness has unloaded on them whatever encumbrances it was dragging along, and so it has been enabled to rise, in man, to heights from which it sees an unlimited horizon open again before it. It is true that it has not only abandoned cumbersome baggage on the way; it has also had to give up valuable goods. Consciousness, in man, is preëminently intellect. It might have been, it ought, so it seems, to have been also intuition. Intuition and intellect represent two opposite directions of the work of consciousness: intuition goes in the very direction of life, intellect goes in the inverse direction, and thus finds itself naturally in accord with the movements of matter. A complete and perfect humanity would be that in which these two forms of conscious activity should attain their full development." These passages speak for themselves, and, as will be seen, further quotation will give the clearest exposition possible on these points, as well as affording a glimpse of the charm and lucidity of Bergson's style. "In the humanity of which we are a part, intuition is almost completely sacrificed to intellect. It seems that to conquer matter and to reconquer its own self, consciousness has had to exhaust the best part of its power. This conquest, in the particular conditions in which it has been accomplished, has required that consciousness should adapt itself to the habits of matter and concentrate its attention on them, in fact determine itself more especially as intellect." This limitation of our powers will be, and Bergson thinks ought to be, overcome when we give up confining ourselves to purely conceptual thinking, and allow our latent instinctive nature, developed until it becomes intuition, to become the normal center of our consciousness. As it is, our intuition "glimmers only now and then . . . But it glimmers wherever a vital interest is at stake." Philosophy ought not to ignore these too often fleeting intuitions; on the contrary, it ought "to sustain them, then to expand them, and so unite them together. The more it advances in this work, the more it will perceive that intuition is mind itself [Higher Manas], and, in a certain sense, life itself; the intel-

lect has been cut out of it by a process resembling that which has generated matter. Thus is revealed the unity of the spiritual life." Bergson follows these very remarkable assertions by a statement that has great significance, that shows the sureness with which he has grasped the reality of inner things, and that we hope will be acted upon by his many followers and not merely made food for thought. He says that if we wish to be "complete men," that is,—if we wish a spiritual life that shall be both intellectual and intuitional we must first use the intuitional method; because, he points out, it is easy enough to go from intuition to intellect, but if we start with the intellect and try "to think our way back to insight into life," we shall find, as men have always found, that we are attempting the impossible, "for from the intellect we shall never pass to intuition." Philosophy is to be no longer, then, a science of speculation and brain-spinning; but it is to return to, and use, those higher faculties in man which are the modes of expression of our truer, spiritual selves. "Philosophy introduces us thus into the spiritual life."

In his conception of the nature and function of the intellect, Bergson has followed almost entirely the view-point taken by the East. Mind is but the instrument that effects an adjustment between the inner, conscious ego and the world of manifestation about it. Mind deals with the material aspects of existence, and its concepts or "thought-frames" apply admirably in practical life and in physical science. The trouble comes when we try to apply this method to a living, flowing reality,—to life. We try to treat the living like the lifeless, and in so doing make the unwarrantable assumption that a mechanistic outline can fit an organic growing world. In our endeavor, we have learned to represent life by a "cinemetographical mechanism of thought," that is, a rapid succession of instantaneous static pictures;—but this is not the same thing as life itself, and never can be. Conceptual thinking about life, says Bergson, is not even scientific; for science, when it seeks to understand something, studies it directly. But the mind is incapable of doing this with life; it can only deal with static, inert, conceptual forms or frames, and can at best only form a hopelessly limited and inexact reproduction of the truth.

In the Bergsonian world-view, then, there is the idea of a great Life-current of consciousness which has penetrated matter, and which is gradually organizing it. Mind, in its totality, is the complementary powers of instinct and intellect. So far the Life-current has not succeeded in giving complete manifestation to, or in combining perfectly these forms of consciousness. Man is endowed mostly with intellect and some instinct; ants, bees, and wasps have mostly instinct with some "fringe of intelligence." The effort of the mind to grapple with difficulties has produced self-consciousness; consciousness is most intense when we face ourselves and exert our wills in some power of choice. Will is the direct action of consciousness, of the vital impulse. The reason we (of the Western world) have remained so in ignorance about

the inner life is because we have limited ourselves to the intellect, with its fixed habits and poverty-stricken categories. Life is much larger than the intellect because the latter is merely an implement which life has formed to enable us to deal successfully with what is not living. Bergson does not depreciate the mind; on the contrary he holds it to be an admirable instrument for the practical purpose of dealing with the physical world, but not for speculation or for direct communion with the spiritual life that made it.

Much of Bergson's philosophy is a technical discussion of biology, psychology, and other branches of human knowledge. We shall not attempt to discuss his treatment of these subjects, nor the often brilliant way he uses them as proofs, or links in his chain of proof, to lead us towards the grander conceptions of the life of the spirit and the destiny of the soul. It is these last questions that reveal at once the heart and the culmination of the Bergsonian scheme, and so we shall deal with them direct. In his lectures and in special articles Bergson has replied to the storm of inquiry raised by scientists and religious thinkers alike; sometimes with a direct answer if he felt able, sometimes merely to indicate the direction in which he thinks an answer can be found. He does not often commit himself to an unqualified opinion. The study of the facts of the universe can give us "a direction only. But it is a great thing to have even a direction, and still more to have several directions, for at the precise point where these directions converge might be found the solution we are seeking. What we possess meanwhile are *lines of facts*, none of which goes far enough, none of which goes right up to the point which interests us and at which we want to place ourselves; but these lines may be more and more prolonged, and they, moreover, already sufficiently indicate to us, by the ideal prolongation that is open to us, the region in which the answer is to be found." That is, *facts* such as every modern scientist and philosopher has at his command lead Bergson to the spiritual world, the region "at which we want to place ourselves."

In the wonderful third chapter of *Creative Evolution*, Bergson gives us a dynamic interpretation of his intuition of the "Meaning of Life" and of the "Order of Nature." He traces the development or unfolding of consciousness through its various forms found in Nature, and comes finally to man. In man, and in man alone, does this life-force seem to have found freedom from automatism. "It has not found it with instinct, and it has not obtained it on the side of intelligence except by a sudden leap from the animal to man." We must study, then, how to penetrate to the consciousness back of both instinct and intelligence in order to obtain a glimpse of the life of universal consciousness—its creative, free, and spontaneous flow. Bergson finds that "the impetus of life . . . consists in a *need of creation*. It lies dormant when life is condemned to automatism; it awakens as soon as the possibility of a choice is restored." Hence man differs radically from the animals, and in his freedom to act proves his spiritual inheritance. We quote at

length, as nothing could be finer than the closing pages of this chapter. "With man, consciousness breaks the chain. In man, and in man alone, it sets itself free. The whole history of life until man has been that of effort of consciousness to raise matter, and of the more or less complete overwhelming of consciousness by the matter which has fallen back on it . . . But man not only maintains his machine, he succeeds in using it as he pleases. Doubtless he owes this to the superiority of his brain, . . . to his language, . . . to social life. But our brain, our society, and our language are only the external and various signs of one and the same internal superiority. They tell, each after its manner, the unique, exceptional success which life has won at a given moment of evolution. They express the difference of kind, and not only of degree, which separates man from the rest of the animal world." Man, then, must seize the advantages he possesses. The aim of philosophy ought to be to study Nature and to expand and unite intuitions. If it does this, man will become aware of the spiritual life. "And it shows at the same time the relation of the life of the spirit to that of the body. The great error of the doctrines on the spirit has been the idea that by isolating the spiritual life from all the rest, by suspending it in space as high as possible above the earth, they were placing it beyond attack, as if they were not thereby simply exposing it to be taken as an effect of mirage! Certainly they are right to listen to conscience when conscience affirms human freedom, but the intellect is there, which says that the cause determines its effect, that like conditions like, that all is repeated and all is given. They are right to believe in the absolute reality of the person and in his independence toward matter, but science is there, which shows the interdependence of conscious life and cerebral activity. They are right to attribute to man a privileged place in nature, to hold that the distance is infinite between the animal and man; but the history of life is there, which makes us witness the genesis of species by gradual transformation, and seems thus to reintegrate man in animality. When a strong instinct assures the probability of personal survival, they are right not to close their ears to its voice; but if there exist 'souls' capable of an independent life, whence do they come? When, how and why do they enter into this body which we see arise, quite naturally, from a mixed cell derived from the bodies of its two parents? All these questions will remain unanswered, a philosophy of intuition will be a negation of science, will be sooner or later swept away by science, if it does not resolve to see the life of the body just where it really is, on the road that leads to the life of the spirit."

Bergson then redescribes the initial impulse, which we have already considered and continues—"The matter that it bears along with it, and in the interstices of which it inserts itself, alone can divide it into distinct individualities. On flows the current, running through human generations, subdividing itself into individuals. This subdivision was vaguely indicated in it, but could not have been made clear without matter. Thus

souls are continually being created, which, nevertheless, in a certain sense pre-existed . . . Consciousness is distinct from the organism it animates, although it must undergo its vicissitudes . . . The destiny of consciousness is not bound up . . . with the destiny of cerebral matter. Finally, consciousness is essentially free; it is freedom itself; but it cannot pass through matter without settling on it, without adapting itself to it: this adaptation is what we call intellectuality; and the intellect, turning itself back toward active, that is to say free, consciousness, naturally makes it enter into the conceptual forms into which it is accustomed to see matter fit . . . Thus, to the eyes of a philosophy that attempts to reabsorb intellect in intuition, many difficulties vanish or become light. But such a doctrine does not only facilitate speculation; it gives us also more power to act and to live. For, with it, we feel ourselves no longer isolated in humanity, humanity no longer seems isolated in the nature that it dominates. As the smallest grain of dust is bound up with our entire solar system, drawn along with it in that undivided movement of descent which is materiality itself, so all organized being, from the humblest to the highest, from the first origins of life to the time in which we are, and in all places as in all times, do but evidence a single impulsion, the inverse of the movement of matter, and in itself indivisible. All the living hold together, and all yield to the same tremendous push. The animal takes its stand on the plant, man bestrides animality, and the whole of humanity, in space and in time, is one immense army galloping beside and before and behind each of us in an overwhelming charge able to beat down every resistance and clear the most formidable of obstacles, perhaps even death."

These long extracts may give the reader some glimpse of the freedom and swing of Bergson's thought. As M. Péguy says of him, he is geology, not geography! And his style is not that of the scholiast; he can rise above technical limitations and distinctions.

We see, then, that Bergson has indeed "rediscovered the soul," and has done it thoroughly and conclusively. Humanity is in a special sense the "ground of evolution,"—"on the road that leads to the life of the spirit." Bergson has given further weight to his declaration that we are right not to disregard our intuitions of immortality by entering the Society of Psychical Research, whatever we may think of his choice of this method for proving an after-existence. In addition to this he has given a still more illuminated statement, quoted from the Huxley Lecture, delivered at the University of Birmingham, May 29th, 1912. "May we not therefore suppose that the passage of consciousness through matter is destined to bring to precision,—in the form of distinct personalities,—tendencies or potentialities which at first were mingled, and also permit these personalities to test their force whilst at the same time increasing it by an effort of self-creation? On the other hand, when we see that consciousness, whilst being at once creation and choice, is also memory, that one of its essential functions is to accumulate and

preserve the past, that very probably (I lack time to attempt the demonstration of this point) the brain is an instrument of forgetfulness as much as one of remembrance, and that in pure consciousness nothing of the past is lost, the whole life of a conscious personality being an indivisible continuity, are we not led to suppose that the effort continues *beyond*, and that in this passage of consciousness through matter (the passage which at the tunnel's exit gives distinct personalities) consciousness is tempered like steel, and tests itself by clearly constituting personalities and preparing them, by the very effort which each of them is called upon to make, for a higher form of existence? If we admit that with man consciousness has finally left the tunnel, that everywhere else consciousness has remained imprisoned, that every other species corresponds to the arrest of something which in man succeeded in overcoming resistance and in expanding almost freely, thus displaying itself in true personalities capable of remembering all and willing all and controlling their past and their future, we shall have no repugnance in admitting that in man, though perhaps in man alone, consciousness pursues its path beyond this earthly life."

Of a definite plan or purpose for the universe, Bergson has written uncertainly. He himself does not see it, though he sees tendencies. That there can be no fixed, predetermined end he emphatically demonstrates. "True, we shall not witness the detailed accomplishment of a plan. Nature is more and better than a plan in course of realization. A plan is a term assigned to a labor: it closes the future whose form it indicates. Before the evolution of life, on the contrary, the portals of the future remain wide open. It is a creation that goes on forever in virtue of an initial movement. This movement constitutes the unity of the organized world—a prolific unity, of an infinite richness, superior to any that the intellect could dream of, for the intellect is only one of its aspects or products." Again, "Life, we have said, transcends finality as it transcends the other categories. . . . There has not, therefore, properly speaking, been any project or plan." Bergson is right in this, we think. Enough for us to see that spirit endeavors to "form distinct personalities," and that the tendency of life seems to be to create "complete men," men of masterly intellect and piercing spiritual intuition, who may even learn to surmount the barrier of death.

Of God, Bergson speaks with the same reticence and reserve. Once and for all he attacks and discards the definitions of Aristotle, of Spinoza, and of Anthropomorphic theology. But, looking out on the creative universe, he sees God as "unceasing life, action, freedom." And he adds, "creation, so conceived, is not a mystery; we experience it in ourselves when we act freely." Such actions, fulfilling our destiny, when we have raised ourselves above ourselves, Bergson points out, have received Nature's special stamp of approval—namely joy. "Philosophers who have speculated on the significance of life and the destiny of man have not sufficiently remarked that Nature has taken pains to give us notice

every time this destiny is accomplished; she has set up a sign which apprises us every time our activity is full of expansion; this sign is joy. I say joy; I do not say pleasure. Pleasure, in point of fact, is no more than an instrument contrived by Nature to obtain from the individual the preservation and the prolongation of life; it gives us no information concerning the direction in which life is flung forward. True joy, on the contrary, is an emphatic signal of the *triumph* of life." Joy manifests itself wherever we create, and to create is to use "*spiritual force*," to obey the "impulse toward a higher and higher efficiency, something which ever seeks to transcend itself, to extract from itself more than there is." Does this not remind us of the Master's joy, that abides in us, and which no man can take from us, the reward of those who love God and seek him?

Finally, Bergson sums up his own works on this subject in a letter to V. de Tonquédec. "The considerations put forward in my *Essay on the Immediate Data (Time and Free Will)* result in an illustration of the fact of liberty; those of *Matter and Memory* lead us, I hope, to put our finger on mental reality; those of *Creative Evolution* present creation as a fact: from all this we derive a clear idea of a free and creating God, producing matter and life at once, whose creative effort is continued, in a vital direction, by the evolution of species and the construction of human personalities." Such admissions from our philosopher are not the least significant part of his work, even where his revelations seem limited in certain directions. That these limitations themselves might at any moment be overcome we can always hope, for Bergson says that we can have a direct intuition of God, though we can by no means limit this experience within the formulation of a mental concept. "There is then within us, or rather behind us, a possible vision of God, as the Alexandrians said, a vision always virtual, never actually realized by the conscious intellect" (*Creative Evolution*, p. 322). Like certain Hindoo schools, he forbids mere speculation about God and the end of the universe.

* * * * *

To sum up the work of a man of Bergson's power is a difficult undertaking. Great as has been the immediate fruit of his message, the real harvest lies in the future. Bergson has figured in this article somewhat as the resultant of all the historical, philosophical tradition behind him, which has been rapidly surveyed in the first two instalments. But this, though of course true and of value as determining just what Bergson had to contend against, is not the view of him which coming generations will, we think, hold. He is the pioneer into new fields, he has inaugurated a new era in philosophy; and as such will stand apart from the long line of his predecessors. Bergson has nothing of the ready-made about him. He is true genius, following his own light, his own intuitions. He has

come into contact, as the poets and mystics have always done, with reality, with the spiritual world; and he has given to humanity what he has known of this experience. Such as he have a power, transmit a power, of which they are too often unconscious; Bergson, we feel, is conscious both of what needs to be done and of what he is doing. On this head, his simplicity and humility are the root of his contagion; he assumes no more than any other man.

Of his philosophy, certain things, we feel, are sure to endure because they are transcriptions of living truths. Bergson has seen and written what Theosophical writers have set forth before he was known. He sees that to Spirit, Time has no real existence; it is only a necessary method and instrument of finite intellect. It is a *How* and not a *What*, a method of analysis, of intervalling or ruling off, which intellect employs to enable it to contemplate in successive parts the Spiritual Life. Space, too, has no real existence to Spirit. It is merely an order in which Spirit, when bound in the fetters of intellect and shut up in the prison of the body, is compelled to look out piecemeal on True Being—itself essentially one—in a broken, multitudinous and successive way. It is another *How*, not a *What*, a method of analysis, to enable our fractional natures to deal with the totality which they cannot contemplate, as yet, in unity. These two conceptions, opposed as they are to Kant and the other schools, will hold their place, and may easily enter with surprising rapidity into the fibre of our daily thinking.

Above all will Bergson be remembered for his method, and for the appeal that he makes to that higher consciousness in each one of us. Bergson finds in the depths of ourselves free-will, liberty; and he bids us rouse that will and live by the light of the intuition it brings. "You must take things by storm; you must thrust intelligence outside itself by an act of will" he tells us in *Creative Evolution*. It is the effort that best characterizes the growing tendency of our present humanity—the effort to become aware of the Life behind its physical or intellectual expressions. And since evolution is creation, we must learn to act, to create, and to become truly ourselves. Thus we are the architects of an infinite and transcendent future. But this future, in Bergson's view, is not to be regarded as a simple development of the present, a simple unfolding of germs already given;—else we limit creation itself. Consequently there is no authority for saying that there is forever only one order of life, only one plane of action, only one rhythm of duration, only one perspective of existence. And if there be, apparently, abrupt leaps from matter to life, from animal to man, have we not something analogous in the very essence of human life itself, in flesh and the spirit, in reason and love? For with man appear thought, reflection, clear consciousness, and moral problems. Then the path of evolution, its direction, its tendency, becomes Good; while Evil becomes that which travels in opposition to the Good. By the soundings of our intuition we can seize upon this tendency of the universe, this "Will that sends us

into the world"; can glimpse this Good, and so qualify for an advance step over present conditions.

We believe that Bergson marks the departure-point for future speculative philosophy and that he has opened a new channel for the minds of men to use in their search after Truth.

(Conclusion)

JOHN BLAKE, JR.

"The object of knowledge is action. Education is a preparation for life. A philosophy is to be judged by its power to inspire action of the right sort. Action of the right sort produces the higher knowledge."

V. V. V.

THE SACRED BOOKS OF ANCIENT CHINA

II

IN considering first the books of the Confucian canon, then the great text of Taoism, the *Tao-teh-king*, we are impressed immediately by the strong contrast between the respective methods which the two great teachers offer the disciple for his advancement toward the state of perfection. And this point of difference, we find, constitutes the very keynote of the two systems of thought. Whereas Confucius taught that the perfect state is to be gained by the punctilious observance of outward forms, and ceremonials, by conforming one's conduct to a thoroughly practical though lofty standard of virtue, Lao-tze turned away from or rather rose above the material plane and sought to draw near to reality by going behind external forms.

We are told that the latter philosopher lived about the year B. C. 604; that practically nothing is known of his early life; and that at an advanced age he withdrew from public service, seeking a lonely mountain pass where he might end his days in undisturbed quiet. Legend has it that he was recognized by the guard of the pass, who was himself a follower of the Tao and by the latter was induced, some say was locked up and forced, to write an account of his philosophy. Thus it is that we have the *Tao-teh-king*. Nothing further is known of its great author, and subsequent ages during which the popularity of his teachings flourished and declined, mark the alteration and even the complete loss of much of the original work.

Like all great mystics, and transcendental philosophers, his teachings were for the few, for those who could understand; and when imparted, as they were, to the many, misunderstanding, misinterpretation and ridicule followed as a natural consequence. Lao-tze, himself, says,

“When a learned man hears Tao he follows it.

When a man of average intelligence hears it, he holds to it for a while and presently loses it.

When an ignorant man hears it he only laughs at it.

If it were not held in derision by such, it could not rightly be called Tao.”

Present-day critics speak of his writing as a series of paradoxes and subtleties of speech, quoting derisively such passages as, “a good keeper needs no bolts or bars, and none can open after him,” “the

good binder needs no rope and none can loose after him," and offering as conclusive proof of the visionary character of his work, Lao-tze's own statement that the Tao could not possibly be imparted even by those who understood it. Not only current writers, however, but many of the great philosopher's disciples, as well, are guilty of manifest misinterpretations of his teachings, and in reading of the extremes to which this led, we appreciate to the full, the value of such an admonition as that quoted from St. Dionysius, in another number of the *QUARTERLY*, "See that none of the uninitiated hear these things. I mean those who cleave to created things and suppose not that anything exists after a supernatural manner, above nature, but imagine that by their own natural understanding they know Him who has made darkness His secret place."

Lao-tze taught of the Supreme and of the Way leading thereto; and the term which he applied to this dual concept was the Tao. In writing of it he recognized fully the fact that the Divine, the Infinite, is beyond definition, utterly remote from human comprehension, and the opening lines of his work show most clearly, perhaps, both the nature of this Tao and the impossibility of its being known to the "natural understanding":

"The Path (meaning the Tao) that is the subject of discussion is not the Eternal Path.

The quality which can be named is not its real attribute.

That which was before heaven and earth, is called the Non-existent. Existence is the Mother of all things.

Therefore does man seek after the First Mystery of Non-existence, while viewing in that which exists, the ultimates thereof.

Non-existence and Existence are identical in everything but name.

This identity of apparent opposites I designate the Profound, the Great Deep, the Open Door of Bewilderment."

Elsewhere, presenting it in its more positive aspect, he asserts that before heaven and earth were, there existed a primordial substance, serene, fathomless, self-existent, homogeneous, and without restraint. The qualifications of this substance, he tells us, are boundlessness, inscrutability, inaccessibility and omnipresence; and to this substance he applies the term Tao.

Yet in spite of the clearness with which Lao-tze states that the Tao is beyond mere verbal definition, that "the quality which can be named is not its real attribute," we find commentators endeavoring to reduce it to terms of the intellect. And among Lao-tze's own disciples, the idea of the Tao gradually crystallized; the Formless was given a definite form and the real character of his original teaching was lost sight of entirely. Later writers expounding and adding to his work, did not hesitate to attribute to Lao-tze much that was wholly their

own. Then too, by a series of misconceptions, his followers gradually came to occupy themselves with methods for the prolongation of life, the practice of magic, the study of alchemy and the search for an elixir of life. Toward the close of the pre-Christian era, Buddhism was introduced into China, and, apparently in an attempt to rival the new belief, Taoism became for the first time a religion, borrowing ceremonials, liturgies, the idea of a hell, etc., from the Buddhistic teachings. We are told by one of the ancient Chinese writers that Buddhism stole the best features of Taoism and Taoism the worst features of Buddhism. "It is as though one took a jewel from the other and the loser recouped the loss with a stone." Thus the history of Taoism is marked by a slow but none the less certain decline, until, in the present day it occupies a rather debased and anomalous position, being in many respects,—particularly in the matter of ceremonials,—scarcely distinguishable from the Buddhism of the country.

One of the first statements that one meets, and the one that is evidently regarded as most condemnatory, in accounts of Lao-tze's work, is the fact that he advocated the doctrine of inaction,—“do nothing and all things will be done.” Commentators and evidently later disciples as well, have received this teaching with the intellect only, have taken it in its most literal sense and with consequences which are easily imagined. It may be well to examine the doctrine as set forth in the words of Lao-tze himself, taken from various parts of the *Tao-teh-king*.

“By Non-action there is nothing which cannot be effected.”

“The sage acts through Non-action and hence he governs all.”

“To teach without words and to be useful without action,—few among men attain to this.”

“The gentlest thing in the world will over-ride the strongest. The Non-existent pervades everything though there be no inlet. So, by this I comprehend how effective inaction is.”

That these words, as they stand, should be received by many as a doctrine of passivity and inertness of living is not altogether surprising. But it is necessary to remember that one of the points which Lao-tze emphasized most strongly was that the disciple should so live as to enable the Tao to act in and through him. And it was to this end that he urged the power of inaction, a fact which is shown in numerous passages, notably the following:

“Acting without design; occupied without making a business of it; finding the great in what is small, and the many in the few; repaying injury with kindness; effecting difficult things while they are easy; and managing great things in their beginnings; (this is the way of Tao).”

“The wise man . . . teaches without the use of words, he works without effort, he produces without possessing; he acts without

regard to the fruit of action; he brings his works to perfection without assuming credit; and, claiming nothing as his own, he cannot at any time be said to lose."

Surely these words are not written by an advocate of inactivity, of "do nothing and all things will be done"; do they not point, instead, to an activity, heightened because of the dissociation of self and the freedom from personal motives, thus reminding us of passages both in the *Gita* and *Light on the Path*? Perhaps the most noticeable resemblance, owing to the similarity in form as well as in spirit, is to that portion of the latter book where we are given the rule, "Kill out ambition," and then "Work as those work who are ambitious. Respect life as those who desire it. Be happy as those are who live for happiness."

Another point which commentators frequently raise against Taoism, and one of the main reasons given for its decline, is that its teachings are strongly adverse to education and learning. "Dispense with your learning and save yourself anxiety," we find in one portion of the *Tao-teh-king*, and numerous other passages imply that the effort to gain knowledge is so much time wasted. This principle, accepted literally at a later date, naturally brought derision on master and pupils alike, in a land where learning was highly regarded. Yet here again we feel that the teaching was for the initiated, for those who could read within the words, for in succeeding chapters we find it written,

"The wise man is ambitious of what others despise, and sets no value on things difficult to obtain.

He acquires no common learning, but reverts to that which the masses have passed by."

And again speaking of the Tao,

"Those who know it are not learned,
The learned do not know it."

From these two passages is it not apparent that he is condemning "the devotees of knowledge who forget their lives in the pursuit of it," and advocating that swift intuition spoken of in *Light on the Path* as "the only form of knowledge which enables a man to work rapidly or reach his true and high estate, within the limit of his conscious effort."

Indeed, in reading the *Tao-teh-king*, we note almost constantly the analogy between its teachings and the great truths contained in the *Gita* and *Light on the Path*. Throughout the book Lao-tze lays the utmost emphasis on being, rather than on doing; if we *are* what we teach, instruction by means of words will be unnecessary; if we undertake to act, we have only to bring ourselves into harmony with the Divine, and the Tao will use us as a channel, acting in and through us; if we are called upon to be rulers of men, and are possessors of the Tao, all things will of their

own accord fall into their proper places. There is nothing which cannot be brought about through this oneness with the Divine which Lao-tze calls the way of the Tao:

“Attain to the Great Idea, and all the world will flock to you ;
It will flock to you and will not be hurt therein.
For it will rest in a wonderful peace.”

The means by which this at-oneness is to be attained has again its parallel in the teachings of India. Take such a passage as,

“He is wise who knows others.
He who knows himself is enlightened.
He is strong who conquers others.
He who conquers himself is mighty.”

To point the analogy here would be superfluous and this is equally true in the case of Lao-tze’s teaching of lowliness and humility:

“He who having known the light remains in obscurity, will become a universal model.

He who knowing glory, at the same time continues in humility, will be a universal valley.

As a universal valley the Eternal Virtue will fill him.”

Again it is made clear in line after line, that the way of the Tao means a turning from the objects of sense, entire detachment from the things of the world. To be a possessor of the Tao, one must realize that when he has accomplished his task and is about to receive the reward, then is the time to withhold; he must be able, though richly endowed with this world’s goods, to dwell among them wholly without attachment. “Light will blind a man’s eyes,” says the sage, “sound will make him deaf; taste will ruin his palate; the chase will make a man wild; and precious things will tempt him.

Therefore does the wise man provide for the soul and not for the senses.

He ignores the one and takes the other in both hands.”

Two other passages which strongly bear out the parallelism between the Chinese and the Indian teaching, it will perhaps be well to give in the words of the *Tao-teh-king*:

“I observe myself, and I come to know others ;
I observe my family, and others grow familiar ;
I observe the kingdom, and others are known to me ;
I study this my world, and other worlds are within my knowledge.”

And also:

“A man may know the world without leaving his own home.
Through his own window he can see the supreme Tao.
The further afield he goes, the less likely he is to find it.”

Compare with these the passage in *Light on the Path*, "Regard most earnestly your own heart. For through your own heart comes the one light which can illumine life and make it clear to your eyes. Study the hearts of men, that you may know what is that world in which you live and of which you will to be a part."

In the Christian teachings likewise, as may well be expected, there is much that is similar to the philosophy of Lao-tze. In accounts of his work we find noted, for instance, the fact that he anticipated the Christ in his teaching of the return both of good for good and of good for evil. This rule met with scant approbation among the followers of Confucius, who, if they did not practice the doctrine of "an eye for an eye," were at least taught that evil should invariably be met with stern justice. One of the most striking resemblances between the teaching of Lao-tze and that of the Master is the following passage, possessing much of the beauty of the sermon on the mount:

"Whosoever humbleth himself, shall be preserved to the end.
Whosoever bendeth himself shall be straightened.
Whosoever emptieth himself shall be filled.
Whosoever subjecteth himself shall be exalted.
Whosoever exalteth himself shall be abased."

Loftiness of thought and exaltation of spirit are characteristic of the *Tao-teh-king*, so much so, in fact, that we soon come to regard all that is not beautiful in Taoism as not Lao-tze. All that means unwisdom and unloveliness in the conduct of those who have styled themselves his followers, all the degradation with which his philosophy has met in the form of modern Taoism, merely seems the natural effect of the passage of time and the imperfect medium of men's minds, on a thought originally perfect in its beauty. The result is much as though we were studying the reverse side of an exquisite tapestry and instinctively we agree with the great philosopher that, "To regulate one's life by the ancient knowledge of Tao is to have found the Path."

JULIA CHICKERING.

DANTE'S BEATRICE

THE vexed question of the historical or allegorical character of Beatrice, as described in the trilogy of Dante, would require a volume for its proper treatment, and there is only space here for a brief and very inadequate summary of the principal arguments in the case. That she was a real person, the daughter of Folco Portinari, and the wife of Simone de' Bardi, that she was born about a year after Dante, was a married woman at the time of her father's death, and that she departed this life in June, 1290, are statements vouched for by Boccaccio, and accepted as historical facts by such early writers as Benvenuto da Imola, Filippo Villani, Manetti, Landino, and Bruni. But these all follow the story of Boccaccio, and of him Scartazzini (one of the most accomplished of Dante scholars) tells us that "we should have wilfully to shut our eyes, not to see that the loquacious Certaldese is a thousand miles removed from the conscientious accuracy of the serious historian, and that if he did not invent the facts which he relates, to give weight to his declamations, as certain too rigorous critics have not hesitated to accuse him of doing, he certainly took no manner of care to verify the historical truth and exactness of the facts related by him" (*Vita di Dante*, p. 6). And Scartazzini might have added that the greater part of Boccaccio's story is a mere amplification of Dante's *Vita Nuova*, with the important difference that Dante nowhere identifies his Beatrice with any family of Florence, nor does he identify the city where she lived with Florence, but speaks simply of "that city in which God had placed my lady." The dates given by Dante in the *Vita Nuova* are all mystical combinations of the number 9, and it seems hardly probable that so many coincidences could have occurred in a real life. And although we could readily believe in the love of a boy of nine for a playmate a little younger than himself (as in the case of Byron, for example), it is hard to believe that as the children lived so very near each other, and Dante says that he often "went in search of this youngest of the angels," that it could have been *nine years* after their first meeting before she ever spoke to him, and then only to salute him in the street as she passed by. And it is still more incredible that the love of a boy of eighteen, whose only outward recognition in the space of nine years was a passing salutation, should have needed the "screen" of a pretended love for two other ladies. And if within the space of three years, at the farthest, from their second meeting, Beatrice married Simone de' Bardi, why have we no allusion to a fact so tragic in its significance to even the most ideal of lovers? It is true that Dante mentions the father and friends of Beatrice, but he also speaks of the *relatives* and friends of Philosophy, who were dear to him for her sake.

Not many days after the death of Beatrice's father, Dante himself falls ill, and on the *ninth* day of this illness the thought occurs to him that Beatrice herself must die someday; whereupon he has a vision of her as dead, and the details of this vision correspond in many respects with the description of her first appearance in *Purg.*, c. 30. Following this dream comes the curious passage already quoted, wherein he compares *Joan* who came before Beatrice to *John*, who came before the true Light, after which he makes a long digression to prove the necessary use by poets of an allegory in the form of a love-story.

His own narrative abruptly breaks off at the news of the death of Beatrice, at the *first hour* of the *ninth* day of the *ninth* month (according to Syrian reckoning), of that year of the century (the thirteenth) in which the perfect number (ten) was *nine* times completed. And as one reason why *nine* plays so conspicuous a part in her history is that all the nine heavens were in most perfect harmony at her birth, but "the more subtle and infallibly true reason is, that she was a miracle whose *sole root* was the miraculous Trinity." Does this sound like the genealogy of a mortal woman?

Here the story of the *Convito* comes in, to corroborate and help out that of the *Vita Nuova*. Having defined the method of his exposition as first literal and then allegorical, and having explained that the former is a *beautiful fiction*, while the latter is *the hidden truth*, Dante proceeds (Book ii. ch. 2) to tell us that two years after the death of Beatrice he first saw the *donna gentile*, the "lady at the window" (of § 36, *Vita Nuova*), who so comforted him by her pitying glances, that he thought of her as a person who pleased him only too well. This lady, Dante Rossetti conjectures, may be meant for Gemma Donati (whom Dante married a year or two, perhaps, after the death of Beatrice, and whose house stood between those of Alighieri and the Portinari), because he believes "in the existence always of actual events, even where the allegorical superstructure has been raised by Dante himself."

Such was for a long time my own belief, but, after careful consideration of Dante's definition of the *literal*, I cannot find that it necessarily implies the *historical*. It is simply a narrative, however fabulous, under which he conceals his true thought (see Book ii. ch. 1). And the argument for the *necessity* of the existence of the actual Beatrice falls to the ground when we admit that "the literal" is often what the poet himself calls it—"a beautiful *fiction*." It is quite possible, nay, probable, that Dante may have fallen in love, at the age of nine, with a little neighbour who became to him "the idol of his youth, the darling of his manhood, and the most blessed memory of his age"; but I cannot see that we have any right to identify that ideal with Beatrice *Portinari* from any evidence furnished by Dante himself. Such identification rests solely upon the authority of that exceedingly untrustworthy romancer, Boccaccio.

The dates and the events of the *Vita Nuova*, I repeat, are too mystical to belong to real life, and we have no more right to identify "the lady of

my *mind*" with Beatrice Portinari, than we have to identify "the lady at the window" (who, Dante tells us, is Philosophy) with Gemma Donati, or the lady "screen" with Monna Vanna. Dante strikes his key-note in the very first section of the *Vita Nuova*, when he speaks of "the first time that appeared before my eyes the glorious lady of my *mind*," implying a pre-existing conception. In fact, I cannot but feel that even if those were "actual events" upon which Dante raised "his allegorical superstructure," that that superstructure had become to him the all-important thing.

In the *Vita Nuova* and in the *Convito* the story is the same. Two years after the death of Beatrice, Dante found consolation in the charms of Philosophy, and for the next two years and a half devoted himself to scholastic learning. The works of Cicero and Boëthius were his constant study, and the *Consolations of Philosophy* of the latter seems to have suggested much of Dante's allegory. It is very certain that Dante owed far less to the various *Visions* and *Voyages* in Heaven and Hell that had preceded Him, than to the philosophy of Plato and Aristotle, the *Aeneid* of Virgil, Cicero's *Dream of Scipio*, and his various essays, the *Consolations* of Boëthius, and the suggestive words of the Apocalypse, and the Book of the Wisdom of Solomon.

But, in spite of the charms of scholastic learning and the active life, the love of the first Beatrice was still latent in the soul of the poet; and as he proceeds with the *Convito*, he shows us how beyond science and all morality is the Divine Philosophy or Eternal Wisdom, which is full of all peace, and whose dwelling-place is that Quiet Heaven where the soul is at rest in God. So at the end of the *Vita Nuova*, after describing the same struggle of conflicting thoughts that he dwells upon in the *Convito*, he has a vision (about the *ninth* hour again) of the glorified Beatrice, clothed in that sanguine raiment in which she first appeared to his eyes, and she seemed to him as young as when he first saw her. And, remembering the past, he grieves to think that he has ever loved another, and all his thoughts return to their most noble Beatrice. And he has a vision of her receiving homage beyond "that sphere of widest range," that is, in the Quiet Heaven of Divine Wisdom and Peace. And after that he has another vision (of the *Commedia*), in which he sees things that make him resolve to say no more of this blessed one till he can more worthily treat of her.

If we interpret Dante's story after his own fashion, that fourfold manner in which he says all books "*may* be read and *ought* to be explained," it seems to me that we have, according to the *literal* sense, the story of a heart that consoles itself for the loss of its first love with the pity of another, and then repents its inconstancy, and returns to its original object of devotion. If we take it in the *allegorical* sense, we have the rivalry between philosophy of the schools and theology. If we interpret it according to its *moral* significance, we have the opposition of the active life and the contemplative life, the two beatitudes that Dante

tells us are possible to man; and if we look for the *mystical* meaning, we have a soul that, having recognized its true blessedness in the Divine Wisdom, loses itself for a time in the things of this world, shortly to repent, and to turn back to "that blessed Beatrice, that gazeth continually upon the face of God," for she "is privy to the mysteries of the knowledge of God, and a lover of His works" (Wisd. viii. 4).

The Book of the Wisdom of Solomon (said by some authorities to have been written by Philo) is constantly quoted by Dante, and if we put together some of its verses, we shall see how closely he followed its suggestions in many passages of the *Commedia* as well as the *Convito*. We read, for instance, in the description of Wisdom—

"I loved her, and sought her out from my youth; I desired to make her my spouse, and I was a lover of her beauty.

"Therefore I purposed to take her to live with me, knowing that she would be a counsellor of good things, and a comfort in cares and grief.

"Moreover, by means of her I shall obtain immortality, and leave behind me an everlasting memorial to them that come after me" (ch. viii. 2, 9, 13).

"What hath pride profited us? or what good hath riches with our vaunting brought us?

"All these things are passed away like a shadow, . . . and as when a bird hath flown in the air" (ch. v. 8, 9, 11).

"Wherefore I called upon God and the Spirit of Wisdom came to me.

"I preferred her before scepters and thrones, and esteemed riches as nothing in comparison of her.

"For she is the breath of the power of God, and a pure influence flowing from the glory of the Almighty.

"For she is the brightness of the everlasting Light, the unspotted mirror of the power of God, and the image of His goodness.

"And in all ages, entering into holy souls, she maketh them friends of God and prophets.

"For she is more beautiful than the sun, and above all the order of the stars: being compared with the light, she is found before it" (ch. vii. 7, 8, 25-27, 29).

"And Wisdom knoweth thy works, and was present when Thou madest the world" (ch. ix. 9).

"Before the fair flowers were seen, or ever the motive powers were established, before the innumerable multitude of angels were gathered together (2 Esdras vi. 3).

"Wherefore," says Dante (*Conv.* iii. 14), "it is written of this eternal Love which is Wisdom, *He created me from the beginning before the world, and I shall never fail* (Ecclus. xxiv. 9). And in the Proverbs of Solomon (viii. 23) she, Wisdom, says, *I was set up from everlasting*. And in the beginning of the Gospel of John her eternity is openly declared."

From these and many other passages quoted or assimilated by Dante,

we see the deep hold that the Gnostic ideas had taken upon his mind, and the close resemblance that his "Wisdom" (identified here and in many other places with the Logos and the Second Person of the Trinity) bears to that of spiritual intuition, or secret knowledge of Divine things, common to mystics of all ages. She is identified with the *Active Intelligence* of the scholiasts, and with the *Gnosis* of the Hermetic philosophers. We read in *Hermes Trismegistus* (said by Bunsen to have been finished at the latest 670 B. C., and by others assigned to a far earlier date) that "God did not create all men with intelligence" (that is, spiritual insight), "because He wished to hold it before men's souls as a prize to strive for. He filled a great bowl with it, and sent it by a messenger, ordering him to cry to the hearts of men, 'Baptize ye, ye who have the power, in the bowl; ye who believe that you will return to Him who has sent it, ye who know wherefore you are born!' And those who answered the call, and were baptized in this intelligence, these possess the *Gnosis*, and have become the initiated of the spirit, the perfect men. Those who did not understand the call, possess reason but not intelligence, and know not wherefore and by whom they were formed. Composed alone of passions and desires, they do not admire that which is worthy to be contemplated, but give themselves up to the pleasures and appetites of the body, and believe that this is the end of man. But those who have received the gift of God, these are immortal, and no longer mortal. Disdaining all things, corporeal and incorporeal, they aspire towards the One and the Only. This is the wisdom of the spirit, to contemplate Divine things and to know God. This is the blessing of the Divine bowl."

So Dante says, "If it happen that by the purity of the receiving soul the intellectual virtue be absolutely separate and free from any corporeal shadow, then the Divine goodness multiplies in that soul, as in a thing worthy to receive it; and further, it multiplies in the soul endowed with this intelligence according to her capacity of reception. . . . And in such a soul is her own virtue, and the intellectual, and the Divine. . . . And some are of opinion that if all these powers should co-operate in the production of a soul according to their most favorable disposition, the Diety would descend upon that soul in such fulness that it would be almost another God incarnate" (*Conv.* iv. 21).

If we open the *Consolations of Philosophy*, by Boëthius, we find many striking resemblances to the allegory of Dante. Boëthius, wretched and in prison, is lamenting his exile and his misfortunes, when a lady of majestic presence suddenly appears at his bedside. She has glowing eyes, and a stature that is at one moment that of ordinary men, and the next rises to the highest heavens. Her garment, woven by her own hands, of the finest indissoluble threads has inscribed upon its lowest edge an *alpha*, upon its highest an *omega*, and between the two is embroidered a ladder of many degrees. But her robe is torn, and violent hands have rent away the fragments. In one hand she carries a sceptre, in the other some books. She expels the muses of poetry from the philosopher's

cell, saying that, under the guise of medicines, they have given him sweet poisons. "You have taken from me no common man," she says to them, "but this my faithful one, whom I believed to be in Greece, rapt in the study of Plato and Aristotle. Depart from him, ye sirens, whose sweetness hath brought him nigh to death." And these having left him, she seats herself by his bedside.

"Dost thou know me?" she says to him. "It is in sooth I, who nourished thee, and who armed thee with such weapons that, hadst thou not thrown them down, would have defended thee from every assault." Whereupon Boëthius wept bitterly, and she dried his eyes with the hem of her robe.

This lady is Philosophy, who never abandons her faithful ones. She requires from her disciple a full confession, and hearing how he laments the lost favours of Fortune, his exile and his imprisonment, sets herself to discredit this rival, to show him how worthless are her favours and herself. She tells him that man's true fatherland is the contemplation of immortal and divine things, and that they alone should be called exiles who are shut out from this perfection, seeing that the ultimate end of man is the supreme beatitude of the contemplative life, and to that end he should dedicate himself entirely. Therefore she who has loved him from his earliest years, now that she has told him wherein consists his true beatitude, will point out to him—first indicating the things he should avoid—the path which will lead him back to it, and will replume the wings of his mind so that he may be enabled to soar to "la somma Beatrice." There, restored to health and safety, and untroubled, made one of the army of heaven, he will contemplate the law by which the King of kings rules the universe, and will see how, for the individual as for the race, the highest beatitude is resolved into the Unity.

When Beatrice first appears to Dante in Purgatory, she says to him, "Look at me well; I am in sooth Beatrice! How didst thou deign (being lost in the pride of philosophy) to come unto this mount where man is happy? Not only by the influence of the stars at his birth," she continues, addressing her attendant virtues, "did this man receive great intellectual power, but also by the special gift of Divine grace did he become such in his new life (*sua vita nuova*) that everything good was possible to him. I revealed myself to him in his youth, and for some time led him with me in the right way, but when I stood upon the threshold of my second age and changed life, he left me, and gave himself to another. As I ascended from flesh to spirit, and beauty and virtue increased in me, I became less dear to him, and he turned to pursue those false images of good that never fulfil their promises. Nor was he affected by the inspiration of the visions that I sent him, but fell so low that I was obliged to show him the realm of the lost. The law of justice would be broken should he pass Lethe without tears and repentance." And then, addressing herself directly to the poet, she demands his confession that this charge is true, and asks him what

impediments he found while following those desires inspired by her (which led him to love that good wherein aspiration ceases) that caused him to lose hope, or what advantages to any other good that he should turn to it? And the poet, weeping, says that the things of this world, with their false images of pleasure, led him astray as soon as her countenance was hidden from him. Then Beatrice tells him that her "buried flesh" should have led him in the opposite direction; for neither art nor nature ever gave him so much pleasure as her fair members now dispersed in earth.

In the *Convito* (iii. 14, 15) Dante tells us that the soul of Divine Philosophy is love, and the *beauty of her body* is morality, "because as the beauty of the body results from the proper ordering of its members, so the beauty of wisdom, which is the body of philosophy, results from that ordering of the mortal virtues which makes us take a sensible delight in them." Barlow (*Hist. Contributions to the Study of Dante*), in commenting upon this passage of the *Purgatorio*, says, "The *Donna* of the *Vita Nuova*, of the *Convito*, and of the *Divina Commedia* is one and the same, only differently treated. In the first we have the Aristotelian *form* of Beatrice treated of, that is, *Amore*, in the second we have the *beauty* of Beatrice treated of, that is, *Morality*; in the third we have the *Substance* of Beatrice treated of, *il soggetto materiale*, or *Sapienza*, in which the real nature of Dante's *Donna* is made manifest."

The two passages of the *Purgatorio* already quoted (*Purg.*, 30, 127-130, and 31, 47-51), where Beatrice speaks of her "second age" and of her "buried flesh," have always been the stronghold of those who believe in the historical Beatrice; but if we are to accept these lines in their literal sense, they carry us entirely too far, and convey a meaning which is surely other than Dante's. In the *Vita Nuova* the whole story of his intercourse with Beatrice is limited to his *seeing* her once at the age of nine (§ 2), to her speaking to him nine years afterwards, as she passed him in the street (§ 3), and to his seeing her once across a church (§ 5), after which, hearing of his love for "the lady who served him as a screen" on that occasion, she refuses to salute him (§ 10), and even joins with her companions in making a jest of him when he meets her once more at a wedding feast (§ 14); while Dante himself assures us, "to prevent every vicious thought," that the end of his desires was the salutation of his lady, "which consisted of two acts of her mouth—her smile and her speech" (§ 19). Is it not grossly inconsistent with this poetic ideal, for that Beatrice who went through life so clothed upon with maidenly modesty, to tell her lover when she first meets him in the spirit world—a lover the end of whose desires was her smile of greeting—that her *fair body* had given him more pleasure than anything in art or nature, and that the memory of that "buried flesh" should have kept him insensible to all other attractions, for when "the highest of all pleasures" was taken from him by her death, what mortal thing was there to awaken desire? (*Purg.*, 31, 48-54). She had told him just before that

the desire for her led him to love that Good beyond which there is nothing to aspire to; but could the love of the body, however fair, inspire that love of God that Dante describes over and over again as "our highest beatitude"?

It seems to me impossible to take the Beatrice of the *Vita Nuova* for an historical reality and the Beatrice of the *Commedia* for an allegory (as many have done), because the two are so closely connected; in fact, as Giuliani says (though he is, nevertheless, a realist), comparing § 29, *Vita Nuova*, and *Par.* 32. 7, where Beatrice is placed under the standard of the Virgin, "whoever noticed all these minute relations, and, indeed, the perfect accordance of the *Vita Nuova*, the *Commedia*, and all the other works of Dante, must be forced, while he admires, to recognize ever the same mind in the architect of such numerous and varied works." And not only the same mind, but the same intention.

Perez identifies Beatrice with the Active Intelligence (which he identifies with Wisdom, or the Divine Light), and his argument may be briefly summed up thus. Dante is said by Beatrice (*Purg.*, 30. 109, *et seq.*) to be endowed with all possible intellectual power; not only by the influence of the stars at his birth, but by the special gift of Divine grace, which is that seed of felicity that is the beginning of all good in man (*Conv.* iv. 21). The fruit which should be produced from this seed is the blessedness which follows the use of the soul in contemplation (*ibid.* 22). The angel at the sepulchre says to those who have wandered from the true way—that is, to all who have sought for happiness in *the active life*—that it is not there, but that it goeth before them into *speculation*, or the contemplative life. Now, if (as Dante has said elsewhere) "the highest Good, beyond which there is nothing to aspire to," is the use of our intellect in speculation; if the false pleasures of present things make up the beatitude that the schools of philosophy are seeking in this world—where they will never find it; if Beatrice asserts that she guided him in his youth to this highest Good; and if, as we have seen, the intellect cannot act unless the *active Intelligence* enlighten it; what else can Beatrice be, but that Active Intelligence (or Divine Wisdom), the enlightener of the *possible intellect* (or human understanding), which, united to the latter, becomes the *Beatrice beata?* (the blessed or glorified Beatrice).

Dante's *beatitude had preceded him into speculation*, and he finds her on the summit of "the Mount Delectable, which is the source and cause of every joy" (*Inf.* I. 77), whence, by the power of his lady's eyes, he is lifted to travel through the heavens (*Par.* 17. 113). So Richard of St. Victor says, "Man must ascend this mountain if he would comprehend those things which are above human senses. Its ascent leads to the knowledge of one's self; that which happens on the summit leads to the knowledge of God. He who ascends the mountain, who knows himself as he is, will know what he should be. The mind that never

riser to the knowledge of itself, can it ever soar upon the wings of contemplation to that which is above itself? So long as it spends itself in manifold desires, so long as by many ways of thought it wanders here and there, it cannot ascend to contemplation."

"And thus it appears," says Dante (*Conv.*, iv. 22), "that our beatitude, that is, this felicity of which we are speaking, we may first find imperfectly in the active life, that is, in the exercise of the moral virtues, and then almost perfectly in the contemplative life, that is, in the exercise of the intellectual virtues; which two operations are unimpeded and most direct ways to lead us to the supreme beatitude that cannot be obtained here below."

The story of Dante's inner life (*la vita nuova*, or *regenerate* life), as told in the great trilogy of his works, appears to be this—that from his early boyhood he had felt a strong love for the contemplative life (or study of Divine Wisdom); that amid the distractions of the active life, the pursuits of the world, the cares of the state and the family, the duties of the soldier, the studies of the artist and the scientist, this heavenly "giver of blessings," this Divine beatitude, passed away from him. Then came the consolations of scholastic philosophy, with "its false images of good," in whose attractions his whole soul was for a time absorbed, until at last the vision of the higher life, as he had seen it when a boy, came back to him, and he returned to the love of the Divine Wisdom, who revealed to him first her *eyes*, "those demonstrations wherein one sees the truth with the greatest certitude," and then her "second beauty," her *smile*, "through which the inner light of Wisdom shines as without any veil"; for in these two we feel that highest pleasure of beatitude which is the greatest joy of Paradise (*Conv.*, iii. 15).

KATHARINE HILLARD.

"Were we to take as much pains to be what we ought, as we do to disguise what we are, we might appear like ourselves, without being at the trouble of any disguise at all."

LA ROCHFOLCAULD.

INSPIRATION IN ART AND MORALS*

SOME of us are loath to admit the inconsistency between an artist's work and an artist's life, which Plato recognized, when, with ironical praise, he called the poet a "light and winged and holy thing," and then, leading the "holy" creature beyond the gates of the sacred city, gave him freedom to distil his honied pollutions outside the holy precincts. The inconsistency persists, notwithstanding our unwillingness to face its consequences. Of all but an exceedingly small number of poets the life and the works are at variance. We repeat Whitman's exquisite lines

The night in silence under many a star,
The ocean shore and the husky whispering wave whose voice I know,
And the soul turning to thee O vast and well-veil'd death,

and we vainly deplore his six ill-gotten children. We sing with Swinburne

If love were what the rose is,
And I were like the leaf,

and then laugh at the suffragetic frenzy of his life. The beauty of holiness seems almost unveiled as Milton chants the celestial choirs,

Up he rode,
Followed with acclamation, and the sound
Symphonious of ten thousand harps that tuned
Angelic harmonies.

But the harshnesses of Milton's personal life refuse to melt in the sounding symphony of his words. We grow "breathless with adoration" as Buonarrotti prays to Vittoria Colonna, *e s'ìc' amo con fede Trascendo a Dio, e fo dolce la morte*, till Buonarrotti's brawling, and fisti-cuffing, and nose-breaking disturb our devotion.

It is not only the life and the works that are at variance. Even in the work of many artists, there yawn abysses that are almost immeasurable between sublimity and inanity. Such disparity of achievement is not explainable by immaturity, etc. For it does not cease when the poet is

* Part of a discussion at a meeting of the NEW YORK BRANCH of the T. S.

at his zenith. In a single poem—often in a very short poem—one finds verses that wheel on eagle wings and others that lie flat on the ground, heavy and stupid. Wordsworth is not unique; he is typical. How superb the lines in the *Prelude*!

Like angels stopped upon the wing by sound
Of harmony from Heaven's remotest spheres.

Yet, in the same work, the climax of another section is the appalling line
And Negro ladies, in white muslin gowns.

Poe wears real jewels on one hand,

Nicean barks of yore
That gently, o'er a perfumed sea
The weary, wayward wanderer bore,

and on the other flashy imitations:

At the end of our path a liquescent
And nebulous lustre was born.

Noyes delights one with "cornices and coronals," yet, in a flower fantasy, is so little the master as to write "the soft petallic door." Any poet, whether careful or careless in his workmanship, classic or romantic, shows in his written work the immense difference between good and bad taste, between inspiration and dead imitation; it matters not whom we read—Francis Thompson, Matthew Arnold, Shelley, Chaucer or Tennyson.

What causes such a wide oscillation in matters of taste and excellence? The poets certainly have not been unmindful that in their art they were aiming at high ideals. O'Shaughnessy states the opinion (and his vacillating verses are thoroughly characteristic) of the whole clan; they are the leaders of humanity, they think, however obscure and resultless their efforts may seem.

We are the music makers
And we are the dreamers of dreams,
World losers and world forsakers,
On whom the cold moon gleams,
Yet we are the movers and shakers
Of the world forever, it seems.

Other poets make the same declaration in other words

I am thy storm-thrush of the days that darken,
Thy petrel in the foam that bears thy bark.

Even the cool-brained, myriad-minded Shakespeare thinks of the poet as seer and prophet—thus almost as religious leader. The poet stands in the van and sees ahead into invisible realms.

The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.

The poet's unconsciousness of sublimity and of bathos which appear side by side in his writing, is explained, I think, by the creative function that manifests through him. The word itself means a *maker* or *creator* ποιήτης (poietes from ποιέω (poieo) to make or do). Let us assume that all creation issues in hierarchical procession from the Unmanifested Logos. To understand something of the process of creation by nature and by art, let us take as example, flowers. Flowers, I have heard said, are the thoughts of angels. A real flower then is an entity on the spiritual plane evolved from the consciousness of some superior being. The spiritual force of the true flower in its radiation downward reaches the plane of matter, and comes to manifestation as a blossom familiar to us, rose, lily or larkspur, lovely shadows of ravishing blooms. So far for nature. The creation by art may be said to begin at this point. A man is enamoured of the color and perfume of a rose. He hangs over it, he gives himself pain to protect it, his thoughts center about it, and his dreams picture it. May not such self-sacrificing devotion rise like incense of worship to the rose-angel and attract his attention to the ardent worshipper? "We become what we love." The man would find delight in merging his own identity with the flower he loves. He begins to draw it on wood or marble. His worship makes, as it were a mould, to be filled by the original creative impulse. The magnetic lines of force from the true flower in the spiritual world come to a focus in the rose-lover's mould. A new rose is born—this time with stone or wooden petals. None of the color or perfume of the earthly rose is depicted. There is no hideous waxen imitation. There is something subtler. Flower-lovers, who caress the garden blossom recognize its marble sister. They feel the "*spirit of the rose*" subtly pervading and animating the granite petals. They love ardently this new rose created by art. Such is artistic creation. No matter what be the artist's material, iron, pigment, stone or words, it is galvanized into life by spiritual force. The outer vesture of the rose will differ—the animating spirit is the same. All art that is not thus spiritually created is waxen.

What does it take to make a rose,
 Mother-mine?
The God that died to make it knows
It takes the world's eternal wars,
It takes the moon and all the stars,
It takes the might of heaven and hell
And the everlasting Love as well,
 Little child.

Such a view of artistic creation would explain the variable excellence of an artist's work. His flaming love and devotion draws magnetic force to a focus. The original creative impulse acts through him in his self-forgetfulness. But he cannot maintain that white intensity of love and devotion. His selfish, lower nature asserts itself, becomes dominant. Some memory of the inspired moment lingers. And it is his job to versify or paint or carve. So he goes to his task. And in cold egotism he writes some pompous or ludicrous line that seems to him as good as any other.

The deeper antithesis between the poet's art and morals is not however explained by this theory. Milton said the man who wished to write a great poem "ought himself to be a true poem—that is, a composition and pattern of the best and honorablest things." Artists are not such patterns. If one follow their example, one lands in gross and vulgar immoralities. Their moral vagaries bewilder many honest minds, that, having no religion higher than art, would logically accept artists as religious guides. Yet native honesty and decency restrain them from artists' swinishness. The artist's moral failure cannot be extenuated. It can only be faced. Recognized for what it is, and condoned with no sentimentality, one can only depose them from their usurped place of leadership. Blind leaders! it is the saints who are the vanguard of humanity, the pioneers who blaze the path of return to the happy home from which the exile, man, has strayed.

In the province of literature itself, there is an analogy to that usurpation of the poets upon the realm of the saints. That analogy is the rise to prominence of the critical essay during the XIXth Century. Carlyle said that the critic stands between the poet and the uninspired man. The critic is a sort of middleman who interprets to the average reader the poet's language which would otherwise be an unknown tongue. One is familiar with the sympathetic interpretations thus made, in France by Sainte Beuve, in America by Lowell, and in England by Matthew Arnold and others. The aim of those critics was, in every case, to lead readers, by an interesting essay, to the poetry itself. But many people found the interpretive essay pleasant and easy reading, while the poetry required an effort. So they came to rest satisfied with the essay, and that which should have led up to poetry unintentionally became something of a hindrance.

Just as the critic stands as interpreter between the poet and the average man, so the poet stands as middleman between the saint and the world. The poet interprets to the world the high ecstasy and joy of the saints. But an effort is required to share the saint's experience. On the other hand, to read about that experience in poetry is comparatively easy. Thus poetry has become as it were a block in the way instead of being a stepping-stone toward the beauty of holiness.

The true relation of artist and saint may perhaps be reached if we study the attitude of each in a given circumstance. Take the exquisite lullaby of Noyes—a slumber song of the Blessed Virgin.

Sleep, little baby, I love thee.
 Sleep, little king, I am bending above thee.
 How should I know what to sing
 Here in my arms as I swing thee to sleep?
 Kings may have wonderful jewels to bring,
 Mother has only a kiss for her king!
 Why should my singing so make me to weep?
 Only I know that I love thee, I love thee,
 Love thee, my little one, sleep.

What movement of the will or emotions will be roused by that verse? In an aspirant for laureateship, the emotions will be touched. There will be a reaction of impulse. The effect is superficial. Let me make my meaning clearer. Some years ago, a friend came back to America after several years of hard work on music. She was finely cultivated. The first music she heard after her return was some of the old plantation songs. They were unfamiliar to her. I remember quite vividly how she was touched by the ravishing melody, "Steal away home to Jesus." Tears were in her eyes. For the moment she was ready to start at once southward to devote her life to work among the negroes. The melody haunted her and sang itself in her memory. But she never acted upon her impulse. She had quite other ambitions. And she never gave a moment's consideration to the deep significance of the words. She remained on the shifting surface of emotion. She never got down to the reality of the will. The simple figure in those words "Steal away home," if heeded, would have led out of the region of shadows face to face with a living Musician ("His voice was like the sound of many waters"). Is it clear now how the poetic temperament acts? To enjoy the song by Noyes no belief in the Christian story is necessary. A skeptical mind can admit a supposititious Virgin who might thus sing. The mildness of mother and child, the playfulness, the swinging joy, will give lively pleasure, and will arouse a desire to produce other scenes and songs as picturesque and lovely.

How would the song affect a religious person who has an unconscious desire to follow the way of the saints? In such a heart the song

recalling Christian history might bring to memory those words of Pusey's: "He left us, but to be closer to us; He left us in Bodily Presence, but to be present still more nearly in Spirit; not without us any longer, as Teacher, Guide, Comforter, but within us; withdrawn from our bodily sight, to fill our souls; no longer to be touched or handled by our hands, that His Spirit might be made manifest to our spirit, that we might touch Him with the hands of our heart, feed on Him with the cravings of our spirit, see Him with the eyes of our mind, be enlarged to receive Him, and being expanded, be filled with Him, and be 'one with Him and He with us.'"

Meditation upon those words might bring back Pascal's saying that it is the good fortune of those who love Christ to experience in themselves all the events of His life. Roused to action by that cumulation of statements, the religious aspirant would use his will to put himself in the way of experiencing what Noyes has recorded. With a desire to imitate the saints, he might reflect upon the words of St. Paul to the Galatians: "My little children, of whom I travail in birth again until Christ be formed in you." He would come to believe that Christ could be born in his heart, and that from Him, the Master Musician, he might learn a true song to sing Him. In other words, a saint would experience at first hand, the reality which a poet knows at second hand. The saint knows. The poet hears about what the saint has seen and felt, and writes it down.

In the sense of the Greek word, it is the saint therefore who is the true *maker* or *poet*. The saint with resolute will puts himself to practise until he comes to share the consciousness of spiritual powers, is one with them, and, through that oneness, shares their creative faculty. The saint's joy is, we may say, radio-active. It reaches the poet and sets him vibrating. The poet, as we know him apart from the saint, is in no sense a creator. He is a recorder, a sensitive medium. He reflects with more or less of faithfulness the joy and beauty and truth and goodness which the saint creates. He reflects some of the light when his sensitive plate is unclouded with personal defilement. When the lower personality is the only medium, there is no reflection of truth and beauty, but the foul or pompous or ridiculous things in which all poetic writing abounds.

THEODORE ASHTON.

GOD AND IMMORTALITY*

"Canst thou by searching find out God? Canst thou find out the Almighty unto perfection?"—JOB xi, 7.

SITTING opposite me at one of the lunch tables at the Club were two men who were apparently discussing the question of Immortality. My attention was attracted when one of them, with an air of finality, said:

"Immortality is at the utmost a mere hope. There is no way of proving it, or even of showing its probability." When reference was made to certain men eminent in scientific circles who testified to having received convincing proof of the survival of the conscious human personality after that which we call death, he contemptuously brushed their testimony aside as unworthy of credence. His attitude was typical of the attitude of the average intelligent and cultured man,—an attitude that is in its way quite as mysterious as is the mystery of Immortality.

In matters of recognized science the utterances of Sir Oliver Lodge, Sir William Crookes, Alfred Russell Wallace, Camille Flammarion, and Cesare Lombroso are received with respect and acknowledged as authoritative. Men who accept without hesitation their pronouncements on such matters reject as unworthy of credence their testimony on matters relating to man's continued conscious existence after the death of the body. I will confess that I am not convinced that the phenomena of so-called Spiritualism is sufficient in and of itself to demonstrate to my satisfaction the survival of the conscious personality. I am satisfied of the genuineness of much of the phenomena, but await further evidence as to its meaning. However, as I listened to the conversation referred to, it occurred to me to try the question out in my own mind along other lines and for my own satisfaction.

Is it true that we can do no more than guess at and hope for Immortality, or is it possible, by any process of legitimate reasoning, to demonstrate the probability, if not the certainty, of such Immortality,—the Immortality of intelligent and conscious humanity? Do we still have conscious existence after we have passed through the change called death, and if so can that fact be fairly deduced by legitimate processes of reasoning from other and generally acknowledged facts?

First, let us consider a matter of definition: What do we mean by Immortality in this connection? What idea does the word "Immortality" convey to us? Does it mean that the real individual is a conscious personality that first came into existence with our birth or generation, but which continues conscious existence after the body has been

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destroyed? Or, does it mean that the real individual is an entity that has always existed and will always exist, and which has simply occupied the body as a temporary vehicle for manifestation? If the former, the inquiry ends where it begins. Immortality cannot be predicated of that which has a beginning. If anything is immortal, it has been always and will be always. Lest this may be considered dogmatic, let it be understood that it is in this case and for my present purpose a mere matter of definition. It is a statement of what I mean by Immortality. In my inquiry concerning Immortality I shall start with the premise that nothing is to be considered as immortal that has had a beginning or that can be conceived of as having an ending. That which is immortal can know of time only as an episode in its eternal sweep.

What is really meant, therefore, from this point of view, by an affirmation of Immortality in man is, that there exists an intelligent and conscious entity in connection with our physical bodies, but separable therefrom,—a Something that is also apart from physical life, in which our consciousness resides, which not only does not die when our bodies die, but which cannot die;—a Something that has been always and will be always; that Something to which has been given the name of Soul. It seems to me that in essaying a solution of this problem, there should be coupled with it the further inquiry concerning the existence of a Supreme and Conscious Intelligence,—that Infinite and Supreme Something to which we give the name God. Indeed that inquiry should take precedence. Can we know that God is? I confess that I approach the subject with diffidence. It savors much of presumption to essay a solution of problems which so many great minds have found insoluble.

I am not vain enough to think I shall be able to add anything to the wisdom of the ages. My only hope is that I may be able to point out a way by which those of us who do not lay claim to great wisdom may reach an understanding of some of that wisdom which seems obscure and hard to understand. Solomon says:

“The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be; and that which is done is that which shall be done; and there is no new thing under the sun.

“Is there any thing whereof it may be said, See this is new? it hath been already of old time, which was before us.”—

—*Ecclesiastes, Chapter 1, verses 9 and 10.*

Students of Plato and of the Hindoo and Egyptian sages will probably say that my effort is but a weak attempt to re-state theories that are not only not new, but that they were exploited thousands of years ago. This is doubtless true. Those theories, however, have failed of general acceptance, and are known only to students of Philosophy. The majority of persons of average intelligence of today know but little of them, and truth to say, care even less. May it not be that the reason they have failed of general acceptance is because that in the manner of

their statement they were above the heads of the people of average intelligence? May it not be that the very grandeur of the conception involved in these theories, coupled with the manner in which they have been given out, has placed them beyond the grasp of those of us whose intelligence is not above the average and who lack in intuition? While great and philosophic minds may be able to conceive intuitively a great truth, those of us who lack intuition need the ladders of logic and induction to enable us to scale the heights to which intuition carries them at a bound. It seems to me that the discoveries of modern science have supplied enough rounds in the ladder to bring us to a point where knowledge can begin to take the place of doubt and uncertainty. It seems to me that in the present state of human knowledge we know enough of nature and of nature's laws to enable us not only to affirm our belief in the existence of God, but to demonstrate such existence by legitimate processes of reasoning, and also to demonstrate the probability, if not the certainty, of our own Immortality. It is probable that the majority who affirm their belief in the existence of God do so as a mere matter of faith. Would not all such be better satisfied if they could demonstrate by legitimate reasoning that their faith is well founded?

The one great fact of which we are bound to take cognizance is the existence of the universe. There is an occult saying that man is an epitome of the universe. Of course this conveys no definite meaning to the scientific mind except that it is an assertion apparently resting on no basis of ascertained fact. That statement may be true or it may not be, but as man is within and a part of the universe, it is manifest that there is nothing in him that is not in the universe. If we can discover and know broadly and generally all of the things that are in the universe, our knowledge will of course embrace all that is in man. I do not mean to suggest that it is possible for us, with our limited faculties and our limited means of observation, to know all of the complex forms which substance or matter may assume, or the combinations in which it may appear; or of the forms in which energy or force may manifest itself. But may we not be able to take cognizance of that which embraces all of these various forms of matter and manifestations of energy, and as a matter of broad generalization, of all that makes up the universe?

The two things in the universe of which we are first bound to take cognizance, are matter or substance and force or energy.

MATTER OR SUBSTANCE

We know matter or substance in the aggregate. By this I mean everything we know as matter. In whatsoever form or guise it may appear, whether as solid, as liquid, as gaseous, or in forms so subtle and refined, or diffused, that our senses cannot cognize it, or any instruments we may devise detect its presence, it is still only substance or matter. In so far as the visible, tangible universe is concerned, it is made up of matter in some form. It is common knowledge that science

has reached the point of suggesting, if not actually declaring that instead of there being some eighty-odd primary or elementary substances or elements, there is but one Protean, elemental and primary form of substance, and that all of the so-called elements are merely differing forms in which that substance manifests itself. If substance or matter partakes of Immortality, it must be merely *as* substance or matter, whatever that may be, but not as to any particular form in which we find it. In its primary or elementary form it may possibly be eternal and immortal, but in that form it is and may forever be beyond our ken. At all events we at present only know it as something that is ever subject to change and ever changing. We do know, however, through the revelations of the spectroscope, that matter as we know it on the earth is uniform with matter throughout the universe. Not only so, but among the recent theories advanced by science is that which finds in the universal ether which pervades infinite space that elemental and primary form of matter. A still more recent theory is that what we call matter is only an appearance created by force, so that if this is true even the so-called universal ether is in fact at the same time universal and elemental force or energy, and all the various forms of matter so-called are only some of its varying manifestations. Do not these discoveries concerning the nature and composition of matter or substance furnish us some rounds in the ladder? Whether this is true or not, force and matter are more closely united than were the Siamese Twins.

ENERGY OR FORCE

We never find substance or matter separate from some form of energy or force. There is no such thing as dead matter, in the sense that matter ever exists apart from some form or mode of force. Science has demonstrated beyond controversy that every atom of matter, however minute, is at all times vibrant with energy. Matter and force are inseparable. I use the terms "substance" and "matter" interchangeably, as meaning the same thing. So also I use the words "energy" and "force" as being in this connection synonymous. Like matter, force manifests itself in many forms. A study of the correlation of forces, however, suggests that as all of the various forms of matter are but varying combinations formed from the one elementary and primary form of matter, so force or energy in all of its varying manifestations is one, the apparent difference being due to causes which we may in time discover as we are gradually discovering the relations between light and heat, and electricity and sound. Whether this is true or not, we do know that light, heat and electricity are each manifestations of force or energy. So also are the things we call gravitation, attraction, repulsion, cohesion, the varying phenomena of chemical reactions, and even life. As I shall endeavor to show hereafter, life itself is only the organizing and sustaining force in nature. It is only one of the many forms in which that Protean thing we know as energy manifests itself. Have we

not here still other rounds in that ladder? Is force or energy immortal? Again I would say that as force or energy it is doubtless eternal and immortal, but not so as to any one phase of its manifestations. But of that hereafter.

HOW FORCE AND MATTER ACT

While we find force and matter everywhere, apparently inseparable, and acting together, force acting on matter so-called, and matter apparently reacting on force, we always find them acting in accordance with law: Law that is without limit in its scope; law that governs the movements of the universe and the movements of the atom; law that controls the development of worlds, and with equal care and precision controls the unfolding of a flower; law that is so certain, so uniform, and so unvarying in its action, that the astronomer can tell with certainty the position occupied by a given heavenly body a million years ago, and can with equal certainty point out the precise point in space that will be occupied by that same body a million of years in the future. The chemist knows that the chemical reactions between substances to-day do not vary a hair's breadth from the chemical reactions between the same substances in the very beginning of time, and the physicist knows that he can rely with certainty on the law of cause and effect, and that without exception a given cause will always produce the same effect. Science recognizes the universal reign of law and the perfection with which it does its work. Here again are other rounds that carry us still higher. Whence comes that law? Does it not imply intelligence? Could its source be elsewhere than in mind of infinite scope?

What is the legitimate inference to be drawn from all this? Would anyone venture to suggest that the intelligence and power that obviously lie back of manifested nature were mere products of matter and force? If so, matter and force themselves make the laws which they obey, and which they are apparently unable to disobey. Can it be possible that the appearance of a conscious intelligence in the orderly processes that attend every movement, whether of the universe or of the atom, is due merely to the reactions of force and matter on each other? We only know the visible material universe through a multitude of phenomena in which we find that something we call "matter" assuming various forms as it is acted upon by some mode or manifestation of that other something to which we give many names, but which by whatever name we call it we recognize as a form of force or energy. No form of force of which we have any knowledge is self-originating. Every form of force of which we have any knowledge began acting only under a communicated impulse. Whence comes that impulse? We know that whatever form force or energy assumes, it acts under control of and in strict obedience to immutable laws, to which we give the name of "The Laws of Nature." Do we ever find matter and force acting otherwise than in strict obedience to laws that never vary? Do we ever find matter and force throwing

off this yoke of the law's control, and entering on new and untrodden paths? While new species have appeared from time to time in the life of the world, while other species have disappeared, and while variations and changes in existing species are from time to time developed, is it not true that in the evolution of these new species and of these variations nature has ever followed the orderly processes of that which seems to be the great law of life and development? Have not matter and force, considering life as one of the manifestations of force, ever been the obedient servants of law, instead of being its originators? Is it not too plain to admit of argument that Infinite Mind lies back of all manifested nature and controls all? The special pertinence of this will be apparent when we come to consider man.

GOD

"The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God." *Psalm 14. 1.*

"As for God, his way is perfect." *Psalm 18. 30.*

"The law of the Lord is perfect." *Psalm 19. 7.*

"The Lord reigneth; let the earth rejoice." *Psalm 99. 1.*

So far as our first inquiry is concerned, the ladder is complete. The inference is irresistible that there is a third element in nature,—the source of that law, a Something which is entirely outside of both force and matter. It tells us in language that cannot be misunderstood, of an Intelligence that is independent of both and that is Infinite and All-embracing, coupled with a Power that is All-controlling. All of the so-called laws of nature seem to emanate from "It." Nothing in the vast realm of nature seems to be above or beyond the control of these laws. They control alike the movements of suns and worlds that swing through space, and of the atom, ion, or electron so small that the most powerful microscope fails to disclose its form. As the mind of man can but faintly grasp the idea of space that has no bounds, or of eternity that has neither beginning nor end, so the conception of an Intelligence and a Power without possible limitations defies the possibility of exact definition. In its vastness it seems not only the unknown but the unknowable. Any name we may give to it is at the utmost a mere symbol. Words all have their limitations in our minds, and even the word "God," to the minds of millions of people, seems to carry no idea but that of a Being of many limitations, and yet we have no other word that seems at all adequate. The unvarying and unerring accuracy of the laws which seem to emanate from It, bespeak Infinite Intelligence and Infinite Wisdom, while the manner in which they act tell us of Infinite Power. It embraces all that we can possibly conceive of under the names of Mind, Intelligence, Consciousness, Will, and Power. Power not as force, but as that which controls and directs force. May not that which we call force and energy be only one of the manifestations of that Infinite Power? May not that which we call matter or substance be a

mere appearance created by that Power manifesting as force or energy? Do not recent speculations concerning the "ions" and the "electrons" suggest this? If so, is not the apparent trinity of nature, viz.—substance or matter, force or energy, and the unknown and unknowable source of law and power, reduced to one? The trinity becomes unity. But again does not that unity become a trinity when we recognize in it Infinite Knowledge, Infinite Wisdom, and Infinite Power? Knowledge which embraces all things; Wisdom that holds all knowledge in orderly and harmonious classification and arrangement, and has within the grasp of its perfect comprehension all that enters into the shaping of worlds and systems of worlds; and Power that with Infinite Wisdom directs and controls. Again, Three in One. The unknown and the unknowable. Here at last do we not find Immortality, Something that knows neither beginning nor end, neither past nor future. Something for which time does not exist. A Something for which there is only an eternal now. *I am that I am.* Serene and changeless through the eternities. It is the mighty soul of the universe. In this Immortal Something we find mind,—superlative mind, combined with superlative wisdom;—mind that does not have to grasp and strive and search for truth, but mind that knows; mind that makes no guesses, but that spans and grasps the infinitudes; mind that holds within its never-loosening grasp all the knowledge, not only of the ages but of the eternities that are unbounded by either space or time; mind that comprehends each and every phase and detail of the laws that rule the movements of the universe, from suns and systems of suns and worlds, to the laws that rule the genesis and the movements of the tiniest animalcule or the tiniest atom, ion, or electron. Something there is, though, more than mind and more than wisdom. Mind can conceive, mind can plan, mind can formulate laws, and wisdom can co-ordinate them, but to enforce those laws, to make those plans effective, power is necessary, and so, coupled with that Infinite, that Superlative Mind, we find an Infinite and Superlative Power. Not mere force, not simply energy, but a Something that controls and directs force, a Something that is Infinite and Resistless. And as with matter and force, so with that Infinite Mind, that Infinite Wisdom, and that Infinite Power. They, too, are inseparable. Wherever we find the unvarying and unchanging laws of nature acting (and they are always and everywhere acting), they are acting with a Power that cannot be stayed or resisted. Do not the names "matter," "force," and "mind," with mind's inseparable and accompanying "power" (which would perhaps be better named "Spirit"), embrace all that is to be found in the universe? Matter that takes on many forms, but which, in whatsoever guise it appears, is after all only matter; force, which manifests in many ways, but which may be always recognized as force; and Mind, with its accompanying executive officer Power or Spirit. This embraces all. Search as we may we can find nothing more.

These are not mere abstractions. The universe, with its component

parts,—substance, energy, intelligence and power, are concrete and cognizable things. So also is that Trinity in Unity in which is combined Infinite Mind that knows all things, Infinite Wisdom that plans all things, and Infinite Power that compels all things. The One only and true God. I shall not hazard any definition of the attributes of this Infinite and Ineffable One. I will, however, call attention to the fact that in all of the world's great religions, there is recognition of the existence of a Divine and Overruling Power, or of Divine and Ruling Powers. Whether these religions have been Ethnic or racial, or whether they have been Catholic and world embracing; whether they have been Monotheistic or Polytheistic, their followers have clothed their conception of Deity, or of their Deities, with certain attributes, and it is worthy of note that in every instance, while as a rule the attributes with which a people have invested Deity have marked the limitations in the development of that race or of that people, their Deities have ever been clothed with immortality and power. Ingersoll was accused of irreverence when he inverted Pope, and declared that—

“An honest God is the noblest work of man”;

but the irreverence was only for those conceptions of God which pictured him as cruel, jealous, vindictive, revengeful, savage and bloodthirsty; who would and did command and commend wholesale butchery and wholesale robbery. Neither shall I attempt even to imagine form or habitation for this Omniscient, Omnipresent, and Omnipotent One. I will, however, venture this suggestion: Is it not conceivable that this Infinite One who is the seat of all knowledge, the personification of all wisdom, and the source of all power, is indeed that loving “Heavenly Father” of whom Jesus taught? If so, his consciousness embraces every atom of illimitable space, and not a tear can fall, not a sigh be breathed, nor a thought take shape in the mind of man, that is not instantly known to him, and no appeal for aid can possibly be unheard. While it is inconceivable that a Being of such Infinite Wisdom will violate or abrogate any law to grant the prayer of anyone, is it not conceivable that the prayer of one worthy and deserving that can be answered without the violation of any law may be heard and answered, not in violation of but by and through those laws? However, this is aside from the main inquiry. It is plain that in a general way we can and do know all that is embraced in the universe. We also know that the universe is governed by an Infinite, Conscious Intelligence, acting with Infinite Power, and knowing these things we know that God is.

MAN

“What is man that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?” *Psalm 8. 4.*

When we turn to a study of man, do we not find the same things in nature that we find in the universe at large? There could of course be nothing more, but neither is there anything less, except in degree. We find in physical man substance and energy, or matter and force,—force acting as life, the builder and maintainer. We find them acting together as everywhere, in accordance with law, and we also find conscious intelligence and power; power as manifested in that we call Will. The matter and the force in man do not differ from matter and force as we find them elsewhere in nature. Nor does life as we find it in man differ from life as we find it in other animals, or in that which builds a tree or paints a flower. As everywhere, it is the building and sustaining or maintaining force in nature. Two atoms of matter encounter each other, and we have a germ. In some way life enters and we have a living germ in which is a potential man. Two other atoms of matter encounter each other, and we have another germ, and again life enters and we have another living germ in which is a potential oak. How life enters is in either case aside from our present inquiry. It is enough for our purpose at this time, to know that it does enter, and that when it enters the germ is complete. But of what it has become a living germ depends upon the character of the impulse that has been given to the life force by a power of which life is a mere servant.

It is, of course, obvious that civilized man of today has been developed from man of a lower type intellectually, morally and physically. Indeed he is still developing, and we may today study many phases in that process. Man, as we know him today, even among the most brutalized and savage races, has taken many steps in an ascending scale. This, however, is not only true of man, but of other forms of organic nature. The records of the ages, written by nature herself, on tablets of enduring stone, tell us of a constant unfolding and development. From germ to cell, from protoplasm and protozoan to man, the line of march has been unbroken. Nature has ever been reaching upward, and as species and races have run their course and disappeared, others higher in the scale have taken their places. Through all the millenniums there appears no break. The so-called "missing link" between the monkey and man does not break the chain. There is no valid reason to suppose that there ever was such a link. It is inconceivable to suppose that the Power that produced the original germ which life wrought into a living creature, exhausted its power with the production of a single germ. There were no doubt myriads of original germs, each of which was the beginning of a line of descent, or rather of ascent. The inference that all living organisms have developed from a single primordial cell rests upon the assumption that the Power which lies back of organic nature had spent its force with the production of that single cell. All organic forms as we know them begin their existence with a germ, and the initial effort of the life force which has been implanted in that germ results in the production,—first, of a single cell,

but as cell after cell is added we discover that in each instance when life enters a particular germ it comes charged with the duty of performing a particular bit of work and of building a structure along predetermined lines. An intelligent Something has furnished the plans of that structure, and the work of life consists in obediently following those plans. As each living thing has its beginning in a germ, and in an initial cell, so doubtless each particular form of organic nature had as its progenitor its own original germ. It has been remarked many times by students of Evolution, that it did not furnish an explanation of the beginnings of organic life, but only traced the lines of growth and development after life had begun its work. Evolution accounts for variation in species, and for improvement in forms, but it does not nor can it explain the origin of entirely new forms. It can trace the development of the horse from the Eohippus, or from still earlier forms, but it cannot tell of the origin of the germ in which was embodied the original Eohippus. Why search for a "missing link" between the oyster and the monkey, or between the monkey and man? It strikes me that the entire philosophy which is based upon the assumption that in all the æons nature was able to produce but one solitary original germ of grotesquely absurd. We know that such a germ was at one time produced. Grant the power of nature to do this, and we grant the power of nature to produce still other germs, and from those other germs to produce forms that differed as widely in their beginning as they differ today. It is far more reasonable to believe that the original germ from which the monkey has developed was only capable of producing the monkey, and that the original germ from which man came could only result in the production of man. As physical man today begins with a germ, and from the first cell up can only grow into a human form, so the germ which marked the genesis of man could grow into nothing but a human form.

Physical man is, as is obvious, a mere temporary mechanism, beginning with a germ and built up by life, and certain, sooner or later, to be broken up and thrown into nature's scrapheap. The human body is, however, a wonderfully and delicately adjusted piece of mechanism, the masterpiece of that master builder,—life. The plan followed by that builder, including the construction of the instrument, the correlation of its several parts, their interdependence and their adaptation to the work each part is to do as a part of the whole, shows that the architect, the maker of that plan, had intelligence and design of the highest conceivable order. Does not the manner of the construction of this mechanism, and its adaptability for use as an instrument by an indwelling intelligence, indicate a design on the part of the Supreme Intelligence that it should be occupied and used by an intelligent entity? Is it not plain that it is thus occupied and used? As we have seen, life is limited in the scope of its operation, and can only act along predetermined lines. It builds, but in building it can only follow the plans of the Architect. Having built, its further functions relate only to the maintenance of the structure,

but as I have said, the instrument it has fashioned is plainly adapted to use by an intelligent operator. What of that operator?

In the developed man, as in the universe at large, we find something more than matter and force or life. As in the universe, and apparently differing only in degree, we find also conscious intelligence, coupled with power to control and direct force. Man thinks, reasons, formulates plans, and has the power to act in the execution of his plans. He has the power to develop and set in operation various forms or kinds of force, and to make them do his bidding. He is of course limited in his action by the laws, which govern the universe, and can accomplish nothing in violation of those laws. But this is also true of the Supreme and Overruling Intelligence and Power from which the law emanates. If it is true that the universe is governed by law, and that that law is enacted by a Supreme and Infinite Intelligence, such a law emanating from such a source is not only perfect but it also necessarily involves a self-imposed limitation upon the intelligent source of the law. Otherwise it would not be perfect. It can only be perfect if it provides for every possible contingency, so that no change can ever become necessary.

But can any difference be shown, except in degree, between the Intelligence and Power which rules the universe, and intelligence and power as displayed by man? Man can himself set in operation the laws that govern nature, and can generate, direct and control force. He can mould matter into such forms as suit his convenience, his pleasure, or his caprice. Having done that which according to the laws of nature would lead to a certain result, he may do something else which will change the result. Having set in operation a given form or mode of force for the accomplishment of a certain purpose, he may not only suspend or terminate its operation but he may consciously and intelligently substitute for it a different form of force for the accomplishment of that same design, or of a still different design. He even has power within the limits imposed by nature's laws, to control, direct, or even to terminate the action of life itself. Does not all this go far to vindicate the occult saying that man is an epitome of the universe?

It may be asked that if it be conceded that mind in man is identical, except in degree, with that Supreme and Intelligent Mind that lies back of manifested nature, how does this tend to show that man is immortal as a separate and an individual entity? Does it show anything more than that mind in man is merely a manifestation of the universal Mind? As science has shown us that all of the various forms of matter are reducible to one primary or elementary form, and that all of the varying modes in which force acts as merely differences in the mode in which the one elementary force makes itself known, is it not reasonable to conclude that mind in man is merely a mode in which universal mind manifests itself? What reason is there for supposing that mind in the individual man is an entity separate and apart from universal mind? To this I answer, my effort is to show, if not the certainty, at least the

probability that the individual man is a separate and immortal entity, and that it seems to me that nature plainly shows us how this may be. There is ample analogy in nature to make plain to us how mind in man may be at the same time a part of that universal mind, and also be in each of us a separate and an individual entity. Such analogy may be found in certain crystals. Take a large crystal of a certain kind, and carefully note its facets and its angles. Subdivide this crystal along its lines of cleavage, and continue such subdivision until we have reached the smallest subdivision into which our instruments will enable us to separate it, and we will find that each of such subdivisions is a perfect crystal, with the same number of facets and the same angles as we found in the large crystals. The large crystal was in itself a single, a complete, and a perfect entity, but so also are each of the innumerable smaller crystals into which it has been subdivided. If we could re-assemble the small crystals and place them as they were, we would again have one large and perfect crystal, but we would know that within it were all of the smaller crystals and that each one of them was a separate and perfect individual. In Genesis we read:

“So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him.”—*Genesis, Chap 1, v. 27.*

The Infinite God is One, perfect and complete. If man is made in God's image, he is also one,—a separate and a complete individual. May he not also be at the same time a part of that Infinite One?

Let it be understood that my reference to the crystal is merely by way of illustration and to demonstrate the possibility of the separate and individual existence of man as an intelligent, conscious, and immortal, but separate entity, coincidentally with the oneness of conscious intelligence throughout the universe. We find that man possesses in miniature that immortal something which we found in the universe, and which we recognize as the chief attribute of God. In man we find mind, we find potential wisdom, and we find nascent power, and in finding them have we not found the immortal soul of man? We have found the tenant for the house that life has built. We have found the real man. We have found immortal man. Man not only made in the image of God, but formed from the very essence of God.

ROBERT W. McBRIDE.

WHY I JOINED THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

TO those who join the T. S. early in life, as has been my good fortune, it may not be so easy to formulate in the mind a reason for doing so, for our experience being but in the bud as far as this life is concerned we have not had the opportunity to weigh the pros and cons of existence which maturer years, in the natural course of things, would furnish. So as I look back and trace the path which led me to the T. S. I find myself saying first of all that it was because I was impelled, was ready for such a step and all that it implied, that I joined,—which to another may not be any reason at all. Upon consideration, however, it will no doubt be seen that such readiness must have in it a combination of mental and spiritual growth in some degree; a heart to feel the necessity of a universal brotherhood among men, a mind to comprehend something of the basis upon which it can be established.

While in my earlier years circumstances, at times, associated me with people of a theologically narrow and dogmatic type, their views did not appeal to me and consequently such contact had not the effect of getting me into a rut and keeping me back. After this came a period in which I was left to do my own thinking uninfluenced, and from which freedom I emerged none the worse. There was certainly an appeal to my sense of honor to live a good, straightforward life, but beyond that nothing to confine me in any way. Arriving, then, at a period when I more definitely approached the problems of life, I was enabled to do so with a practically free and unbiased mind.

I consider I received no little help from a study of some of the poets. I may only have perceived their beauty or significance in a very small degree, but yet I feel that the religious aspect, the high ideals which they put forward, contributed largely in preparing the way for further enlightenment. Of these poets Tennyson was certainly the most helpful, and as I call to mind some of the verses that particularly struck me, it is wonderful to see how much they contain. While, of course, all these cannot be given, perhaps the following may be of interest:

“Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,
These three alone lead life to sovereign power.
Yet not for power (power of herself
Would come uncalled for) but to live by law,
Acting the law we live by without fear;

And because right is right, to follow right
Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence.

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell;
That mind and soul, according well
May make one music as before
But vaster.

Thou seemest human divine,
The highest, holiest manhood thou:
Our wills are ours, we know not how;
Our wills are ours, to make them thine."

Though the orthodox Christian idea of Deity did not appeal to me, the impersonal idea was but very vague and indefinite. Beginning to attend, at this time, a Unitarian Church, where a larger degree of religious freedom seemed to prevail, my mind mainly dwelt upon works as being the most important feature—the idea that by the life we lived should we be judged. Continuing in this fluidic state I made the acquaintance, at this church, of one who was a student of Theosophy and who lent me some books on the subject. These I read with deep interest for I felt the scheme of life which they presented was the very thing I had been wanting. What impressed me mainly, as far as I remember, were the teachings of Reincarnation and Karma. I always had a feeling of how right and just it must be for a man to reap that which he has sown. And when I read how this law of cause and effect operated, it opened up quite a new pathway. The progress and salvation which it offered was the most encouraging thing I had ever heard of, and so I had not the slightest difficulty or hesitation in accepting it. Along with this teaching of Reincarnation was of course the fuller and more complete explanation of the constitution of man which gave considerable light to St. Paul's triune man of body, soul and spirit,—where before there was none. Coming to a knowledge of Theosophy brought in its train some knowledge of the T. S. and its work, so at this point I think what other reasons I had for joining may fittingly be given.

The principal aim and object of the Society: "to form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or colour," was what strongly appealed to me. I felt it my duty to ally myself with such a force for good. At times when I have heard other nations and races unkindly or unfairly spoken of, I have wondered at such people, for most of them would admit that God created all men, that it was only their fortune being born in a certain nation, and if such was more intelligent, more evolved, surely it was more responsible.

The principal aim and object of the Society so strongly appealed to me because of the light which Theosophy shed upon the nature of man. The basis of Brotherhood was removed to a deeper source altogether and seen from this vantage ground the "call to arms" was made much more imperative and clear; the cry was not "Am I my brother's keeper?" but "I *am* my brother's keeper." Referring to the constitution of the Society and the procedure of its meetings it is perhaps needless to say how much I felt in sympathy with them. I recognized the necessity, the value, of a body or organization to which could not be attached any view or belief. In this way it provided an open door for all who had the real welfare of humanity at heart. Just as no member can commit the Society to any belief, another wise provision is the basis upon which discussion may take place. A member or friend may freely express his belief on any given subject but he may not force such upon others. What of course also greatly appealed to me was the opportunity the meetings afforded for each one to take part. Self-expression seemed to me an important factor and where one could show an appreciation of another's ideal or give even a different view in a kindly spirit, what more could one desire as a means of harmony and enlightenment.

These, then, were my reasons for joining and which I still regard now as having the same value. Certainly I have more fully awakened to the *trend*, the *keynote* of the Society, as time has gone on, and on its importance I consider too much stress cannot be laid. It is a thing which is attached and at the same time unattached to the Society: it is attached in that it exists amongst the members and that its influence pervades the meetings—as of course other places; it is unattached in that it is not to be found in the constitution or in any official document. From this it will be evident that it is a question of perception, of our becoming cognizant of it. But this perception is also a question of growth. According to the life we have lived has our pathway been illumined. So by effort our Ideal has widened and deepened. This, then, is an Ideal—the Ideal of Discipleship—a thing which is not by any means fascinating or attractive to everyone, but which is infinitely worth all the striving it requires to make it the Real. It seems to me that this hall-mark of spiritual force will render the Society a greater power for good than can be conceived, it may not bring a large increase of membership, but it certainly will draw those who are preparing for such a life, and those whose sympathies tend in that direction. Though the latter may not be prepared for the more direct, positive efforts towards Discipleship, yet they can appreciate the atmosphere such an Ideal can create.

EDWARD LEWIS.

It is many years since I joined this dearly loved Society, and if one has known it long, the thought of it becomes so much a part of

one's life that it is very difficult to disassociate oneself enough to think or explain why one joined.

It is much like telling why one was born. In that case, one came into this outer world to learn through the conditions of external life. Many of us believe, I think, that the purpose of Creation is for the evolution of Consciousness in, and through, all the planes of matter, consciousness gradually growing finer and more spiritual and matter more rarified.

I was fortunate in being born into a family which believed in the reality and primal importance of the spiritual part of man's nature, and the necessity of occupying our minds and hearts with the highest and best of which we know, in order that it may increase and multiply within and around us.

Born in such surroundings, associations and reading naturally gravitated in due time to the centre of its vital expression, as embodied in the Theosophical Society. In the lives of the leaders there was inspiration to an understanding pursuit of the spiritual life, and in the teachings there was an explanation of the laws of the spiritual life, which accentuated the continuity of life and made all life just and fair.

They taught that we cannot throw off our individual responsibility, but that the spiritual law brings to us only what we justly deserve, and deals impartially with all. If we wish different results, we can beget causes which will bring them, and we can complain of no one but ourselves. Not finding fault with God or man saves a great amount of time and makes life infinitely easier. In my experience, the teachings of this dear Society are invaluable, in enabling one to live the Christian life in its more interior sense, through the explanation of the laws which Christ taught, but which so few comprehend.

It is vastly easier to do what one understands, and to follow a continuous thread, continuous as found in all the ages, and nations, and religions.

"Life behind its accidents" becomes the real thing to us, and harmony gradually evolves in our thoughts and lives, where before was chaos.

Is not this enough to hold one to the Theosophical Society? Could one do otherwise than join, or remain, in an organization that gives a scientific, as well as spiritual, explanation of the laws of life? Could one do otherwise than wish to unite his life with those who believe, teach, and constantly endeavor to live such vital truths? Having received so much, gratitude alone would make one wish to do his utmost to help the work of the Society. And in addition, one reveres and loves the Masters, who founded, and the devoted souls, who, for so many years, have carried on this work for humanity. Great is the honor if one is permitted to serve in any way.

JANE SLOCUM.

ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

THE following words were inscribed on a banner carried on Labor Day, up Fifth Avenue in New York, by some union of Jewish workmen:

"We have nothing to lose but our chains, and to gain—the whole world!"

What they meant by those words was that if they could work for shorter hours, or not at all; if they could be paid higher wages, or could receive all the money they might desire, they would be freed thereby from their chains, and would gain the whole world. Poor fools! So splendid an inscription; such hopeless misunderstanding! Are rich men free? Have rich men gained the world, or any part of it? Ask them. No need even to carry the question to the plane of ethics or of inner development. Take such universal concomitants of happiness as health and love and a contented heart. Can money buy these things? What does the Jewish workman do with his spare minutes? What better use would he make of his spare days or years?

The chains we wear are the chains of our sins; or, to put it differently, our chains have been forged by ourselves, part of our Karmic inheritance, the crop which we sowed and perforce must reap, seeing that rigid justice rules the world. By right acceptance those chains can be worn out—by right use of circumstances, by right perception of our own weaknesses and the conquest of them, by right aspiration and right effort. Not otherwise. We can gild the chains—Christian Science will do that for us; but to do that adds, in the end, to their weight and also makes them more lasting. No! there is only one way to gain the whole world, and that is to say: "I am tied and bound by the chain of my sins; may the Great Compassion help to deliver me from them! What have I done to create them? What is there in myself at this moment—of sloth, of lust, of self-love, of self-will, of pride, vanity, envy, hatred, malice—which would account for their perpetuation? How can I transform my weakness into strength, my sin into virtue, my hatred into love, my self-will into obedience, my vanity into humility and so into self-respect? There is, truly, the kingdom of heaven itself—which includes the whole world—to be gained by my self-conquest, by my spiritual regeneration; how can I get desire enough and strength enough to accomplish so great a task? Is there no spiritual power to aid me? Where can I begin—where, in this moment, can I begin?" Then, with all of heaven back of you, begin! Are you untidy? Make yourself tidy. Are you restless? Make yourself an example of repose. Are you a glutton? For love's sake—always for love's sake—conquer that. Are you a liar? Make yourself speak the truth. Are you depressed and therefore depressing

to others? Remember that "the soul of sadness is self-love." Conquer that. Make yourself smile when you feel least like it. Do violence to yourself, against yourself, in those simple ways. Thus is the kingdom taken. Undo your chains. To gain, there is the whole world: eternal life and immortal consciousness and everlasting peace.

Perhaps this will help you. It is a quotation from a letter written by St. Bernard to Guigues the Prior, and to the other monks of the Grand Chartreuse, in about the year 1125. (Human nature does not change any more than the solution of our problem.)

"For this is the property of that eternal and just law of God, that he who would not be ruled with gentleness by God, should be ruled as a punishment by his own self; and that all those who have willingly thrown off the gentle yoke and light burden of charity should bear unwillingly the intolerable burden of their own will."

But people desire a short cut. There is no short cut. The entire road must be travelled. True, it can be covered in minutes or in months, in years or in many lifetimes, depending upon the intensity of desire, upon the understanding of the task, upon the unselfishness of the motive. But there is no escape from hell except by the turning of heart and will, by the complete reversal of our lower inclinations, and then by the ascent of the terraces of Purgatory.

Yet because people desire a short cut, which in most cases does not mean that they desire to do quickly that which they see should be done, but only that they desire to escape from the unpleasant consequences of their sins without any turning from evil or from self,—there is a spirit of discontent abroad, which is the same as that which preceded the horrors of the French Revolution. It is an evil spirit. Discontent always is evil, unless directed against our own inner condition, against our own folly and blindness. But that sort of discontent is not prevalent. On the contrary, the prevalent spirit is directed against those who seem to be better off than we are; against outer conditions; against governments and particularly against *government*. It is destructive; it is self-assertive. It talks of freedom, but it means licence, and whenever it finds an opportunity, in word or in deed, it expresses itself licentiously, anarchically, viciously.

If this spirit be not either checked or transformed, it will have to be brought to a head. The Wisdom back of things will see to that. The French Revolution illustrates the law. Upheaval, more or less prolonged, is followed by reaction. The upshot of it is likely to be, in this country, an unenlightened despotism, and men blown from the muzzles of guns for outrages too horrible to contemplate. Let us, in any case, do what we can to live in such real obedience to law, both human and divine, that our words of warning may in time arouse this nation to a sense of its own danger and so perhaps avert the crisis which otherwise must come.

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Much of the responsibility for this spirit of anarchy, which permeates all classes, though manifesting differently in each, rests with modern methods of education. To describe them as principles of education would be a misnomer. Undisciplined people cannot see the need for discipline. Their chief aim in life being to have "a good time" in any way that happens to suit their mood or inclination, with but little if any regard for principles of right and wrong, it is but natural that they should evolve a theory of life that fits their own practice. The result is that the philosophy (?) of "self-expression" is used to justify its progenitors and also to serve as basis for the education of their most unfortunate human offspring. Froebel is travestied, and his reputation, which rightly is great, is used to bolster methods which differ essentially from his own. He taught that there is a higher self and a lower self, and that the purpose of education is to bring the lower self into obedience to the higher. In other words, the lower self—the body, the mind, the emotions—must be made into an obedient instrument through which the higher self can find unimpeded expression on this plane. Everything unruly, or cramped; everything running counter to the divine will; everything which is mean or low or selfish or self-indulgent, must be conquered, that the higher self may use the lower as the violinist uses his violin, or as the artist uses canvas and paint to externalize his vision of truth and beauty. It is the duty of the educator to work with the higher, and of parents to represent and to act on behalf of the higher until the personality has become sufficiently self-conscious and also sufficiently obedient to place itself voluntarily under control.

Foreign indeed to modern methods and to modern understanding! For there is no recognition of the higher, and "self-expression" is interpreted to mean that the "natural bent" of the child should be encouraged, and that, except at the cost of inconvenience to the parents, the self-will of the child should be indulged. No task should be imposed which is not agreeable, and a task which involves anything resembling hard work should be turned into play by adventitious aids. Think of a man brought up, as a child, in that way! Duty will be meaningless. Whether in business or in his home, he will regard everything which conflicts with his personal inclination as an unwarrantable imposition. He will have no love of work for its own sake; no desire to perform his task perfectly just because it is his task; no ability to infuse his task with the spirit of consecration, with the joy of self-sacrifice; no will with which to force himself, against the grain of his mood, to perform his duty cheerfully, effectively, fruitfully. Until Fate has hammered his education out of him, he is doomed to live a life of lazy, querulous discontent, and, unless Fate finally succeeds, he will become in fact if not in name an anarchist. This means an individual whose aim it is to do what he pleases with impunity, and to ignore or to abolish all authority over him, other than that which it pleases him to describe as his con-

science, but which, in his case, is the voice of his absolutely conscienceless desire.

The theory of "self-expression" has curious corollaries. One is that a child should never be given orders without full explanation of their purpose: all the reasons must be given, so that the child may understand. The cruelty as well as the folly of such procedure is well stated by Chesterton—whose sense of humor, if he possessed no other faculty, would be sufficient to save him from most of these modern lunacies. Quite recently he wrote: "In dealing with childhood, we have a right to command it—because we should kill the childhood if we convinced it."

But think also of the practical result of such training. A child should be given reasons—some people say before it obeys; others, less fantastic, say that reasons should in any case be given immediately after the child has conceded obedience. The supposed principle is that the child must understand.

Follow the child into manhood. There will be no trouble so long as there be no serious temptation. All may go well for years. Finally, however, there comes a real temptation to steal. We must suppose that the theft, if committed, will not be crude or glaring. It may be a question involving the temporary use of trust funds, to save a business which is regarded as fundamentally sound. The man who has been trained, not to obey rules whether with or without understanding, but only because he understands; who, in other words, has been taught to use his understanding as the ultimate test of right and wrong, is certain, in the circumstances I have imagined, to do the wrong thing. Probably he will land in jail. The mind, when the desire is really tempted, will always find reasons, and excellent reasons, justifying the gratification of that desire. The mind is not intended to decide; is incapable, even, of understanding, which is a separate and superior faculty. No man is trustworthy who is not drilled to obey the moral law on sight, regardless of reason and if necessary in the very face of what, in that moment, he may regard as common sense. He must be prepared to go without understanding for ten years or for ten life-times. It is his duty to obey. The understanding will come in time, but the gods alone know when.

This does not mean, of course, that the moral law—which is only another way of saying the law of the spiritual and real world—ever conflicts with reason or with common sense. That which is right invariably is wise. If we knew all the facts, not only on this plane but on inner planes, we should be able, doubtless, always to understand. But when we use our reason to decide, it means, in most cases, that consciously or unconsciously, we are looking for excuses to do the thing that we want to do, or that we have failed to recognize and to act upon the golden flash of intuition which, the moment a moral question is presented, almost invariably illumines the heart and so gives opportunity for right decision.

Children should be taught to obey their parents and their teachers, instantly and unquestioningly. Explanation should come later in some cases, but not in all, and never as the child's right.

On the other hand, while even mechanical obedience is better than none, the spirit of obedience can never be acquired by children if their parents and teachers give orders capriciously and as the expression of their own self-will. We ourselves must be obedient if we would evoke true obedience in others. The orders we give must be those which we have received. Parents ought to represent deity and should be obeyed as deity should be obeyed. But they must strive to transmit and express the divine will in small as in great: the will of the highest they recognize, which is the will, in fact, of the child's own immortal spirit. For the universe is a hierarchy, and the soul of every atom as of every man and every planet looks upward to its Master, and can rightly command only as it rightly obeys.

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There is not enough of the military spirit in the religious life of to-day. The Salvation Army is not an exception, even on that level, because the spirit of "the Army" is the volunteer spirit and not that of the regulars. We may take West Point, in this country, as the best expression of the military ideal. Discipline is not merely enforced: it is recognized as desirable—as essential to a successful career. That is to say, the subject accepts it as beneficial, as helpful. He comes to see that the inability to go cheerfully without things is a weakness to be conquered; that he must learn to miss a meal or two without loss of temper, nerve or strength; that dependence upon any kind of creature comfort is a disgrace; that he must obey promptly, conscientiously, effectively, and that he owes this to himself, to his own self-respect, apart even from the effect on his power to command. It is learned that to be alert and vigorous in battle, a man must keep himself in proper condition during times of peace: in obedience to his ideal, he must maintain himself constantly on a war-footing. He will need recreation, but he will take that in ways which will assist and not hinder his main purpose. If he takes his profession seriously—and we must suppose that he does—to waste a moment will be a crime. Every faculty he possesses must be concentrated on the attainment of his goal, which is, to turn himself into a perfect soldier.

And we, so many of whom have pledged ourselves to a life of service, do we carry a similar spirit into the performance of our daily tasks? Do we keep before us our life's aim? Do we drill, discipline ourselves? There is a chair which exactly suits your taste. You love to lean back and take it easy. What is more, you dislike exceedingly to rise from that chair when once comfortably planted in it. Do you know what you ought to do, instead of pampering yourself with its enjoyment? You ought, without attracting the notice of others, to select a stiff, up-

right chair, with a hard seat, and deny yourself, do violence to yourself, by using it until you prefer it to the other. Then go back to the other as a penance for your vanity—because you will be pleased with yourself for so much unaccustomed virtue.

To those who have not tried it, or who have tried it half-heartedly, such a practice will seem repellent and unprofitable. Those who do such things whole-heartedly will find that strength and gladness are their immediate reward. They will find themselves not only stimulated but braced. Nothing in fact is done properly until it is done with gladness in the doing and with gladness as a result. It is the half-doing of things which accounts for most of our fatigue, depression, and sense of failure. The lukewarm always have been anathema—"shadows not yet ascended into Hell." But they curse themselves far more effectually than they have ever been cursed, for they distil misery from air which, breathed deeply, is alive with the spring-time of eternity, and, by flabbiness of foothold, find the broad walks of Paradise, treacherous and unreal.

Are we lukewarm? Are you? Often I ask myself, Am I? And in some respect or other, every one of us is. In that particular direction we are both unsuccessful and unhappy. The remedy lies in right identification, and in the clearer recognition of our real aims. We are not these lazy personalities, these indifferent minds, these blasé emotions: we are, on the contrary, souls who see and know, who love and who desire, and whose life-purpose it is to bring our personalities into harmonious relations with the world of truth and fact.

It is not, however, in the way of self-discipline only that the military spirit is needed. The religious life is full of romance, of adventure. It demands daring, reckless dash, fierce onslaught, as well as endurance and grim determination. It demands strategy and foresight, bold imagination and the most careful attention to detail. I am not speaking now of external work; of great missionary enterprises or of organized "fishing" for souls. I am speaking of the inner life; of self-conquest on the one hand, and of self-realization on the other. To gain, there is the whole world. But the world can be gained only by the discovery that we are already in possession of it, and any such discovery must remain impossible until, from the vantage ground of the real, we look down and see the world as in the hollow of our hand. Differently expressed, we have to fight our way through the thick veils which cover our hearts and therefore our vision—veils of our own weaving—and so, without change of place or circumstance, learn that the kingdom of heaven is here, not there; that we are in it and of it; that the world we have thought to be real is no more than a mist which our own distorted mind-sight has projected; that the things and persons we have imagined as spiritual, are spiritual, but that this means, in fact, more tense and powerful, more solid and substantial, than the material bodies and forces which imperfect vision has failed to penetrate, but which, seen from above,

are like lines on a flat surface—significant of reality, suggestive and perhaps beautifully suggestive of still greater beauties known to us.

Such splendid things are done for King and country! Need there be so few to follow the blood-red banner of a King Immortal? Life is spent like water in that warfare; life is given but life is gained a thousand-fold in this. Where are those generous hearts which, ready to die, will live and labor for a great ideal; careless of reward, will find it in the triumph of their Leader? Is chivalry dead, or are there not still many who will answer the call of need with a leap to the sword of Obedience? Have we not ears? Are we deaf to the clarion blast of the Warrior, battle-stained but joyous, looking to us to follow as he hurls himself again and yet again upon the enemies of heaven? Men, men, where are men? It is not saints that are needed. No man thinking himself good could be of any use at all. But men who can catch fire; men who can forget themselves in an enthusiasm of hope—quenchless, flaming passion of hope; men who will be tortured but who will not betray; men who are fearless, men who are valorous, men indomitable, men who are men! Above all, perhaps, the man who says—"I am none of that, but I wish to be. I am unfit and unworthy and I know it. I am neither brave nor good. But to serve so great a Leader in his need—to be made fit to serve him—I will give my life and my all."

There was a toast once drunk in England: "That the king may come into his own!" It was a cause worth fighting for, but nothing in comparison with this. And if the appeal seem vague; if there be doubt as to what to do, what step next to take—find out: a man of will would, a man of will can. There is so common-place a means as the mail! But in this case as always, "ask and ye shall receive; knock and it shall be opened unto you." Souls honored by the world as its heroes, just and perfect spirits of the past, look down and envy us our opportunity.

T.

"We make little actions great by performing them with a great desire to please God; the merit of our services consisting, not in excellency of the works, but in the love which accompanies them."

ST. FRANCIS OF SALES.



ELEMENTARY ARTICLE

WE CREATE OUR LIMITATIONS.

III.

TO pick up the thread of our theme:

The purpose of Life is conscious reunion with God. This is the ultimate destiny of every soul. There are barriers in the way, which we ourselves created in the past by breaking Divine Law, and especially by the exercise of self-will, as opposed to Divine Will. We were given free will because it was necessary to enable us to become self-conscious. In the process of becoming self-conscious through the exercise of free will, we broke many of the laws of God. This made barriers; clouded our vision; gave rise to ignorance; created limitations. Then pain arose, to play its beneficent part; pain being the whip used by Life to drive us back upon the Path,—the friction caused by the rubbing of our wills against the Divine Will. We cause our own suffering, for we created the ignorance and limitations which produce suffering. But owing to Divine Compassion, this suffering burns away the limitations, gives rise to understanding, and as we understand, and act upon our understanding, pain ceases and we find joy.

In the previous sections we described the Purpose of Life, the Meaning of Pain, and the fact that we cause our own suffering; suffering, which arises from ignorance, the ignorance being due to our limitations. We now want to show that we cause our own limitations, that each one of us is solely responsible for the barriers which separate him from God.

It is not easy to see this because we seem to be hampered in so many ways by other people, by circumstances, by conditions over which we have no control and for the creation of which we are not responsible.

The fallacy is in thinking that the circumstances and conditions for which we are not responsible, really do hamper and thwart our evolution, our inner growth. They do not. They only seem to us to do so, because they limit the freedom of our free will. Indeed the exact opposite is the fact. Instead of these circumstances and conditions being obstacles to our growth, they provide us with the very means we need in order to go forward. They are rungs up the ladder which leads to Heaven. No, the real barriers are never in circumstances, but are in ourselves, in our minds, our hearts, our wills; and these are all self-created. If we have a bad temper, it is because we did not exercise self-control in the past;

if we are gluttons, it is because we indulged our love of food; if we are sensual, it is because of previous lack of self-restraint; if we lack perception, it is because we dulled our faculties by abuse of some kind. Therefore, whether our barrier is the presence of a fault, or the absence of a virtue,—and we all have barriers of both these kinds,—it is directly traceable to repeated infraction of some spiritual law. It can, therefore, be laid down as an invariable rule that each human being could see and walk with God if it were not for his limitations, and that without exception, these limitations are self-created. I know of only one exception. It is possible voluntarily to accept limitations which will temporarily make inner communion impossible. Jesus did this as the culmination of His sacrifice. He gave up everything, even His consciousness of the Father. There was a period during the crucifixion when His power was gone, and He had to depend solely upon the integrity and strength of His moral nature for victory over the powers of evil. His was a tremendous responsibility, for if there had been a single flaw in His armor of righteousness, the dark powers would have won. This explains something of the agony of the Passion, and of that mysterious cry from the Cross, "My God, My God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

Similarly it is said that in order to be properly equipped for some special piece of work in the world, disciples will voluntarily surrender much of their power and consciousness and will accept whatever limitations are a necessary part of the task they have to perform. St. Francis of Assisi's fervent devotion to Lady Poverty, and his tender and gentle sympathy for all forms of suffering, would ill equip him to act as Emperor of Germany if the Master should need him to incarnate for such a purpose. He would keep his splendid courage, his tenacity of purpose, his will, his devotion to duty and many other qualities and powers, for they would be appropriate and useful, but surely veils would be drawn over other qualities and powers which would make his mission incongruous, if not impossible.

Similarly, if the Master wants to found a religious Order, which will combine the fervor and devotion of the monk with the courage and spirit of the soldier, a different combination of qualities is called for. There should be more interior illumination than would be needed for a purely secular ruler, but there should not be so great a horror of suffering as to prevent the vigorous prosecution of a campaign.

There is, of course, a stage of development when all qualities and powers are so well controlled and can be exercised at will in such an impersonal manner that any necessary work will be done without hindrance from one's nature. The messengers of God destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah by fire, as part of one day's work. The afternoon of that same day may well have been spent in inspiring a poet to write a great poem, or in increasing the fervor of a convent of nuns. The full disciple must be ready to do any task, great or small, at the bidding of his master.

There are, however, natural aptitudes and qualifications among all

grades of disciples, and we may be quite sure that these are taken fully into account and that we shall be assigned the kind of work we love to do and for which we are best qualified. Only we must not let self-will enter here. The Master knows our real powers much better than we do, and we must accept cheerfully his assignment of duty with the serene confidence that, however it may appear to us who see only the surface, it is in fact not only what we are best fitted for, but also what will make us happiest and most satisfied.

OUTER LIMITATIONS NEVER BARRIERS

We cannot repeat or emphasize too often the twin statements, first, that we create our own barriers, and, second, that the limitations and circumstances existing outside ourselves never are barriers. It is necessary to elaborate this latter doctrine, for it is one of the fundamental facts of the spiritual world, and is also one of the failures to appreciate which causes infinite distress and delay, especially with beginners.

Many students of the art of living are willing to accept this statement as a theory. They give it mental assent when it is considered in cold blood; but a moment afterwards let something unpleasant happen, and they deny it in action. Even the advanced disciple has not fully conquered this inevitable tendency of the human mind to blame circumstances for lack of success,—to resent what we call misfortune, to be impatient at delay, to be irritated over events, to pity himself when in pain, to be discouraged by failure. Indeed, so long as we have any "lower" nature left, we shall continue to react from the events of life and the conditions of our environment in some such ways. One important test of progress is our freedom from these reactions. We can ask ourselves if we are free from self-pity, from resentment against Fate or other individuals, from impatience, irritation, discouragement. Only the Master of Life can say, Yes! The disciple, even the saint, must answer, "I have made progress in these directions, but there are still moments when I forget that outer events are never limitations; that everything that happens is absolutely for the best, in this best of all possible worlds."

As this is so important a subject, we must get at it in every way we can. Our Master, with a wisdom which seems to us miraculous, looks us over, and weighing and balancing all the forces of our nature, moulds and guides events to produce situations calling for the display of those qualities we lack and must develop, or which stimulate those faults we must learn to conquer,—the evil in us often must be brought to the surface before it can be recognized and cured. What is our frequent response? An immediate resentment, a feeling that we are being hardly used, that too much is being put upon us, that Fate is unkind, that we are having a much harder time than others, that if He wants to do a certain work He must provide conditions which will make it possible and free us from those circumstances which thwart all our best efforts. Cannot we imagine the tender pity and compassionate forgiveness with which He

watches our reaction; but cannot we also imagine the little tug at His heart with which He views the reception we give to His effort to help us? For remember that He is human as well as Divine, and we know from our own experience how hurt and pained we are when our effort to help another is misunderstood, is rejected, and is resented. It is dreadful to contemplate the endless suffering we must cause our Master by our stupidity and our failures in this respect. It must form a large part of the Cross which we force Him to bear.

It is a question of the mind; another case where the "Mind is the great Slayer of the Real," so our problem is to weave into the very fabric of our being an ever growing realization of the fact that outside events cannot be barriers, but are always helps. We must never drop from our consideration any given event until we see the truth so far as it is concerned. It is here that prayer and meditation will help us, for by means of prayer and meditation we rise above the lower mind and its limited and prejudiced vision, and can see things as they really are, from the standpoint of the spiritual world. We should make a practice, at our time of self-examination, of reviewing the events of every day, and of noting how wrongly we reacted in such and such an event because instinctively we regarded it as a barrier, or limitation, or misfortune, and not as a Heaven-sent opportunity for our advancement. If we fail to see how that particular event was an opportunity, and not a hindrance, then we should pray and meditate about it until it becomes clear. Often a spiritual director is a most valuable aid, for he can see the matter dispassionately as we cannot; so if after honest effort we cannot discover the solution for ourselves, then we should consult our advisor. We must learn that there are no exceptions to the rule, that the universe is made that way, and that our failure to understand is only a failure to understand, and does not mean that in our special case the universe is running backward.

It is a hard lesson to learn, but it can be done, and it must be done; for progress, even from the very beginning of the way, is hampered by failure to realize it, and becomes impossible after a certain point. Sooner or later our destiny will hang upon this single issue.

Another and very important phase of the subject must not be overlooked, and that is the immense amount of suffering this point of view will save. If you consider carefully the cause of a very large part of human pain, you will find it is not caused by hunger or disease, or injury or any direct physical means, but by our kicks against the pricks of Fate, by our revolt against the conditions of our lives. Probably more than half of human misery is self-created in this way, and would disappear entirely with a serene acceptance of the decrees of Fate.

C. A. G.



REVIEWS

The Problem of Christianity, by Josiah Royce, published in two volumes, being the Hibbert Lectures delivered in 1913. The first of these (subtitled *The Christian Doctrine of Life*), is untechnical, and can be read with pleasure and fully appreciated by any thoughtful reader untrained in philosophical subtleties: the second (*The Real World and the Christian Ideas*) is avowedly an examination of the conclusions empirically reached in the first volume, by modern metaphysical idealism,—and, we may add, by the technical method peculiar to Professor Royce himself. From the point of view of one who is seeking in modern developments the reawakening to the spiritual world, this very sincere effort of a leading philosopher to approach a strictly religious problem is sufficiently significant in itself, however far short of satisfaction his conclusions may be. Professor Royce writes that he has “approached this study, not as an historian, nor as a theologian, but as a philosopher,” and therefore as such only can he be criticised with fairness. This emphasis which he lays on his work, however, makes what he has done another noteworthy indication of the trend towards religion and religious things. For a “pure” philosopher, and only that, to have responded so far to the outer stimulus of the world’s attitude as to turn consciously and deliberately to a study of the Christian religion, not merely for personal satisfaction, but through a recognition of the universality of its principles and ideals, is a totally new step, and one representing a very different attitude from that formerly maintained by the philosophers, even those who discussed religion at all. No longer antagonized by crude dogmas and narrow institutions, philosophy seems to be waking to an appreciation of what the great truths of Christianity comprehend, and is starting forth to find interpretations of them in her own terms. Professor Royce holds in this respect, however, a different position from Bergson and Eucken; for while these, each in his own way, are pioneers of our generation, Professor Royce represents a traditional philosophical school, and has long been identified with a particular technical system. If, then, we find that the leaven of today will accomplish a reinvigoration and inspiring of the old systems, or, in other words, that the new spirit will use out-worn tools for its own higher ends, does not this contribution of Professor Royce assume a special and richer meaning, and give us one more confirmation of the transforming and regenerative power of spiritual forces?

Professor Royce traces in outline the growth of his own convictions since the publication of his earlier works, and says that he has reached his present conclusions through developments of his “philosophy of loyalty,” first appearing in 1908. “My efforts to grasp and expound the religion of loyalty have at length led me, in this book, to views concerning the essence of Christianity such that, if they have any truth, they need to be carefully considered.” Those familiar with this Philosophy of Loyalty will welcome its application to Christianity; if only because the spiritual truth, of which this is an “idealistic” expression, is at one with the very heart of what the Master stood for and represented. “Loyalty, as I have elsewhere defined it,” says Professor Royce, “is the willing and thorough-

going devotion of a self to a cause, when the cause is something that unites many selves in one, and which is therefore the interest of the community." This community becomes for the Christian what Professor Royce calls "the Beloved Community," which in essence is a restricted interpretation of the Kingdom of Heaven as taught by Christ, or, more specifically, of St. Paul's commentary on it in his doctrines of the Church. The practical realization of this Beloved Community, and loyalty to it, is actually and historically the central Christian doctrine. Thus "Christian love, as Paul conceives it, takes on the form of loyalty (to the Church or Beloved Community): this is Paul's simple but vast transformation of Christian love." We have no intention of attempting to criticise either the construction of Professor Royce's theory or of his individual opinions;— he is entitled to them, and to respect for his fearless utterance of them—our criticism must necessarily be directed against his whole position and approach to such a subject; for the rest, our purpose is to present briefly his views, and to examine such as we believe to be most significant.

Basing all his subsequent theories, then, on a belief in the existence of this Beloved Community, and holding up before its members the ideal of a complete and perfect loyalty to this Community, Professor Royce proceeds to state clearly his problem, and to seek for its answer first in the world of life about him, and secondly in the framing of a metaphysical system, in harmony, as far as he can see, with the facts, and also conforming with the philosophical idealism of which he has for so long been the expounder. "When we consider what are the most essential features of Christianity, is the acceptance of a creed that embodies these features consistent with the lessons that, so far as we can yet learn, the growth of human wisdom and the course of the ages have taught man regarding religious truth?" To throw light on this, three characteristic Christian ideas are analyzed and reinterpreted; salvation, original sin, and atonement. The whole trend of his argument is to show that true loyalty requires no creed, but can use any; that "the name of Christ has always been, for the Christian believers, the symbol for the Spirit in whom the faithful—that is to say the loyal—always are and have been one"; that "the Christology of the future cannot permanently contain the traditional forms which have heretofore dominated the history both of dogma, and of the visible Christian Church." Such an appeal to the spirit of Christ rather than to the standards of the various churches, coming as it does from outside the official ranks of any church, should act as a challenge to all of them; and we note with interest that several pastors and clergymen are speaking and writing in praise of just this point.

In his treatment of the above-mentioned topics, Professor Royce has shown both originality and vision. Salvation, he says, is possible through union with this spiritual community; the purpose of the members of which community being the means whereby the self-will and egotism of us all, which are the product of our social life and daily conflict with our fellows, are raised and transmuted to a higher, purer, loving, common will, united in the one great aim and will of the community. Original sin, and the one hopeless and irretrievable sin, is deliberate disloyalty. A conscious, self-accusing traitor can never feel that he may by any possible future acts obliterate the fact of his disloyalty, or make things as though it were not. Atonement becomes, then, a different problem from that usually conceived by the theologian; it cannot merely be forgiveness resulting from a sacrificial act of suffering on the part of the community, because, however generous and self-effacing the suffering and forgiveness may be, it cannot free the individual from his own inner "hell of the irrevocable"; but atonement, or specifically an atoning act, must step in and *use* that very traitorous deed, must start with that, and build from and with it some good for the community, which *without* that traitorous deed could never have been accomplished for the community. Then, and then only, can the traitor feel "my deed has actually been

a source of benefit to the community, such that, if I had not been faithless, the community would not be so well off. I can now renew my union with the community, freed through this atonement from my hideous past." This is what Jesus did and does for us; this is the atoning power of grace. His atoning deed, through his sacrifices, won again the lost causes of our moral world by creating new good out of existing evil, opening to us a future life that will be the better and richer for the very fact of our old evil and the existence, as a result of it, of the atonement.

The above brief outline gives the best of what Professor Royce has achieved, and can mostly be found in the first volume. The second volume centers around a purely technical exposition of how these theories can be brought under a "sound" metaphysical system through the agency of a new method of knowing, neither "perception," nor "conception," but "interpretation." As a psychologic study Professor Royce's exposition is interesting; but it fails to carry conviction because he never raises the technical idealistic terms which he employs, above the plane of unproved philosophical theorizing; and he emphatically opposes Bergson's intuition on the one hand, and the inspiration of the mystics on the other. Professor Royce contests that interpretation is a constant act of life, in that we "interpret" common experience, either to ourselves or to another, when we see some meaning in it. But this whole process which he describes in detail is limited to the mental realm of ideas; no pure Bergsonian perception, no direct mystic or spiritual illumination can enter the interpretative act at all. Thus Professor Royce has deliberately shut himself within the mind, and however beautiful or attractive may be the results he has obtained on that plane, we fail to see that he has done more than give to the world one more metaphysical theory and one more opportunity for endless discussion, theorizing, and ratiocination. At the heart of his thought lie glimpses of spiritual truths: as his vision of the Beloved Community, and his recognition of our dependence on and need for the atoning power of the Master. One feels that Professor Royce has had genuine experience; and if he could only relieve himself of his philosophical mind, if he could use the vision he has already received to adventure further into a knowledge of the truths of Christ instead of attempting to frame it in some cramped metaphysical system, and if he could cease to subject it to the sceptical analysis of an all too prejudiced mind, he could profit both himself and his many followers very greatly. But this criticism applies to almost all philosophy; and we should, perhaps, remind ourselves that Professor Royce has made a distinct contribution in the direction of raising philosophical thought, and we should be grateful to him for at least turning men's thoughts towards religion and religious things.

JOHN BLAKE, JR.

Dharma: This tasteful little magazine of our Spanish brothers continues to maintain the high standard of excellence with which it started. In the April number there are four reprints from the earlier magazines; one by Mr. Judge, two by Mr. Johnston, and one from the pen of Katharine Hillard. The leading article is on "Theosophy and Christianity," by Roman Grim, and points out that there can be and is no vital antagonism between the two; always a valuable theme to keep before our readers. Other articles are: one on Norman Angell's new book *The Great Illusion*; a "Dialogue," which discusses certain questions asked about writings of Madame Blavatsky,—with frequent quotations from *The Secret Doctrine*; and "The Mystery of Christianity"—an imaginative conversation occurring at Ephesus. The "Notes and Comments" are of value, well-written and interesting. There is also a "Questions and Answers" department. Thus this issue is well-balanced, and contains a variety of helpful and interesting contributions,—both old and new.

A. G.

The April *Theosophisches Leben* has an enviable table of contents. Five articles from the QUARTERLY are translated by the indefatigable Editors, and reprinted. Especially notable is the translation of a "Fragment" by Cavé, which in a remarkable way reproduces the beauty and atmosphere peculiar to that wonderful writer. There is an exceedingly able article on "Christ and the Holy Supper" by Paul Raatz; and one on "Joy" by Ernst Traumer, which the reviewer found very helpful. Other valuable articles, including several short poems, fill up the pages. The Editors should also be congratulated on the bibliography of Theosophical books, and also of other works that would appeal to our readers. This is not merely a list of titles, but each volume is characterized briefly, so that we are in possession of the scope and purpose of each book at a glance.

A. G.

Pro Christo et Ecclesia, by the author of *Absente Reo*, published by Macmillans. This little book has a double interest. We are presented with the striking thought, backed up by the most recent expert research, that the "Pharisees condemned in the Gospels were God-fearing, earnest, and conscientious," and not the utterly bad and hypocritical sect that ordinarily we think them. The author suggests that the reason for Christ's wholesale condemnation lay not in the individual wickedness of the Pharisees, who were according to their lights above the average standard morally and religiously, but in the fact that it is the very defects and narrowness of the most religious people that are the foes and murderers of the Christ. Thus the Sadducees were merely moderate and stagnant; they raised no opposition, and, like all sinners, were open to conversion and a change of heart. But the Pharisees were pride-blind in their supreme confidence that they knew the will of God, and lived it to the best of their ability; they were selfish, because their hearts were closed to the claim of sinners upon God's love, through their self-confidence, which position is born of spiritual pride; and, finally, they were intense ritualists, dependent on their ritualism because they had lost the significance of its symbology. But they were the most religious people of that time, the most earnest, the most whole-hearted.

Jesus saw pride to be the fundamental sin; he knew humility to be the requisite of all earthly love. So, while not condemning the law and tradition, which are needful and helpful to weak humanity, he condemned mercilessly those who shielded themselves behind the law and denounced others as sinners and outcasts.

The second point of interest is the lesson which the author draws from this contrast of Christ's attitude and the Pharisaic. "The terrible warnings of Jesus make it evident that he was oppressed by a vision of the future Church strewn with the wrecks of faith." "The pharisaic retort that his inspiration was Satanic was most natural, as is proved by examining what our feeling would be if he came now and crossed our beliefs to the same extent." Indeed, the picture drawn of the Church today, with its assurance, its exclusive party factions, its blindness to the inner spiritual call to immediate fellowship with Christ, is a living counterpart of all those sins Jesus so emphatically condemned in the Pharisees.

The book provokes serious thought. It is a wholesome challenge to the existing order in the churches. The writing is vivid and clear; there is breadth of view and the contagion of a deep personal conviction on the part of the author. On the whole we agree with him. The book is timely, and should be very helpful to those seeking the church's ideal.

JOHN NEWCOMBE.



QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

QUESTION 172.—*Is the next environment of the soul determined by chance? If not, how is it determined?*

ANSWER.—Once I was in a school superintendent's office when a lot of children, whose parents had just moved into town, were being questioned. The superintendent rapidly assigned each child to that school and that grade best suited for it, being helped by the child's own desire, as modified by his trained knowledge of its need. May we not suppose that God would be as competent? "But there are so many of us" may be suggested. Mr. Blaine was said to know over 100,000 men by name and position. His brain was finite—what could not a Master's brain hold? Besides would not the soul help? Would it not seek of the Master that school and grade where it would learn the most? The soul untrammelled by the body, uncolored by the mind, must seek the shortest road to Union with the Master in the perfected obedience of recognized discipleship—call it Heaven if you prefer. It would, therefore, ask for the most trying opportunity to learn the fastest, to get rid the soonest, of all barriers self-erected through ignorance and lack of discipline.

H. K.

ANSWER.—The next environment of the soul is determined by the needs of that soul. If the soul lack development in a certain direction it will sooner or later have to come back to an environment which affords opportunity for the development of that which it lacked. The ultimate goal being the perfect flowering of each soul—or union with the divine.

M. T.

ANSWER.—The universe exists for the soul, is ideally designed for the development and growth of the soul. This naturally includes the immediate environment of each soul. That is determined for the soul by the particular needs of that individual soul. In a sense we determine absolutely our own future environment. What we think, feel, wish and do determines what we become; as what we have done heretofore has determined what we now are. What we are determines what we need, what we need determines what we get, our environment and all that comes to us.

D. d'A.

ANSWER.—If this be a spiritual universe, governed by law, what is the meaning of Chance? Has it any meaning? Remember Emerson's fine phrase: "All things, even motes and feathers, go by law and not by luck."

J. C.

ANSWER.—It seems to me the next environment would be determined by the needs of a soul. Karma is the compassionate law of a compassionate God. A wise and loving Teacher examines the task submitted by a pupil. The task may be done in such a way as to show that the pupil is ready for advancement; or, on the contrary, he may need to be demoted. But whatever the next step be, progress or retardation, it is Love and Wisdom (they are identical) that determine it.

S. M.

ANSWER.—The next environment of the soul is not determined by chance. It is the deliberate choice of the Soul. In its previous incarnations the Soul has woven several vestures. These vestures are not fixed but living and interchanging according to the forces which compose them. When the time comes for the Soul to again assume its garments of mortality, these vestures are assumed and matter is precipitated upon them by the terms of vibratory activity which they possess and by which the growth of the unborn and then the growing infant are determined. As an example by analogy study the Voice-figures of Mrs. Hughes.

A. K.

ANSWER.—If we admit such a thing as "chance" anywhere into the universe, we admit chaos. There is and can be no such thing. Either the universe from top to bottom is spiritual life (which, seen in its parts, appears as a congeries of great laws), or it is nothing at all.

Karma is the Sanscrit name given to that aspect of the spiritual life which governs the effects to follow given causes,—be they physical, psychic, mental, moral, and spiritual, or all these combined. Our next life is determined by the causes or actions which we ourselves have set going through the use of our free wills, in previous lives. Most of us have no idea what all these forces are. We are told that through the vicarious atonement of its members, The Lodge of Masters can interfere (relatively, as they themselves, and their power, come within a still more embracing Karma) with our personal Karma; by holding back evil till we have had time to strengthen the good in us, or by precipitating the evil if we are capable of faster progress, and desire to push ahead of our normal advance by more strenuous efforts and by more immediate suffering. There are no hard and fast rules; so each one of us would do well to examine our past with the intention of seeing just what it is that our environment has sought to teach us, that is, our *souls*. If we can find out what it is that we have to learn, what faults to overcome, what vision to acquire, we can work with our Karma instead of struggling blindly against what appears to so many as an evil fate. And we must not forget that there is "good" Karma as well as "bad"; too many accept the "good" complacently as a right, and reserve their rebellion and bad feelings for the bad." Union with the Master, with the Divine, sonship with the Father,—this alone will free us from the necessity of rebirth, which subjects us to the earth's physical Karma. Then we can live free, under the higher Karma, the divine harmony of the Heavenly Kingdoms.

G. HIJO, JR.

ANSWER.—The next environment of the soul, like the present and all past environments, from moment to moment, is determined by the soul's real needs. At each moment we are precisely where we ought to be. He is wise who recognizes this, and seeks in each situation and environment, in each moment, the soul's lesson for that moment. For him, every moment of life is magical.

C. J.

ANSWER.—Does not this depend upon the desire of the Soul? If it wants something very much, won't it seek to get it? Is the doctrine of Freedom of Will compatible with any other theory? Personally, I believe that I have always wanted to be with the people I am with and that I particularly chose to "suffer" the "trials" of my present lot or, as it sounds nearer the truth, to enjoy the opportunities of my present lot. I do not believe there was any chance about it. It amuses my Mother when I say I long since—ages ago—picked her out, but I mean it quite simply. I believe I have wanted and will always want to serve with and fight for certain people—Souls, Egos; call them what you please—and I intend to stay with them. I believe that we are brought together again and again because we belong together. In short, Karma and reincarnation make

Death a manifestation of Divine Love and Life a wisely-guided course of lessons; because chance, injustice and cruelty are removed from the Universe. If I could learn not to dissipate force, energy, love entrusted to me, would not I rejoice to starve to death a few times to acquire so great a virtue, and to make me more serviceable?
G. V. S. M.

QUESTION 173.—*Is the theory of reincarnation necessarily reincarnation upon this earth? If so, does this process continue indefinitely, or does the soul at some period pass to a totally different environment?*

ANSWER.—What difference does it make? To me reincarnation on this earth is the only kind, logical explanation on scientific lines of why we exist. It explains love of family and friends, and makes one's environment a Heaven sent opportunity, not something to be grumbled about or neglected. I like to think that those I love I have loved before and will love again and always in contiguity. This takes the sting out of death. In fact, I believe it demonstrable that the Bible, both in the Old and the New Testament, teaches the doctrine of reincarnation. Limited (for the time being at least) to this earth it falls into correspondence with the law of the conservation of energy and matter. The sins I commit give me experience—the doctrine of reincarnation eliminates waste. As to the future "when God wills" I suppose I may go somewhere else, but I want at least a few lives here on earth to try to clean the slate—until I do, I want the process to continue indefinitely.
G. V. S. M.

ANSWER.—As the earth is only a part of this great universe, and the soul must have all experiences, does it stand to reason that the soul would always return to the limitations of this earth? Would it not naturally outgrow them? Also are there not visible and invisible bodies?
A. F.

ANSWER.—The essence of reincarnation is the continuous growth of the soul, the development of its inherent powers and the elimination of its weaknesses, through its own efforts. Whether the environment that provides it with this opportunity for continuous growth is on this earth or on Mars is, from one point of view, quite immaterial. The point is that this opportunity is provided, this necessity imposed. When we have exhausted the lessons that life on earth has to teach doubtless we shall pass on. Obviously however one life or one hundred lives are too short to learn all that may be learned here. We do but scratch the surface of life's richness. We have been told that the soul here on earth may attain to heights of growth and splendour of which we do not yet even dream.

Here on earth it is in our power to choose for ourselves between environments farther apart than earth is from heaven's remotest star. We may dwell in our hearts and minds surrounded by our own most evil passions, hatred and greed and lust. Or we may, like Brother Lawrence, dwell in the presence of God and be consciously with the Master surrounded by His infinite love and tender care in each moment of our lives.
J. F. B. M.

QUESTION 174.—*What is the difference between a religious Order, a Congregation and a Community? The three words seem at times to be used interchangeably.*

ANSWER.—It is not easy to draw a sharp distinction between an Order and a Congregation, although the dictionaries are mistaken when they state that there is no difference. The trouble is, (a), that the words are often, but incorrectly, used as synonymous and (b) that their present meanings are the result of some hundreds of years of evolution and they did not always have the significance which they have now.

Five hundred years ago the difference was quite simple and arose from the reform movements within regular Orders. For example, a group of Benedictine Monasteries would associate themselves together to practise a stricter mode of life, to return to the observance of the primitive Rule—as, for instance, the Maurists, under St. Maur, or the Cluniacs under the leadership of the great Abbots of Cluny; and they were called Congregations. In other words, a Congregation was a segregation of monasteries, or individuals, within an Order. In time, however, some of these reform movements became so important that they were separated from the parent body and raised to the dignity of an Order. Then the distinction between the two terms became more a question of privilege, as, for instance, whether they should be free from episcopal jurisdiction or not; the Orders, almost without exception, alone obtaining this jealously restricted right. In time this distinction also broke down to a considerable extent, although it still marks one line of cleavage. The next important difference was a question of the solemnity and term of vows taken by the members. All the Orders, with practically no exception, had solemn and perpetual vows, while Congregations were associations of priests, like the Oratorians, founded by St. Philip Neri, who live under a common rule but take no vows; or of laymen or women, like the Daughters of St. Vincent de Paul, who take annual vows. Since the 16th Century practically all the religious associations which have received the sanction of the Papacy have been Congregations and not Orders.

To generalize, therefore, and to sum up; the word Order is used to designate the more highly developed and completely realized association, which has received full papal sanction and the most extensive privileges. A Congregation is not a fully realized religious association because of some limitation in its government, its rights, its practices or its purposes.

The word *Community* has no technical meaning in this connection. It is applied to any given group of religious who live together, or have a common purpose.

The term *Confraternity* has, however, a technical meaning. It is a voluntary association of the faithful, established and guided by competent ecclesiastical authority, for the promotion of special objects of charity or piety. Priests, members of Religious Orders or Congregations, or laymen may belong to one or to several Confraternities. The League of the Sacred Heart and the Apostleship of Prayer and the Sacred Name Society are Confraternities. C. A. G.

QUESTION 175.—“*What is the difference between a Priest, a Deacon, a Monk, a Friar, a Canon or Canon Regular, a Clerk or Clerk Regular and a Tertiary or Lay-Brother? What are the feminine equivalents of these terms?*”

ANSWER.—In the Roman Catholic Church which is the only organization which includes all these terms:—

A *Priest* is a man who has taken Holy Orders. He is under a Bishop, a member of the Church as a whole, and need not and usually does not belong to any Religious Order or Congregation. Technically speaking, only a Bishop is truly a Priest of the highest grade, for certain functions, such as confirmation, ordination and the consecration of Churches, are reserved to him. The ordinary priest, therefore, belongs to the second degree of priesthood. He has powers conferred upon him, rather than rights, and in the Roman Catholic Church he requires the consent of his bishop before he can exercise any of the sacerdotal functions, save, perhaps, that of saying Mass.

A *Deacon*. In modern times the diaconate has ceased to be anything but a stage of preparation for the priesthood. In the Catholic Church he can minister at High Mass, can expose the Blessed Sacrament at Benediction, and in case of need, can act as deputy of the Parish priest in distributing the Communion.

In the Episcopal Church, a Deacon can perform any priestly sacred office, save consecrating the elements and pronouncing absolution.

A *Monk*, who may or may not be a priest, is a man who dedicates himself to a life of religious contemplation and endeavor, in a community devoted to this purpose, secluded from the world, taking the three solemn vows in perpetuity. His allegiance is to his abbot and his particular Monastery where he usually spends the rest of his life. His object is personal perfection, and to this end he renounces the world and all natural affections. Monks do not, as a rule, however, refuse the cure of souls or other secular occupations, when the necessity arises, and have often busied themselves with education, the preservation of learning, with agriculture in its widest sense, and with other useful work. The Benedictine Monks are responsible for the preservation of learning during the Dark Ages.

A *Friar* is a member of one of the Mendicant Orders, like the Franciscans or Dominicans. He may or may not be a Priest. He combines a religious life of contemplation with work for the Church. He is not a member of any community, but of the whole Order and is moved about from place to place at the will of his superiors. He is a soldier in a religious army, governed by a hierarchy of local, provincial and general superiors.

A *Canon Regular* is a Priest, attached to a Church, but who also lives a religious life under Rule and Vows. With Monks, Holy Orders are accidental and secondary, and are superadded to the religious life; with Canons Regular the Holy Orders are the principal thing and the religious life is superadded.

A *Clerk Regular* is a combination of a Canon Regular and a Friar. First of all he is a priest, in dress and mode of life, doing all the duties suitable to priests; but to this he adds a religious life with the usual vows. He is not, like a Canon Regular, attached to a Church, or like a monk, attached to a Monastery, but, like a Friar, he is a member of a religious army and is, therefore, free to go anywhere his superiors direct. The Jesuits are Clerks Regular.

A *Tertiary or Lay-Brother* is a member of an Order who has taken simple vows. The practice of having lay-men and lay-women associated with regular monastic establishments, under a modified Rule and simple vows, arose in the Twelfth Century. The Franciscans were the first to have a regular Third Order. In time some of these rose in dignity and importance and the vows became solemn vows, the members living a community life hardly less rigid and severe than that of the First Order. All Orders do not have lay members; neither the Benedictines nor the Jesuits have Tertiaries; but as a rule all the Orders having women members also have a third order. A tertiary may remain such all his life or he may be raised to the rank of full membership.

There are no feminine equivalents for most of these terms. In the old days when Orders were formed which did not contemplate their members taking Holy Orders, the Rule was as suitable for women as for men, so that there were Benedictine nuns and Convents as soon as there were Benedictine Monks and Monasteries; but when the Mendicant Orders and Clerks Regular were formed, whose Rules were entirely unsuitable for women, the founders either expressly forbade nuns, as in the case of the Jesuits, or wrote a special rule for them, as in the case of St. Francis, who was the first to found a regular Second Order for women. Since then special Orders have been founded exclusively for women, such as the Order of the Visitation, founded by St. Francis de Sales, and the Ursulines. Many of these have lay-sisters who follow a modified rule of varying strictness. There is no rigid distinction between the terms Sister and Nun, but as a rule a Nun is more or less cloistered while a Sister goes out into the world to nurse or teach. In many Orders the members are called Sisters to distinguish them from the Mother Superior. In other Orders all the nuns are Mothers and the lay-members are Sisters.

C. A. G.

T·S·ACTIVITIES

REPORT OF THE ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The Annual Convention of The Theosophical Society was held at 21 Macdougall Alley, New York City, on Saturday, April 25, 1914. The Convention was called to order at 10.30 A. M. by Mr. Charles Johnston, Chairman of the Executive Committee.

MORNING SESSION

Temporary organization was effected, when, upon motion of Mr. E. T. Hargrove, seconded by Mr. C. A. Griscom, Mr. Charles Johnston was elected Chairman, and upon motion of Prof. H. B. Mitchell, duly seconded, Mr. K. D. Perkins was made Secretary.

Mr. J. F. B. Mitchell's motion that the Chair appoint a Committee on Credentials, being adopted by vote,—the Chairman appointed the Secretary of the Society (Mrs. Gregg), the Treasurer (Prof. Mitchell), and Miss Isabel E. Perkins, to examine the credentials submitted by delegates and to report to the Convention as soon as their duties could be concluded.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME

In greeting the delegates, Mr. Johnston said: "On behalf of the Executive Committee, and in the name of the New York Branch, it gives me great pleasure to extend a most cordial welcome to delegates from the Branches, to members of the Society, and to the visitors within our gates.

"On more than one of these pleasant occasions it has been my duty and my privilege to make clear the point of reality in the year's experience as a society. In some years we have needed to be encouraged; to be reminded that valor belongs to the best part of our natures. In years of prosperity there has been a warning not to let prosperity carry us away, to look out for storms in fine weather.

"The truth of the Parable of the Sower is significant in the life of The Theosophical Society. During the period from 1875 to 1899 the seed was widely sown: and while some fell in thorny places, and some in shallow soil, it often seemed as if that sowing were about to prosper in the widest way. Today there remains what fell in good ground—'first the blade, then the leaf, then the full corn in the ear.'

"It takes a long time to ripen a Theosophical harvest. Because the areas of those earlier years seem wider than the areas of today let us not be misled into thinking that this is necessarily the time for another broadcast sowing. Let us realize well that this is the time for filling in the ears.

"Do not impatiently expect area increase! Be careful to weed, to irrigate. Let it be our present care to provide material for filling out the grain in the ear."

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON CREDENTIALS

The report of the Committee on Credentials showed that 23 Branches were represented by delegates in person or by proxy, entitled to cast 152 votes in the Convention as the accredited representatives of 553 members of the Society.

Prof. Mitchell reported that the credentials submitted, were, in the judgment of the Committee, authentic; that there were no contested seats in the Convention; and that the Committee having finished its labors would like to be discharged.

By motion of Mr. G. V. S. Michaelis, the Committee was discharged with thanks for their report on the following Branches whose representatives constituted the Convention:

Aurora, Oakland, California.	Virya, Denver, Colorado.
Blavatsky, Washington, D. C.	Alta Gracia de Orituco, Alta Gracia de Orituco, Venezuela.
Cincinnati, Cincinnati, Ohio.	Aurvanga, Aker, Norway.
Dayton, Dayton, Ohio.	Aussig, Aussig-Obersiedlitz, Austria.
H. P. B., Toledo, Ohio.	Berlin, Berlin, Germany.
Hope, Providence, Rhode Island.	Dresden, Dresden, Germany.
Indianapolis, Indianapolis, Indiana.	Flensburg, Flensburg, Germany.
Middletown, Middletown, Ohio.	Krishna, South Shields, England.
New York, New York, N. Y.	Munich, Munich, Germany.
Pacific, Los Angeles, California.	Neusalz, Neusalz, Germany.
Providence, Providence, R. I.	Nuevo Ciclo, Caracas, Venezuela.
Queen City, Seattle, Washington.	Swedish, Arvika, Sweden.
Stockton, Stockton, California.	Venezuela, Caracas, Venezuela.
Syracuse, Syracuse, New York.	

PERMANENT ORGANIZATION

Mr. C. A. Griscom, rising to place a nomination for permanent Chairman before the Convention, said that it was a practice of many years standing in the Society to make the President of the Branch which entertained the Convention its permanent Chairman, it gave him great pleasure therefore to nominate Prof. Henry Bedinger Mitchell, President of the New York Branch.

This nomination being seconded by the Rev. Dr. C. C. Clark, and by several other delegates, Prof. Mitchell was elected, and taking the chair expressed the very genuine satisfaction which the New York Branch felt in again having the privilege of acting as host to the Convention. This, he said, should not be passed over as merely a formula with which to "welcome the coming, speed the parting guests."

"It is an easy hospitality which makes welcome to the best one has. As members of The Theosophical Society we are all eager to do more—we wish to share with each other the best that we are: more than that, we must surely wish to share whatever in the past year's experience has served to renew our aspiration, to enkindle the fire of obedience in our hearts, to make dynamic in us the will to serve and not to count the cost."

Mr. E. T. Hargrove made motion that the temporary Secretary be made Secretary of the Convention. This motion being seconded and carried, the Chairman announced that it was in order to elect three standing Committees, one on Nominations, one on Resolutions, and one on Letters of Greeting.

Upon motion of Mr. Charles Johnston, duly seconded, the Convention voted that these Committees be appointed by the Chair, and the Chairman made the following appointments, requesting that the Committees report at the afternoon session.

Committee on Nominations:

Mr. C. A. Griscom,	Mrs. Marion F. Gitt,
Mr. G. V. S. Michaelis,	Mr. Charles M. Saxe.

Committee on Resolutions:

Mr. E. T. Hargrove,
Mr. Charles H. Dower,

Miss Margaret Hohnstedt,
Mrs. R. F. Helle.

Committee on Letters of Greeting:

Mr. Charles Johnston,

Rev. Dr. C. C. Clark, as Secy.,
Dr. George Woolsey.

The Chairman, in asking for the reports of the officers of the Society, called on Mr. Charles Johnston to speak in behalf of the Executive Committee.

REPORT OF THE CHAIRMAN OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

"Mr. Chairman, Fellow-members, and Visitors: The details of the work of your Committee, as reflected in the life of the Society for the past year, will be given in the report of the Secretary T. S. One or two interesting points have arisen—questions of principle—and the action of the Executive Committee in these matters is, as always, subject to approval. During the year two groups of members in two Branches of the Society have held different views, have believed in widely different plans for carrying forward the work which was near to their hearts. Two courses were open: (1) either one group in the Branch might override the wishes of the other group, which would be most undesirable, or an attempt might be made to try alternately one plan and then the other, which would be an admirable experiment. But if it were not found practicable in any way to amalgamate the two groups, then (2) the second course would manifestly suggest itself, that is to form these two groups into two separate Branches of The Theosophical Society. This seemed to your Committee the right and proper course in the case of both the Branches in question; and it does not reflect in any way upon the members forming the different groups. The Theosophical Society stands for complete freedom. Under the letter of the law the three members in one of those groups need not admit anyone else to membership in their new Branch. The Theosophical Society must admit members, but the Branch need not. It might not only be lawful but it might possibly be valuable to carry out a plan of campaign and try it thoroughly before admitting additional members. This would not reflect in any way on members of the Society who were not invited to join the Branch.

"Such a condition arose in South America. A group of members believed that they had a valuable plan to carry out, and asked for a Branch Charter. In asking for this Charter they wished to use as the name of the Branch the name of the capital city of the state in which the Branch was located. But the Executive Committee requested them to select a new name as there was already a Branch of some years' standing in that city which, though it did not bear the name of the city, had long been identified there with the work of The Theosophical Society. The principle is clear. Suppose, for instance, that three members of the Society in New York City had a plan which they believed valuable and were anxious to carry it out. They would be quite within their rights in asking for a Charter. But if they also asked for the name "New York Branch," it would become the duty of the Executive Committee to point out that there has been a Branch in New York City for many years and that a new Branch should bear a distinguishing name. That very situation is now pending in South America; and I lay it before the Convention as the only one that has arisen during the year that involves constitutional law. Given a thousand members who wished to form themselves into three hundred and thirty-three separate Branches, I should be prepared to issue Charters to them."

Mr. Hargrove: "It is customary, I believe, to move a vote of thanks to the Executive Committee; and although a member of that Committee I have no hesitancy in making the motion since the work of the Committee has been done

by its chairman. The truth of the matter is that most of the questions which come before the Committee are very simple, although often entailing a large amount of work and correspondence. If serious questions arose the Chairman would undoubtedly have consulted with the rest of the Committee, but this year it would have been a horrible waste of time. I have not heard before about this matter of the new Branches, but it commends itself to me as the only logical solution, and a very simple one. I do not know for how many years Mr. Johnston has occupied his present position at the head of the Executive Committee, and I am very sure that none of us know how much gratitude we really owe him. The position is a difficult one; whatever he does is sure to displease somebody; and for this reason the more I wish to move that the most cordial thanks of the Society be accorded to him for his arduous and constant labours in our behalf."

Four delegates claimed the privilege of seconding this motion which was unanimously carried, as was also the motion to accept and approve the report.

The Chairman then called for the Report of the Secretary T. S. Mrs. Gregg responded as follows:

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY FOR THE YEAR ENDING APRIL 25, 1914
NEW BRANCHES AND MEMBERS

The Secretary begs to report that during the past year diplomas have been issued to 98 new members. Germany leads with 37. Then comes the United States, 29; South America, 16; England, 11; Sweden, 3; Norway, 2; Austria, 1.

During the same time, one Branch has given up its charter, and in all the other Branches the loss in membership has been only 9; by resignation, 5; by death, 4. Among the four who have passed on was a devoted member whose husband has never been a member of the Society, yet it was his desire to mark in some way his wife's abiding interest in the work. So he offered to pay her membership dues, annually, and to keep up her customary donations—so that her name might be kept on the rolls of the Society. A similar feeling has prompted a son, also not a member of the Society, to continue, year after year, the payment of dues for his deceased father. Surely these cases speak eloquently of the quality of the life lived by these two members.

Since the last Convention, Charters have been issued to 2 new Branches:

Rama Nuevo Ciclo, Caracas, Venezuela.
Hope Branch, Providence, Rhode Island.

CORRESPONDENCE

No phase of the varied work that falls to the Secretary's Office seems to the Secretary so important as the opportunities that the correspondence brings. Letters from places where there is no local center, and letters from new members or students are more eagerly welcomed than the writers of them could imagine. Often the Secretary has to restrain the expression of joy that such letters call out—lest these new correspondents should mistake that joy over a possible new recruit in the service of the Masters for satisfaction over the addition of one more name to the rolls of the Society. The individual needs of each, as the correspondence may reveal them, are constantly remembered; and a chance to send an unexpected bit of help is hailed with delight.

And this is not only true of new members, for there are the dear comrades of many years, whose faces may not be known but whose hearts are. The least request from them is joyfully received; and the word of cheer that they add to a book order, or a routine letter, is like a bit of a visit from an old friend.

Some of our members have the happy custom of making connections with the local Branches in the places they visit. If their travels take them to places where there is no Branch, they ask the Secretary whether there are members-

at-large to be visited. It is a special satisfaction to be able, thus, to put them in touch with members who are working alone, and to whom the coming of a fellow member is a real event; and there is always the hope that through this reinforcement a new Branch may spring into life.

Then the mail brings also requests for guidance in studies, or the frank statement of a personal problem on which light is desired, or, perhaps, the story of a friend whom the writer cannot reach personally but hopes to help through the Society. Every year of experience in this work leaves a deeper impression of the breadth of opportunity that inevitably comes within the sphere of this office, which only time and strength can limit.

Mention should also be made of correspondence with the foreign Branches of the Society. They are so uniformly responsive in replying to all inquiries sent them, so punctilious about complying fully with every request, so eager for any new literature, any suggestions, any opening. By their attitude and fraternal spirit they bridge the space between them and the Secretary's Office, and seem a very near and vital part of the work in which we are united.

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE DEPARTMENT

The number of orders received in this Department has steadily increased during the past year. Our own members appear to be giving more time to the study of our literature; and there are many non-members who are coming to find their needs met by the books we offer. The chief demand is for the books listed in the *QUARTERLY*, reviewed in its columns, or referred to in its articles. It is significant that among these the devotional books are most generally sought. For Mr. Johnston's annotated translations of the *Bhagavad Gita* and Patanjali's *Yoga Sutras* there are orders from all parts of the world. For each of the books published by the Society there is also widespread demand. They are even sold in wholesale quantities to various other organizations.

It is well understood that the Secretary's Office stands ready to secure any and all other books that may be desired. The order will be filled promptly if it contains the complete title of the book, with name of author and publisher. Frequently it has been possible to supply the desired book when none of these essential facts was correctly given, but the unravelling of such puzzles takes time; so the fullest possible information is appreciated.

Requests for complete bound volumes of the earlier magazines, particularly the *Path*, are still coming in; and it will now be impossible to fill them without the co-operation of members who have files on which they would be willing to allow us to draw. Will not members who have unbound sets of the *Path*, or who know of any in existence, communicate with the Secretary, stating just what numbers they could spare? To the younger members of the Society, who did not have the privilege of sharing in the life and work of those early days, the *Path* represents a means of coming into touch with that life; and so it is always a pleasure to be able to respond to requests from such members for sets of that magazine.

"THE THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY"

It would be quite impossible to give any adequate expression to the estimates of the *QUARTERLY* that are constantly received; and yet it is only fair to the many to whom it is so precious that their feeling should be represented. When reading the letters, full of heart-felt gratitude, which often accompany a re-subscription, there comes into mind that rule laid down by one of the Masters—"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father, which is in Heaven." To many, the *QUARTERLY* represents the only light they have yet found; they do not hesitate to say that they live on it and by it. But most significant of all, perhaps, is the fact that the gratitude for

all this help is first directed, as editor and contributors earnestly desire, to the Society itself, in recognition of its mission, of its place in the world.

Constant readers of the QUARTERLY will not be surprised at the statement that many of its articles have proved permanent additions to the literature of religious philosophy. Much of the precious little volume called *Fragments* first appeared in the QUARTERLY; and it is now widely used as a book of devotion. Mr. Johnston's translation of the *Bhagavad Gita*, which is regarded by some scholars as the best translation of this great classic ever made, was put into book form soon after its publication in the QUARTERLY; and yet the first edition is already exhausted, and the second, we are pleased to announce, is in course of preparation. Patanjali's *Yoga Sutras*, annotated like the *Gita*, in Mr. Johnston's illuminating and inspiring manner, is another QUARTERLY product, and so generally appreciated that another edition is now projected. Professor Mitchell's *Talks on Religion* found its first audience in the QUARTERLY, and the interest aroused led to its publication in book form. His admirable brochures, *Meditation and Theosophy and the Theosophical Society*, which also originated with the QUARTERLY, have been invaluable aids in our work; the former is used as a text-book in many study classes, and the latter is constantly making friends for the Society.

Again, it is through the QUARTERLY that the Secretary most frequently hears from people who are strangers to Theosophy. And it may be a surprise to some to know that in the majority of such cases the writer found the QUARTERLY in some library, has been reading it, and wants further information about the Society. A few libraries are regular subscribers to the QUARTERLY; to others it is sent by certain Branches and individuals; to others it is sent at the expense of the Society. But the libraries offer a wide field for further work; there are thousands of them in which the QUARTERLY is not to be found. Here is a line of work in which every member and every Branch could share. Has the QUARTERLY been put into the libraries in the cities and towns near you? If not, take a sample copy to the librarian, get a subscription if possible, or arrange to have the magazine properly displayed with other magazines if furnished to the library. In case the neighboring field is covered, there are many libraries known to the Secretary, for which Branches or individuals might place subscriptions. Will not each Branch and each member-at-large undertake to do something toward putting the QUARTERLY into the libraries of the country? It will be a help, in advance, to know that, with a few unimportant exceptions, the magazine is gladly received by librarians. Many of them show their appreciation of its value by writing for duplicate copies, and by asking whether it is to be furnished them for another year.

The Secretary would be happy to respond to calls for sample copies of the magazine to be used in that way, sending the samples free of charge. Free samples would also be sent, on the request of members, to friends whom they would like to interest in the Society, by persuading them to become subscribers to the magazine. And what better birthday gift for a friend who is trying to solve the riddle of life than a subscription to the QUARTERLY?

Interest in the QUARTERLY is by no means limited to this country. Frequently members in foreign Branches write that they are learning English so that they may be able to read it. This desire is no less manifest since the publication of the admirable magazines that are issued by our brothers in Germany and South America—*Dharma*, published by the Branch in Venezuela; and the *Theosophisches Leben*, published in Berlin by the United German Branches. Both magazines add to their original articles translations of articles from the QUARTERLY; and it is interesting to see which of the many treasures contained in its 11 volumes are chosen by the editors of those magazines as the medium for the introduction of the theosophic life and spirit to their countrymen.

It is again necessary to call the attention of members to the importance of sending the Secretary prompt notification of any change of address, in order that

the QUARTERLY and other of the Society's papers may reach them safely. Carelessness or forgetfulness in this matter always greatly increases the work of the Secretary and often makes it impossible to communicate with the member in question.

A PERSONAL ACKNOWLEDGMENT

There is much in my heart to say about the many and constant kindnesses that have been shown to me, personally, by members near and far; but this is hardly the place for such acknowledgments. I must, however, ask the privilege of saying a few words here about what has so generously been done to further the work of the Secretary's Office.

First, to the officers of the Society my constant thanks are due and are gladly here recorded. Without their fraternal coöperation, counsel and assistance the work could not be carried on; and they never fail to give, in abundant and joyous measure, all that is asked of them. Again, and this is for the third time, my own thanks and those of the Society, are due to Mrs. M. T. Gordon for the valuable work that she has done in the Secretary's Office. This year, as new needs arose, demanding the devotion of much extra time to the work, Mrs. Gordon was always ready to meet the emergency, and so made it possible to carry on work that must otherwise have suffered. I am glad to say that Miss Perkins was later detailed to assist me with the work. Mrs. Helle has, as for several years past, addressed the envelopes for a large section of the QUARTERLY subscription list; and with the increase in the lists Miss Hascall has also shared in this very necessary task; and for other special help I am also indebted to Miss Peters.

It is due to such voluntary service that our Society is so strong, and it assures us of the continuance of the work as long as devoted hearts can be found.

Now, my friends, let us be encouraged by the results of our work in the past, and as we go on in life's ways let us try to help those around us, let us try to love all. Then we may be sure we are following the teaching of the Master.

Respectfully submitted,

(Signed) ADA GREGG,

Secretary T. S.

The Chairman: "You have heard the Secretary's Report, covering the wide field of the activities of the Secretary's Office, what is your pleasure as regards this report."

Mr. Griscom: "It is very difficult to voice what we feel for Mrs. Gregg and for the work which she has so faithfully performed in the interests of the Society. This year her duties have been peculiarly difficult. She has been ill for ten months out of the twelve since last Convention. In spite of her physical condition she has gone steadily on with her work, nothing has been neglected; the letters have been written, the records are up to date, the book orders have been promptly filled, and the QUARTERLY has been sent out on time. This work she herself has carried forward, and to her our gratitude is due, although we would not fail to join with her in expressing thanks to those who have helped her—to Mrs. Gordon, Mrs. Helle, Miss Peters and Miss Perkins. This year there is occasion not only for the thanks which we usually express to Mrs. Gregg but also for a special recognition. It is not a question of the number of letters written but rather of the gentle sympathy and the spirit of affection which goes into them, and which has done so much to make the work of the Secretary's Office of lasting value. In making this motion, as a member of the Society, I also wish to include an expression of my personal debt of gratitude to Mrs. Gregg. I believe that it will give us all pleasure to accept the report, and to express our deep appreciation by a rising vote of thanks."

This motion being cordially seconded, it was unanimously approved.

Mr. Johnston being called to take the chair, Professor Mitchell presented the Report of the Treasurer T. S.

REPORT OF THE TREASURER

"We began the year with a balance of \$1,000.56. This was a very large amount to carry over, but in part this was due to unpaid printing bills for the QUARTERLY. The receipts for the year amounted to \$1,818.27; the disbursements for the year were \$2,392.20, which, with the balance from the previous year, leaves a general balance, all bills being paid, of \$426.62, which seems to me very creditable, especially as compared with some years when it was necessary to report a deficit and to make an appeal for special contributions. The details of the report are as follows:

REPORT OF THE TREASURER OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY FOR THE YEAR FROM
APRIL 20, 1913, TO APRIL 20, 1914

<i>Receipts</i>		<i>Disbursements.</i>	
Dues	\$843.69	Secretary's Office.....	\$240.63
QUARTERLY	429.80	Special Pub. Account.....	300.00
Contribution	544.77	Discretionary Exp. Account.	350.00
	<u>1,818.26</u>	Printing 5 issues of the	
		QUARTERLY	1,501.57
Bal. April 20, 1913.....	1,000.56		<u>\$2,392.20</u>
	<u>\$2,818.82</u>	General Bal. April 20, 1914..	426.62
			<u>\$2,818.82</u>

(Signed) H. B. MITCHELL,
Treasurer T. S.

April 24, 1914.

"In conclusion, let me express appreciation for the generous donations which the increasing demands of the work have made most timely. I also wish to acknowledge the assistance of Mr. and Miss Perkins in the details of the Treasurer's office."

Mr. Johnston, as instructed by vote of the Convention, tendered to the Treasurer its most cordial thanks and congratulations upon the success of the year as reported.

Resuming the chair, Professor Mitchell announced the usual recess between sessions, suggesting that the Committees on Nominations, Resolutions, and Letters of Greeting should confer and be ready to report when the Convention reassembled at half-past two o'clock. In the meantime there would be opportunities for the renewing of old acquaintances and for the forming of new friendships. Visiting delegates were invited to lunch with the members of the New York Branch, at the Hotel Brevoort.

Upon motion by Mr. Acton Griscom, duly seconded, the Convention adjourned until 2.30 P. M.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

The Convention was called to order by the Chairman, who asked for the Report of the Committee on Resolutions.

RESOLUTIONS

Mr. E. T. Hargrove, as Chairman of the Committee on Resolutions, submitted the following:

Resolved, That Mr. Charles Johnston, as Chairman of the Executive Committee, is hereby requested to reply to the messages of greeting from foreign Branches in the name of and in behalf of this Convention; and to extend to the Conventions of the European Branches our fraternal greetings and hearty good wishes.

Resolved, That this Convention of the Theosophical Society hereby requests and authorizes visits of the officers of the Society to Branches in Europe and America.

Resolved, That a new By-law shall be added to the present By-laws, to read as follows, "No. 39. Assistant Secretaries and Assistant Treasurers may be elected at any Convention or appointed by the Executive Committee between Conventions." By-law 39 then becomes No. 40.

Resolved, That the thanks of the Convention and of the Society be extended and are hereby extended to the New York Branch for the hospitality received.

Resolved, That the greetings of the Convention be extended by cable to the British Branches and to Dr. and Mrs. Keightley, with an expression of regret for their absence.

Each of these resolutions having been separately approved by the unanimous vote of the Convention, Doctor Clark made a motion, which was duly seconded, that the report as a whole be accepted, and that the Committee be discharged with the grateful thanks of the Convention. This motion being carried, the Chairman announced that the election of officers for the ensuing year was in order.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS

Mr. C. A. Griscom, Chairman of the Committee on Nominations, reported that it was the duty of the Convention to elect two members of the Executive Committee, to serve for three years from date of election, and that this Committee was unanimous in nominating Colonel T. H. Knoff of Norway, whose term has just expired; and Judge Robert W. McBride of Indianapolis, whose membership in the Society antedates other American members. Mr. Michaelis, seconded by Mr. Saxe, made motion that the Secretary be instructed to cast one ballot for the election of Colonel Knoff and of Judge McBride. By unanimous vote of the Convention this was done.

Mr. Griscom then placed in nomination for the office of Secretary T. S. the name of Mrs. Ada Gregg. The nomination being seconded, Mrs. Gregg was elected by unanimous vote.

For the office of Treasurer, Mr. Griscom brought forward the name of Professor Henry Bedinger Mitchell. Upon motion of Mr. Michaelis, duly seconded, the Convention ordered the Secretary to cast one ballot for the election of Professor Mitchell.

For Assistant Secretary, the Committee nominated Miss Perkins; and for Assistant Treasurer, Mr. Perkins. Both were duly elected; and upon motion of Mr. Russ, the Committee on Nominations were discharged with thanks.

REPORT ON THE THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY

The Chairman then called for a report on the QUARTERLY from the editor-in-chief, Mr. C. A. Griscom, who said:

"Last year, some of you may remember, when I got up for the tenth time to speak about the QUARTERLY, I told you that I had exhausted all my own ideas and had asked my son to supply me with some new ones, which he did. This year, finding myself in the same position, I asked him again to furnish me with a few well chosen thoughts, but he declined, saying that I had played a mean trick on him last year. Then I appealed to Mr. Hargrove, who made the cheerful and luminous suggestion: 'You are not going to live forever. Why not tell them what your policy is so that they will be able to carry on the magazine after you are dead?' I think that a great idea!

"From the very beginning we established one standard—to avoid personalities. Those of you who are familiar with other magazines that call themselves Theosophical will know that this was a decided departure. In all the years that the QUARTERLY has been published it has never yet attacked anyone, and it has not

referred to individuals, has not been controversial, with the single exception of Professor Mitchell's article on "Theosophy and the Theosophical Society," which had to deal with individuals to a certain extent so that the real position of the Society should be on record once and for all; so we could refer people to that and avoid that kind of thing in the future. The article was well done and most successful; we should all feel gratitude to Professor Mitchell for the complete way in which he performed his melancholy duty.

"Save for obituary notices, we never speak of individuals as such. Instead, the magazine is devoted to a personal exposition of the views of the writers on every subject under the sun.

"A second point to be noted is that the Society is not responsible for what is printed in the QUARTERLY, except in the occasional official documents; and that the articles do not even represent the views of the editors. The magazine stands on the Theosophical platform of tolerance; and we occasionally print articles with which we do not agree at all, and there are frequently sentences and paragraphs in many articles with which we do not agree. That is inevitable, natural and proper. This attitude, on the other hand, does not require that space should be given to the propaganda of every fad and ism that may come along, but the pages of the magazine will be found to contain widely different types of articles. We endeavor to make each issue as well balanced as possible; we always want to have the East represented, which is done by Mr. Johnston's contributions and translations from the great scriptures of the East. Recently a series of articles on the religion of China has been started by a very retiring person now sitting over in the corner who would be shocked if I were to mention her name. Christianity is always represented; the teachings of Madam Blavatsky, which are often called Theosophy as a philosophy, are usually represented in one or more articles; and there are always articles on the devotional, practical side which give the reader something to do. We aim to be a sufficiently scholarly, erudite magazine, but our special effort is to emphasize living the life. "Fragments," "On the Screen of Time," and the many separate articles dealing with different points of the inner life and religious experience are the most valuable features we have. I do not think of anything else to say."

Mr. Hargrove: "Why not thank the contributors to the QUARTERLY?"

Mr. Griscom: "Why not let the readers of the QUARTERLY do that? Everyone knows who has ever had occasion to get out a magazine on time how genuine are the thanks that the editor owes. Nearly everyone present has helped. There are, for instance, three excellent articles on "The Eastern Church," by Miss Anne Evans of Denver; but there are so many people to be thanked that I think it a proper thing for the Society to go on record to that effect, and I should like to make that motion."

Mr. Michaelis: "I object. With all due respect for and recognition of the contribution of others, I think we ought to remember that all the constructive work is done by one person. The work of the contributors is all laid out for them, and the labor of integrating and unifying these widely differing contributions is the responsibility of the editor-in-chief alone. Therefore, as an amendment to Mr. Griscom's motion, I should like to add the heartiest appreciation for the editor-in-chief and the Society's most cordial congratulation upon the policy which he inaugurated and has wrought out."

The motion as amended was carried, with the manifest good will of the Convention.

REPORTS OF DELEGATES

The Chairman then called for the reports of Branches that were represented by delegates in person.

CINCINNATI BRANCH

Miss Margaret Hohnstedt read the report of the Cincinnati Branch as forwarded by its Secretary; and, being asked to tell the Convention something further of the work there, said that this year the meetings seemed to be held on a higher plane than ever before. "We have an average attendance of thirty during the season, bad weather and all; two-thirds of the number being visitors. These visitors return, meeting after meeting, and that is not because they are attracted by discussions on psychism, for some of them have expressed surprise at finding the tone of the meetings so thoroughly religious. That is what we have been trying to bring out—the religious aspects of Theosophy.

"We have a *Secret Doctrine* Class of 12 members; there is a class for study of the *Ocean of Theosophy* and we have been using the second volume of *Letters That Have Helped Me*. Mr. Manning conducts the *Secret Doctrine* Class most successfully. The *QUARTERLY*, which is in our public library, has many readers, which it seems to me is another evidence of the growing influence of the Theosophical Movement in Cincinnati."

WASHINGTON BRANCH

The Chairman called upon Mrs. Thompson of the Washington Branch, asking her to make an informal report of the life and progress of the work at the national capital. Mrs. Thompson protested that she came to the Convention to listen, not to talk. Whereupon the Chairman asked Mrs. Gitt, the President of the Washington Branch, to present her report.

Mrs. Gitt said that there had been much sickness among the members, and that in the last few years many had been called away from the city, so that the membership showed no increase. There seemed to be no lack of interest, and much devotion to the cause. The vital questions which they used for public discussion were the evolution of man, and such questions of the day as the Mexican problem. The Branch seemed to have experienced three separate stages of growth. During the first stage, that of propaganda, there was much excitement and tremendous enthusiasm; in the second stage, through further development, they began to wonder what the Master would like to have them do; in the third stage, they had become satisfied to let the Master do the work through them. This third stage had not meant the loss of anything, but rather the gain of greater obedience, further aspiration, and resignation to his will. The question most in the minds of members seemed to be—Is anything being done through us as a center?

MIDDLETOWN BRANCH

A letter from the Secretary of the Middletown Branch was read, sending heartiest greetings to the Convention, and presenting Mrs. Margaret T. Gordon as delegate to report on the Branch work. Mrs. Gordon gave the following report:

"The Middletown, Ohio, Branch sends to this Convention the heartiest of greetings and to each and every one of you love and good wishes. I am requested also to say, that this love and these good wishes are sent in great, big chunks.

"The Middletown Branch now numbers eight—an increase of one since report of a year ago. While the growth of the Branch in numbers is slow I believe it is sure. The material that is being added is of good quality and strong.

"One of the older members writes:—'The two or three that joined the Branch within the last two years are very earnest and very hardworking members. They are thinkers and above all they are trying to live the life—trying to be theosophists. You know there is quite a difference between a member of the Theosophical Society and a theosophist. All members of the T. S. believe in Universal Brotherhood but do all so live.'

"All the letters that come to me from the Branch are full of enthusiasm for the work—full of expressions of encouragement and of hope for the future of the Branch.

"I have been told of some very interesting meetings held during the winter just passed—that visitors are now always in attendance at the meetings and that often there is a goodly number of these comers. For a long period in the life of this Branch—visitors were an exception not a rule. The few members that gathered together for study seemed like a little family circle and the program for the occasion was carried out in a homelike, friendly and intimate manner.

"I was quite touched by a statement made in a letter I received.

"Just prior to a meeting of the Branch information came that quite a crowd would be in attendance. I inferred they were all or most of them strangers to the members. At any rate, he who was to conduct the meeting was somewhat puzzled as to how he should do it and serve the needs of these visitors. Then the thought came to him to pray for help, so he fell on his knees and prayed, he said, more earnestly than he prayed ever before—prayed for help and guidance. Then the letter says: 'You may imagine the result—a decided success, interest at high tide—many questions asked—crowd lingered until a late hour,' and I was assured that prayer would thereafter precede each meeting. Can I close a report of this Branch without mentioning our blind member? It would not seem complete. With her gentleness, patience and good will toward all she is such a vital part of it. I am sure she is giving much to these meetings, much that serves to hold this little Branch in place."

HOPE BRANCH

Mrs. Irene Regan, Chairman of the new Branch in Providence, when asked to present a report expressed her own pleasure and satisfaction in attending the Convention, and referred to the Secretary of the Branch, Mrs. F. A. Fitts, the making of the report. Mrs. Fitts said:

"There is little which may be said as a formal report from Hope Branch, for our Charter has just been received and there has been no formal meeting: It is our desire to sound one clear note, the note of coöperation. There are so many ways of doing effective work for Theosophy. For the present we want to try one of these ways exclusively; we hope through the use of the Theosophic method to gain a synthesis of the views of each member of our Branch and so come to a broader vision of truth. We hope that your prayers will follow us."

PROVIDENCE BRANCH

The Chairman called upon Mrs. Jennie C. Sheldon, President of the Providence Branch, for their annual report. Mrs. Sheldon said:

"There are very few events to report in the life of Providence Branch during the last year. The history of Providence Branch has been very much like the history of the Society. We were troubled when we heard that there was to be another Branch in Providence; we were troubled lest in some way we had not done our full duty. But Mr. Johnston has made it clear that it is all right, and we wish the new Branch most hearty good will and success in their work.

"As one of the other delegates has said here today, we have had much sickness to contend with, and this has made the attendance at our meetings smaller than usual. Many of our members live in the outskirts of the city and the bad weather has kept them at home. Our regular Sunday evening meeting has been maintained, and a spirit of devotion is manifest. The Tuesday evening meeting has been held regularly, and I, for one, feel how great is our indebtedness to the authors of those articles in the *Path*, *Lucifer*, and *Theosophy* which we have been following at these Tuesday meetings. Their unselfish work lives on after the workers have departed. Our Wednesday afternoon meetings have been most

successful. There are sometimes 14 persons present. We have been studying the *Yoga Sutras*, and we have recognised their inspiration toward spiritual growth; next we take up the *Religion of the Will*. As a result of these meetings, five members have joined our Branch. We also use Mr. Judge's letters on chelaship, and Cavé's writings on discipleship. We are grateful for the many spiritual blessings which have come to us during the year, and we hope that we may be true to the principles of Theosophy as we go forward to do our duty with the strength that is in us."

SYRACUSE BRANCH

The Chairman spoke of his pleasure in welcoming Mr. Charles H. Dower, for many years a member of the Society and of the Syracuse Branch. Mr. Dower said:

"The Syracuse Branch is one of the old Branches of the Society. In Mr. Judge's time it was a very strong center; since then we have had many ups and downs. During the years death has taken many of our members from us, and a large number have moved away to other cities, and I hope to other Branches of the Society; but the work has been carried on. When Mr. Judge used to visit us he would sometimes go out to the Indian Reservation and talk to the Indians who lived there; and this work we have carried on. One thing we have learned—it is not difficult to interest people in Theosophy, if one goes about it in the right way; people are always drawing general conclusions from the events of everyday life, and if one is willing to approach Theosophy from that angle people are ready to listen. If we are ready to listen to the truth of another we shall find him ready to hear the truth as it seems to us. No matter how few members may be present at any meeting, we find the Masters willing to second our efforts in their cause."

NEW YORK BRANCH

Mr. E. T. Hargrove, Chairman of the New York Branch, was asked to report upon its activities, and spoke as follows:

"Mr. Chairman, delegates of the Convention, and fellow-members: It is part and parcel of the philosophy of our Branch that one member cannot present its report. It is part of our aim to draw out the contribution of the individual members. By coöperation, by real Brotherhood, it is possible so to combine individual gifts and the light that filters through the individual mind as to get a fair representation of the truth. So I hope that others also will speak for the Branch. I will try to contribute my quota.

"As a group we do not call ourselves Theosophists because that would be to claim too much. We regard Theosophy as the ideal toward which we work but which must ever recede as we approach it—we are members of the Theosophical Society, and are striving to become Theosophists. It was well said that we reach a point at last at which we realize that of ourselves we can do nothing; we see that the Universal must accomplish things through us by means of achieving things in us and on us. The Branch as a whole has seriously taken to heart its responsibility under that head. We have discovered, as a Branch, that it is absolutely useless to *talk* about Theosophy, to propagate intellectual ideas or formulas. The acceptance of a creed, whether labelled theosophical or anything else, does not even constitute belief. No man believes in something unless he lives it; belief only exists if it affects his conduct and moves his will: that is if he *does* something about it. A man may say that he believes in human brotherhood; if he does not act it, live it, think it, he does not believe it—a man lives that which he believes. If a man calls himself a Christian and is a thief by profession, he is not a Christian, he is a thief. It is horribly simple. We can only

give what we are. If we are talking about brotherhood, the first and the last step for us is to be and to become what we are talking about.

"Years ago, at the beginning of the movement, much fundamental work had to be done by Madame Blavatsky and by Mr. Judge; during his lifetime very few members had outgrown the kindergarten stage. It was given to Mr. Judge to find few who could understand him. He was always striving to give the spiritual reality; he wanted to give knowledge first hand and not out of books. He knew, if anyone ever did know, that knowledge is only obtainable by turning the will from the unreal to the real. But during his lifetime, I do not think there were more than three or four people in the Society who began to understand Mr. Judge or what he was working for.

"Little by little the Society grew up. The Almighty used his fan and winnowed out those who on account of psychic or intellectual barriers were incapable of seeing what William Q. Judge really was teaching. As a Society we have grown to a point at which we are really beginning to understand something of Theosophy.

"The New York Branch flatters itself that it, in any case, is beginning to show signs of adolescence, since it is interested in the things that concern the will. In our Branch there has been a spontaneous tendency to discuss questions of discipleship, or what might be called the religious aspect of Theosophy; and Miss Hohnstedt has spoken of this as being true in the Cincinnati Branch also. This does not mean that we are losing interest in other things, but that we are learning to use them for the purpose of discipleship. We can never serve the divine, unless we become like that which we would serve; the whole problem could be expressed in terms of **likeness**.

"We can sympathize with Mrs. Sheldon's expression of good will for the new Branch in Providence; the three members who hope by coöperation to express their own ideal. We must be very careful that we do not get hurt feelings because someone else does not agree with us; that would show that we did not understand Theosophy—Where two or three are gathered in the name of an ideal that ideal will grow up in the midst of them.

"On my own behalf and that of the Branch, I wish to say that we look forward with real pleasure to these Conventions; I do not know so glad a time in the history of the Branch as when we can welcome a Convention of the Society. I do not know any atmosphere that is so cordial and homelike as the atmosphere of a Theosophical Convention. If you had been away from it for a number of years and then came back to it, you would realize this.

"This is the fourth year that the New York Branch has been favored by being the host of the Convention. The Branch that entertains the Society has to be very firmly planted on its feet. The Branch that entertains the Convention has occasion to tremble. The fact is that if we look back over the past we shall see that more than one Branch has nearly been shaken off its feet just because the Convention has been held in its midst. Because so many members of the New York Branch are case hardened and have learned by long experience to balance themselves when the ship rocks under them, holding onto the rigging or anything else in sight, it is perhaps wiser and safer to have Conventions held here.

"The gladness created by your presence is very great and very deep. Those in this room who represent the survivors of the Theosophical Movement may be war-worn, but we are not weary, thank Heaven! It may be that we have begun to learn the lesson of eternal youth. Again and again I would speak of the pleasure, the immense delight, the lightness of heart that exists in such a meeting, among members of a Society working together for a common aim, backed as the Society is backed by the greatest spiritual force in the universe—the thin edge of a wedge, driven home, further and further into the most material civilization

Continued

that the world has ever seen. The edge is not even worn or blunted but instead grows more alive. This may sound figurative, but I do not believe it to be so. The longer we live the better we are able to appreciate what the Society stands for in the real world; and I cannot imagine a greater honor than to be a member.

"At no time in the past have I, for one, known such open and manifest expression of the power back of us as in the last few years. The future is not in our hands, the present is. If we do our best, if we are true to our ideals, then the future will be taken care of for us."

The Chairman then called upon the members-at-large. Dr. Woolsey of Fonda, New York, expressed his pleasure at being able to attend the Convention, as it brought members who live where there is no Branch so much closer to the real life of the movement as a whole. Dr. Woolsey said that he would much prefer to listen to others than to speak himself.

Mr. Saxe, of Niagara Falls, said that he felt as Doctor Woolsey did, and that he would much prefer to listen, but lest a member-at-large might seem to appear ungrateful for all that the Convention meant he would tell a story. "Once upon a time I had an old 'cello which seemed well enough in its way but failed to give a good clear tone. I looked it all over and thought I discovered a little crack in the top which might be making the trouble; so I took it to a competent 'cello maker and left it to have the little crack glued up. But the 'cello maker knew far better than I. He found something wrong with the inside of the instrument, fixed that, paid no attention to the little crack, and the 'cello responded as never before.

"I came to the Convention knowing that I was lonely, as there is no Branch where I live and I seldom have opportunity to talk with members of the Society. I knew that if I came to the Convention this spot would be all made right, and instead I have received help where I did not know that I needed it at all."

LETTERS OF GREETING

Responding to the Chairman's call for a report from the Committee on Letters of Greeting, Mr. Johnston said that Doctor Clark and Doctor Woolsey agreed that it was not possible to read to the Convention all of the letters of greeting which had been received. He would therefore read extracts, hoping that the editor of the *QUARTERLY* could find space for the full text of the letters in the July issue. Upon receiving the assurance of the Committee that the cablegrams and letters of greeting would receive proper acknowledgement, the Committee was discharged, with the thanks of the Convention.

ADDRESS OF PROFESSOR MITCHELL

Mr. Johnston was asked to take the chair so that Professor Mitchell might respond to the request of Mr. Hargrove that he, as President of the New York Branch, should give some further account of its activities.

"One of my brother professors, who holds the chair of psychology at Columbia University, tells me that I am all wrong in my endeavor to mark my own students, that if I wish an illuminating report on their progress I should get them to make the report and to determine what their own marks should be. Now the Chairman of the New York Branch suggests that if I see no need of further report on the Branch work I might at least report on myself, on my behavior. That I decline to do! Among its many functions that of the confessor does not belong to the Theosophical Society.

"But I am glad to make my contribution to a report of the New York Branch, for it is true, I believe, that no one member can report upon any true Theosophical work. Any work which is undertaken to be an expression of the fundamental principles of the Theosophical Society must of necessity find its complete-

ness only as the collective expression of a group of members; that is the principle on which we have proceeded throughout the Winter.

"Our proceedings could be described in many ways. The meetings are interesting and real to me but I never know whether they will be interesting to any given individual. To me there is something fairly exciting about our meetings: there is the open door, and we do not know who will come in, what elements will be brought into this collection of truth which it will be our effort to synthesize; we do not at all know what turn things will take, what facet of the truth will be brought out. I feel confident that one who comes to our meetings and earnestly tries to fit the pieces together, to get the life and the spiritual significance of it all will find the meetings exciting as well as profitable, for if one is going to find the synthesis of dissimilar views, it must be sought in a higher realm, the discussion must be lifted to another plane.

"The very fundamental Theosophical method of tolerance, of synthesis, of the open door, in an all inclusive sense,—the method of Catholicity, which accepts all that comes as having some gift to offer and welds all together,—is a method that drives you inward, beyond and below the mere surface of things to their essence and reality.

"Here is another side of that most significant phase of the work of the New York Branch; its insistence on reality. I believe that we become real as we deal with real things, searching in ourselves and in others for the reality. Our Society is founded on the belief that intellectual dogma and mental views are not real, are but forms or approximate expressions of the Real; if we are going to deal with reality we have to get beneath them. It does us no good to know all *about* Theosophy, or all the facts about discipleship. To know just how one ought to attain and then not to act should not content us; that descriptive kind of knowledge does us no good, we want first hand knowledge. In Theosophy it is the attitude, the method, the spirit, the life; those are the chief expressions of our work. The New York Branch meetings are interesting, vital, and real; and I believe them to be typical of what the Society stands for. I think they are generally helpful. I know they always help me."

The Chairman announced that while the business before the Convention had been completed there would be an informal meeting, a reception, at half-past eight o'clock in the evening, when there would be opportunity for exchange of views and for a freer expression of that tie of brotherhood in which we find so much of the real joy and happiness of our lives.

He also announced a public lecture by Mr. Charles Johnston at Hotel St. Denis at a half after three o'clock on Sunday afternoon, to which the delegates were invited to bring their friends; the subject of the lecture being "Modern Problems and the Theosophic Life."

Mr. Michaelis asked the privilege of voicing the gratitude of the delegates for the great opportunities of this Convention; he felt that the Convention must represent highwater mark in the experience of the Society and he hoped that it might prove a long step upward from which the Society would never permit itself to recede.

Upon motion by Mr. Johnston, the Convention expressed its appreciation for the services of its Chairman and Secretary by a rising vote of thanks.

By motion of Mr. Hargrove, seconded by Mr. Johnston, the Convention adjourned without day.

KARL D. PERKINS,
Secretary of Convention.

LETTERS OF GREETING

Many letters of greeting were received by the Convention, from all parts of the world, and the customary and always welcome cable from Dr. Keightley in London, on behalf of the British members.

From Sweden, Mr. H. Julin writes that "if you hear a soft whisper in the room where you are assembled, please take it as a warm greeting from far off friends. If you hear it not, it yet will be there, bearing the thanks which we all feel for all that comes to us from America during all these years; and carrying our wishes for the future. We will endeavor to keep the day of the Convention as a Holy Day. We will meet and send our thoughts to the country which contains the Heart of the movement."

From Norway, Colonel T. H. Knoff sent the following:

I have been charged by the two Norwegian Branches to send a message to the Annual Convention of the T. S., which is now to be held at New York, April 25th this year.

We all regret very much to be so far away, that none of us can attend at the Convention and profit by coming in direct touch with so many strong and devoted Co-Workers. This is our Karma, and we have to bear it. Meanwhile, we know that we are not forgotten, and that we shall partake in the power of harmony and devotion manifested at the Convention.

Rejoicing in this thought, the Karma Branch, Kristiania, and the Aurvanga Branch, Aker, are sending their brotherly greetings, wishing much success for the deliberations of the Convention.

Yours fraternally,

T. H. KNOFF.

On behalf of the members in Venezuela, Mr. J. J. Benzo wrote:

The members of the "Rama Venezuela" have entrusted me with the charge of sending to the Convention of the Theosophical Society our cordial greeting. Notwithstanding our ardent desire, we have been unable to nominate one of our companions from here to represent us directly in the greater labors of the Society; but there will not be lacking the presence of our spirit among those who receive the blessing of the Masters and who sustain and live the principle of universal brotherhood.

The most important event of this year has been the re-appearance of the review *Dharma*, which has permitted us, among other things, to make known to the South American public the thought and life of the Society through the medium of its writers. One of its works of most excellent merit translated, because of its actual interest, has been "The Theosophical Society and Theosophy," by Prof. H. B. Mitchell, who has depicted with absolute clearness the historic process of the Society founded and sustained by H. P. B. and W. Q. J., at the same time as he demonstrates its eminently impersonal existence. This work has been, doubtless, a special benefit to the readers of our movement; because it throws light over many points that had been subjects of discussion and diverse comment, even among the very members of the Society.

Our review circulates sufficiently over all Spanish-America and has met with a good reception. Its pages bear admirable articles, selected from the notable review THE THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, and in this way is instrumental in giving in Spanish the literary and philosophical labors of our North American brothers; it would appear to fulfil the mission of joining the thought of one-half of America to the thought of the other half as a detail of the noble design of the Masters of uniting the world through life and spirit.

The "Rama Venezuela" most sincerely desires a happy issue for the works of the Convention.

Fraternally,

JUAN J. BENZO.

Mr. Paul Raatz, whose presence at the Convention last year was so much enjoyed, had to content himself and us this year with written greetings:

To the members of the T. S. in Convention assembled:

DEAR COMRADES:

Another year of work for mankind as members of the Theosophical Society has passed, and we have met together to draw up an account of our activity during the past year.

It is my privilege to tender to you the hearty greetings of all the Branches in the "Union of German Branches of the T. S." A year ago I had the pleasure and good fortune of being present personally at the Convention, of taking part in the proceedings and what was of most importance, of personally sensing the *Spirit*, which prevailed. I experienced this as a great blessing, for although the universal Spirit is everywhere, it is however true, that this Spirit can manifest itself better on certain occasions and at certain places. Our Convention is such an occasion. Not only personalities take part in it, but also the spiritual selves of all members of our T. S. and above all our Elder Brothers, the Masters, who stand and work behind the visible world, for the progress of mankind, as we are told in *Light on the Path*. I believe, that the force of the Masters manifests itself more at our Convention than at any other time.

But I must not forget that this is a Convention of the "T. S." of a Society which requires no beliefs and no dogmas, and therefore not even a belief in the Masters. There may be members here who do not believe in them, and these members have a right to their place in our midst. The T. S. in its universality is open to all, who believe in humanity. May we members also succeed in identifying ourselves with this spirit, so that a consciousness of this universality and immortality may be aroused in us. Our Convention gives us a good opportunity of strengthening our consciousness in this direction.

I have an excellent report to make of our movement in Germany. We are making progress, but this shows itself less in an increase of members than in the earnestness to *live*, to practise what has been recognized as true. This is to be ascribed in a great degree to the inspiring articles in the *QUARTERLY* and the translations of these in our magazine *Theosophisches Leben*. This has been unusually successful since we transformed it to a quarterly. The list of readers has increased and these send us many a word of praise. Fifteen universities in Germany have asked to have the magazine sent regularly to them, and in case a number is delayed or lost, immediately we receive notice, begging to have it re-sent. This success in the most educated classes in Germany is due solely to the excellent articles in the *QUARTERLY*, which are translated and form the greater part of the contents of our magazine. I take this opportunity of once more thanking the editors for giving us the right of translation. May these articles bear much fruit in the coming years.

Greeting you once more in the name of all our German members,—I remain with best wishes for a successful Convention.

Yours sincerely,

PAUL RAATZ,

Secretary of the "Union of German Branches of the T. S."

The Convention was also privileged to receive reports and letters of greeting from many Branches both in our country and abroad, which lack of space prevents our printing. The "Nuevo Cielo" Branch of Caracas, Venezuela, sends a most interesting report of its formation and of the work it has in prospect, signed by its Vice-President, Dr. Lopez-Fontaines.

Mr. M. de Cueva sends greetings and report from the Altagracia de Orituco Branch, also of Venezuela, while from Germany we have the pleasure in acknowl-

edging letters, from Aussig, so complete and interesting that it is a great pity it cannot be printed in full, from Flensburg, from Munich, and from Dresden. This latter Branch reports most gratifying activities and the possession of a library of 550 volumes for the use of members.

The Aurvanga Branch of Norway reports 29 public meetings, at which 319 visitors were present, and at 22 of which lectures were given mostly by Mr. Alme, whose specialty is Norse Mythology.

Mrs. Graves reports for the Norfolk Branch of England.

In this country, in addition to the verbal reports and greetings of the delegates, we received written communications from Branches in Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Seattle, Oakland, Stockton, and Los Angeles, all full of good cheer and warm wishes, and permeated by a striking spirit of optimism and hope for the future.

NOTICE

A new edition of Mr. Charles Johnston's translation of the *Bhagavad Gita*, with his illuminating and valuable commentary, is in the press and will be ready the first of October. It will be printed in convenient size for the pocket, in two styles of binding; red cloth, for \$1.00, and red, limp leather for \$1.50. The limp leather edition is printed on the best imported India paper, and will be less than a quarter of an inch thick; an ideal travelling companion. The first 100 copies of this leather edition will bear the signature of the translator on the title page. Orders for this autographed edition may be placed at once; they will be filled in the order in which they are received, until the edition is exhausted. Orders should be sent to "The Quarterly Book Department," 159 Warren Street, Brooklyn, New York.



OCTOBER, 1914

The Theosophical Society, as such, is not responsible for any opinion or declaration in this magazine, by whomsoever expressed, unless contained in an official document.

THE SPIRITUAL VALUE OF WAR

WRITERS in THE THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY have many times been taken severely to task for criticising one phase or another of modern Socialism, and have been told, with reiterated severity, that they are wrong in principle and attitude, because they do not co-operate heartily with a movement which makes for human brotherhood; a movement which should appeal irresistibly to those of us who hold to the ideal of a universal brotherhood of humanity. Now, it seems, these same writers will incur renewed censure, if they declare that, though holding to the ideal of the great peace, they find themselves compelled to doubt not only the wisdom but also the moral rightness of the modern movements for world peace; if they find themselves compelled to recognize and assert the spiritual value of war.

It is pretty certain that many good and considerate people, who have a hearty detestation of Socialism, are as heartily in favor of the peace propaganda; yet some of us are convinced that the peace movements and Socialism are equally at fault, because they rest on practically the same principle, and appeal, though often only half consciously, to the same low and materialistic impulses. It has often been said that the lower nature ceaselessly calls on the lower mind to justify and defend it; that the lower mind is an adept at finding convincing reasons for whatever the lower nature wants to do. And it seems to us that just this action of the lower mind is exemplified in both cases; that the resources of the lower mind are used to cover up and deck the same essentially low and selfish view of life.

When we come down to fundamentals, we shall find that a defence of Socialism is a more or less veiled defence of physical comfort, of physi-

cal self-indulgence of a pretty sordid kind. One can illustrate this in two ways. Take the complaints and accusations which are so eloquently made by the fiery apostles of Socialism, when they are "arraigning the capitalistic class," as the phrase goes. These arraignments sum themselves up in this, to strip off the tinsel of false rhetoric; that the capitalistic class is irremediably evil because it prevents the working class from eating more, drinking more, idling more, and in other ways enjoying a larger measure of self-indulgence.

The second illustration is a little more subtle, yet essentially the same in principle. It is an objection that one has heard made in church pulpits, by those curiously wrong-headed people, as we must hold them to be, who think that Christianity is essentially the same thing as Socialism; or, to put it the other way, who think that Socialism is essentially Christian. It is this: that Socialism has a claim on all religious-minded people, because the Socialist state will give the workers leisure to cultivate their souls,—a leisure which, supposedly, they do not at present possess, under the evil system of capitalism.

Of the two ways of putting it, we greatly prefer the first: that Socialism will enable the workingman to eat more, drink more and idle more. It has at least the virtue of entire candour. For think of the moral doctrine which underlies the second illustration. It is nothing less than the affirmation that a man's soul is in better shape and is more advantageously placed, when he is following his own sweet will, than when he is exerting himself to the full in some work that entails self-denial and self-sacrifice. But we, who are deeply convinced that self-will, the following of one's own sweet will, is the one positive evil, cannot but believe that when a man's personality is restrained, constrained, harrassed even, by work set him by some will other than his own, then that man's soul has its golden opportunity.

We do not believe for a moment that the Socialist state would fulfil its promises; it violates too many of the essential laws of life for that. But if we did so believe, if we held that its roseate dreams could be realized, then we should find in that fact its greatest condemnation, since the success of Socialism, by ushering in the era of self-indulgence, would bring with it the most formidable dangers for the welfare of the soul.

Perhaps this makes the ground of our objection to the movements for universal peace already somewhat clearer. Briefly, our objection is this: that peace is sought and praised, not so much as a spiritual victory over selfishness, but rather as making a secure field for the growth of selfish self-indulgence. Of course, just as was the case with the plea for Socialism as a soul-strengthener, so with the arguments for peace; they are generally decked up and cloaked in rhetorical phrases. But

when the rhetoric is stripped off, they come down to this: that world-peace is desirable, because it will give a great many people a great many more opportunities to "have a good time," in the sense of having more to eat, more to drink, more leisure, more time for idleness and self-indulgence. Of course, all kinds of pleas are made for family life, for domestic bliss and well-being, for the torn hearts of women and children; but under all of this is the assumption, which we cannot but think is at once base and essentially false, that our real well-being lies in self-will and self-indulgence; that fattening is good for the soul.

This is just what we do not and cannot believe. Holding, as we do, that self-will, self-indulgence, is the greatest evil, we are quite firmly convinced that the soul's health lies in self-sacrifice and self-denial; often in suffering and sorrow and death. Nay, more, that these "enemies" of human happiness, sorrow and suffering and death, are means and implements of the soul, formed and created by the soul in its war against self, the time-old enemy, which now, as of old, seeks the soul's destruction.

We might go much further than this; we might put aside for the time the whole idealist argument, and, standing on the basis of sheer materialism, declare and demonstrate that, all through the immense ages of organic evolution, we find no growth without danger and self-sacrifice; that the surest and most enduring growth has invariably been made in the face of imminent and impending death. Organisms that shirk the risk and refuse the sacrifice are organisms doomed to die, for throughout all ages evolution has meant the sacrifice of today for tomorrow, the payment of present pain for future gain.

This has not meant unhappiness. Far from it. Self-sacrifice, so far from destroying happiness, is the one sure source of happiness; and we can add this to our other "arraignments" of the Socialistic state, that, if it were thoroughly successful, as successful as the wildest of Utopian hopes, it would speedily make mankind altogether miserable. For there is no such certain cause of misery as methodized self-indulgence.

Organic evolution, we believe, has been full of happiness throughout: happy as the loveliness of flowers, the song of birds. It has been full of sacrifice, the sacrifice of self for others, of the present for the future, of the individual for the all. Vicarious atonement, sacrifice that shall profit others, is the universal law.

Therefore the hedonism, the love of comfort and self-indulgence, which is the real motive behind both Socialism and the peace propaganda, is directly contrary to the great forces which have guided and

guarded organic evolution. So that, even from the standpoint of materialist biology, these two movements, and the spirit they engender and foster, are equally dangerous.

But we do not take the standpoint of materialism, though we do hold that, within certain limits, and with certain qualifications and supplementing considerations, biology is a genuine revelation of law, and therefore worthy of most serious study. It is one way, and a very fruitful way, of making discoveries concerning "the mind of God."

We hold the standpoint of spiritual life and spiritual law. And holding this standpoint, we view as grave dangers any movements which tacitly hold as their ideal some condition of life that fosters self-indulgence and self-will. And, as a low and materialistic peace, a peace sought and defended in order that we may be able to eat more, drink more, idle more, a peace which tacitly holds that the well-being and comfort of the physical man is the supreme good, seems to be the object of the peace propaganda, we are compelled to think that the movement which brings forth such propaganda is both dangerous and wrong.

But it will be immediately objected that peace fosters moral virtues, while war breeds nothing but evil, cruelty and hate. We have already considered the qualities which, it seems to us, are really fostered by a low and materialistic peace. Let us turn the medal, and see what moral characteristics, qualities and principles are fostered by war.

Take, first, the readiness to die. That is always a spiritual quality and a great one. It is one which, even biologically speaking, is of the utmost value. Nearly all the higher animals, during the breeding time, stand ready to die for their offspring, and this readiness of theirs is the great safeguard of their race, the pledge of continuity and future growth. Concerning the soldier's readiness to die, the best and noblest saying is Ruskin's. The peace advocate fiercely declared that "the soldier's profession is, to kill." "No" exclaimed Ruskin; "the profession of the soldier is, to be killed." That is it. By the mere fact of his being a soldier, he declares himself ready to make the supreme sacrifice, the sacrifice of his life. That is one of the things that his uniform means.

The readiness to die in battle is a spiritual power, not solely because it is the very negation of materialism and the selfish will toward material life. One hopelessly ill may cheerfully face death, and that cheerful acceptance is a spiritual victory. But readiness to die in battle is more, because it is the voluntary acceptance of death, for a principle, for a cause. It is, therefore, the declaration, backed by the stake of one's own life, that the cause, the principle, are of higher value than that life; of so

much higher value, that it is altogether well to sacrifice one's life in order to support the principle.

Then there is something more, of yet higher spiritual value: after the soldier has passed through the valley of the acceptance of death, he does not sit down, meekly resigned, to await death's coming. If he be a genuine soldier, he puts the thought of his own death, or rather, perhaps, of his own personal life, out of his mind altogether, quite obliterating it from his memory, and then goes forward, full of that positive courage which is so much greater even than acceptance, exerting his will and all his powers to the utmost in carrying out his allotted task. That comes about as close to the sheer exercise of spiritual power, oblivious of one's own personal interest, one's own personal existence even, as it is possible to come in earthly life.

But, there will come the ready objection: so many of the soldiers do not voluntarily make the act of self-sacrifice, the willing acceptance of death. They are driven into battle, like sheep to the slaughter, the victims of tyrannous emperors and kings, or even of the scheming political leaders of republics. This is the kind of argument one is particularly likely to meet in the United States, and one is likely to see it cited in praise of democracy: "When the people rule, wars will be at an end." If so, then so much the worse for democracy; so much the worse for the people.

We might quite justly argue that emperors and kings cannot bring about wars unless the karma of their nations allows it; that the kings and emperors are there because the karma of their nations put them there. So that the private soldier goes to war, in the name of his emperor, but in reality in obedience to his own karma. And we might justly add that it is a part of the materialism of the peace propaganda, a part of the materialism of democracy, to ignore the law of karma, merely because it is an occult and spiritual law, not instantly perceptible on the material plane. Democracy may ignore karma, but karma will not thereby be induced to ignore democracy.

But we shall also take this ground: that the soldier who, knowing nothing of karma, and knowing as little of the rights of the quarrel and the principle involved, goes cheerfully and courageously to war, simply because he is a soldier and is sent to the front, thereby stands in a far better position spiritually than that same man, peasant or artisan, when peacefully plying his trade at the plough or the loom. Why? Because, whether consciously or not, he is treating himself as what he really is, an immortal soul, a child of the deathless Warrior, and not a mere animal getting food and clothing from the earth. He interests us as the immortal, not as the animal; he interests us when the energies of his

soul are correlated with the great spiritual forces which ignore our earthly, bodily limitations. It is as the soul struggling towards conscious immortality—through pain and death, if need be—that he is his true self, not as the animal gathering material sustenance from the earth.

Without doubt, a very terrible and pitiful side of war is the suffering of non-combatants, and particularly of women and children. Where the "laws of war"—which should be binding on the honour of all modern armies, but, unfortunately are not,—are religiously observed, the sufferings of women and children are intense, and make their appeal direct to every heart that is capable of human feeling. We have seen the horrible suffering put upon those whose villages and towns were overrun by hostile armies; where, it seemed, the resistance of the men was visited in suffering on the women. But where nothing like this exists, there is yet an appalling amount of misery.

Take, for example, a little pen-picture one read the other day: the writer, walking through one of the streets in the capital of one of the countries engaged in the war, met nineteen women within a certain distance. Of these, sixteen were wearing black, and this, within three weeks of the beginning of the war. What will be the sum of woe, before the war is ended?

Of such suffering, such seemingly wanton suffering in part, one can only say this, that must be said of all human suffering; that it is a part, seemingly a quite indispensable part, of the development of the soul. Our age-long selfishness and sin has heaped up conditions so adverse to the soul, that, seemingly, only desperate remedies will serve to combat them; and such a desperate remedy we may see in the suffering of women and children in war. Let us not consider them simply as women and children, whose apparent helplessness makes their suffering so poignant, so pitiable. Let us think of them as souls; as the fine gold of the spirit, being tried in the furnace of affliction. Let us think most of all of the purity of heart, the spiritual receptivity, that this suffering will bring about. And let us gain also the ever necessary lesson of compassion, which all suffering can teach.

Again, it may be said that the soldier, whose profession it is to be killed, as Ruskin said, is also called upon to kill, and that this is of necessity morally evil. That objection is no new one. Indeed, it has been taken up and thrashed out in all its phases, in the famous dialogue between Krishna and Arjuna. There, arguments eternally valid will be found, every one of which throws light on the spiritual value of war.

But we have yet to come to one of the greatest benefits which war brings; a benefit present even in military service in time of peace, though

not to the same degree: the supreme benefit of discipline. In essence, discipline is this: methodical obedience to the will of another, in disregard of one's own desires. And this human discipline is the finest, indeed, the only, preparation for that supreme spiritual discipline, which consists in methodical obedience to the commands of the soul. It is all a matter of breaking our bondage to our own wills, a result of such high value that it is worth almost anything to gain it.

Here are the principles, as we have been able to apprehend them. Whoever will, can expand and apply them for himself. But we anticipate that one more objection will be raised: that a soldier may be ordered to do what he knows to be unjust or wrong. This, too, we take it, is the working of karma. Perhaps he has done just the same thing, in some earlier time, of his own will, deliberately shutting his eyes to its wrongness and injustice, and this is his retribution; the lesson needed, to burn into his soul the hatred of wrong and of injustice.

We shall be told that it is all very well for us to defend the lessons of war, by assuming spiritual destinies and spiritual laws. But surely this opens the way for the answer that our arguments can only be met by ignoring spiritual laws and spiritual destinies; by a world-view essentially materialistic, which holds the greatest self-indulgence of the greatest number to be the highest good.

Spiritual life is ceaseless warfare; we hold that earthly warfare has lessons invaluable, lessons not to be learned in peace, for this reason, if for no other, that its conditions are far closer to those of normal spiritual life, the long warfare against active, insidious forces of evil, for the making of immortals, for the redemption of the soul.

FRAGMENTS

WOULDST thou truly forsake thyself and follow me? Lift up thy heart then, and see again the road that thou must travel.

First thou shalt be filled with the sense of thine own nothingness; thine efforts shall prove of no avail save more firmly to rivet thee in the chains of thine old sins, thy will shall snap under thee like dried twigs, thy vision prove the mirage of the desert, thy desires the puling whimpers of a new-born babe, thy prayers the monotonous cadence of a summer night, unheard by the stars in heaven. And this shall last for long, that the iron of it may enter into the citadel of thy heart, where pride and fear, contending against me, would secure the inmost chambers from my approach. But at length, having drunk my cup of anguish to the dregs, as in the garden of old so also to thee shall my grace, like a ministering angel, appear to comfort and refresh thee. Mine is the tyranny of love, that breaks that it may straighten. How couldst thou understand a love so infinite, by the pale shadow of thine own?

When thou hast tasted somewhat of my comfort, and leaning on my heart hast learnt some secret of its passion, then again I must depart, or, weak and treacherous still, thou wouldst betray us both. Yet in that inner place where pride is dead (though fear be still enough alive to suffer), there, in his death, and in thy desolation at my loss, commingled, thou shalt find some whisper of the truth: that as thy love reflects my own, so also does thy sorrow; that our cross is borne together; that in it is an eternal comradeship;—till, nailed thereon by thy complete consent to my least will for thee, thou shalt find thy spirit lifted on its arms above that level of an earthly consciousness to one of paradise, where there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away.

Again and again the battle must be fought and won. It is only for an interval that Nature can be still. To learn is impossible until the first

great battle has been won: then it is always possible to learn, for the Voice of the Silence remains within him—my voice—and one day it will resound and separate his divine possibilities from himself. O would-be disciple, hear my call! There is need of men. Who will lay down his life that he may find it?

CAVÉ.

EARLY ENGLISH MYSTICS

VII

RICHARD ROLLE

GEOFFREY CHAUCER perfumes and whitens the fourteenth century in England with flowers of a new spring. His gaiety, geniality and sympathy with "all sorts and conditions of men" have won him a place second to Shakespeare in the minds of his countrymen. Few writers of that century besides Chaucer are known. "Piers Plowman" is a phrase on many lips, but acquaintance with the work is confined to scholars. Richard Rolle's name occurs in many text books designed for the purpose of leading youthful ignorance to some familiarity with the "morbid syntax" of the mother tongue in its formative period. Twenty years ago professors of linguistics drew upon Rolle's writing for illustrations. Rolle himself they scarcely deigned to consider. They thought he was only one more of the curious gargoyles on the deserted mediæval cathedral—his thoughts and feelings were exploded superstitions. Twenty years have witnessed a steadily increasing wave of spiritual and devotional interest until now the erstwhile ridiculous hermit is read, as widely, perhaps, as the great Chaucer and surely with greater profit. Contemporary men and women of devout hearts have found ghostly aliment in the teacher of an older time. They have taken his writings out of Latin or quaint early English, and have put them into modern words. Thanks to Father Benson, Miss Hodgson and others, most of Rolle's writing is now entirely accessible.

Rolle's life was short and uneventful. Yet the critical epochs of his inner life are manifested outwardly in rather dramatic incidents. He was born about 1300, and went to Oxford for study. It was the period of decadence in the great Scholastic philosophy. The constructive epoch of the renowned Aquinas,—his theosophic endeavor to harmonise and synthesize Greek and Christian thought—had ended. The most conspicuous of the ecclesiastical scholars could no longer build. Duns Scotus (died 1308) was the most accredited disputer of the period, and his activity had been limited to destructive criticism of Aquinas. The conclusions of Duns Scotus were dominant at Oxford. Dry fodder of the intellect, they were like swine husks to the hungry heart of Rolle. He turned away from Oxford at nineteen to seek God in a likelier atmosphere.

His inclination led him to the method of solitary prayer and fasting—the hermit's life. He went back to his home, from some old garments of his sister's he made his hermit's garb, and then to avoid paternal interference and hindrance he quit his family. He went to the nearby parish church of some old family friends and began to pray there. The sons

of the family, Dalton by name, had known him in Oxford. Their report confirmed the deep impression made upon Lady Dalton by the sincerity of Rolle's devotion. He was invited to accompany her to her house, and the incident ended by Squire Dalton giving him permission to build a cell on the estate where he might live undisturbed. The Daltons undertook to supply his simple needs.

That hermit's cell was Rolle's Manresa. Three years of interior discipline by prayer brought his soul to the stage of Contemplation. That height of power attained, he left his cell, journeyed from one religious center to another to guide and counsel those who could profit by his instruction. One place thus visited was a church in Yorkshire where he remained writing for an anchoress, Margaret, by name, the treatise on "The Form of Perfect Living." Father Benson explains the difference between an anchorite and a hermit thus: A hermit lived in his forest cell or roamed at will. An anchorite lived in a cell built on to the chancel wall of a church. A window in the inner wall looked upon the altar and made it possible for the anchorite to join in the Mass. A window in the outer wall gave access for food. An anchorite never left his cell.

Rolle is usually named as "of Hampole" or is called the Hermit of Hampole. At some period he ended his wandering, built a cell again in the village of Hampole, and became director of a convent there. He died in 1349.

Three of his important treatises are now accessible, "The Form of Perfect Living," already mentioned, "The Mending of Life" and "The Fire of Love." Father Benson has included in a devotional book, *Of the Love of Jesus*, a flaming meditation on the Passion—also other fragments and poems which he thinks may be Rolle's.

One short passage from the last named Meditation gives Richard Rolle's calibre and character. He prays thus to his Crucified Master: "I know well, glorious Lord, that I was never worthy to be thy mother's companion, to stand at Thy passion with her and with John; but, Lord, if in that manner I may not be there for my great unworthiness to see that holy sight, yet I hold me worthy for my great trespass to hang by Thy side as the thief hanged. So, Lord, if in virtue of my worthiness I may not be there, I ask in virtue of my guilt to share Thy death; so that though I be not worthy that my heart be visited, yet my need and my wickedness ask that Thou set it right."

All of Rolle's writing abounds in the warmth and sweetness and song of a lover. His books will be offensive to some readers for there are certain people today, middle-aged intellectualists, who feel toward motions of the heart as most grown-ups feel about measles. If such maladies and follies, as they hold them, are not out-grown they ought to be. Such people cannot brook to see or hear about human loves, youthful or mature. They are humanitarian mad and can understand nothing higher than sentimental philanthropy. When by some chance they hear the language of human affection applied to an invisible divine being they unequivocally

declare the user of such phrases a blatant hypocrite. The short quotation just given explains Rolle, I think. He loves. He loves passionately. He won to that love by obedience ("it may not be but that thou receive Him to Whom thou hast been obedient"). Rather than be separated from the Object of his love, he would prefer to hang in sight of Him as a thief on a cross.

Flames of love! songs of joy! these leap from Rolle's pages as from his heart. "Out of cleanness of heart spring songs of joy, well-sounding gests, and merry melody; and sometimes to such a clean soul a wonder gladness that may not be told is given of God." Even when his writing is formal and didactic, as that to the anchoress Margaret, there are meditative passages that sing with melody. His writings are of the nature of meditations. They are transcendent poetry. Rolle's prayers were original creative forces of which many a poet has perhaps caught the reflection.

As in all the great mystics, so, in Rolle, ecstasy and passion of love are accompanied by most sober common sense—discretion. Richard of St. Victor, it may be remembered, symbolised discretion as Joseph, the late born son of Jacob. Discretion must precede Contemplation. Rolle's interpretation of "Blessed are the poor" evidences his discretion. It is made up of no small part of Wisdom. "What is poverty of the spirit," he asks, "but meekness of the soul, whereby a man knoweth his frailty and his sickness? Some men change their kirtle, but not their soul. They leave riches as to the sight, but they gather to them many vices and sins. What is worse than a poor proud man? What is worse than is an envious beggar? Therefore thou that leavest all things for God's sake, take more keep to that that thou forsaketh than to that that thou leavest. Take keep busily how thou shalt follow Christ in good manners. Christ said, 'Learn of Me, for I am mild and meek in heart.' He said not, 'Learn of Me, for I am poor,' for poverty by itself is neither virtue, but rather it is wretchedness. And it is not for to praise of itself, but for it is an instrument for to get virtues. Those men that have wilful poverty, and want mildnesses and meeknesses, they are more wretches than those that have great riches. They shall not sit upon high seats in heaven for to deem other men, but they shall be deemed themselves with body and soul. Those men that be here meek and mild, and also have great riches, shall stand on Christ's right side, and shall be saved in [the] Doom."

JULIANA OF NORWICH

Juliana (or Julian) of Norwich was born shortly before Rolle's death, and is said to have lived a hundred years. Nothing is known of her beyond the few facts recorded in her writing. She was an anchoress, and lived in the manner already described in a cell attached to the parish

church of St. Julian at Norwich. It is surprising to find in fourteenth century England that so much of the devotional literature was written for or by hermits and anchoresses. The freedom of unattached hermits had not been found advantageous among the early Egyptian Christians, and it was to bring about a better condition that Pachomius gathered the hermits together into the first monastic communities. Still there were gains for the laity in the little dwelling built on to the church wall. The anchoress took the part which the priest was so often unable to take. She was spiritual physician to the community, more accessible to the common folk perhaps than if in a convent.

Juliana speaks of herself as an unlettered woman. In her early religious life she prayed for three things. The first thing that she asked for was some understanding of the Passion. She prayed secondly that in her thirtieth year some severe bodily sickness might come upon her; this, she thought, would aid her in apprehending some of our Lord's suffering. The third blessing she prayed for was the gift of contrition, compassion, and steadfast desire for heavenly things.

Her prayer was answered. In 1373 she fell seriously ill, and, after a few days of extreme suffering, received the last rites of the church. Her body gradually became numb, and she lost speech and sight. Her confessor on a last visit placed a Crucifix close to her eyes and bade her look upon that for comfort. She had sufficient resolution to concentrate her feeble energy in an effort to obey. As she gazed her pain suddenly left her, her faculties returned, and she became aware of certain teaching that was being given her from a higher plane. This teaching continued from four in the morning until nine in the morning. Through her after life she received further instruction in the way of comment upon the first teaching. Some fifteen years or more after her illness what she had been taught was written down as "Revelations of Divine Love."

Juliana records that the teaching was given to her in three ways—though she had never prayed for objective, bodily sight. It came to her first as things seen by the eye, secondly as words formed in the understanding, and thirdly (more difficult for her to narrate) as pure spiritual vision. The first revelation, a vision of Christ Crucified may be an example of the first manner of teaching: "In this moment suddenly I saw the red blood trickle down from under the Garland hot and freshly and right plenteously, as it were in the time of His Passion when the Garland of thorns was pressed on His blessed Head. I conceived truly and mightily that it was Himself showed it to me. * * * And I said: Benedicite Domine! This I said for reverence in my meaning, with mighty voice; and full greatly was astonished for wonder and marvel that I had, that He that is so reverend and dreadful will be so intimate with a sinful creature." The second method by which Juliana was taught—through words formed in the understanding—may be illustrated by this passage: "Wouldst thou learn thy Lord's meaning in this thing? Learn it well: Love was His meaning. Who shewed it thee? Love.

What shewed He thee? Love. Wherefore shewed it He? For Love. Hold thee therein and thou shalt learn and know more in the same. But thou shalt never know nor learn therein other thing without end." Though she found it more difficult to tell of her experience in a case of pure spiritual vision, there are excellent examples of this third method also; and they suggest somewhat experiences of St. John, George Fox, and other religious hearts. "And then our Lord opened my spiritual eye and shewed me my soul in midst of my heart. I saw the soul so large as it were an endless world, and as it were a blissful kingdom. And by the conditions that I saw therein I understood that it is a wonderful City. In the midst of that City sitteth our Lord Jesus, God and Man, a fair Person of large stature, highest Bishop, most majestic King, most wonderful Lord; and I saw Him clad majestically. And worshipfully He sitteth in the Soul, even-right in peace and rest. And the God-head ruleth and sustaineth heaven and earth and all that is,—sovereign Might, sovereign Wisdom, and sovereign Goodness,—(but) the place that Jesus taketh in *our Soul* He shall never remove it, without end, as to my sight: for in us is His homliest home and His *endless dwelling*."

Juliana is very clear in narrating her experience and the various ways in which she was instructed. She won that teaching through her love of Divine things, and it was given to her to increase her love. But her narrative has none of Rolle's passion in it.

Fifteen "visions" were granted to her on that morning of dire illness. When they had ended and she turned to converse with friends, she remarked that she had been raving. Then in contrition for her doubt she prayed for forgiveness, and the final corroborative vision (quoted above) was granted. That seems to have ended all her uncertainty as to the reality of the Master's Presence with her.

MARGERY KEMPE

Margery Kempe is another anchoress of whom nothing whatever is known, except a little devotional fragment that would seem to form part of some larger book. Even this fragment is not to be found in any known manuscript. It is preserved in a little volume printed in 1501, and reprinted afterwards. No information is given of the authoress herself except that she was an anchoress at Lynn.

The little fragment records conversations between the anchoress and her Master. She is moved by warm love for Him, and is eager to do some act that will manifest her love. She offers her head on the block. But the Master replies: "Daughter, thou mayest no better please God, than to think continually in His love. It is more pleasure to Me that thou suffer despites, scorns, reproofs, wrongs, than if thine head were stricken off three times a day every day in seven years." The Master tries

to lead her away from absorption in outer acts, fasting, weeping, the hair-shirt, frequent telling of beads, hundreds of prayers with the lips; He directs her attention to the inward cell where in silence He can speak to her soul. "Thou shalt have more merit in heaven for one year thinking in thy mind than for an hundred year of praying with thy mouth." A beautiful spirit of humility pervades the little fragment. The anchoress is elevated in joy by the presence of her Saviour and King, but the contrast between His goodness and her own foulness keeps her spirit lowly. She seeks out wretched and diseased paupers whom formerly she had abhorred, and ministers to their needs, seeing in their sufferings the anguish of her living Lord.

WALTER HILTON

The fourteenth century closes with a mystical teacher who for many centuries has thrown Rolle and other religious souls into the shadow. Hilton, who died in 1396, was widely read in the centuries immediately after his death. He is selected, together with Juliana, by Dr. Inge in the epoch-making Bampton Lectures, as a type of English mysticism before the Reformation. Dr. Inge does not at all consider Rolle. Yet Rolle is much the more fervent of the two. Rolle is ablaze with the fire of love. He seems to be an example of Contemplation. Hilton instructs in the way that leads to Union. Thus Rolle is a devotional and Hilton a didactic mystic.

Hilton's chief work is *The Ladder of Perfection*. This is a long treatise written for an anchoress to guide her through the due stages of virtues until she reach her goal of Contemplation. Its aim therefore is somewhat like the *Benjamin* of Richard of St. Victor; though Hilton does not base his work upon an elaborate allegory. "The end and sovereignty of perfection," Hilton writes, "standeth in very union of God and of a man's soul by perfect charity. This union, then, is verily made when the mights of the soul are reformed by grace to the dignity and the state of the first condition; that is, when the mind is established firmly, without changing and wandering, in God and spiritual things, and when the reason is cleared from all worldly and fleshly beholdings, and is illumined by grace to behold God and spiritual things, and when the will and the affection is purified and cleansed from all fleshly, kindly, and worldly love, and is inflamed with burning love of the Holy Ghost."* *The Ladder of Perfection* shows to a soul the steps of virtue it must take before it can reach the goal of Union. Hilton is full of warning to false devotees who would like to reach the goal by some easier ascent than the ladder: "Whoso thinketh to attain to the working and to the full use of contemplation and not by this way, that is by the perfection of virtues, and tak-

* This extract is from another work; *The Song of the Angels*.

ing full heed thereto, cometh not in by the door, and therefore as a thief he shall be cast out. A man may have by the gift of God a tasting and a glittering of the contemplative life—some at the beginning of their conversion. But the solid feeling of it shall he not have, until he have gotten in him some perfection of virtues.”

The treatise is rich in practical guidance for the spiritual novice. Hilton's wisdom as spiritual director is splendidly shown in the following extract which warns against psychic delusions. It is counsel useful today. An aspirant for the spiritual kingdom so soon grows dry. He longs for “sensible consolations.” He is prone to rest content in such reliefs even when their source is evil. “If it be so that thou see any manner of light or brightness with thy bodily eye or in imagination, other than every man seeth; or if thou hear any pleasant, wonderful sounding with thy ear, or in thy mouth any sweet sudden savour, other than what thou knowest to be natural, or any heat in thy breast like fire, or any manner of delight in any part of thy body, or if a spirit appear bodily to thee, as it were an angel to comfort thee or to teach thee; or if any such feeling, which thou knowest well that it cometh not of thyself, not from any bodily creature, beware in that time, or soon after, and wisely consider the stirrings of thy heart; for if by occasion of the pleasure and liking thou takest in the said feeling or vision, thou feelest thy heart drawn from the minding and beholding of Jesus Christ, and from spiritual exercises, as from prayer, and thinking of thyself and thy defects, or from the inward desire of virtues, and of spiritual knowing and feeling of God, for to set the sight of thy heart and thy affection, thy delight and thy rest, principally on the said feelings or visions, supposing that to be a part of heavenly joy or angels' bliss, and thereupon comest to think that thou shouldst neither pray nor think of anything else, but wholly attend thereto, for to keep it and delight thyself therein: then is this feeling very suspicious to come from the enemy; and therefore, though it be never so liking and wonderful, refuse it and assent not thereto, for this is a sleight of the enemy. When he seeth a soul that would entirely give itself to spiritual exercises, he is wonderfully wroth; for he hateth nothing more than to see a soul in this body of sin to feel verily the savour of spiritual knowledge and the love of God, which he himself, without the body of sin, lost wilfully. And therefore, if he cannot hinder him by open sinning, he will let and beguile him by such vanity of bodily savours or sweetness in the senses, to bring a soul into spiritual pride and into a false security of himself, weening that he had thereby a feeling of heavenly joy, and that he is half in paradise, by reason of the delight he feeleth about him, when indeed he is near to hell gates; and so by pride and presumption he might fall into errors or heresies, or phantasies, or other bodily or spiritual mischiefs.

“But if it be so that this manner of feeling let not thy heart from spiritual exercises, but maketh thee more devout, and more fervent to pray, more wise to think ghostly thoughts, and though it be so that it

astonish thee in the beginning, nevertheless afterward it turneth and quickeneth thy heart to more desire of virtues, and increaseth thy love more to God and to thy neighbour, also it maketh thee more humble in thine own eyes—by these tokens mayst thou know that it is of God, wrought by the presence and the working of a good angel, and cometh from the goodness of God, either for the comfort of simple devout souls, for to increase their trust and desire towards God, to seek thereby the knowing and loving of God more perfectly by means of such comforts.”

The series of *Early English Mystics* ends with this number. The next important writer, Father Augustine Baker, would carry the series into the seventeenth century. A period as late as the seventeenth century would scarcely seem to be included in the scope of a series that purports to deal with early writers. The religious movements in England after the fifteenth century are fairly familiar. So it seems best that the present group of mystics should close the series.

SPENSER MONTAGUE.

“He has afflicted me sorely and I have rejoiced. He has taken away the world and I have thanked him for his great gift. Yet I have not won him, but he me. I am nothing. Make of me a channel, Oh Master, to bear thy love to a needy world that, unknowing, yearns for thee.”

V. V. V.

THE MAGIC ART OF LISTENING

"I measure the height, not merely the depth of a soul, by its stillness."—FRAGMENTS, p. 51.

THESE are experiences that hurt when they begin. As they develop they help. Later they bring joy. Then it is that one who is striving to attain progress in discipleship seeks to share his joy. Sometimes this is welcomed by others. Sometimes one shows excess of zeal which carries in its train vanity and egotism. It does not need reference to *Light on the Path* to remind us what is the effect of egotism! But—"nothing venture, nothing have." It seems to be a Law in Occultism that to get more one must give to others what one has received. Then one gets more. I want more. Perhaps one reader of the QUARTERLY will share my experience and then I shall get more.

It may be well to reintroduce myself to the readers of this magazine. One of the writers once told of my indebtedness to my Senior Partner. It was then said of me: "As he talks frankly about all sorts of things about which most of us keep silent, why not let us call him Parlessimo." I recently made a visit to a friend of that Senior Partner, my "Chief," to whom I owe so very much for his patience, and his love and his teaching. This friend was one of a small number of people gathered for a week end. They were a remarkable group. I was wild with excitement over a chance to get so near the center of things in which I was interested. I treasured up questions I had wanted to ask. Finally an evening came just before I left. I opened rapid fire with my questions. I left delighted with what I had received. When I met Spencer Montague and Servetus I could not contain my pride and happiness. But I found something preventing my giving them much of what I had received.

While I was puzzling over this a letter came to me from the friend whom I had visited. I give him no other title—though I could give him many—for to me his attitude toward life and those whom he meets is the acme, the perfection of friendship—such friendship I believe as must exist towards the Koot Hoompas from their Master as hinted at in the articles in *Five Years of Theosophy*. This letter read:

"DEAR PARLESSIMO,

"It was a real pleasure to see you down here.

"You must know my desire to help you. Merely to thank or to praise you for your efforts would not go far. So I am going to suggest a criticism. Try to listen less with your mind and more with

your soul—always, with all people. I noticed last night, when you were talking with Madame Excelsis, that although you were very attentive, you were attentive in a fearfully busy way—mind, imagination, next statement or quotation,—not at all sequential—jumping from point to point: not an unfoldment but, instead, a series of disconnected explosions. I do not mean that you got nothing out of it. You got much. But you might have got ever so much more.

“You do not look for *the principle* underlying a particular solution. You hear something. You recognize the light as thrown on a particular problem. Your mind jumps to another problem. You ought to get enough light from solution of the first to solve *all* others! In other words, you do not gnaw to the bone. You skim. So you lose nine-tenths, and the best.

“Your mind is an ass. That sounds impolite. But so is mine and every other. You use it as the instrument of understanding. It is nothing of the kind. It is the faculty of expression. The soul alone can understand. I say ‘soul.’ It would serve as well to say ‘heart.’* Understanding is sealed in a part of yourself which is above the mind, and looks down on it; or is within the mind, and should look, listening, over the edge of it. When it (the understanding) functions, the mind becomes still. So you can help to induce understanding by stilling the mind—or by ignoring it, which is better.

“It would be well, then, to aim for great serenity of heart, such as comes from *depth* of feeling; great stillness of mind, which comes from depth of understanding—and the complete elimination of fancy, which comes from depth of vision.† You can begin by accepting, on faith, that you have not learned as yet how to listen. Then try to listen—*not* by straining harder, but by remembering that any kind of strain is proof of wrong method. Listen easily, gently, with simplicity, with sympathy, with your ‘understanding heart.’ Listen with the ears of the Master, and then for His voice in comment.”

When this letter was finished I was happy. My Friend, the busiest person I know (save perhaps one of his associates) had deigned to consider my need and to help me. From him there is no higher compliment than to get his criticism. He rarely gives it. So when it is given it is valued. It is valued because it is real. But real things are organic—they have life. They either die or grow. Fortunately for me this criticism began to grow. As it grew it began to press in, seeking more room. It pressed against what Mr. Judge calls “a sore spot.” I began to object to the sentence: “You can begin by accepting, on faith, that you have

* If there be rationalists who do not follow this marvellously concise statement of mystical teachings compare the conclusions reached by W. Hanna Thomson, M.D., the brain specialist in his *Brain and Personality*. His whole volume says what is here said in a few words. P.

† See Mr. Charles Johnston’s discussion of the difference between fancy and vision (imagination) in Book I. *Patanjali’s Yoga Sūtras* (published through the Secretary T. S., Brooklyn, N. Y.). P.

not learned as yet how to listen"! What did this mean? Had I not spent months, literally, on the Comment on the Second of the Four General Rules in *Light on the Path*? Had I not hung on every word the Friend himself had ever uttered in my hearing? "But wait a bit," I found myself saying to myself, "is this listening—or is it not just refusing to listen?"

I went at it, head down, as we used to charge the line in the old days of football. Word by word I coned that letter. I tried to follow its instructions. Not a bit of progress could I make until I came to the advice "Listen with the ears of the Master." It was cryptic. I doubt if I ever grasp its full meaning. However, what I did get was real help. The only way I could conceive of His listening would be with love. I thought—yes I meditated—on His Love, His Patience, His Comprehension, His Sympathy. "As I do not know how to listen with His ears I shall try to listen as if, as I may grasp His all-embracing, never-failing Love, He would listen," thus I charged my mind.

I soon had a test. As was described, I am a lawyer. One of the other younger partners and I are thrown together a great deal. Last summer I got on his nerves terribly. It is only fair that this summer he got on mine. I tried to listen to him as my Friend advised and inside a week the real, underlying friendship had come through and we actually were admitting that we enjoyed being together, instead of making jesting remarks—that did not hide the truth—that we only "played together" because we were business partners and mutually interested through our chief in various matters theosophical.

"This is magic"—I cried, and I tried to use it. I found that by listening—especially listening in the "aim for great serenity of heart," and, as detailed, in relation to not "straining harder," I could stay awake during arguments in court and even listen to sermons! Formerly the effort to concentrate had been so absorbing that I would become drowsy.

Then I received further help. The "Premier Cavalier," as some of us call him, an associate of my Friend's, let me show him the "Magic Letter" as I had now come to call it. I asked for further exposition, telling my difficulties. "If you really listened to all that letter can tell you, you would not be asking advice."

"But I cannot wait. I want to listen better now and you know how."

The Premier Cavalier looked at me. *Light on the Path* reminds us that the eye has been called the window of the soul. Sometimes when I see a mighty soul looking out I want to run by dropping my eyes, yet I dare not lose the chance of illumination so I look back until my own soul shrivels in the glow, as things burn up, and then begins to grow as if sunlight were falling upon a plant. So it was now. "I think I can listen to criticism," I said. "I am beginning to know that thus the Master seeks to guide us when we wont follow the inner voice—call it conscience or the Higher Self. Please help me."

"You have often asked me to help you this way," came the reply, "and each time I have had to respond to the call. But as I have tried to help you I have felt the hopelessness. My words have come back to me—as if from a blank wall. You either are thinking of something you want to say or ask as soon as you feel it will not be impolite to interrupt or else you are carrying on a conversation with yourself. You listen only to yourself. You allow yourself to hear no other voice than your own. To listen as one should listen one must stop talking to oneself, stop being interested only in oneself and, instead, put oneself in the other person's place—seek to comprehend what he is thinking and how one appears to him. Give him the interest and sympathy you must realize you give to yourself. It is interesting and it is helpful. Try it sometime."

I have tried it. And I have found a new world. It is magic! I have found one of the lost arts of antiquity—for no one listens nowadays. I have found my work much more interesting. People are much nicer than they used to be. I had had no idea how charming and wise my friends are. Please bear in mind that this is not enthusiastic over-statement. According to the light of my own experience I am painting a dull picture in barest outline, using very drab colors.

Try it for yourself! The Inspired Preacher more than once told us that Religion is the greatest of experimental sciences and he has challenged all to use laboratory methods. It comes back to me that only last spring on two Saturdays he suggested "keeping quiet," if only for five minutes a day and thinking of God as one would want Him to be if one believed in Him, and keeping this up for a month. One of my friends tried this. He was agnostic. Now he is a follower of our Great Western Master. After all was not this "listening"? Meditation had meant little to me, compared to what it might have been, until I began to listen.

This recent letter brings back (and gives new meaning to) that marked xxvi "On Occult Philosophy" in the second series of Mr. Judge's *Letters that Have Helped Me*, when he wrote:

"Begin by trying to conquer the habit, almost universal, of pushing yourself forward. This arises from personality. Do not monopolize the conversation. Keep in the background. If some one begins to tell you about himself and his doings, do not take first chance to tell him about yourself, but listen to him and talk solely to bring him out. And when he has finished suppress in yourself the desire to tell about yourself, your opinions and experiences. *Do not ask a question unless you intend to listen to the answer and inquire into its value.** Try to recollect that you are a very small affair in the world, and that the people around do not value you at all and grieve not when you are absent. *Your only true greatness lies in your inner true self and it is not desirous of obtaining the applause of others.* If you will follow these directions for one

* The italics here and below are mine. Read this in the light of the letter I received! P.

week you will find they will take considerable effort, and you will begin to discover a part of the meaning of the saying, 'Man, know thyself.' "

Of course I am still new as a practitioner of the magic art of listening. Yet already do I know that I know that I am in a new and wonderful world and starting on a path that is the Old one yet made New by the music that cheers me on. Is it worth while? Let me not seek to answer but rather let me quote words that are golden: *

"The divine harmony of the Lodge surges through our hearts in mighty waves, will we but listen.

"In hours of meditation seek it, listen to it, it faileth never; and a Power and Peace will be yours, unspeakable, divine.

"From this, knowledge arises, knowledge of things spiritual, the GIFT OF TONGUES and THE HEALING FIRE.

"This is the Song of Life in which all nature joins, for reaching the heart of Nature we reach the heart of all, and read therein the most sacred mysteries of being.

"Fail not, falter not in the endeavour to hear this always. Remember that the cries of suffering and of pain which so constantly reach your ears, are but the discords which make the music finer, discords only to the untrained ear. And some day the whole grand symphony it will be yours to listen to; hearing it first in your own heart, and from thence in the heart of the whole world.

"O suffering, struggling Humanity! whose eyes know only tears, whose ears hear only discords, blind and deaf, an infinite compassion broods above you.

"Awake and hearken. The inner voices echo a harmony sublime. Cease your conflict for an instant's space and you will hear a promise of salvation. Peace and power are yours, peace divine and power all powerful.

"Lo! your deliverance has come. The Light shines out, the hour is at hand. Nature calls aloud with all her voices.

"Humanity shall sweat and toil no more in vain. Men's feet shall be set upon that path which leads to glorious heights Nirvanic."

PARLESSIMO.

* *Fragments*, pages 53 and 54.

NORSE MYTHOLOGY

WHETHER one believes that a people is shaped in the mould of its revealed religion, or vice versa, that a people's religion gradually evolves through inherent racial predilections, that religion is still an equally vital factor in any just estimate of a national character and of the part it has played in the world's history. And when we turn specifically to the Scandinavian belief, such an understanding becomes doubly important, since it is for us a real task of self-study. But a few centuries ago, we ourselves, our most immediate forebears, accepted unquestioningly this theogony, whether through inherited right to all Teutonic tradition, or from the forced imprint of marauding Vikings and the irresistible hordes of the great Northern Exodus.

Over France and Germany in turn the Christian missionaries swept with so militant an attack that save for obscure traces in folk-lore and superstition, all literary evidence of the supplanted faith was irrevocably destroyed, though the lasting inhalt of its effect on action and ideal can no more be discounted than can the physical vigour imparted by the fiery Norman blood.

In the Anglo-Saxon tongue there remain the Beowulf Epic and the Travellers' Song to bear witness by reference and suggestion to the whole body of myth which the bard so easily took for granted as the common mental content of his hearers,—reference and suggestion which would for us remain forever enticing riddles, but for the happy circumstance which preserved the key and the clue in the treasure house of Icelandic literature.

In that remote island of volcano and glacier, girt about by a tumultuous sea, the solitary and song-loving people tenaciously guarded their sagas and lays; and even after Christianity had been both officially and voluntarily adopted, in the first years of the eleventh century, continued to use them as their one source of dramatic entertainment. A marked contrast to the usual vandalism of zealous bigotry with which we are only too familiar, the tolerant priests here aided and abetted the conservative loyalty of their converts; in place of ruthlessly consigning the old gods to the realm of witch and demon, the Valfadir was quietly metamorphosed into the Father Almighty; Odin and his sons merely declared to have rounded their life-cycle, and already to have met their defeat in the long-prophesied and confidently expected cataclysm of Ragnarok, familiarized to us as the Twilight of the Gods in the Niebelungen Trilogy. To this conviction of Odin's finitude, inherent from his semi-earthly origin, was probably due the dearth of any determined defense of his worship. The apostles of the new faith had but to declare the Risen Christ, and the tidings were acclaimed as the joyous fulfilment of the prediction that

Balder the Good, incarnation of light and peace, would in good time return to rule with the Valfadir over a regenerated world.

Free from the rancor which stubborn opposition would inevitably have provoked, the monks and priests constituted themselves the chief guardians of the native literature, sedulously collecting and transcribing all available annals of the past. Happily, however, it is to a learned and royally descended convert, Saemund the Wise, that gratitude is presumably due for our one supremely important source of knowledge,—the Elder or Poetic Edda, in whose rugged verse is garnered the chief body of Icelandic legend, mythical, historical and prophetic, and wherein is accurately mirrored the customs and manners of pre-historic Scandinavia. Further still it is from Saemund's additional manuscripts, preserved intact for over a century in the family archives at Oddi, and Snorri Sturleson, a foster child of the house, compiled and elaborated the Younger, or Prose Edda, a work valuable for the additional light it throws on the archaic puzzles of the earlier lays, despite the ludicrous fore-and-afterword wherein the author strives to reduce it all to palatable pabulum for the devotees of the newly acquired classics, jumbling together Noah and Priam, Hector and Thor in a fearful and wonderful syncretism.

Any endeavors to comprehend the cosmogony of a primitive people through the maze of its tardily collected myths is fraught with dire difficulties. The scraps of information are so enmeshed in a tangled skein of imaginative brooding and concrete folk-lore; of legendary tales and historical facts; of reminiscent metaphysics and fore-shadowed science, that the task of unravelling the many strands leads to the very verge of discouragement. The thread of truth is further disguised by a strange nomenclature and a wealth of unfamiliar metaphor, and must be sedulously followed back and forth over unsuspected leaps of time, till baffled and despairing, one deserts the original documents and turns to the commentators. Here at first the problems seem only augmented and multiplied, for each bends all the strength of his argument to the confutation of rival scholars, buttressing his own theories with such incontrovertible facts and fancies, that one's progress through the several volumes is but a series of falls. Light begins to dawn with the discovery that each guide, followed in turn with implicit credulity, has painstakingly led to the same identical threshold of uncertainty, and there promptly deserted, leaving no lamp save intuitive discrimination between the true and the false; and that the various interpretations, instead of cancelling one another, but add their quota to a basis of real understanding.

After following the entire allegory through as a simple, objective solar myth, with personified sun and moon, stars and clouds, one can turn again to the first page and gain added insight by transposing the names of gods and giants into the inner elemental forces of heat and cold, darkness and light; and having re-read in this wise one can bring a richness of conception to the dramatic human story, which might seem but a bare and bald account of fighting heroes and fair-haired heroines if one did

not more or less consciously bind it, link by link, to the larger motive; while in the final ethical and metaphysical rendering one has need of each and every interpretation, not excluding the philological, to aid in the visualization of the mighty conflict between will and desire, thought and aspiration.

With the Sagas and the Eddic Lays at our command, we are unusually equipped for research into the primitive concepts of a race's childhood; while our heritage of Norman brain and brawn insures an instantaneous response to its fundamental characteristic note of daring and action.

Subtract this deification of stubborn endurance, their specialized gift, from the spiritual consciousness of the English nations, and fancy the comparative paucity of accomplishment; there could scarcely have been a Newton, a Cromwell, or a Shakespeare; on the other hand, when we scan the concrete directions voiced in the High Lay of Odin, wise saws which for ages, spurning the devious intricacies of subjective thought, led us by short cuts to the path of immediate action, we find small cause to wonder at the throes of the Anglo-Saxon mind when struggling with the subtle metaphysics of the contemplative East. One feels no higher stretch of the imagination, no deeper introspective plunge demanded by these canny precepts than by the handy proverbs of the wise Solomon. Many of the sayings might indeed be interchanged, and but for slight differences in form, leave an unsuspecting reader none the wiser; quite willing, for example, to credit the Hebrew king with the statement, "A better burden no man bears than much good sense; that is thought better than riches in a strange place," and the mythic hero with "Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding; for the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver and the gain thereof than fine gold," or to either one, interchangeably, these terse admonitions against the infringement of hospitality, "Withdraw thy foot from thy neighbor's house lest he weary of thee and so hate thee," and "A guest should depart, not always stay in one place; the welcome becomes unwelcome if he too long continues in another's house." In condemning sluggishness, garrulity, intemperance; in extolling prudence, honesty and thrift, there is an almost word-for-word parallel, a common level of idealism whose high-water mark reaches a fairly just but scarcely generous self-protection. Up to this point, indeed, the spiritual development of the two peoples had followed markedly similar lines. The cosmogony of Genesis, the concepts of the early Hebrew historic books, are fairly matched in the Eddic Lays, while lofty courage had been distilled, drop by drop, in the veins of each; the one through the trials of persecution and exile, the other through unceasing warfare against doughty foes and grimly hostile elements. But here the two paths diverge diametrically, humbled Israel mounting directly on the wings of prophet and psalmist to the heights of mystical experience, where in the quiet of long days and calm nights a shepherd king or an Isaiah might listen to the voice of the silence, and

through song and rhapsody fit his people for the Great Advent; the victorious Northmen, cleaving their way slowly upward amidst the clash of arms and the din of crashing seas, till through the virtues of heroism they too were prepared for the message of the same Master; a message, however, which they were fated to receive, not in its pristine clarity, but turbid from its long course through the ten intervening centuries in a channel blocked by all possible misconception.

The mythology which it displaced and supplanted was unfortunately never rounded into full symmetry by the genius of either a poet or a philosopher, who inspired by the same faith, might have fused the inspirational fragments so deeply poetic in essence, into a mighty epic; or with brooding wisdom have penetrated into deeper mysteries and rendered the metaphysics luminously self-interpretative, independent of the cold reflected light of comparative criticism. The drama of the Golden Age, the cycle of concrete tales which constitutes the mythology proper, will, however, be much more convincing if in this first article we can get some idea of its proper setting; the cosmogonical back-ground dimly titanic, and the great life symbol drawn thereon, the Ash Ygdrasil, all-inclusive tree of the sentient universe. Both concepts must needs be chipped out, bit by bit, from the mine of the Elder Edda, chiefly, indeed, from the Voluspa, its first and most archaic lay. In it the ancient Vala, a sybil of the North, chants in the wild strains of induced ecstasy her reminiscent and prophetic vision, unequivocal affirmations of direct experience, accepted unquestionably by all skalds and bards of later date, who but repeat her words almost verbatim whenever the origin and order of being is touched upon.

After her first introductory strophes, "For silence I pray all sacred children, great and small, since they will that I Valfadir's deeds recount, those that I best remember; I who nine worlds remember, nine trees, and the great central tree beneath the earth," She proceeds to expound, "There was in times of old, ere Ymir dwelt, nor sand nor sea, nor gelid waves; earth existed not, nor heaven above, 'twas a chaotic chasm. 'Twas before Bor's sons raised up heaven's vault, before they the noble mid-earth shaped." And then with a fine disregard of chronological consistency granted to those whose statements are believed because they are so, not theories to be proved or disproved, she plunges abruptly down a few aeons to a time when "The sun shone from the south upon the structured rocks, then was the earth begrown with herbage green," and back without warning to explain that when "The sun knew not where she a dwelling had, the moon knew not what power he possessed, the stars knew not where they had a station; then went the powers all to their judgment seats, the all holy powers, and thereon held council; to night and to the waning moon gave names; morn they named and mid-day, afternoon and eve, whereby to reckon years."

By diligently piecing together such broken fragments of information with bits found here and there in the Sagas, and the more coherent, if less

convincing account of the Younger Edda, we find the jagged edges gloving surprisingly each to each, and eventually forming a fairly complete story of the origin of the universe and the creation of man and gods, told it is true in veiled allegorical terms, but which for native grandeur of thought and high import can well hold its own against erudite Egypt or philosophic India.

Their concept of the period before the veriest beginnings of time, was of a vast and fathomless abyss, void to the point of utter emptiness, holding apart by its very emptiness two potential worlds, one of living heat, the other of inert matter. "By the will of Him whom none dare name," there arises in the very center of the lifeless Northern plain a slowly welling spring of venom, the source of twelve rivers which sluggishly wend their way southward till they congeal on the verge of the great chasm; while guarding the plain of the South, a region "so hot and light that it is impervious to those who have no home or heritage there," stands Surt, angel of the Flaming Sword, and flashes broadcast sparks from his brandished blade. At the moment of creation the gelid vapour meets the blast of heat, and melting falls drop by drop till there is deposited in the abyss, Ginnunga-gap, a huge inert bulk of matter which again "by the will of Him who sent the heat" is quickened into partial life as the Frost Giant Ymir. The name signifies merely a rustling confused noise, and in conjunction with the other appellation, Aurgelmir, or Seething Clay, by which he is interchangeably designated, strikingly elucidates the vague formlessness of the monster. From him was born a son, Thrudgelmir, Compact Clay, and a grandson, Bergelmir, Solid-Rock, and from them in due turn a whole race of frost giants, all evil of nature, and forever resistant to the sons of the second creation, the Gentle Powers of Light and Warmth. The Great Mother, typified as the wonderful cow, the All-Nourisher, is co-æval with Ymir, whose life is sustained by the four rivers of milk flowing from her udder. But whereas matter so preponderates in the giant that his progeny, mere divisions of his body, sink ever lower beneath its bonds, in the Nourisher life is in the ascendant. By continuous and patient licking of the rime-blocks, she eventually unearths a new being "endowed with beauty, agility and power"; and these divine attributes increase and develop through a line of descendants till finally one of them in conjunction with a daughter of the frost giants, gives birth to the three demi-gods,—Odin, and his brothers, Vili and Ve, or Spirit, Will and Holiness. With the appearance of this first Norse Trinity, in which is embodied the full creative force of conscious divinity, war to the death is declared against all the beings of lower nature. The first vague monster form of inertia was forthwith slain, shattered into a thousand bits, and in the deluge of his blood are drowned all of his kind save Bergelmir, the stone-strong. In an ark alone with his wife he makes his escape to repeople the world with a new giant race. These Jötuns, who, though banished far beyond the seas, yet constantly encroach upon the world of men, and are to be met and battled with in the stony

caverns of the mountains, in the ice-fields of the frozen North, in the barren wastes of the desert, as the hostile powers of Nature, forever inimical, resistant, repellent.

From the disintegrated and partitioned body of Ymir, the Gentle Powers proceeded to form the earth and the world. For the encircling ocean they used the wide deep pool of his blood; from his flesh they shaped the land and upon it his bones were heaped into the everlasting hills, while from his brow they fashioned the safe mid-world, fit habitation for the coming race of man; then high over all they raised the dome of his skull to form the vaulted heavens, where above the murky clouds of his brain they themselves might dwell in sunlit peace, and from a lofty throne of clear air overlook the regions under their dominion. At equi-distant points beneath the rim of this dome, they stationed the four dwarfs, Vestri, Oestri, Nordri, and Sudri, entities quickened in the flesh of Ymir, endowing them with form and understanding that they might support and give direction to the structure. But the bright stars of the firmament with which finally the skies were bedecked were showered straight from Surt's sword, a free gift from the supreme Fire Spirit and no handiwork of the lesser gods, who but allotted them rightful stations that they might mark the seasons and the alternations of day and night. With this completion of the objective universe, the brothers, Villi and Ve, as separate individuals, mysteriously vanish, absorbed and blended into the one person of Odin, the Spirit of the world; until time being ripe for further creation they are again discovered under the new names of Hoener and Loder, wandering with their great brother by the shore of the sounding sea. From two branches of drift wood which they gathered in the strand they fashioned a man and a woman, Ash and Embla, to whom Odin gives spirit, Hoener reason, and Loder "the red color of life, and burning keenness of the senses," and then once more their separate individual tasks completed, this second trinity is also merged into one with the Valfadir.

To this manifestation of Odin, together with his heavenly sons, and the lesser divinities of the sea-Vans, is hereafter entrusted all guidance of the created world, and it is from this point forward to the cataclysms of Ragnarok that we tread the comparatively firm ground in which the Odin of the familiar myth cycle, with Thor, Balder and the rest of the goodly company of his sons play the mythic drama through to its nobly tragic end. The Great First Cause, once having given the initial impulse, retires into the recesses of the highest Fire-heaven, leaving the entire guidance of the world to the incarnate gods. He appears only in shadowy allusions, included in the prognostications of the end and of the regeneration. "There was one born with wondrous might endowed of origin divine; nine jotun maids gave birth to the gracious god, at the world's margin. The boy was nourished with the strength of earth, with the ice cold sea and with Sun's blood. There shall another come, yet mightier than he, although I dare not his name declare."

For a complete and explanatory plan of the created universe, essential to a full understanding of the cosmogony, we turn to the symbol of the great tree, Ygdrassil. The name signifies "the Bearer of Him who meditates," for Odin himself relates in his Rune Song how, suspended head downward among its branches, he peered into the mysterious depths of the spring guarded by the fateful Norns, the Past, the Present, and the Future, and thus acquired all wisdom and all power, even to the magical might of the written rune. "I knew that I hung on a wind raked tree nine whole nights with a spear wounded, and to Odin offered, myself to Myself; in that tree of which no one knows from what root it springs. Bread no one gave me, nor a horn of drink. Downward I peered, to runes applied myself, wailing learnt them, then fell down thence. Then began I to bear fruit, to know many things, to grow well and thrive. Word by word I sought out words, fact by fact I sought out facts. Runes thou will find, large and potent characters, which the higher powers found, which I myself first graved. Knowest thou how to expound them? Knowest thou how to prove them? Knowest thou how to pray?" And of the magic powers so acquired he declares, "The weapon's edge I deaden of my foes, nor arms nor wiles harm aught. If men place bonds upon my limbs, I so sing that I can walk; the fetters dart from my feet, the manacles from my hands. Fire shall not so furiously burn, but that I can it quench; that song can I sing. When hatred grows among the sons of men, that can my song assuage. I can wind on the waves allay, and the sea lull. Should a corpse from halter swing, I can so grave and in runes depict, that again the man shall walk and with me converse," and so on strophe after strophe through a whole category of wonder-workings.

The tree whereon was gained such powers, includes in itself the universe of life and time in the entire totality of its underlying idea and the unique elaboration of its detailed subdivisions. Ever growing and expanding it draws sustenance to itself through three great roots from the fountain-heads of the three worlds. Each day the Norns freely sprinkle the roots and wash the leaves with the milk-white waters of the heavenly spring, thus insuring abounding life to the branches and verdant freshness to the leaves. Grudgingly the giant guardian of the spring of worldly wisdom, Mimer of the long Memory, grants to one root drops of his distilled knowledge, but for Odin's full draught demands in exchange that the god's right eye shall be cast into the spring as a pawned pledge.

In this wise Mimer partakes somewhat of the essence of divine wisdom, since each morning he quaffs the waters from his resounding Gjaller-horn, the trumpet upon which will be eventually wound a terrific blast, the signal of the final cataclysm, when the central tree takes fire and the gods meet their doom. This catastrophe is relentlessly furthered by the serpent Nidhogg, who with his whole reptile brood dwell in the stagnant pool of lowest Nifleheim, and by their ceaseless gnawing sap the very life of the third great root. Two gray-wise birds perch on the topmost bough, who eagle-eyed and hawk-keen, have observation over

the whole wide prospect of the years, while ceaselessly up and down the length of the trunk runs a chattering squirrel, seeking by calumny and malicious gossip to stir up strife between all kingdoms.

Other phases of the sentient life of the tree are symbolized by four stags, their names vaguely suggesting the four stages of dream consciousness, who leap about beneath the branches and browse upon the rune-written leaves; and by two mystic swans who float stately and serene on the waters of the Urdar-fount; both the stag and the swan being destined to play important rôles in the future development of the mythology in the Scandinavian as in the myths of other lands. Through all three worlds, each divided into three sub-worlds, and so making the full number remembered of the Vala, the brotherhood of the gods disport themselves at will, crossing and re-crossing the never-freezing river which bounds the giant realm, or passing lightly over the "sounding gold-covered bridge" which leads to the region of the dead.

But to the heights of Asaheim they must invariably mount each day over the bridge Bifrost, the Vibrating Way, built by subtlest art of three rainbow hues, in order to hold high council on the management of their kingdom. To this high heaven, none save the pure can win, since the burning red of Bifrost inevitably consumes all creatures of lower nature; the roar of the waters beneath terrify all save the dauntless gods. Even of these, Thor must perforce win his way to the council by another road, since the rattling thunder of his heavy chariot would shatter the bright arch of the delicate structure.

For a final summing up of the entire conception, we will quote once more from the Elder Edda, and abandoning all labored efforts at explanation and elucidation, close with the high words of inspiration, of poetry in its very essence, a very revelation of things felt, not seen.

"I know an Ash tree standing, Ygdrassil height, towering to heaven aloft, laved with limpid waters; thence came the dews into the vales that fall, honey dew the food of flowers and bees; ever stands it green over the fount of Urd. Yet greater hardships it assail than deem the witless sons of men; harts bite it above, in its side it rots, and serpents foul tear it beneath.

"When shall resound the Gjaller-horn trembles Ygdrassil's ash, yet standing; groans that aged tree.

"The Moon's Devourer bursts his bonds assunder, the wolf is loosed and forth he runs; he is sated with the breath of dying men, the god's seat with red gore he defiles. Brothers shall fight and slay each other; hard is the world; an axe age, a stone age, a sword age, shields shall be cloven; a wind age, a wolf age, Mimim's sons shall dance; the central tree takes fire.

"When Gjaller-horn resounds Surt from the South shall come with flickering flames, shines from his sword the Val-god's sun.

"The stone strong hills are dashed together, the giants tread the

path of Hel, and heaven is cloven; the sun darkens, earth in ocean sinks, fall the bright stars, fire's breath assails the tree.

"A second time the earth from ocean shall arise, beautifully green, with waterfalls descending, the eagle flying over all; Then shall again the wondrous Golden Tables in the grass be found, which in days of old the Ruler of the Gods possessed. Unsown shall the fields bring forth, all evil be amended. There is a hall standing, brighter than the sun, with gold bedecked, there shall righteous people dwell and forever more happiness enjoy.

"Balder shall come, Hodr and Baldr, the heavenly gods. Then comes the Mighty One to the great judgment, the Powerful from above. He shall dooms pronounce and strifes allay, holy peace establish, which shall evermore endure. But him I dare not name."

ANNE EVANS.

"There is no more real satisfaction in laying up in your bosom an injury, than there is in stuffing a dead hornet that has stung you, and keeping it to look at."

JOSH BILLINGS.

HOW DO WE THINK OF GOD?

IT were much easier for God if we would cease to think of Him as so unpleasant. And it is not fair to make His task too difficult. There will be objection at once, by some, to the use of the personal pronoun. They will argue rightly that the Absolute cannot be limited, and that personality implies limitation. On the other hand, to deny personality to the Absolute also imputes limitation. We use the impersonal pronoun for inanimate objects and babies. Mothers protest against this, because the babies cannot, and we hear the mothers. To deny that inanimate objects also protest would be to claim more knowledge than we possess. All we can say is that we cannot hear them. This, perhaps, will be sufficient to show that it would be wise to mean something more when we speak of God than what we think we mean when we speak of the Absolute. It would be better, in other words, to begin lower down and to work upwards. We can stop when we grow dizzy.

The denizens of the spiritual world are an ascending aristocracy. They constitute a hierarchy of ever greater and greater beings. If it pleases us to think of that hierarchy as culminating at an apex, we are obliged to admit that the apex itself must be the point of contact with other and still great hierarchies, stretching back infinitely into the Infinite. The Absolute contains that Infinite, but is also beyond it.

Let us begin again. What ought the Christian to believe about Christ? He believes, as a rule, things that are very insulting and almost wicked. He believes that Christ, having completed his work on earth, ascended into Heaven, where he now sits in glory, continually interceding for us, but no longer capable of suffering. "He is always in adorable tranquility; no trouble can come nigh His Being," as a well-known theologian has expressed it. The Roman Catholics, while accepting that view, have felt it to be so unsatisfactory, that they have devised, in the Eucharist, a way in which Christ may be kept in touch with earth; in the Eucharist he remains voluntarily a prisoner. It is an extraordinary expedient, when, as a matter of fact, he never left earth at all. If in God we live and move and have our being, as St. Paul said, it follows that to sit at the right hand of God means to be at the right hand of every point in space. And this, instead of being unthinkable, means no more than to postulate the existence of space transcending three dimensional space as that transcends, looks down upon and includes a flat surface. The "body of the resurrection" is of the substance of that transcending space—more real, more substantial, more dynamic, more ideally human, than the physical body of our mortality.

That is what Christians ought to believe of Christ, and in time will believe. They will discover him to be the embodiment of love and wis-

dom and power; a Saviour, a Friend, a Guide; infinitely tender, infinitely virile, infinitely near. And, as they come to understand him better, they will come to understand God better.

We think of God, whatever we mean by the term, as supremely wise and powerful. We speak also of His love. We quote, occasionally, that "God is Love." We know, in our own experience, that when we love another and see that other suffer, we too suffer. If not, we do not love. And when a man can witness anguish of soul or body and remain indifferent, we call him a brute, by which we mean something less than human. The more perfect the nature, the more intense the sympathy and therefore the suffering. This does not mean weakness. The ideal mother will, for love of her children, punish and cause them suffering when there is need. But the pain which she inflicts will be as nothing to the pain which she herself endures, first because of the sin or wrong-doing which her loved ones have committed, and secondarily because of the punishment which for their sakes, she is compelled to administer, or which she permits to fall upon them through the reaction of their own misdeeds.

Is Christ less human than his followers? Would it not be more reasonable to suppose that when he sees men suffer, as the world suffers today, his suffering, because of his compassion, exceeds by a millionfold the suffering he permits? He did not weep because Lazarus was dead. It was the Jews who thought that. He knew that Lazarus would be restored to life. He wept for the sorrow of Mary. Believe, all ye who grieve and who look to him, that his grief for you is infinitely greater than your own! And is God less than Christ?

In an article by the Rev. B. H. Streeter, Fellow and Dean of Queen's College, Oxford, in the *Hibbert Journal* of last April, the author protests against the conception of Divine omnipotence as a kind of infinite brute force. Far nobler, he says, is the attribute of power as claimed by the sufferer in Shelley's *Prometheus Unbound*:

"To suffer woes which Hope thinks infinite;
To forgive wrongs darker than death or night;
To defy Power, which seems omnipotent;
To love, and bear; to hope till Hope creates
From its own wreck the thing it contemplates;
Neither to change, nor falter, nor repent:
This, like thy glory, Titan, is to be
Good, great and joyous, beautiful and free—
This is alone Life, Joy, Empire, and Victory."

In opposition to the ordinary view of God, the author asks us to press home boldly "the principles of St. John and Athanasius, 'He that hath seen me hath seen the Father,' the Father is essentially as the Son," and says that by doing so, all is changed. "God Himself is seen to share the suffering He allows. More than that: by an eternal activity, of which

the death of Christ is both a symbol and also an essential part, He is everlastingly, at the cost of His own effort and His own pain, redeeming and perfecting the world He made."

That, however, is but half of the truth. The ordinary view is the other half. God is Joy. The reconciliation lies in this: Christ died of pain, but that pain, because of love which passeth understanding, was ecstasy intolerable. No physical body could contain it. He contains it now, and lives. But who knows, of the words we use, whether Pain or Joy would best describe his heart today! Better, perhaps, to use both, or neither, but to see them inseparable in Love, and his heart forever as fire and flame and passion of Love.

So, through that Master of Love, we may gain some knowledge of God. So, through wider and less selfish sympathy, we may make God's task easier for Him. Our sorrows may be real, but Christ's sorrow is infinite. In him is sorrow for the Father's sorrow, which is beyond our comprehension; and sorrow for our sorrows which for our sakes he cannot always remedy. If, through sympathy, we lose our little in that stupendous whole, we too shall find that pain and joy are one in ecstasy.

R.

*He who would find happiness for a day
 May do so by working for himself;
 He who would find happiness for a year
 May do so by working for his friends;
 He who would find happiness for a life-time
 May do so by working for humanity;
 He who would find happiness for Eternity
 Can only do so by working for God.*

BOOK OF ITEMS.

LETTERS TO FRIENDS

XI

DEAR FRIEND:

I HAVE to thank you for your letter of last night, which reaches me this morning, raising again the matters of which you spoke to me, and renewing your request to be shown the way that leads to discipleship. You were both hurt and puzzled, you tell me, that I should have remained so silent and so unresponsive before the sincerity of your appeal, made, not from the impulse of the moment, but after long thought and much reading, and such effort at self-conquest as you felt should have proved the reality of your aspiration. Therefore you ask me to tell you what the barrier is, and why I seemed to throw you back upon yourself and asked you to look still deeper into your own heart and wish.

What is your barrier? A misunderstood and divided allegiance. Why did I throw you back upon yourself? Because only you can tell to what you wish to give your whole allegiance, and because until you have decided that, no one else can help you. Why did I tell you to look still deeper into your own heart and wish? Because it is there you must find your answer.

Surely your reading must have shown you that if you are to find the way you must be thrown back upon yourself. "Seek the way by retreating within. . . . Each man is to himself absolutely the way, the truth, and the life." Or again, "Desire only that which is within you. Desire only that which is beyond you. Desire only that which is unattainable. For within you is the light of the world—the only light that can be shed upon the Path. If you are unable to perceive it within you, it is useless to look for it elsewhere. . . ." Do I still need to remind you of this? I cannot answer your questions as you wish. You yourself must answer them. If you are to enter the way, it must open to you from the inmost recesses of your own being. I can only hope to lead you to see certain general principles.

You write: "I suppose that no man can know what may lie concealed in his nature, and what some crisis may reveal; but I am no longer a boy, and life has brought me much to try and test me in both joy and pain. So far as I know myself, I desire discipleship more than I desire, or ever have desired, anything else. Is not this enough to say?"

It is much; but how far do you know yourself? Look back again over the past years. This desire was not always paramount. Why do you think it is so now? Perhaps you think there could be no better proof

than your wish to give up everything else for this work which you ask me to open to you. In reality it only shows you have not understood. You think you say with St. Paul: "When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things?" But the things which you now deem yourself ready to surrender are not childish. If you think them so you know little of your own heart, little of the path that you seek to enter. The plummet of your experience has not yet touched their depths. In them is the very thing you seek.

Suppose that you had not made this request to me—to the friend whom you think has been told something of the pathway of the soul—but that you were standing where you ask me to lead you, before someone who had himself attained, some high disciple in the Lodge of Masters. No, let us be still bolder. Imagine that your prayer is heard, and that your own Master comes to you, opening the door, as you kneel in the quiet of your study, and stands and looks at you.

I do not ask you what you would say or do. It is the truth of your heart that would speak, for before those eyes all pretence is silenced and the veils of self-delusion fall away. Imagination cannot help us here, for it, too, is silenced. Only the real can speak in the presence of the Masters. But we can imagine his speaking; and to those imagined words we may seek to reply. What would you answer if to you, as to Matthew, sitting at the receipt of custom, he should say "Follow me"?

I can imagine the gladness with which you would hear those words, repeating and confirming outwardly what you have for so long heard within your soul. I can see you rise up eagerly to follow wheresoever he might lead. But at the door, would there not come pause and question? Were you free to go? What of your duties? What of wife, and children, and the loss that would come to others who had trusted you? "Master, whither goest thou?" Even if not spoken, would not that question come before your mind? Not because you were yourself unwilling to follow, not because, in those first moments, you cared where or through what he might lead you, but because you felt the ties which hold you where you are.

What would his reply be to such a question? Do you think that he would say to you then what he once said in Galilee? "He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me; and he that loveth son or daughter more than me is not worthy of me. And he that taketh not his cross, and followeth after me, is not worthy of me." Suppose he did say this, and that you answered him, as I believe you would answer: "Lord, father and mother, son and daughter, my wife and home and friends, all are your gift to me, infinitely precious to me. Yet it is not because I love the gift more than the giver that I pause. They are yours, as I am yours, and you have given them

to me. If in answer to my prayer you call me to follow you, who will care for these? Can I come to you and leave uncared for what is yours? I have prayed to follow you, to live with you, day by day. And now you bid me come. But my soul asks 'where dwellest thou,' and if I should turn my back on the work you gave me to do, and those you told me to guard. Lord, had I not prayed to you to call me, I could come. But now it seems a coward's prayer. I cannot leave until my work is done. To follow you, to live with you, I must be where you dwell, in the labour and the love that you have given me."

You cannot doubt the answer. The Master whom you seek to follow, the Christ who said "My meat is to do the will of him who sent me," would tell you you had chosen rightly. "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I." It is in your home, in your family, in your business, and your own place in the world, that you must find and dwell with the Master, if you are to find and dwell with him at all. The one condition is that it shall be in his name, for him, no longer for yourself.

Do you see this now? It is the first thing that must be seen, the last that we can ever forget. Therefore I beg of you try to see it with the utmost clearness, and with a vision that burns itself into your heart and soul so as never to be erased. It is in this way we do see when we look with the Master's eyes, and it is for this reason that I ask you to place yourself before him, in imagination, and to follow his gaze into the depths of your desire. If you will do this, you will never again think of any duty as in itself a barrier. Can a soldier's post be a barrier between him and his general? Does he pray to be taken from the outposts to the splendour of the capital? Learn this primary lesson, once and for all; the service of the Masters, the pathway of discipleship, lies through the day by day and minute by minute fulfilment of the duties and relationships of that state of life unto which it has pleased God to call us. It is there, and not elsewhere, that we may dwell with the Master.

It may well be that you think you have already understood this point, and that there is no need for me to labour it. But in reality you have only partially understood, and your half-knowledge has misled you. Both your questions and your actions show you have not grasped its actual significance. You have recognized that you cannot reach the Master by deliberately turning away from your duties, but you have not realized that you must reach him in them. You have regarded the time given to them as the price you must pay for the hours of leisure in which you could seek him or try to serve him directly. Look squarely at the facts and you will see that this is so. With your mind you may have known that it should not be so. But knowledge is not knowledge until it passes from the mind to the will. You have gone to your business in a very different attitude from that

which you bring to the work of the Society; and many times, when the detailed demands of your home and family interrupted your meditation or some paper you were writing, you have been impatient at what you felt to be the sacrifice of inner to outer things. You have not acted upon the knowledge, even if you possess it, that no man can serve God in anything or in any moment, unless he serves in everything and in every moment. Your business is as indispensable a part of your path to discipleship as is your method of prayer or meditation. You have no need to ask the way ahead until you have followed the Master through the path he has made clear to you and marked out in your duties. It is through these that you must acquire the training which is essential for discipleship. They are designed for just that purpose and offer just that opportunity. If you wish to know what you need to do, in order to become a disciple, ask yourself what would be required for the perfect fulfilment of each of your present duties and relationships. The barriers that exist between you and discipleship are precisely the faults, weaknesses, and personal tendencies, that your daily life reveals when you apply to each of its details the standard of perfection.

My first point is thus capable of a fourfold elaboration. (a) Your Master does not call you from your duties and family relationships, but demands that you enter into them more fully. (b) It is in them (not only in your leisure moments), that you must find him if you are to find him at all. (c) Each one of your duties must be used as a means of reaching him and must be fulfilled as a service rendered to him. (d) In the effort to fulfil your duties perfectly you will be attacking those faults in yourself which are your real barriers.

Now I come to the second point. It is not less important than the first. For you, it may be even more important, but you can understand the one only as you understand the other. To try to fulfil your duties is one thing; to follow and serve the Master in them is something more. To love and cherish those whom he has given you is not the same as to love and cherish yourself in and through them. If it is yourself in them that you love, then truly your foes shall be those of your own household.

Look deeply into your own heart to find the answer to this question: Is it yourself or your Master that you love? All love, all desire, springs from one of these two sources, and according to its source is its effect. It draws us to our Master, or it chains us to ourselves, or it sets us in conflict with ourselves in inner and incessant strife that nullifies all progress. "No man can serve two masters: for either he will hate the one and love the other; or else he will hold to the one and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and mammon." You cannot follow the Masters with a divided allegiance. Is that which you offer whole and single?

Your imagination can help you as before. It has shown you that love of the Master cannot cause you to desert your duties or those whom he has given you to love, but that the way to him lies through these things of his appointing. The way to self lies also through them, and the question you have to answer is which way are you following. What use are you making of the Master's gifts? Are they drawing you to him, or are they binding you to yourself? You can answer this best by considering the result of being deprived of them.

Suppose you were to lose one or all of those you love. Suppose that death called wife or child. You would suffer deeply. That tells us nothing. We are not meant not to enjoy the gifts that are given us, and not to feel loss when they are withdrawn. They are not childish things which we put away without a pang because they are outgrown. The capacity for suffering grows as we grow, is, indeed, one of the tests of our stature in the world of reality. And the more rightly we have loved, the more we must miss the wonted opportunities for love's service and expression. So that, in any case, whether our love be of self or of the Master, we would suffer in the death of one we love. But how would we suffer? Would you feel resentful? Would it seem to you that an injury had been done you? Would your cry be one of self-pity? Would your life have crumbled beneath you? If so, your love was of self, or has been turned to self; and your allegiance to the Master is not whole. The one you loved meant more to you than his will means. You have taken his gift to you and have used it, not to draw nearer to him and as a means of serving him, but as a means for ministering to yourself. Your resentment is as though a soldier should hold a city, not for his king or general, but against him. So long as he holds it for his king and in his name, the soldier's love of his post draws him closer to the king, makes him a wiser, better governor, inspires him to greater ardor and valour in its defence. But if he forgets his king, and begins to think of the city as his, then his love may make him a traitor, and at best divides his allegiance.

Apply this same test to your work in business. Suppose you were to fail, losing not only your own money, but all that had been entrusted to you. Suppose yourself innocent of wrong, but that the circumstances were such as to make the opposite seem the truth, and that you were considered to have acted dishonourably. Again you would suffer; and again that mere fact tells us nothing. Your reputation is something you must value and must guard for the Master's sake, even as you would guard it for your own. But for which are you guarding it? Were it to be taken away, would you feel it had been taken from him or from you? Were it to be sacrificed, whose sacrifice would you feel it to be? Here, also, you have to ask yourself if you are giving undivided allegiance.

Do these tests seem too hard to you, or to set an impossible standard of selflessness? Remember that though many are called, few are chosen. There are very few that are ready for discipleship, for it means and requires just this singleness of devotion. If you would be a disciple it must be all or nothing. The Masters do not call us out of the world, nor away from the occupations and the sorrows and joys of the world, but they do call each one of us to follow his own Master, and not himself, in those occupations, joys, and sorrows. Unless this call rings in our hearts and souls as the one all-absorbing and compelling passion of our lives, we are not disciples. We may not know whether it is God or devil that thus calls us, but we must know that there is for us no other thing, no other love, no other way in which we can move or live than by obedience to it. To the disciple the Master's will is the law of his life, the single allegiance of his heart and effort, the source and goal of all he loves, the end for which all means are used, and all gifts or powers treasured.

If you have been honest and fearless in the self-examination this letter has asked of you, it should have removed certain of the misconceptions that underlay your attitude when you spoke to me. It will, I trust, also have helped you to realize that you are not held back from the path of discipleship by any other barriers than those which arise from your undivided desire. If there be barriers, it is because you have not the desire of the disciple. The question for you then to answer is: Do you desire that desire? No one else can give it to you,—“the disciple *becomes* a disciple, and is not made,”—but you can gain it if you will.

Faithfully yours,

JOHN GERARD.

“Though God wishes to save us, it is His will that we contribute our part towards this work, otherwise He will do nothing; for this reason we must make up our minds to suffer.”

BLESSED MARGARET MARY.

THE SACRED BOOKS OF ANCIENT CHINA

III

OF the three religions of China, Buddhism has possessed, in the past, probably by far the largest collection of sacred writings. In the days when this faith enjoyed the favor of kings and princes, pilgrimages were made into India to obtain there the sacred Buddhistic works; translations were made from Pali and Sanskrit and in China many more were written by learned Chinese. A catalogue of the year 518 A.D. has listed 2,213 of these writings. Naturally the centers of literary activity were the monasteries found in large numbers throughout the Empire. With the decline of the monastic system, however, the work ceased and the sacred books were scattered and lost, till at present only 276 of them are in existence; China possesses no complete edition, though several in the Chinese language may be had in Japan and in one or two European libraries.

This decay both of monachism and of the literature is due to the persecution which Buddhism in common with all things foreign has suffered at the hands of the Chinese government. According to some authorities, it was during the Han dynasty, in the third century, B.C., the age in which Lao-tze's doctrines gradually crystallized into a formal religion and a Church, that the foreign religion was first introduced. For several hundred years it enjoyed considerable prosperity and a rapid growth, reaching its climax in the fifth century A.D. At this time it was patronized by the ruling classes, monasteries flourished throughout the land, and the hills and mountains of the country were studded with Buddhist temples. During the fifth century, however, a rebellion occurred which was supposed to have been furthered by the monks of one of the monasteries; the house and its occupants were promptly annihilated and from then on, Buddhism lost favor. In the later part of the century we find a synod called to decide which of the religions, Confucianism, Taoism and Buddhism was the best. In Confucian China, there was little difficulty in determining the question and the work of exterminating the other two faiths then began, a climax being reached, fifty years later with the decree that 4,600 Buddhist convents and 40,000 religious buildings should be destroyed and 260,000 monks should adopt a secular life. Taoism too, had its monastic system and a few semi-clerical Taoist states had been formed, both of which institutions shared in the persecution of the time. Taoism though, while regarded as heterodox has too much in common with Confucianism ever to receive quite the same treatment as Buddhism.

Persecution of Buddhists, much of it of the most cruel sort, has continued to the present day, until now the religious houses have practically disappeared, but few of the monks remain, and a nun is a rarity. The erection of a convent is possible only by imperial authorization; the power to ordain a monk is possessed only by a few monasteries and that by imperial authority; the sites of the flourishing monasteries of former days are marked merely by an occasional neglected temple, occupied by a priest who is little more than a caretaker, and his one pupil,—even the number of the pupils being regulated by law.

With monastic life, perished also religious learning, and the temples still standing, show a Buddhism vastly different from that of south-eastern Asia. So completely has this faith suited itself to the country of its adoption, that only in certain famous monastic centers south of the Yang-tse, does Buddhism as a distinct religion exist; elsewhere priests and people alike know little if anything of the life and teachings of Buddha. Many of the divinities of Taoism have been adopted and their images placed in Buddhist temples and one writer declares that, were it not for these images the temples would be deserted, and practically their sole source of revenue would be the money paid by laymen for the storage of their unused coffins in the temple precincts.

But Buddhism in its prime exerted a mighty influence and to this day Buddhist ideals and ceremonials play a large part in the religious life of the people. Outside the monasteries, the most noticeable example of the continuance of this influence is the existence of certain lay communities or sects, joined together for the purpose of "assisting each other on the road to salvation," and bound by the five commandments against theft, adultery, lying, the use of alcohol and the infliction of death. They have rites of initiation and consecration; religious ritual; chapels; sacred writings, etc., but all these elements while borrowed principally from Buddhism show also a strong admixture of Taoism and Confucianism. The sects are very numerous at the present time, though their existence is of necessity surrounded with the utmost secrecy, since they are the object of bitter persecution by the government,—a persecution which only serves to strengthen their spirit of fraternity, devotion and sacrifice. The fact that they do not conform to the classics and are, therefore, heretical, is one reason for this persecution; then too, the government is strongly opposed to any organizations or associations other than those of fellow-clansmen, and threatens with flogging, banishment and strangulation, all members of such organizations. It is interesting to note the suggestion of one writer that these sects with their broad tolerance, their doctrines of love, truth and belief in a future life, may serve as a point of contact for the introduction of the religion of the West. Some sectaries are well acquainted with the Christian gospels and many, it seems, see an identity between our God and their eternal Order of the World, regarding the Master as one of the many luminous Buddhas sent for the redemption of man.

In view of China's suspicion and hatred for all things foreign, there arises the natural question, how did Buddhism gain its hold on the people, why was it patronized, even many centuries ago, by the highest in the land? The answer to this question takes us back to the very core of China's religious thought; first, to ancestor worship; second, to the belief that every person or thing in the universe is animated by gods and demons, all of whom exercise their influence on mankind. Ancestor worship in its early days was carried on without any Church to provide it with doctrines or determine its ritual. Neither was there contained in it any teaching concerning the life after death. Buddhism with its doctrines of transmigration, paradise, hells, etc., supplied this lack, appealing to both the interest and the imagination of the people. It adopted the Confucian rites of sacrifice, added to the solemnity and beauty of the worship and arranged an elaborate mass for departed souls, claiming to deliver them from hell and secure their entrance into paradise. It will readily be perceived what the effect would be on a nation whose highest religious duty is devotion to the welfare and happiness of ancestors. Added to this, the ritual and ceremonial of Buddhism was and is used largely in the propitiation of gods and the exorcism of demons, and wherever the belief in universalistic animism is found, a religion which will aid man in his relation with the host of spirits, is sure to find favor. By these means then, Buddhism became as one with the central thought in both Confucianism and Taoism. With Taoism it was even more in accord, for adherents of the two faiths saw much in common between the Buddhistic way of salvation leading to Nirvana and the way of the Tao leading to assimilation with the universe. Indeed, Taoism may be said to have paved the way for Buddhism in China, and the two religions developed by a sort of reciprocal influence. We see then the chief reasons why Buddhism not only gained a place, but held it so tenaciously through centuries of persecution.

In explanation of its persecution, we have only to remember that for the good Confucian two principles are ever to be regarded, first the infallibility of the classics, and the heresy of all not in conformity with them; second the paramount importance of the welfare of the state. In this connection it is interesting to note a statement made by Arthur H. Smith in his *Chinese Characteristics* to the effect that every candidate for civil service examinations hopes for the stability of the government and of existing conditions as a prerequisite to his own success. Bearing these points in mind, it is easy to understand the hostility of the mandarinates toward Buddhism. Many arguments urged against the faith are mere superstition, as for instance, the assertion that the introduction of Buddhism delivered up China a prey to demons; that since its introduction the average age of man has been considerably shortened; faithlessness and treason among ministers of state have increased, and no dynasty has been able to maintain itself on the throne for any length of time. Other arguments, however, will be seen to have considerable cogency, at least from

the Chinese point of view. It is declared, for example, that the Buddhist aspiration toward a higher life than that of this world is mere nonsense, for nothing of the soul is found in the classics; its doctrine of rewards and punishments other than those meted out by the state, is virtually treason; its teaching that monachism is the main road to salvation is a blow both at Confucianism and the state, for the clergy, (1) by the building of temples and monasteries encourage waste of money; (2) by not cultivating the fields, rob the treasuries of ground-rent and taxes which the state would otherwise receive; (3) by not marrying, fail to supply soldiers for the army and also sin against one of the fundamental tenets of Confucianism, *hiao* or filial devotion. Mencius, the great writer of the Confucian school declared, "Three in number are the great sins against *hiao* but to have no posterity is worse than any,"—the sin being against the peace and happiness of ancestors. On other points as well, Buddhism is at variance with the fundamental principles of Chinese thought, so much so that its long history of bloody persecution is a natural result.

In view of the obstacles which the religion has had to meet, it would be interesting to know by just what proportion of the vast population of China it has been embraced. But this it is difficult to ascertain. Travellers state that in some sections of the Empire there may be found no trace of a Buddhist priest for miles at a stretch; while in other parts the daily life of the people, down to the smallest detail is regulated by Buddhist rule; throughout the land, however, Buddhist thought has taken a strong hold on the minds of the people and practically everywhere its influence is apparent in their religious life. But the real difficulty in determining the number of its adherents lies in the universal mingling of the religions and this is equally true of Confucianism and Taoism. One writer declares it "impossible to make a Chinaman perceive that two forms of belief are mutually exclusive. He knows nothing about logical contradictions and cares even less." The same author compares the relation of the average Chinese to his three religions, with the relation of the Anglo-Saxon to the various components of the English language, and adds that to China may well be applied Gibbon's remark concerning Rome, "to the common people all religions are equally true, to the philosopher all are equally false, and to the magistrate all are equally useful."

In a study of the religions of China then, it is more profitable to consider what the three faiths have offered and what has been their actual contribution to the country. Briefly, Buddhism with its teaching that man is not destined to die, but to live forever, satisfied the craving of such as were not content with a mere materialistic explanation of the universe. It has been said that spiritual religion in China exists only within the circle of Buddhism and that Buddhistic rule has been a mighty instrument for the betterment of social conditions and the mitigation of cruelty, but because of its conflict with Confucianism this influence has extended all too little beyond the monastic centers. Taoism

offered an ideal of a glorified future life as a sequel to life on earth spent in accord with the principles governing the universe. But lofty as were the teachings of its founder, popular Taoism, the Taoism of today and of many centuries past, never rises above the level of idolatry, Polytheism and Polydemonism.

Concerning Confucianism, opinions differ widely, one writer, De Groot in his *Religion of the Chinese*, declaring it to be a religion of a lower order, characterized by thorough materialistic selfishness, without a trace of a higher religious aim. This is by no means the universal opinion, however. Other authors, while recognizing the lack of spirituality in Confucianism, rate at its true value the high order of its moral teaching and the tremendous power which this teaching has exerted. Perhaps as an example of those favorably disposed toward the faith it would be well to quote again from *Chinese Characteristics*, where after remarking that "Confucianism, as a system of thought is among the most remarkable intellectual achievements of the race," the author pays tribute to the Confucian canon, the sacred books not of ancient China only, but of the China of all time.

"It is not merely by perusing them," he says, "that we are to receive our most forcible impressions of what the Chinese Classics are and have been, but by contemplating their effects. Here is the Chinese race, by far the mightiest aggregation of human beings in any one nation on earth, 'with a written history extending as far back as that of any other which the world has known, the only nation that has throughout retained its nationality, and has never been ousted from the land where it first appeared,' existing, for aught that appears, in much the same way as in hoary antiquity. What is the explanation of this unexampled fact? By what means has this incomputable mass of human beings, dwelling on the Chinese plains from the dawn of history until now, been controlled, and how is it that they appear to be an exception to the universal law of the decay and death of nations?" And the answer is,—those teachings through which China has learned to depend for her welfare on the power of moral forces,—Confucianism.

JULIA CHICKERING.

“ON MOUNTED SERVICE”

EVERYBODY was cross and I was amiable. For instance, my big, steady-and-sure partner was decidedly “scratchy.” My aunt, with whom I live, was a victim of “nerves.” My office staff was stupid and impertinent without an exception. When even the subway guards were all insolent in manner, and yet nobody even seemed to notice it, I felt a crisis had been reached. While it was true that I was amiable, it could not be that all the world was out-of-joint and I alone was perfect. There must be something wrong with me!

There came back to me suddenly a recollection of what the Inspired Preacher once said: “When you feel most safe, you are in greatest danger; when you feel most virtuous, beware; when you feel absolutely good, and all others appear hopeless, you are merely seeing in them your own faults and you should repent at once—the warning is for you.”

What was the matter with me? One part of me was good and another part of me was evidently occupying the other pole. Queerly enough, it was that other part of me that the world saw, reacted from, and was stirred up by. Why could not I show instead the other I, the better I; what seemed to me to be the real I?

Thanks to the wisdom of a Friend, who started my interest in the Great Problem of endeavoring to live theosophically, I had begun with *Light on the Path*, and I have the habit of turning to it, as to a life buoy, whenever I feel I am getting in over my head. So now there came back to me from its inspired pages: “The whole nature of man must be used wisely by the one who desires to enter the way. Each man is to himself absolutely the way, the truth, and the life. But he is only so when he grasps his whole individuality firmly, and by force of his awakened spiritual will recognizes this individuality as not himself, but that thing which he has with pain created for his own use, and by means of which he purposes, as his growth slowly develops his intelligence, to reach to the life beyond individuality.”

It was clear that the whole world, in this time of gaiety, could not be at fault. The corrolary to that was that I must be. Something within me told me that that passage from *Light on the Path* held the answer to my riddle. What could I do to bring through the real me and to displace this very horrid me that was evidently most objectionable to others?

The first thing to do was to get that answer into my brain; into terms that I could understand as well as feel. Feeling, I have found, is useless unless formulated into a rule of action; manifested in turn in action. I was told this; taught it even, but it has taken hard knocks to make it somewhat a part of me. “Feeling” that there was

an answer, it is obvious that it became my duty to “know” that answer in brain terms. What was the everyday expression of grasping one’s “whole individuality” and using it?

I went home and locked myself up and began to meditate on the problem, following as best I could the method illustrated in Prof. Mitchell’s booklet *Meditation*. I came near going to sleep, as he warns us we may, but I fought it off. My mind became blank, but I fought on. I followed the advice of Patanjali, which Prof. Mitchell quotes with approval, and “muttered” to myself over and over again. I used that prayer of prayers—“None of me; all of Thee.” At last the answer seemed to come. I say “seem,” for no beginner dares ever be sure, if he would be safe. Yet, as the answer has helped me, my surmise has proved at the least a workable hypothesis.

As such answers so often seem to come, it was indirect and germ-like at the start. It was a vague remembrance that some dear old Bishop in medieval times likened the soul or higher man to a rider, and the physical or lower man to an ass—obstinate, bad-tempered and worse trained. That does not seem much of an answer. But Byles Gridley in his *Thoughts on the Universe** advises planting ideas and letting them grow. He also uses the analogy of ideas evolving like fishes—progressing from the crude, blind forms of the Mammoth Cave to the darting, flashing “beauties” my partner loves to “cast” for—and talk about! My need was too great—or rather the need of those whom I was upsetting—for me to wait for the slow processes of ideation by gestation. I forced the growth by further meditation. Gradually the answer has grown and become a Rule—something to regulate my life by—if only I will; as I may if I but so will—as is true of any and all rules.

I now like to think of being on Mounted Service. I suppose all of us who are privileged to be enrolled under the Cross have felt the cavalry dash, and the soldierly courage of our immortal Leader, Who went so gallantly to death that we might learn to live.

I remember the old theoretical military organization of this country. All men between 18 and 45 were supposed to belong to and be part of the Enrolled Militia, subject to draft in time of war. Then came the comparatively few men in the Organized Militia or Volunteers (National Guard). Finally there was the little handful of men who gave their lives to war in the Regular Establishment (the Regular Army). Is not our Church organized on somewhat the same plan? And does it not break down in the same way? We never felt we were of the Enrolled Militia and is not our attitude the same in the Christian Army of the West?

What do I mean by being on Mounted Service? The answer is the answer given to me in my desire to better manifest the Master I would serve; the better to wear His uniform that it may not be disgraced in the eyes of the world:

* *The Guardian Angel* by Oliver Wendell Holmes.

I have said that there was an I that I knew to be good, and another I that I and others evidently knew to be bad. I identify myself with the better I and the other I call my "mount," to use the cavalry phrase. I credit my friends and associates with being also cavalry. When my aunt is tired and nervous—I no longer say "cross," for the real aunt is never cross, I say "Her mount is giving trouble, but who am I to object. Think how she has worked that mount (body and mind) of hers for me. Think of the strains she gave it whenever I was sick or in trouble: of the leagues and leagues she has galloped it without mercy in the Master's Service. How hard it is for her, so gallant and brave, so debonair a gentle Amazon to have to use a mount so strained and worn." I find I love her all the more. I grow more tender as I realize that it was so much for me that she has made the sacrifice.

When my partner shows strain, I say: "Steady, my mount is biting or kicking, or else his mount is feeling the strain. If we were mounted together in the field on equine horses and not those of symbolism, and his horse was restive, I would not lay to him with my crop." So I do not say—or, perhaps, more truthfully, I endeavor not to say—the rejoinder that would be like an irritating cut of a crop.

Sometimes it seems to me that Our Lord was very simple and literal when he advised us to become as little children. Provided, always that we act and do not merely fancy and feel, I sometimes think we would do well to act in "make-believe" as my nephews and nieces do. I am sure I have found that this seeming "make-believe" of being a cavalryman with other cavalrymen takes stings out of life—removes or exposes non-realities.

Take this very day: Some of my very dearest friends have planned to be together and have left me out. A little while ago I would have felt hurt and neglected. Today I simply said to myself: "Wake up, old man, you are evidently drowsy and have let your mount have its head. It is kicking and biting. No wonder no one wants to have it 'round. How tactful the rest of the Squad is to ride off and let you fight it out without the mortification of a public exhibition of poor horsemanship." For everyone who knows anything of the Army knows that to have a badly trained mount is a reflection on the horsemanship of the rider. On Service, there are no excuses, no justifications—and is not life being on Service?

It gives a zest to life to recognize one's faults and vices and to realize that they are unnecessary; not real and irremediable, but exhibitions of poor horsemanship. Of course, it hurts to be told of one's faults and it hurts yet more to know them, but in the Cavalry the Organization is more important than the individual unit. The cavalryman who cannot handle his mount, get the most out of it, make it work with other mounts, teach it without his guidance to do its work well in response to orders and in contact with its fellows or its foes (so he may fight), may be a gallant fellow, yet he must be left behind whether it be on

march or in action. Who wants to be so left behind? Then master your mount and be fitted for Service!

I like to think that as one proves his horsemanship, he will be better mounted. Before we are mustered into the Regular Establishment, the would-be recruit is wise to learn to ride. If all he can get is an ass, the better horseman he may become by conquering that ass. Just one caution: Self-taught is crudely taught, and it is the part of prudence to go to a Riding Master to learn at least the rudiments. It not only teaches one horsemanship, but is training in obedience against the days of drill sergeants, squad leaders, "non-coms" and officers clear up to the General Commanding; when, in time of war, disobedience is punished with death as a protection to the rest of the Command. And I much more than half believe that this analogy may be worked out in exactitude, if we dared to study life with courage.

I like to think of St. Michael and his wondrous white steed as symbolic of the possibilities of purification and training until that "whole individuality" becomes the perfect mount. I wonder, too, if the importance attached to Knighthood (the mounted gentleman of an Order) has not symbolic spiritual significance. I also wonder, in reverence, whether Our Lord's choice of an ass to enter Jerusalem in triumph may not have been meant far more than merely "the fulfilling of scripture." If He could ride an ass as King, why should not we subordinate our physical natures to mount us—sons of the King that we be?

SERVETUS.

POSTSCRIPT.

DEAR SERVETUS: Thank you for letting me read your notes on one way of striving to reach to discipleship. The analogy, as you say, is old; but it should be helpful. I am reminded of a comment in *The Path*, I think in the first Volume of that remarkable theosophical periodical, to the effect that the antiquity which survives is of interest not because of its age but because of its value.

But are you quite safe in stopping where you do in your analogy? Unquestionably we are wise to regard Our Lord as a dashing cavalryman, a courageous soldier—but why stop there? We do not believe He stopped His Campaign with His Death on the Cross. Has He not shown marvellous generalship ever since; and every quality a great soldier should have—such as indomitableness, persistence, patience, untiring labor, never failing attention? Combine the best qualities of all great generals from Alexander to Suvaroff, and see if they would not be needed to keep alive the Christian Campaign against the Powers of Evil for 2,000 years; in the face of what to us must seem terrifying discouragement—yet you know you feel His Joy and Courage? Why not bring that out?

Again why not carry out your analogy of the individual cavalryman and his mount a bit further? Has it not seemed to you that Napoleon

expressed the teachings of the East as to human perfectability when he said "Every soldier of France carries a Marshal's baton in his knapsack?" Should not each one of us try to emulate all the qualities of Our Leader?

You speak only of using the mount in cavalry. Has not the history of war shown that the perfect cavalryman is ready, himself and his mount, for any duty? Suppose there is artillery to be drawn up to the battle line; the sick to be withdrawn, or even subsistence stores to be brought up from a depot far in the rear—would not the ideal soldier rejoice if he and his mount were effective in whatever way the Cause required them? Does this thought not help us to accept in gallantry and in gay soldier-fashion the humdrum duties and dry obligations of life as being as truly Service as the entrancing swing and thundering of a cavalry charge? Let us be cavalry by all means—but perfect cavalry; so mobile a tactical unit that like a West Point cadet we can do any part of a soldier's duty well and with dash—from cooking to commanding!

Two other points you might bring out. One expressed by Kipling in *William the Conqueror*, when he said of "Jimmy" Hawkins that if he had to use razors to cut grindstones, he believed in using the best cutlery.

The other point you touch on in your advice to go to a Riding Master—wise advice, which if followed will save many a bump and bruise and even break! Do you quite go far enough? Would it not be well to apply your analogy "with courage" and point out that when the recruit finds he is not handling his mount he should rejoice if someone has the kindness to jump to the beast's head; jerk back the curb, and apply a whip until the animal is conquered? And do we not need two spurs—the one: self-restraint or humility to help us check the beast when we draw the curb of obedience; and the other: self-sacrifice or love when we loosen the rein and lean forward in charge?

Do with these suggestions as you will—they are offered, I hope, in the spirit in which you endeavor to write—the desire to give to others what you have been given so generously. You have your Mentor; I have my Director; may we not strive to give in unity their teachings in common?

Faithfully yours,

HEINRICH KLEIN.

NOTE: Is it not better to let this letter stand as it does, rather than, in my inexperience, seek to unite two currents, however harmonic, into one flow? It is enough for a beginner to strive to make his daily life a resultant of the Forces of Help and Love applied to him.

SERVETUS.

WHY I JOINED THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

IN 1885 my attention was first called to mental healing. Upon reading a book on the subject which appealed to me as reasonable, I became deeply interested and pursued the teaching vigorously—going from one teacher to another until I was landed in Christian Science. Having a number of very near and dear friends who were ardent students of this cult I joined with them, determined to find the Truth and to make it, if possible, a living power in my life. I certainly tried most earnestly and diligently to be a true and faithful follower of the Christian Science teachings.

Born a physiologist and mechanic, I very naturally was deeply interested in that most wonderful of all machines—the human body. The idea of denying the body—which Paul taught is the “temple of the living God”—was the first flaw in the doctrine. The greater the effort to put it aside, the more it would not down. Then too, the inconsistencies of the teachings insisted upon looming up bigger and bigger. The body is nothing but an illusion—still it was very easy to see that the Christian Scientists delighted in supplying the best fuel to keep the fire of life burning in it, also in arraying it in fine apparel and in enjoying the luxuries as well as those who made no claim to spirituality. A generous price was asked for imparting instruction which should lead the learner into the paths of health and wealth and all good things. Mrs. M. G. B. Eddy appeared to be more of a despot than the Pope at Rome. Students should not read outside of the books recommended (and mostly written) by her. Having come into this life with a rebellious disposition and an inclination to be free and untrammelled, and also having learned of the Theosophical teachings which meant freedom from all jokes except such as one might choose, I dropped Christian Science and devoted my energy to seeking Truth as found in Theosophy.

At first the idea of reincarnation did not appeal to me simply because I did not comprehend it. On looking around over humanity and seeing the great majority of human beings born in misery—life a constant struggle—followed by death without a ray of light—life did not seem worth the living. Why then should one desire to return again and again simply to repeat the agony?

As an accompaniment to reincarnation Karma was presented. Karma, the law which adjusts all effects to their causes—the law that each one receives the just reward of one’s own deeds, be they good or evil.

It seemed then that life must be a school—a graded school in which one may advance rapidly, from grade to grade, or loiter along the way, because the gift of absolute *free will* has been ours from the beginning. In this light reincarnation seemed an unmeasurable blessing and all the theosophical teachings reasonable and more soul-satisfying than any or all others.

Then too, I found the members of the Theosophical Society to be following the teaching—they were giving themselves—their time—their knowledge—their money, and their hearts to the work.

The *Voice of the Silence*, page 34, teaches “To live to benefit mankind is the first step.” Evidently these members were earnest believers and followers of these teachings which lead towards unselfishness. Jesus promised (*John 12-32*) “I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me.”

If the teachings of Theosophy are lived, one must be lifted up above the hurry and worry of life and thus be enabled to help fellow sufferers.

The Bible as interpreted by Theosophy was much more comprehensible and livable than it ever was before, and life itself so much more desirable, that I determined to apply for membership and was graciously welcomed into the fold. For twenty-one years Theosophy has been a neverfailing source of peace and joy. I am truly thankful that it was my privilege to learn of those blessed Masters who have made it possible for humanity to have this wider, deeper, truer understanding of life. They have lifted the veil that all who will, may catch a glimpse of the light which leads to the consciousness of immortality and robs death of its sting.

C. G.

My story is short and not nearly so interesting as many of those that have appeared in the QUARTERLY.

About the year 1880 a very dear friend who was a spiritualist used to let me read the “*Medium and Daybreak*,” and I became deeply interested in reports of lectures given by Madam Blavatsky and Col. Olcott who were then in London. I thought they were spiritualists, but were organizing a society for the more advanced spiritualists. A little later Mr. James Burns, the Editor, published a criticism of the everyday life of Madam Blavatsky and the Colonel that was a surprise to me and seemed altogether impossible, but later was confirmed by reliable witnesses. The rough swearing and cigarette smoking of Madam Blavatsky were so opposed to my puritan training that I was shocked, and concluded that a society organized by such people could not serve any good moral purpose, and although deeply interested I did not have anything further to do with it.

Shortly afterwards I came to America but do not remember meeting a single Theosophist, or seeing any book or pamphlet on the subject until the Spring of 1902. I was then living in Indianapolis and was attracted by the title of a lecture to be given at the rooms of the Theosophical Society. I went and was greatly pleased, got an introduction to the lecturer, Dr. Adkinson, who was president of the society. I afterwards attended the weekly meetings of the society, read some books and pamphlets, and had two or three interviews with the president, who asked me to sign a blank application for membership, which I did. The sincerity, devotion and self-forgetfulness of the man charmed me, and the books I read seemed to tell me something I knew but had partially forgotten. This is how and why I joined the Theosophical Society.

JOHN SCHOFIELD.

DEAR MR. GRISCOM :

Your letter of the 16th is here. I am sorry you are disappointed with my letter on "Why I Joined the Theosophical Society," but I am not surprised, for it is the plain truth that I have no *experiences* worth relating on this subject.

I had lived for fifteen years in America and never met a Theosophist nor read a book or an article on the subject until I attended the lecture in Indianapolis. I found what seemed to be a broadminded and congenial set of people who were discussing subjects in which I was interested, and inside of three weeks I signed the application for membership and joined the Theosophical Society just as I would have joined any other club discussing similar subjects. Ideals did not count, for I knew nothing of them, except that of Universal Brotherhood, and that was professed by several other societies and I did not take it seriously. To be perfectly frank I joined from purely selfish motives, first the desire for knowledge, and second, the repeated assurances of Dr. Adkinson that by joining the society I would find great help for my work as a minister. I think you will agree with me that this experience is not worth the space it would occupy in the *QUARTERLY*.

With kindest regards I am, cordially yours,

J. SCHOFIELD.

I have been asked to state why I joined the Theosophical Society. My answer is that it was an inevitable action or proceeding on my part which could not have been avoided had I been so inclined, for I had found that for which I had been searching from the time of my early

boyhood. I cannot say that I was born an agnostic, but from the time of my early youth I failed to find in the religious teachings that desired something which seemed to escape me.

My parents were liberal minded persons, but did not neglect my religious instruction. I attended Sunday School classes, and in due time Church meetings, and one time, when in delicate health, my parents sent me to a Jesuit school in the mountains of Pennsylvania, more for the improvement of my health, however, than for religious instruction. I was then ten years of age. Being an ardent student, I always applied myself to the conditions at hand, and while at the Jesuit school I made a study of the religion taught and of the ceremonies of the Church, and acquired considerable knowledge in that respect;—but there was that desired something lacking that I could not find.

I afterwards attended a school on the Hudson river, New York, and as a young man continued my search for that undefinable something which always seemed to be in advance of me. I was a consistent reader of the advanced writers of the day, with liberal tendencies, and went through many spiritistic investigations, but with no improvement and no satisfaction.

I was in New York City in the year 1875, when Madam H. P. Blavatsky brought the Oriental Doctrine to the West, and coming to my attention, I made an investigation of it, and then realized that I had overtaken that desired something which previously had been just beyond me.

I did not then join the Theosophical Society, although I had accepted the doctrine, owing to a particular personal condition, but subsequently I did so. I can but reiterate that my joining the Theosophical Society was an inevitable action.

A. L. L.

Until I read the QUARTERLY articles under the above title, it had never occurred to me to ask, "Why I joined the Society." As I now ask myself that question, I take a retrospective glance, and think of myself during my girlhood days. A natural, lively, cheery girl, entering with interest and zeal into all activities pertaining to school, home, and social life, in a typical New England village.

When very young I joined the Methodist church, but as its requirements barred me from living naturally, I drifted away—backsliding as they term it. In those days I did not often express my inner thoughts to others, and few could have imagined that the deeper problems of life ever concerned me in the least: yet my heart was hungering for something quite different from the external activities which absorbed the attention of our social set. I recall now how often I questioned: what does all this social whirl amount to;—so many misunderstandings, trials,

and tears,—I wonder if this can be all there is to life? No answer came from the outer life, but within I felt an assurance that somewhere, some day, in some far-away place, may be,—I should contact those who could aid me to find what I needed but could not define.

After a time I met those who were interested in Anthropology. I at once entered into that study with zest, and derived much satisfaction for some time. Later I became a close friend of a very sincere lady who was a born psychic, and learned much about phenomenal spiritualism. Becoming convinced that one may amuse oneself upon the psychic plane, as well as here on the material plane, I began again my search for something that would satisfy the soul longing.

Soon I began the study of mental science, and thought that at last I had found all any one could wish for. I discovered, however, that, as usual, I was following a circumscribed and limited pathway. Concluding that I had received all the help through that study I could utilize I searched further. I realized that I might not have grasped all there was along that line, but for me, that line of investigation and study had served its purpose.

I attended lectures upon all topics, launched into this and that ism, biology, etc., and learned something with every effort, but was ever conscious of limitations, and I seemed to revolve around a small circle. When this thought came forcefully I lost interest at once and again looked, longed and waited. Astrology attracted my attention, but dealing with events was not for me. I took up the study of character, and learned much regarding man's relation to the planetary system, which helped me to something of a conception of this vast Universe, and the Unity of all manifesting life. My mind was satisfied, but that undercurrent of questioning continued so persistently that I felt sure there must be something broader, and deeper, than I had yet fathomed.

I attended a lecture where for the first time I heard of "Reincarnation," but could not understand it. "Karma," the law of "cause and effect," I could see working all about, and I do not now know when I accepted "Reincarnation." Not until I learned the need of that tenet, to account for so many things, that I could not get along without accepting it as true.

My quest, and long search at last brought me into contact with some very earnest students of Theosophy, with whom I began my investigations along that line of thought. Attending lectures, classes, and reading many books, aided me in discovering that at last I had found something which was not too circumscribed, and realizing how unselfishly those students worked for the love of truth and their fellow men, I resolved to join the Theosophical Society, that I too might help some one who perhaps, was floundering about as I had been so long.

Today I know why I joined the Theosophical Society; because I know that in this teaching and work I had found what my heart so

long craved. I am glad that I sought truth along other lines first, for now I *know* that Theosophy embraces all that is good in every line of thought, and more;—as it teaches us the law upon all planes of life, it aids us in discovering errors, or what may be lacking to make all true and complete. I shall not again be seeking along side lines for truth, for I find the teachings of Theosophy so vast and grand, that in my present incarnation I shall not be able to fathom its depths.

I was glad to have the Bible illumined, as Theosophy throws its light upon what I could not understand, and grasping the inner meanings arouses a devotion and aspiration never realized before.

When I meet earth's sorrowing ones, I wish from my heart they could know Theosophy, even the little I have been able to apply to life, for they would then find a strength and solace, under all trials, and be aided in meeting bravely what they must face.

Though I sense so much beyond me that I have not grasped, I am so well satisfied with the teachings, that I shall remain "joined" to the Theosophical Society, needing no side lights, while I try to follow the "One Light," which leads on and on, until I imagine we may in due time come into a realization of that Unity, which sees each one a brother, all a part of one grand whole, and "The One Self" over all.

F. T. S.

"Not finding fault with either God or man saves a great amount of time, and makes life a great deal easier."

A. F. H.

ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

WAR

THE world is at war. Everyone, if only by reason of his inner attitude, is involved in it.

Is war of necessity an evil? Has it compensations? May it, in certain circumstances, be preferable to peace? What are the fruits of peace? What are the fruits of war? These are some of the questions which confront us.

If a man, in the course of a journey, pauses to take his bearings, he must first recall his journey's goal. With that in mind, he will pass in review the direction he has been following and the manner in which he has pursued his end. If, confronted by a river, he regards that as necessarily an obstacle, and is blind to the bridge which spans it and is forgetful of his thirst which the river can assuage, we may know him as a traveller who will never arrive. We may infer also that he travels a straight road with equal stupidity and with even less consideration of his goal.

The world is at war. Let us pause and take our bearings. What is the end toward which the world should be working? What is the direction in which it has been moving? In what manner has it pursued its end? With insignificant exceptions, the world has been at peace since the Franco-Prussian War of 1870. What use has been made of this peace?

THE PROBLEM CONSIDERED PERSONALLY

If a man were asking himself such questions about his own life and conduct, he would not find it easy to answer them. He would have to do a great deal of thinking, and of honest thinking. He would have to get rid of much mental rubbish before he could clear the issue and see things as they are. He would have to examine his "Table of Values," for otherwise he would certainly confuse gain with loss and loss with gain. And because, up to a certain point, it is easier to see into the lives of others than into our own, he would, if he were wise, check his table of values in the light of his observation and experience.

Let us imagine that he does this. He values, for instance, prosperity and success. He admits that. Must he in any way qualify his estimate? He remembers a friend of many years ago. The man was prosperous. He had a nice wife and children, to whom, in a way, he was devoted. But he drank. He was not an uproarious drunkard, but a steady drinker, and his nerves were so irritable that he made his wife wretchedly unhappy, while his children feared and disliked him. Quite suddenly he was left penniless. It was a terrific blow. But he rose to the situation. He

stopped drinking instantly, and never touched a drop again. He became gentle and kind. After two or three years of hard struggle, he developed cancer which was operated on and removed. He never complained. His cheerfulness and courage were extraordinary. He was the life of his home. The cancer returned, and was again removed. The harder fate hammered him, the kinder and more considerate he grew, and also the more serene and quietly cheerful. His wife and children came to idolize him, and he deserved it. Prosperity had nearly ruined him. Adversity made him almost a saint. But it was not merely a question of virtue, of goodness. In terms of the man's own happiness, adversity had helped him incalculably. He had been miserable during all those earlier years. Folly, therefore, to regard prosperity as a blessing and tribulation as a bane.

That much decided, and the Table of Values modified to that extent, the man who takes his bearings probably will jump to a conclusion. His intuition will have been liberated by even that small amount of thinking, because, though small in quantity it will have been honest in quality. He will continue to think, but his mind will act as instrument rather than as agent. Still, being human, his next impulse will be to expound his conclusions to a friend, to whom he will preach, partly to clarify further his own mind, but also, doubtless, with an eye to his friend's illumination and improvement. So we can imagine him asking, on some pretext or another—"Have you ever thought to what end Eternal Wisdom is working?" If his friend is considerate enough to look interested and interrogative, the sermon will be continued, not perhaps with great coherence, but in any case with conviction. Given the basis we have supposed, it would work itself out somewhat as follows.

THE PURPOSE OF LIFE

"I used the phrase Eternal Wisdom. But it is easier to think of her many agents, some seen but most of them unseen, and then to ask, To what end are they working? Is it for the preservation at any price of human life, say at the price of vivisection? Is it for the amelioration of conditions, giving this man more to eat, that one more to wear, another better air to breathe? Would the agents of Eternal Wisdom do this at the price of permanent injury to souls?

"Let me make the question more concrete. If the term of your life could be extended for three whole seconds at the cost of slowly torturing a rabbit, would you want it done? I think not. You would feel it to be, not a question of expediency, but of principle. It follows that you ought to feel the same way if, as the result of such torture, your life could be lengthened by three whole years; more than that,—if the average life of the race could be lengthened to the same extent.

"That sounds like an argument against vivisection, and it may be; but, for the moment, vivisection is not the point: and I must stick to the point. I am confronting you with a question of values.

“Suppose that you had to be shot in battle, would you rather be shot with your face to the enemy, or in the back, running away from him? Why? Suppose that no one knew or would ever know, and that example need not be considered: would that affect your choice or in any way modify your feeling? Again why? It will be clear in any case, I think, that there is something in you which sees further, higher, and more truly than considerations of utility. What are these higher values, so tremendous that literally they obliterate every motive upon which the philosophy of materialism and socialism is based? Self-preservation is *not* the first law of nature. And although a man call himself a materialist and may base his politics and his sociology on premises so false, he lives his life and dies his death, if he be half-way human, in response to impulses which are spiritual and which flow, not from his silly mind, but from his soul.

“It is for the victory of the soul that Eternal Wisdom works, she and her many agents, against the self-will of man. They would persuade him into Heaven, and he, like a naughty child, struggles and resists and, by his rebellion, makes for himself a Hell. And still the divine powers are patient, trying this means and then that, to show man where lies his peace; to lead him from self, which is suffering, to love which is God and Paradise.

“We can never see this in the world around us until we discover something of Wisdom’s purpose in our own lives. What is Wisdom trying to teach me, to teach you? From what and to what is she trying to lead us? Look at your last disappointment or humiliation or pain; ask yourself why self-love suffered, why self-will was checked? Eternal Wisdom is not mean or spiteful: she is loving and very wise. It is the cry of the soul that she heard and answered, and if at the cost of pain to us, then, like a mother, with far more pain to herself. For Wisdom is beautiful and infinitely tender; endlessly compassionate. Even in the Old Testament we are told, ‘In all their affliction, He was afflicted.’

“So the soul and its purposes are served, that man, triumphant over self, may walk the skies in glory, consciously immortal, a son of God and a second Christ.”

THE DESTINY OF MAN

There, we can suppose, the sermon ends. Whether the auditor would be convinced, we cannot tell. But the preacher in any case would have found his own bearings and would be in a position thereafter to steer a straighter course. His doctrine, truly, would not be new. Nor would it be peculiar to the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY. It has been voiced by everyone with any knowledge of the truth. It is peculiar only by reason of its exceeding orthodoxy; the modern theologian, seeking to justify the rags of belief still left to him, having passed over, for the most part, to the camp of the Humanitarians. And of all beliefs,

Humanitarianism, which pretends to exalt man, the most grievously degrades him. It has well been called the philosophy of self-stultification. Compare its creed of comfort, of three acres and a cow, of lower death-rate, of economic Alpha and Omega, with the narrow orthodoxy of a man like Father Gallwey, S.J. He says: "Some saints have said that every Christian must be a Christ. It is not less true that every Christian must be a Jesus, a Saviour." And again: "At last the great truth will grow upon us, that as God is become Man, Man is to become God: that is, Man is to participate in the Divine Nature." Or there is St. Fulgentius: "Christ, for the greater glory of His Father, labours within us, without weariness or intermission, and with his own divine hands shapes and kneads us, until our souls resemble his soul, and each one of us becomes another son of God—a new Christ, resplendent with sanctity."

In that high atmosphere we should be able to see in better perspective the things which make for and against the welfare of the individual and of mankind.

THE WAY OF GROWTH

And now, with less confusion, we can consider the question of war. The principles involved are the same, and, having dispelled to some extent the fog of bias which too often conceals those principles when personal or social problems are in dispute, we may hope to see more easily the spiritual value of war.

What does war mean? Clearly it means death, it means suffering, it means sacrifice.

It means death. Perhaps five hundred thousand men will die in battle during the next twelve months. I do not know how many hundred thousand, during the same twelve months, will die in their beds; but I for one, having seen many men die in their beds, would prefer for quite selfish reasons to be shot. None the less, war does mean terrible suffering, of heart and mind and body. To minimize that, would be to minimize love itself. War, so far as circumstances can control, is Hell. Only that far, however. For in the midst of Hell we can be in Heaven, and not until we have learned that art of living will the soul have triumphed over matter, or the destiny of man have been fulfilled.

The point is that until he has learned to live in that spirit—from that centre—he would turn the Garden of Eden into a shambles and would see in God Himself no more than a reflection of his own misshapen face. Only the pure in heart can see God; only the pure in heart can see Heaven. The impure, in the midst of Heaven, see Hell; the impure, face to face with God, see self.

WHAT WAR DOES

How, then, can we be made pure? Only by means of self-denial. Sacrifice destroys selfishness. Sacrifice gives life to the soul. That is why it has been said that there is no spot on earth so near to Heaven as

Calvary. Poor mothers, poor wives, poor sisters—with your men at war—our hearts must bleed for you; but those women who wept at the foot of the Cross were purged of self forever. For the men, not tears, but passion of prayer that they may have courage, magnificence of courage, invincible, unshakeable courage—courage which, for a man, is the noblest expression of manhood, because it involves the most complete surrender of self. For Love's sake—love of country it may be, or love of honour, or love of some man whom he follows, some woman left behind—he tramps through the dark night when he longs to sleep; he controls his hunger when he longs to eat; he controls his feet when he longs to run; he sacrifices everything which, in times of peace, he values most, including limbs and life itself.

War compels this, or in any case gives him unlimited opportunity. If a man is to play his part as he knows he should and as his women, if they be true women, would have him play it, war demands of him the exercise of qualities which are altogether spiritual. There is hardly an axiom of the spiritual combat which he does not need to live by. Here, for instance, is Scupoli: "This alone is thy concern, to fight manfully, and never, however manifold thy wounds, to lay down thine arms, or to take to flight." Without any thought of physical warfare, except to illustrate his principle, he defines an ideal soldier.

FINAL PERSEVERANCE

Think, too, of what is known theologically as "the grace of final perseverance": what emphasis is laid in mystical treatises on the need for that quality! "Suffer us not, at our last hour, for any pains of death, to fall from thee." But it means more than that. It means "doing unto the end what is commanded; doing it every day if it be commanded; writing the last line of a page with as much care as the first; taking the last stitch in a piece of work as conscientiously as the first; filling the last moments of a day as well as the first." It means refusal to fall short, if we can help it, of the highest and best we can see; never to rest content with imperfection in little or in big. It means that in every undertaking, whether civil or military, whether spiritual or material, it is the last twist of the will that counts. It means that nothing is settled until it is settled right, and that to make peace before right has been vindicated, merely postpones and almost inevitably prolongs hostilities. Just as regularity in meditation and in other spiritual exercises when the inclination is averse to them, is a supreme test of fidelity; just as "three o'clock in the morning courage" is a supreme test of courage, so the ability to carry on a war when all the enthusiasm for it has evaporated, tests to the uttermost a nation's moral stamina. Trade is at a standstill; women and children are starving: what is to be gained by "needless prolongation?" Unhappy the nation which has no prophet then! Why did it begin this fight? For what principles was it prepared to sacrifice

the lives of its sons? Have those principles been vindicated? Is victory complete? Better to perish, even as a nation, than be untrue to that ideal. Miracles only happen when all human means are exhausted. But when exhaustion is seen as weakness and is vanquished; when men who cannot walk will crawl to battle,—then miracles do happen: man, transcending nature by final sacrifice of self, lifts himself to the spiritual world, and the powers of that world rush to reinforce him. Even God, it has been said, has weaknesses, and He cannot resist the appeal of self-abandonment or of heroism, any more than He can resist the appeal of a child's simplicity. We must remember that God is very big.

WEALTH AND POVERTY

In all ways, therefore, war gives opportunity for growth as peace does not. It is like wealth and poverty. One is not of God and the other of the devil. Both are of God. But wealth is more severe a test. Poverty makes virtue easier. Wealth is more easily misused. Poverty encourages unselfishness. Wealth does not. Like illness, poverty can sour us instead of bless; can fill us with resentment instead of sanctify. But is there anything anywhere which man does not corrupt! "Lo, this only have I found, that God hath made man upright, but they have sought out many inventions." Is not Hell itself the horrible distortion and sacrilege of Love—self-love triumphant? None the less, poverty and illness do make for sacrifice: and so does war.

HOW MEN USE PEACE

Men will not sacrifice themselves, will not so much as sacrifice their habits, except under tremendous pressure from without; except when stimulated by some extraordinary demand. Peace, for the average man, does not supply this pressure. To the disciple, peace and war supply equal opportunity, because the disciple applies pressure on himself from within, and because he responds to the pressure of Eternal Wisdom and her agents, who hear the disciple's prayer for growth, for service. But the ordinary man does not desire pressure; he desires lethargy, and only at times does he desire as much as license to satisfy his flickering desires. The ordinary man is very sound asleep.

Eternal Wisdom must wake him. See how he drugs himself! See how he uses peace! Consider the years from 1871 to 1914: perhaps it is enough to say that they culminated in the Tango! But take this one fact: in a Parish in one of our Eastern cities, not long before the war broke out, it became the duty of the Rector to provide luncheon for an annual outing of women whose husbands earn on an average not more than twelve dollars a week. In some cases the family earnings are supplemented by those of older children, bringing the average weekly income possibly to as much as fifteen dollars per week. These families never save,

and in every case, without exception, should the principal wage-earner, through illness or other cause, be out of work for more than two weeks, the family becomes destitute and has to be provided for, either by the Parish, or by some one of the big charity organizations specially called in for the purpose.

On the occasion of these outings in previous years, the women had provided their own luncheons. This year, for special reasons, the Rector decided that the Parish should provide. Proceeding on the principle that if a thing is worth doing at all it is worth doing properly, he took steps to find out the amount of food which the women, in past years, had provided for themselves. He was appalled by the result of his investigation, but, unwilling to seem mean or to fall short of their requirements, he supplied, for 28 women, 4 small children and 2 babies :

100 ham sandwiches,
 90 large, thick milk crackers,
 7 dozen boiled eggs,
 3 pounds of cheese,
 4 bottles of pickles,
 136 bananas,
 Unlimited hot coffee.

This was for lunch. Each sandwich consisted of a large slice of ham and of two thick slices of bread the size of the loaf. For early afternoon tea, he supplied 108 individual cakes. Everything was eaten. Not a crumb remained over. It is almost incredible, but it happens to be true. It means habitual gluttony, conscienceless improvidence, inexcusable self-indulgence. It means that the working people of this country, except under immediate compulsion, will not deny themselves, will not control their appetites. And the rich, "whose God is their belly," are not one whit better.

SELF-INDULGENCE

The annual drink bill in the United States alone amounts to \$2,336,662,338.00. Such figures are unthinkable. Others are more within our range. Thus the city of New York spends \$365,000,000 a year—one million dollars a day—for drink. The Chicago saloons alone (which excludes private clubs and the consumption in better-class homes) do a business of over \$150,000,000 annually.

In the United States, the consumption of liquors per head of the population in 1870 was just under 8 gallons. The consumption rose steadily until 1893, by which time it was over 18 gallons per head. It decreased somewhat during the next two years, though still more than double the figures for 1870. From 1895 until 1907 the consumption increased, with oscillations, from just under 17 gallons to considerably over 22 gallons per head. There was a slight decline until the end of

1909. The figure for 1911 was the same as that for 1907. In brief, from 1870 to 1913, the consumption per head increased from under 8 gallons to over 22 gallons.*

The annual expenditure on ice cream and candy in the United States amounts to about \$541,000,000.

In addition to such direct proof of self-indulgence, no one can have failed to observe, among all classes of society, the most vulgar self-seeking. Little thought of anything except of how to have "a good time," and the standard even under that head falling lower and lower every year.

Europe was very little better. The rapid acquisition of wealth by upstarts had demoralized society everywhere. Some countries were worse than others, depending in large measure upon the extent and the newness of their prosperity—the more prosperous, the more vicious. Success was accepted as cover for almost any sin. Truth and Goodness and Beauty were dethroned, and Force was set up in their place. The Superman was defined in terms which makes of him a devil and not a god.

AN EMASCULATED RELIGION

At the other extreme, religion too often has been made to stand for mawkish sentimentality. Christ, accepted by the western world in theory as its Saviour, ought, for that reason, to have been recognized as the ultimate splendour of manhood, as Warrior of warriors and as King of kings; instead of which he has been portrayed by most of his followers as if he were effeminate, and a dreamer of beautiful dreams. This, of course, is when he has been recognized at all, for in many cases, although his name may still be used, there has been set up in his place, for his people's worship, an imaginary conglomerate of needs and griefs called The Poor. Truly the needs of the poor are many and real are their griefs: but when Materialism thinks that it sees, it sees nothing but itself, and only he who knows the spirit can attempt, without certainty of doing harm, to aid and comfort the body.

Life, therefore, was no longer seen as a combat, while the efforts made in the name of religion or of brotherhood were to reduce rather than to increase the need for effort. It was a condition which necessarily precipitated a crisis. So long as sin exists, Eternal Wisdom must war against it. We can either fight with Wisdom or against her, first in our own hearts and then in the world around us. But fight we must, and when we refuse to obey that eternal law of life it means only that, in our hearts, we have sided with the enemy. Wisdom is not vanquished. Wisdom grieves but fights on: fights ceaselessly for our salvation; and,

* From the Statistical Abstract of the United States, 1913, issued by the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, Department of Commerce.

by reason of our refusal to fight with her, is compelled to throw out, into objective, physical expression, the inner warfare we have failed to wage. For that reason the world is at war.

THIS COUNTRY'S ATTITUDE

Some would say that this country so far has been "spared." What then is the meaning of that old saint's saying—"Of all bad weather what we ought to dread most is a calm, and the greatest danger we can incur is not from having adversaries, but from having none?" Can it be that we, of this country, have not earned, by our effort and aspiration, the purging which the rest of the world undergoes? Or is there laid up for us the far more dreadful purging of class dissension and civil, fratricidal strife? What makes us think, as a nation, that we are better than our neighbours? Need we add the sin of the Pharisee to the list of our other offences? The reader perhaps will say, according to his bias,—“But at least we would not do *that!*” The reader, in that case, will have overlooked the fact that every nation at war today is represented in this country by many thousands of men and women, who have not changed their spots for crossing the Atlantic. We, as a people, have all the sins of Europe and our own sins as well. Better for us to say, before it is too late, “God be merciful to me a sinner!”

We have not struggled, we have not fought. We have denounced the wickedness of others while, in our own lives, we have done those things we ought not to have done and have left undone those things which we ought to have done, and have not repented. If ever a nation needed purging, this one does; yet, in face of writing on a wall as large as half the world, all we gain from our daily papers, as an expression of this country's comment, is that our democratic institutions save us from Europe's fate! Such self-deception, such fatuous ineptitude, would bewilder if it were not part of the disease. But God is not mocked, and, if we be not doomed to perish, our time must come. Death and suffering and sacrifice must be forced upon us by the kind, strong hand of Wisdom.

Yet—is it too late? Might not this nation, now, at the eleventh hour, turn from its ways voluntarily? Must it be said of us, as by Paul to the Jews of Rome—“Hearing ye shall hear, and shall not understand; and seeing ye shall see, and not perceive: for the heart of this people is waxed gross, and their ears are dull of hearing, and their eyes have they closed; lest they should see with their eyes, and hear with their ears, and understand with their heart, and should be converted, and I should heal them?”

“If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace.”

T.



THE ART OF LIVING

IV.

THE purpose of Life is conscious reunion with God. All that prevents the attainment of this goal is self-created, and arises from the exercise of our wills when opposed to divine Will; we break spiritual laws, and so cloud our vision and create limitations. These limitations contain within themselves their own cure, which is pain. We cannot break a law of nature without paying a penalty, but when the penalty is paid, the barrier is transformed into a step towards union. Therefore, in the last analysis, the Art of Living resolves itself into getting rid of our limitations, which are the creations of our self-will.

This is the object of all the religious teaching which has been given to the world, therefore there are as many methods as there are religions. Each religion is a method, is another effort to express the laws of life and to show how they must be interpreted and obeyed. Different religious leaders and teachers lay the emphasis on different phases of the Art of Living, just as in the Art of Painting, one school will insist upon the most painstaking and accurate drawing, another will depend upon grouping and arrangement, another upon perspective and the delicate handling of light and shade, while still another will teach that if the colours be sufficiently rich and true, the best effects will be achieved. But, just as all these elements must be present in a fair degree, no matter which one is made the dominant feature, in order to produce a satisfactory picture, so in the Art of Life, while the emphasis may be laid on one element, all must be used in order to reach perfection.

Mr. Johnston, in the introduction to his translation of the *Bhagavad Gita*, says that the four great methods of solving the mystery of life are through Intellect, Will, Works, and Feeling. Generalizations are often unsafe, and are usually inaccurate, but, perhaps it may be suggested that each one of the four great world religions represents one of these four methods.

Brahmanism, which has developed the philosophy of life far more than any of the other religions, stands essentially for the intellect. The

Brahman has reasoned out the way to Union, and endeavours to treat it according to an elaborate ritual and ceremonial.

Buddhism, which teaches the worthlessness of material existence, uses the Will to conquer the lower nature and to make a complete renunciation of life. The Will is the chief weapon used by the Buddhist in his journey towards Union.

Mohamedanism is a religion of action. Its exponents were the greatest proselytizers known. They carried the teachings of the Prophet to all their adjacent world at the point of the sword and by the most enthusiastic and strenuous exertion. The Mohamedan is essentially an exponent of the method of Work.

Christianity, on the other hand is the religion of Feeling. It places Love on the throne and makes it the power to draw the reluctant human soul forward on the age-long way. Christ's two greatest commandments are based on Love; love of God and love of our neighbor. With love as the motive force, however, the Christian must also cultivate the other three methods if he wishes to reach perfection. It is only a one-sided development which ignores intellect; will; or works.

In the *Bhagavad Gita* occurs the famous dialogue between Krishna and Arjuna as to which is the better way, union through works, or union through renunciation. Krishna replies that the goal of both is the same, but that union through works is the better way. Sound advice to Arjuna, and to all other human beings of the Arjuna type. Buddha, on the other hand, taught renunciation; the worthlessness of material life and the desirability of liberation from the Wheel of Rebirth. He did not discountenance action, he taught that we must surrender the fruits of all action, so as to avoid future entanglements. Life must be so lived that all roots in the soil of human existence are cut and withered. We must get away from life, because it is valueless, and become pure spirit. Christ taught another Way. We must make life valuable by bringing spirit into it. We must not avoid trials, but meet them and make spiritual capital of them. There is something of the militancy of Mohamed in Christianity, combined with the tenderness of the Buddha, without his passivity. From a superficial standpoint, there would appear to be less of the intellect in Christianity than of the other three, but this is only an appearance, as we shall see by approaching the subject from a different point of view.

We may characterize the great religions in another way. The essence of the system of Brahmanism is a supreme effort for purification. The whole life of the Brahman from before birth, until after death, is one sustained effort to maintain a sacerdotal purity, or to recover it if lost through some conscious or unconscious infraction of the rules. It is an incredibly elaborate and complicated ritual, covering every conceivable action in life. It is the supreme effort of the intellect to

legislate the Soul into Heaven. Its keynote is purification—typified by the monastic vow of chastity.

Buddhism, renunciation of life, and of all the rewards which life offers, is an apotheosis of the vow of poverty, which can have no higher expression than that complete renunciation of everything which the Buddha inculcated.

Mohamedanism carried to an unparalleled degree the following of a prophet, and a system. The superb obedience of the Faithful has never been equalled by a whole people of any other race or time. The followers of Islam have given the world its best example of the vow of obedience.

So we have each one of these three great religions typifying and carrying to the highest level yet reached by a whole people, one of the age-long vows of Chastity, Poverty and Obedience. As all three are necessary to perfection, Christ, taking Love as the greatest power in the universe, used it as the keystone of His method, which at once becomes sufficiently comprehensive to include the essential features of all other systems. The sheer genius of it compels our reverential admiration.

This analysis, faulty as such generalization must be when dealing, so briefly, with such huge subjects, makes one truth stand out very clearly, and that is what we are working toward. That truth is that whatever method we adapt for the imperative duty of self-conquest and self-development, a method is necessary. We must have a Rule of Life in order to pursue effectively the Art of Life;—in order to get rid of our limitations;—in order to conquer our lower selves; in order to inherit that Eternal Life which is the reward of righteousness.

To do anything well there must be system and order. This is a fundamental need of human nature. The race has learned this lesson in all the common activities of life. We know that we must eat and sleep regularly to preserve physical health. To learn effectively, we must study systematically. To become good soldiers, we must be drilled; that is, made proficient in a regular and orderly way of doing everything that relates to military matters. A successful business must have hours and rules and system. Even correct thinking must follow certain dreadful laws called Logic. The same thing applies to the Art of Living. Human nature needs the help of system—of method, or it will become irregular and slack, and so fail to make progress.

Life itself supplies a rough and ready system for most people; an elementary rule. Nearly everyone is forced by circumstances to get up at a certain time each morning, to be at work at a given hour, to eat on a schedule, more or less fixed, and to return home and go to bed to get the necessary rest for the next day's occupation. Where this rule, as imposed by the pressure of circumstances, is slack, demoralization quickly results. The idle rich for instance, are rarely edifying. Most people misuse their Sundays and holidays when their "Rule" does not

compel them. Few people resist the temptation to sleep an hour or two longer on Sundays, not because they need the sleep, but because they hate to get up on the other days when they have to do so, and they wish to gratify their natural laziness, and desire to follow their own wills.

Socialists and humanitarians wish to ameliorate the condition of the human race, to give its members more leisure, "to cultivate their souls," but anyone who has made the most cursory study of how the average human being uses his leisure, knows that he is better off in the most exacting toil. So Life compels exacting toil, and will compel it, until the race has learned some of the elementary lessons of self-control. Nor can Providence give people leisure so that they may learn how to use it, any more than we can give a gun to a child. It is too dangerous: we must wait until the child has learned the lessons of carefulness and prudence.

Fortunately we do learn: Life slowly teaches us self-control—discipline—obedience—unselfishness—the necessity for labour—the danger of any form of self-indulgence—the need of restraining our lower passions and desires,—that progress lies through the gateway of self-conquest. Then another law begins to operate, just as fast as we take over into our own conscious direction the control of our lower nature it is released from the iron grip of circumstances, and we are permitted to be our own masters. This is a gradual process with infinite gradations. Certain things where we are weakest, are still controlled by Life; other things are in our own hands to use or abuse as we please and as our accumulated experiences teaches us to be desirable; and there is a very large middle ground,—a sort of twilight between the two extremes, where we are tested. We are given a little freedom to see what use we make of it, and if that use is bad, the grip of circumstances closes on us and we do as we must and not as we wish.

There are many examples of these three classes. Practically no one, for instance, is permitted the exercise of unlimited power. Even the very good man will do harm, if he is too powerful, because he is not wise enough to use power advantageously, so Power is one of the last gifts of the gods. Almost every one, on the other hand, has the unrestricted use of other gifts. Our thoughts are subject to no direct control save such as we choose or are able to exercise. The mid-point qualities—those of which we have a restricted use—vary widely with different individuals, depending upon their stage of progress, but leisure is one thing that is given and taken away, given and taken away, throughout our lives, according to the use we make of it. Remember that these things are judged by the Soul, from the standpoint of the soul, and not from any human standard; and each individual's case is controlled by and subject to his Karma.

It is, therefore, a universal problem for each person, to raise him-

self out of the common ruck who are, for their own eternal welfare, held in a sort of necessary slavery and, to become the captain of his own soul—the master of his fate. Having learned the elementary lessons of self-control, and being willing to take charge of his own life, he makes a bargain with Providence, who gives him his opportunity. Of course the first thing that happens is a series of lamentable defeats; but he does not easily learn that he is incapable of managing his destiny. In spite of repeated experiences—in spite of a thousand thousand falls, his pride and vanity still whisper to him that he can do anything he chooses. It is no uncommon thing for a confirmed and hopeless drunkard to assert most positively that he can “cut out drink,” any time he desires to do so, and the marvel of it is that it can be done—he feels that instinctively—but *he* cannot do it, and that he does not realize. He, plus repentance and contrition—plus a genuine and earnest appeal to the Higher Powers, can do it,—can do anything. In that sense there is no such thing as a hopeless drunkard: in the personal sense almost all drunkards are hopeless.

Sooner or later the struggling human soul gradually realizes that he cannot win the fight alone. Then begins real progress—discipleship. Previous to that it has been an age long gathering of necessary experience. The lower self will try every thing on all the planes of life, before it will allow the individual to confess itself defeated,—for defeat means its eternal destruction. Indeed it never does acknowledge defeat and never does stop its efforts to regain control, even when accumulated experience has induced the individual to throw it over and to place his reliance and his hopes on the side of the angels. In a thousand ways and with infinite subtlety, it will try to undermine the slowly building structure of spiritual life. Every weapon of evil is first used in the combat and when they fail, then all the good qualities in turn are twisted into insidious and doubly dangerous foes which the struggling neophyte must learn to conquer.

This tremendous fight goes on for ages. Countless are the defeats, countless the victories; many more the indecisive battles, but remember, in the end the soul must win, for it is immortal, and it never gives up. The forces of evil, self-engendered, are always limited and must become exhausted. Therefore patience and endurance are very necessary qualities in the warfare of the Soul.

Let us assume then that the reader of this has reached the point in evolution where he wishes to leave the general stream of human life, and, taking himself in hand, start on the short cut to Heaven. What shall he do? First, as already indicated, he must realize fully, completely, and forever, that he cannot win the fight alone. As a matter of fact he will need on his journey three kinds of help; he must be aided by those above him, by his comrades on the journey, and by those below him whom he has helped. But the first thing that need concern him is the help of those above him, for, getting that, all else will be well. This

help he gets by asking for it. It is very simple. All great spiritual truths are simple. Indeed, in some respects it is simpler even than this statement. He will get the help he needs, not only by asking for it, but by being willing to receive it. The Masters are much more anxious to help us than we are to receive their help. They are eagerly anxious to pour out their aid and ceaselessly hunt for opportunities to do so, while we sullenly, grudgingly and reluctantly turn to them when we are desperate in our need. So we cannot hope to jump from the first stage of determination to start the Higher Life, to the second stage, where we turn our life over to the Higher Powers to be managed for us because we have learned that we are incompetent and incapable of managing it ourselves. That takes a long time and there are very many minor phases to be lived through, many simpler lessons to be learned, much self-control to be exercised, before this important and essential step is reached and we are capable of taking it. And this is where the Rule comes in. No competent person will take charge of another's life and tell him what to do, until he has taken charge of his own life and learned thoroughly the lessons which that tremendous experience will teach him. The elementary stages must be lived alone, or with such help as you can get from books and comrades on the Path. It is in this stage that we must learn the value of obedience, for we must be obedient to a self-imposed rule before any Master will give us a Rule. We must learn to discipline ourselves by a self-imposed Rule, before anyone will undertake to discipline us. We must learn humility, and drink its cup to the dregs, before our arrogance and pride will bend before an acknowledged superior without danger of a flare-up of egotism that would be fatal. We must conquer the cruder sins of the flesh, before we are fit to receive direct divine assistance. There is very much to do in this preliminary stage, and for all of this a Rule of Life is essential. Therefore, our next section will discuss the necessary elements of a Rule of Life.

C. A. G.



REVIEWS

Soeur Thérèse of Lisieux: An Autobiography. The human nature of the Masters is difficult for many of us to believe and understand. We could fancy them, perhaps, as demi-gods, an extraordinary kind of being raised above all human interests. But it is difficult for us to think of them as substantial real beings, of a higher degree than our own, and yet, at the same time, responding to human appeals. The Autobiography of Soeur Thérèse of Lisieux may remove such mental barriers, alike from non-Christians as well as from Christians. The record of her life shows intercourse with a human Master. Her relation with Him was that of a child toward an elder. This book charms and fascinates. It is of intense interest and convincing. It reveals a soul of heroic mettle. It stirs memories of great saints in bygone times.

Thérèse Martin, "The Little Flower of Jesus," was born in 1873. She lived twenty-four years, dying in the Carmelite convent she had entered at the age of fifteen. Admission at so tender an age was against all precedent, but the determined child had aspired from very infancy after the religious life, and by courageous patience overcame all obstacles.

She dedicated herself to the child Jesus. Complete self-surrender to the Divine Will represented itself to her in this simile: she would give herself as a toy to the infant Jesus for His pleasure. Whatever life should bring her, she would regard as an incident natural to such a toy, dropped or handled by the Holy Child. Simplicity, naiveté and consequent charm mark her relation with her Master. St. Teresa, the valiant founder of the Carmelite order, is said once to have prayed for the restoration of a dying brother in the following manner: "If it were your brother, O Lord, and you were praying to me, I would grant your prayer." It is said her Master found that simple trust irresistible. So Soeur Thérèse makes her invocations. She was praying that a notorious criminal might repent before execution. She told her Master that He ought to grant this request because it was made for her first sinner.

Something of the great St. Teresa's humour shines also from the radiant face of this daughter. She tells how she put up her hair for her interview with the Bishop to make herself look old and thus gain admission to the convent. Before her death it became her duty to direct the lives of the Novices. Many of them wearied her with compliments and admirations. But this feast of sweets, she writes, was often relieved by salads, full of pepper and vinegar—when the irritated novices would "speak their minds" and tell her what they thought of her.

The Autobiography (written by the order of the Mother Superior) shows a joyful life of strict discipline. Thérèse was so bent upon the conquest of her lower self that her ideal and practice was not even to write a letter unless her lower nature were disinclined to that duty.

It has been said of Thérèse that she touched earth only with the tips of her toes. She herself said she lived in Heaven. Any one who would make his own her practical belief in the continued humanity of the Master, would soon, I believe, come to knowledge of the reality of spiritual things. Between three and

four hundred thousand copies of the book are said to have sold in France alone in the past five years. It has been admirably translated into English and is published by Messrs Kenedy & Sons, New York.

ALFRED WILLISTON.

Cahiers de la Quinzaine. I put aside my evening newspaper which I have eagerly read for war news, and I take up the last *Cahier* that has come to me from Paris. It is dated July 12, 1914. It is a volume of verse by François Porché, one of the writers for the *Mercure*. It describes some of the elements of French character that often escape the eyes of tourists. The book is in no sense apologetic or combative. It is just the author's joy because he is a Frenchman.

On médit de nous parce qu'on envie
Ce grain de sel fin,
Cet esprit qui donne en France à la vie
Un goût si bon qu'on en a faim.

The last section of the volume is entitled "Derrière les Faisceaux." It is a reverie behind the gunstacks, during some military review. The poet's imagination transforms the review into a real scene of battle.

L'appel des foyers, l'appel séculaire au-desus des vallées, de colline en colline.
Et cet appel pour la défense, l'esprit libre et sans peur l'agrémentait d'une
chanson: el cri instinctif de la vie menacée devenait grâce à lui une
apostrophe joyeuse.

Porché is one of the group who for fifteen years have been struggling with Monsieur Péguy of the *Cahiers de la Quinzaine* for a revival of old French traditions. In face of the great European conflict a reader is led to query how much of French public opinion actually finds expression in the work of Péguy and his friends. If they are at all representative of united France, France would seem to be returning to the Scriptural condition of righteousness. A recent brochure of Péguy's, *L'Argent*, contrasts the ideal of ancient France with the aims and results of present day socialists. Monsieur Péguy believes the old ideal still exists notwithstanding the havoc wrought by the socialists. Hence he hopes and works for its revival. I subjoin a few significant passages which describe the conditions of French peasantry under the two régimes.

"I was brought up among a people that was gay. At that period of my childhood a peasant's hut was a little corner of the world where people were happy. Today it is a place where men bear grudges toward one another, where they quarrel and fight, and even kill.

"I knew laborers who liked to work, who thought only of work. They would get up at any early hour and really sing at the thought of setting out for work. At eleven o'clock they would sing again on their way to a lunch of soup. They sang as they went to and fro. Work was their pleasure, the very root of their being, the reason for their existence. They looked upon work as an inestimable honor, the noblest and most Christian of all honor, as the only one, perhaps, which stands upright on its own legs.

"During that period of my childhood work was as honorably esteemed as during the Middle Ages. It was indeed the sentiment of the Middle Ages preserved intact. I have seen exquisite care for perfection both in details and in the work as a whole. One might call that sentiment the religion of conscientious workmanship maintained with scrupulous care. I used to see people put rush bottoms in chairs with exactly the same attitude of mind and heart and with the same careful workmanship as if they were building cathedrals.

"Along with the respect for labor there went allied sentiments—a respect for age, for parents, for the family and a true respect for children. Naturally there was a respect for women and—this is entirely lacking today—a respect *for* women by women *themselves*."
CLARENCE C. CLARK.

Collected Poems of Alfred Noyes. One is always so happy to find really good new poetry. For the poet is a herald of the King and the Kingdom—not in the body-guard to be sure, but at least a skirmisher. Noyes has been attracting special attention during the last few years. As a pacifist, his denunciations of war have accorded with the views of the Hague Congress and many less reputable organisations that invent plausible and unsound reasons for a world disarmament. That side of Noyes does not interest me at all. I omit all his peace-making and war-denunciatory verse as a mental limitation. All poets have limitations somewhere. What I do heartily admire in Noyes is his worthy continuation of the best English poetical tradition. As a rhythmist, he very often reminds one of that great artist Swinburne. Where, except in Swinburne, do we find such delightful movement as in this stanza?

The Heart of the woods, I hear it, beating, beating afar,
In the glamour and gloom of the night, in the light of the rosy star,
In the cold sweet voice of the bird, in the throb of the flower-soft seal,
For the Heart of the woods is the Heart of the world and the Heart of Eternity,
Ay, and the burning passionate Heart of the heart in you and me.

Substitute Swinburne's perverse and posing loyalty to France and Italy in place of the natural patriotism of Noyes, and one might mistake the following lines as Swinburne's.

There is a song of England that none shall ever sing;
So sweet it is and fleet it is
That none whose words are not as fleet as birds upon the wing.

Swinburne's great contemporary, Tennyson, has also left his mark indelibly on the new poet. All of Tennyson's exquisite delicacies throng vaguely about us through much of Noyes.

Satin sails in a crimson dawn
Over the silky silver sea
Purple veils of the dark withdrawn;
Heavens of pearl and porphyry.

"Japanese" is the adjective I have sometimes heard applied to Tennyson's color sense. Japanese thoughts arouse in Noyes a similar power of picturing them.

There, in the dim blue death of day
Where white tea-roses grow,
Petals and scents are strewn astray
Till night be sweet enow.

* * * *

Music of the starshine shimmering o'er the sea
Mirror me no longer in the dusk of memory:
Dim and white the rose leaves drift along the shore,
Wind among the roses, blow no more!

It is Tennyson the artist who has influenced Noyes—the Tennyson of 1830 and 1842—*The Lady of Shalott*, *Cenone*, *The Lotus Eaters*, etc., not the philosophizing poet of *In Memoriam*.

So it's here, she is here with her eyes of blue
 In England, in England!
 She has brought us the rainbow with her, too,
 And a glory of shimmering glimmering dew
 And a heaven of quivering scent and hue
 And a lily for me and a rose for you
 In England.

Noyes continues the tradition of a true religious meaning bodied forth in his lovely verse. True, Chaucer had no such religious intent, neither had Shakespeare. But Spenser had and Milton, also, Shelley and all the moderns, even Swinburne, in spite of himself. Noyes apprehends the spiritual significance of many of the Master's words. His loveliest long poem, "The Forest of Wild Thyme," is a deep appreciation of the words "Unless you become as little children, ye shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of heaven." The poem narrates the fairy adventures of two children who set out to seek a little dead brother whose loss makes the parents inconsolable. The children find the boy at last.

There, in one great shrine apart
 Within the Temple's holiest heart,
 We came upon a blinding light,
 Suddenly, and a burning throne
 Of pinnacled glory, wild and white;
 We could not see Who reigned thereon;
 For, all at once, as a wood-bird sings,
 The aisles were full of great white wings
 Row above mystic burning row;
 And through the splendour and the glow
 We saw four angels, great and sweet,
 With outspread wings and folded feet.
 Come gliding down from a heaven within
 The golden heart of Paradise;
 And in their hands, with laughing eyes,
 Lay little brother Peterkin.

If it be the poet's function to announce to men tidings of the spiritual kingdom, perhaps it is advantageous when the poet fulfils his task by revealing new beauties hidden in old forms. There is nothing startling or revolutionary in Noyes. He takes the old poetic scenes of Christian story, and, as a real *trouvère*, uncovers new loveliness there for our eyes.

A child was born in Bethlehem, in Bethlehem, in Bethlehem,
 A child was born in Bethlehem; ah, hear my fairy fable;
 For I have seen the King of Kings, no longer thronged with angel wings,
 But crooning like a little babe, and cradled in a stable.

The wise men came to greet him with their gifts of myrrh and frankincense,—
 Gold and myrrh and frankincense they brought to make him mirth;
 And would you know the way to win to little brother Peterkin,
 My childhood's heart shall guide you through the glories of the earth.

A child was born in Bethlehem, in Bethlehem, in Bethlehem;
 The wise men came to welcome him: a star stood o'er the gable;
 And there they saw the King of Kings, no longer thronged with angel wings,
 But crooning like a little babe, and cradled in a stable.

LUCY NEVILLE.

In the *Hibbert Journal* for the past twelfth-month there are several articles that stand out above the average for their positive additions to our present-day thinking. In the religious field, the center of interest has been Church Unity, whether broadly amongst many denominations, or limited to the divisions and factions within the Anglican and Scotch National Churches. On the last named theme there is a very able exposition of the "revolution" in process within the Scotch Church, by Sheriff R. L. Orr, K.C. Very noteworthy is the liberality and even breadth of view which the author traces in recent offered publications and utterances from the Church of Scotland's Committee. On the present Anglican situation three articles, perhaps, deserve special praise for their effectiveness. Foremost is that on "Kikuyu" by the Very Rev. Dean Henson, an admirable statement of a liberal churchman's point of view, clear-sighted, far-seeing, and a most adequate criticism of narrow church prejudice. "Ought There Be A Broad Church Disruption" by the Rev. Hubert Handley is a personal statement of beliefs that will appeal, on the same grounds as Canon Henson's paper, to a great many readers. "The Failure Of The Church Of England," by the Rev. A. W. F. Blunt lays its finger on the real fault—alienation from the Master through self-seeking, pride, and a man-made institution, too largely unguided by the spirit, and dependent therefore on petty human judgments.

In philosophy there have been two articles of prominence. One, "Bergson's Philosophy and The Idea Of God," by Henry C. Corrance, is a just and careful treatment of the subject; the other, "The Relation of Mystic Experience to Philosophy," by Sir Frederick Pollock, is a refreshing and valuable discussion of the latest scientific conclusions about mysticism, with a plea for open-mindedness on the part of scientific men. He appeals to Joan of Arc as one "high among the mystics, and yet her mission was neither religious or philosophical, and I never read that she was exercised about her own soul at all."

Mr. Rabindranath Tagore has contributed a well-constructed essay on "The Problem of Evil," which introduces the Eastern turn of mind, but shows also the fundamental agreement of all religion on this point.

There are many other articles of interest; and the book-reviews are, as usual, better than the average one reads in similar magazines. Altogether, the *Hibbert* seems still to be indispensable. A. A.

In The Way Of The Saints, by Geraldine E. Hodgson; a response to the awakening amongst church members of the call to saintship and mysticism. A thoroughly satisfactory book, and a useful complement to Evelyn Underhill's *Mysticism*, in that while the latter is purely academic and intellectual, the former appeals to the will. Miss Hodgson quotes St. Paul in his Epistle to the Corinthians, where he characterizes them as "called to be saints." Eight times she reminds us, Christ addressed himself to *any* man: "In any man." "There is no limitation or qualification, no way of escape save the dark path of deaf or callous disobedience" from this call. The first three chapters are a direct challenge to the weakness and compromise of the modern attitude, which shows itself in its "willingness to let, in the great name of charity, evil deeds pass without challenge." We are not tolerant, we are indifferent; we are not magnanimous, we are cowards. We lack definiteness, strength, "enduring hardness"; we shun responsibility, and are constantly scared by the "modern bogey—the Danger of giving Offense." She contrasts this forcibly with the courageous uncompromis-

ing vigor and spirit of the saints. "The two signal characteristics of the great Saints are a high degree of virile, practical efficiency, and a gaiety nothing can stifle." The third chapter, on Love, is a sterling appeal for some ideal above the lowest. "There is only one way to love man, and that is to love God first." This generation needs to be told these plain truths about itself, and it also needs to be shown where to look for a remedy. If the life of Jesus seems too remote, or is too familiar, study the lives of the saints, says our author; they were the essence of courage, and they alone of men knew how to love. From many sources she illustrates these points; stimulating the reader's interest with vigorous appeals to his manliness, or with penetrating disclosures of his human weaknesses. The last chapter deals with "The Direct Vision of God"; an achievement which the author says is not only a present day possibility, but a positive duty. Her definition of a mystic is worth quoting: "To the extent of endeavoring to deny ourselves for the sake of 'the only Fair,' to that extent we are all, so far as we are the least bit in earnest, mystics." It is a pleasure and a help to read so able and outspoken a writer.

J. B., JR.

The last numbers of the *Constructive Quarterly* are of unusual compass, and exceed in interest their predecessors. The magazine may be said to have found itself; and it fills a place that no other periodical even attempts to fill. The articles are not critical, are not looking for weaknesses and error and bigotry; but are opening the way for a synthesis of religious beliefs which roots itself in Christian feeling rather than in intellection, in charity rather than in reasoning. Church unity still holds first place. In the March number we find an English Baptist writing appealingly of "Unity in the Spiritual Fact," and immediately following him an exceedingly able essay by no less celebrated a Catholic than Cardinal Mercier, which discusses modern philosophers, Bergson, LeRoy, Blondel; and, while noting the differences, points out in no uncertain terms the unity of purpose and desire between these men and the Church he represents. Another series of great interest is four articles on Faith, by a member of the Scotch National Church, an Anglican Canon, a Jesuit, and the Russian Archbishop of North America, the Most Reverend Platon. The contrast of these affords an unusual opportunity for practising the Theosophic method,—the ideal towards which we feel this magazine to be working very directly. In the March number must also be mentioned an article by Bishop Gore on "The Place of Symbolism in Religion,"—which is thoughtful if unconvincing.

The June issue contains a powerful application of Christian thought to the modern idea of a "moving, changing world," by Henry Scott Holland. We agree with the spirit, where we cannot always agree with the narrowness of outlook, in this essay. We do not believe that "no other religion has a message or an interpretation to deliver to a changing world." We heartily coincide with Dr. Holland where he states the message Christianity has to offer. Dr. King's contention that Church Union must "be as wide as our Christian unity of spirit," and that "Where Christ has already received the church cannot reject" affirms a truth too little conceded. His theme, "The Confession of Christ," is a valuable contribution to the discussion of this subject.

There is a delightful article by M. Vallery-Radot on "The Renaissance of Catholic Lyricism," which is an able appreciation of the work being done by Charles Péguy, Claudel, and Jammes. Also a sketch of Jacopone da Dodé, by Edmund Gardner, which is full of charm and grace.

In an earlier issue Mr. Charles Johnston wrote, with his well-known originality, on Paul and Philo.

Readers of the QUARTERLY are recommended to turn their attention to this valuable magazine.

JOHN NEWCOME.



QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

QUESTION 176.—*I have been permitted to read the proof-sheets of the current QUARTERLY. Much is said in it about the spiritual value of war. How about the hate which war engenders?*

ANSWER.—Should we abolish police because they use force against criminals? Does a policeman hate the men whom he arrests? Would it not be better for us, and also for the criminals, if the police were to develop a fiery hatred of evil-doing? Of two evils, which is the worse: that a policeman should be tolerant of evil-doing, or that he should permit some of his hatred of evil-doing to run over into hatred of evil-doers? You have a home. A burglar enters it. A policeman passes. "Lo, the poor burglar," says the policeman; and he continues his way, meditating on the hard lot of burglars. Is it wicked of you to be annoyed with that policeman? Would it not be better for the soul of the burglar if the policeman stalked him from behind, cracked him over the head, and perhaps hissed at him, as he dropped—"You devil!"

It is only God who can hate enough, and it is incredible that He is satisfied with His hatred. Since man first made it, God has hated sin without a moment's pause and with inconceivable intensity. No one can hate sin unless he loves righteousness. Does the questioner love righteousness? Let us go further: does he love the man who keeps his word even at loss to self; does he love the man who is chivalrous, noble, generous, considerate, humble? If so, he will hate the man who is treacherous, brutal, ignoble, mean, and vain. He will hate him with vigour proportioned to his love of the soul—even of that man's soul. Because the soul is not a sentimentalist, and the soul of a bad man cries out to God to punish the evil which nails that soul to a cross of iron, to a bed of hell-fire

R.

QUESTION 177.—*Is the doctrine of reincarnation hostile to the theory of the effect of heredity upon character?*

ANSWER.—Not as I see it. According to the results of former incarnations, one is drawn, in the new incarnation, into a family where a body will be furnished which will provide the necessary tendencies to enable the reincarnating ego to continue its evolution. In a sense, the ego is inheriting from his own former incarnations, but his physical inheritance may help or hinder the speed of his development in that one life, and possibly the character of that life. A. F.

ANSWER.—It would seem that reincarnation alone justifies and proves heredity, and the opportunity it gives for making character. My boy has certain characteristics. I am going to try to place him in life where the good in him will come out and the evil be checked. If a soul has a lesson to learn, heredity gives the opportunity for the learning of the lesson without transgressing the Law of Free Will. If the theosophical teachings did nothing else, they would be

worth while for the joy they bring in taking injustice out of the working of the world. Heredity without reincarnation would be hideously unjust. Heredity with reincarnation is a loving and paternal opportunity given to learn something—to form character—to “make good.”
SERVETUS.

ANSWER.—No, the horse is not hostile to the cart but it usually comes first. Character determines heredity, and is then reacted upon by heredity. That heredity and environment is chosen for the soul which will best meet the needs of that soul. Life after life may be spent in overcoming some one besetting sin. As it gains in strength the soul's environment will not be that which will give it the easiest temporary victory, by default as it were. Rather will it take that physical heredity that will compel it to meet and conquer its weakness once for all, instead of glossing it over for a time in secret. Just as a pugilist in his training takes, not an easy victim but the strongest antagonist he can find, that he may be compelled to put forth his full strength, and so gain greater power.
J. B.

ANSWER.—The effect of heredity upon character can, I think, hardly be doubted. But character and its attainment may be easy or rendered more difficult by the environment enforced by the effect of heredity. I would regard the matter from the point of view of the Soul not from that of the body. In this way, character is a vesture and an instrument of the Soul. As it is the Soul which reincarnates or undergoes Re-birth, heredity and its effect becomes an opportunity by which the powers of the soul may be increased or hindered. The Soul makes its choice. But I should say that the doctrine of Reincarnation is not hostile to the theory of the effect of heredity upon character—but, rather, it gives the wider view which completes it.
A. K.

ANSWER.—By no means hostile. Reincarnation, or the Karma that governs the reincarnation, takes carefully into account environment, heredity, race and community peculiarities, every possible factor that will or might enter into the life of the soul,—and uses them all to develop the highest and best in the soul. Thus a man of past bad temper might be born into a family where he would “inherit” bad temper, and have, according to his deserts, either the opportunity to learn to control his own under constant provocation, or be forced to suffer the consequences and see the terrible harm that temper does, both in his family and in himself. Through mutual suffering, and after enough of it, all the souls would learn that temper does not pay, and would overcome it. Then, too, parents and children are seldom total strangers to each other; they have lived together before and their Karma is closely interwoven. Heredity, rightly understood in any given case, would prove a most efficient instrument of the laws determining the reincarnation.
NOTEA.

ANSWER.—No. Heredity is one among the many means of Karma; the force which Karma uses to produce bodies fitted to the needs of incoming souls. These are attracted to the particular family by their magnetic affinities, and find in that family just the vesture and environment that they need; the need being always for discipline, not for indulgence.
C. J.

ANSWER.—One of the objects of life is to develop a proper tool and a suitable vestment for the indwelling deity, the soul. This vestment is not man's physical body, but his character. Character is not the outcome of physical training or activity of some special kind, but the results obtained by the soul by degrees under its struggle through ages in matter for its final liberation. Character means then, of course, such qualities as pertain to the perfect man, which

is something quite different from that which is called character, and is admired in a powerful man of the world. Such expressions as "weak character" and "bad character" denote only, that the soul has as yet but to a small degree succeeded in mastering matter and the forces playing in matter. It has still to work out the lacking part of those qualities that belong to the pure soul only.

Now, heredity means "transmission of the characters or qualities of parents to their offspring." But according to the doctrine of reincarnation the soul is a divine emanation; and—such outer things as titles, properties, etc., set aside—man's only inheritance from his earthly parents is certain peculiarities and features of his physical body. What he brings of real character is a heritage which he has himself wrought in earlier incarnations. This is the treasure laid up for himself in heaven, the very property of the soul, which cannot be stolen, nor consumed by moth or rust. And this treasure he brings back as the soul's vesture at every new incarnation in matter, although it cannot always be fully displayed, because this would perhaps interfere with, or be a hindrance for the development of certain traits of character which are still wanting in order to make up a harmonious vesture for the soul. In fact, there is no other effect of heredity than the effect upon the outer circumstances in life, produced by the weaknesses and peculiarities of the physical body inherited from the earthly parents. And the effect of these outer circumstances upon character depends solely on what use man is making of them for the building of his character. But "the circumstances really do not matter, since in any we can accomplish our destiny." We can build our character, and we do so every day to a small degree at all events, quite independently of our circumstances. Whether king or slave, rich or poor, healthy or weak, we can build our character and accomplish our destiny. The outer circumstances are just what they ought to be to him who understands life. And they are so because of election according to a higher law than that of election in the field of physical activity. It is the activity of the Universal Law of adjustment, or Karma, that elects the circumstances, not because they are the *only* suitable, but because Karma as the never erring adjuster elects such circumstances as are the *most* suitable.

Some might say that the outer appearances in life do not confirm this theory. How can e. g. the circumstances of those living in the slums be said to be the most favorable? But appearances are not facts. The sun does not stop shining, because we are unable to see it on a cloudy day; nor does truth alter its nature, because our cloudy minds cannot recognize it as truth.

T. H. K.

ANSWER.—Having just been reading what Mr. Judge wrote on this point in his *Ocean of Theosophy*, it would seem conclusive to his readers that the doctrine of reincarnation alone makes the doctrine of heredity logical, sensible and believable.

G. M. McK.

ANSWER.—Imagine yourself anxious to be cured of some physical ailment or defect, and with money enough to enable you to select the best cure or hospital: Would you not go just where you felt you could get the particular treatment you needed? Of course you would. Apply this situation to the Ego, anxious to be perfected in a further stage of development. Would you not choose the environment most trying and, therefore, most helpful? And, as continued association with those one had loved (or hated) would be needed for perfecting, there would be no separation from one's own people. If the Ego and the body be kept as separated in one's mind, as St. Paul distinguished between them in the noble Epistle used in the Episcopal Burial Service, the necessity for both reincarnation and the influence of heredity upon character would seem to be obvious.

H. K.

QUESTION 178.—*Can we regard great disasters, involving many people, as the action of Karma (for example the Titanic disaster)? Can it be considered to have been the personal Karma of each passenger and member of the crew?*

ANSWER.—Nothing that happens on the physical plane can escape Karma, which has been defined as action itself. Karma is also, metaphysically speaking, the law of Retribution, or Cause and Effect. The physical is but a manifestation, an objectivising, of forces set going in the moral and spiritual worlds. Thus behind every physical occurrence, be it disaster involving death and destruction or some universal blessing, we must look for the cause that produced it in the moral and spiritual world.

In great disasters such as earthquakes, eruptions, tidal-waves, storms, and the like, two factors probably enter into the whole Karma of the occasion. First, the racial or community Karma has so saturated the earth's atmosphere with evil forces that an immediate outlet on the physical plane becomes necessary in order to avoid a worse disaster on the higher and more vital moral or spiritual planes. Second, the Lords of Karma, foreseeing the approach of such an occasion, arrange that those individual souls whose personal Karma it is to undergo such a frightful purgation, are drawn to the spot. It is also possible that innocent people suffer at such times as a vicarious atonement for the sins of others;—but I doubt if this happens without the knowledge and consent of the *souls* of these people, however ignorant their personal consciousness may have been at the time.

In the Titanic disaster we read that one family had planned to sail, all their trunks were on board, but that they were prevented by some accident at the last minute from sailing,—missing the ship by a few minutes after having made every effort to catch it. Another survivor told how he had not planned to sail, but had gone on board the last moment through some sudden impulse. He had behaved heroically, had gone down with the ship, and had been picked up. In other words, though our view is often too limited to see with any perspective, we must believe that the Karma of each passenger and member of the crew was involved, and was carefully balanced by the Lords of Karma (together with all the reflex or indirect Karma of all relatives, friends, business associates, and so forth);—else there could and would be no justice in such events, and therefore a negation of *all* law, *all* spiritual harmony, *all* unity of divine purpose.

J. B., JR.

ANSWER.—Why can we not regard the matter in this light? But to say that each passenger and member of the crew was bound to be drowned, would be very wide of the mark. It was in their Karma to be exposed to "sudden death": in some cases, after such exposure, their lives were prolonged. But I suggest that we attach too much importance to the matter of life and death. These great disasters are trials which prove the courage and fortitude, moral and physical, of those exposed to them. In this way, they are opportunities for the Soul: and the personal Karma is dealt with very forcibly, being surmounted or increased. The mere circumstance that so many people were involved in the action of the Law on that one ship, does not contradict the idea that it was the Law. There are many points of junction in lines in the spider's web: but the spider spins it in obedience to a law beyond its knowledge. Those who are within the action of the Law, meet at many points and the Law has many conscious ministers.

A. K.

ANSWER.—An outward event, such as the Titanic disaster, would probably have widely different significance to those whom it involved. Suppose the case of one who after cherishing ideals has become indifferent and worldly.

Inevitable sudden death turns worldly ambitions, in a moment, to ashes. The forgotten ideals loom up again suddenly. The buried man awakes to their power. And the moment of black death is changed into the joy of certain truth and power. Suppose another case—a man who in daily monotonous duties and perplexities has acted bravely. To him the disaster comes as a great opportunity—he faces it with the cumulated heroism of all his days. We live so much under the dominion of the civilian point of view. The civilian regards death as a misfortune, the soldier craves it as an honor. What seems catastrophe is really victory, defeat or neutral—whatever the individual makes of it. J. W. O.

ANSWER.—The noteworthy thing about the "Titanic" disaster was, the division of passengers and crew into two classes: those who perished and those who escaped. Surely this was the selective action of Karma. But we must not consider Karma as a dead, mechanical force. It is an expression of Life, and, like Life, pliable and fluent. At no moment is free-will lost in a mechanical reaction. Thus, even of those who perished, the free-will remained—the freedom to die heroically. And many did, thus enriching the souls of all who heard the story of that great disaster and greater triumph. These may have earned the right to enrich the spiritual life of the world in just that way. For others, Karma may have taken advantage of that opportunity, to enable them to pay some old debt. But the deeper principle is, that mastery over life must include mastery over death also; therefore for heroic souls such a death is an opportunity. C. J.

ANSWER.—Karma is "the one Universal Law which guides unerringly, and, so to say, blindly, all other laws productive of certain effects along the grooves of their respective causations." These other laws, which are parts or components of the Universal Law, are themselves Karma in their own field of action. Thus we have the Karma of our universe, of our globe, of mankind as a whole and of races, nations, families and individuals. As a component of the Great Karma individual or personal Karma may, or may not, act separately. In many cases it provides only one of the many components of a collective cause, productive of collective effects.

We have to share the Karma of our family, our neighbors, our nation, our race, our universe and perhaps even of the whole Kosmós. Remember these words in *Fragments*: "Realize fully that the uttermost parts of the universe are different, because you are in existence." All great disasters, such as war, earthquake, plagues, inundations, fires, shipwreck, etc., that in some few minutes, or in a short time sweep away so many lives, are certainly karmic effects. But only a few of the victims that are swallowed up in such cases, may suffer this because of some special bad karma of their own. It is their share of some collective karmic effect, and—may we not say—they have the good opportunity of drinking in a very short time a greater part of, or perhaps their whole karmic cup, while others have to sip it slowly through many incarnations.

The Christian Master said: "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and not one of them shall fall on the ground without your Father: but the very hairs on your head are all numbered." In view of these words we must, as Christians, believe that nothing can happen without the will of our heavenly Father. This is but another way of putting it. It is Karma or the Universal Law, *Divine Law*, that regulates the history of the world in all its details, acting now as personal karma, now as collective karma: as the karma of families, nations, races and the universe,—and in such cases striking seemingly without mercy all those within the reach of the set up karmic vortex.

Is this injustice? Let him that is without blame in this or any earlier incarnation answer: yes!

T. H. K.

ANSWER.—With the “Empress of Ireland” duplication of the “Titanic” disaster fresh in our minds, we may find a helpful hint to the answer to the first part of this question: Recall the current bitterness of feeling over the Colorado situation and its corollary happenings. If any one of us human beings had the power, would we not have been glad to release a countervailing wave of tender sympathy? May we not consider that thus to die in sacrifice for America let us say, so far as we may see—would be a privilege. Considered in terms of individual Karma was not opportunity thus given to the seeming victims of both the “Titanic” and the “Empress of Ireland”? This aspect would seem to have been recognized when even a New York City crowd stood silent and reverent as the sailor dead from Vera Cruz were carried by with the President of the United States as part of the Escort of Honor.

G. V. S. M.



T.S. ACTIVITIES

REPORT OF THE ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE BRITISH NATIONAL BRANCH OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

HELD AT 46, BROOK STREET, LONDON, W., ON MAY 17, 1914.

The meeting was called to order by the General Secretary at 3 P. M.

Mrs. Bagnell was elected temporary Chairman.

Mr. Clarke was elected Convention Secretary.

Messrs. T. Haddon, J. Raphael, and J. Wilkinson were appointed Committee on Credentials, and reported seventeen members of good standing were present, and twenty-three proxies were held.

Dr. Keightley was elected Chairman of Convention.

Greetings were read from the American members in Convention, Mr. Paul Raatz, Colonel Knoff, Mrs. Keightley, Mr. Lincoln, and Mr. Mein.

*To the Members of the British Theosophical Society in Convention assembled,
Greeting!*

FELLOW-MEMBERS—I am instructed to reply, on behalf of the Convention of the Theosophical Society, to your very cordial greeting, sent to us by our highly honoured and well-beloved fellow-member, Archibald Keightley, than whom none is held in greater esteem among us. This I most willingly do.

Our Convention was very successful in the truest sense; that is, it was deeply imbued and inspired by the genuine spirit of Theosophy. And it was noted by many, as most significant and of good promise, that we are coming to understand Theosophy, not so much as a body of doctrines or a system of philosophy or ethics, but rather as a life to be lived.

In measure as each one of us lives that life, we are adding to the strength of the Theosophical movement, and confirming the foundations of the Theosophical Society. By hearing the teachings of the Theosophic life, and doing them, we build our house upon a rock.

Let us, then, set ourselves to understand, and live, the principles of Theosophy, in their perfection, confident that thus we shall do our whole duty to the movement and the Society.

With most cordial and sincere greetings for the Convention,

I remain,

Faternally yours,

CHARLES JOHNSTON,

Chairman of the Executive Committee of the T. S.

BERLIN, S.W., 48, May 13, 1914.

To the Members of the British National Branch T. S. in Convention assembled.

DEAR BROTHERS AND SISTERS—Some time ago I received from Dr. Keightley the notice of the day of your Convention. On reading it, I learned that your Convention is held on the same day as our Convention. As this happens without any agreement, I am inclined to regard it as a good omen, as evidence of the unity in the hearts of both Societies. This, of course, prevents the members of each Society from attending the other Convention, which puts us to a disadvantage.

There is not much to report about our movement in Germany, but there is at any rate only good to say. We are working quietly and earnestly. Most of us believe that Theosophy can not be promulgated by words and propaganda, but by "living the life." This life is the spiritual divine life, or in other words, it is the life which the Master Christ lived as an example for us to follow, in order to be his disciples. No small endeavour is necessary to do this, and progress is not easily observed. Each endeavour, however, aids us in recognizing the chief object of the Theosophical Society; it awakens in us love in two directions—love to the Masters and love to our brothers. As "Light on the Path" puts it—"As he (the occultist) retreats within himself and becomes self-dependent, he finds himself more definitely becoming part of a great tide of definite thought and feeling. When he has learned the first lesson, conquered the hunger of the heart, and refused to live on the love of others, he finds himself more capable of inspiring love."

May the coming year show increased progress in forming spiritual centres, which may act as magnets to draw other souls to them and revive their inner life.

With fraternal greetings,

I am,

Yours very sincerely,

PAUL RAATZ,

Secretary of the United Branches in Germany.

DAAS GT, 16, CHRISTIANIA, May 10, 1914.

To the British National Branch in Convention assembled.

COMRADES—There is, in the activity of the T. S. Branches, as a rule a certain time for work and another time for rest. From the autumn to the spring the outer activity is going on, often with much strain for many workers, because of their personal duties in the outer world, and they are looking forward to the summer, when the outer Branch work stops for a time or is lessened. But the pioneers of the T. S. do not make a mistake as to the nature of this rest. It is a rest for the body and the brain only. The inner work never stops, never; nor does it slacken at the times when the outer work is postponed for a while. On the contrary, at these times of outer leisure, the inner activity is far more intense.

As in the summer the seeds, sown in the early springtide, develop, sprout, flower, and send forth fruit, so the spiritual seeds, sown in the past season of outer work, will, during the physical rest, develop, flower, and send forth much fruit for the strengthening and nourishment of the soul. It is the effect upon us of the activity in the winter season that is drawn inward and assimilated by, or woven into the fabric of the soul-life.

But to do this is not a matter of leisure. It is a real activity, a positive work performed consciously and conscientiously in meditation.

May we not forget this, and may we have sown many seeds of that kind, by which the soul can be nourished.

A hearty greeting to you all from Norwegian comrades.

Yours fraternally,

T. H. KNOFF.

Newcastle and South Shields Branches, a few letters from a Sunderland correspondent, but that is about all. I should like to put on record my gratitude to Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln, and to Miss Short and Miss Spooner, of South Shields, for their excellent and interesting letters, and to say that as long as any of the Branches desire to continue the correspondence I think it should be kept up. But I can find no demand or desire for letters among the isolated or unattached members, and those which I have written have not been answered. Two of the younger members of the Norfolk Branch have written letters which have been circulated in the North, and of which appreciation has been expressed. But I think that the members as a whole have neither inclination nor, perhaps, time for letter writing; they prefer to discuss theosophical matters among themselves when they meet, and no doubt to many this plan is more helpful than correspondence appears to be.

ALICE GRAVES.

The Report was discussed and accepted.

REPORT OF PUBLICATION COMMITTEE.

MARLBOROUGH HOUSE,
HIGH STREET, MARYLEBONE, W., May, 1914.

DEAR FELLOW-MEMBERS—Very little has been done by the Committee during the past year owing to the fact that the pamphlets have not been taken up by the members. Only one new issue has been made, "Science and Occultism," by Mr. J. W. G. Kennedy, and we trust the members will do their utmost to distribute this and the earlier issues, of which there are a great many on hand. We now have an arrangement whereby the publisher will take all responsibility and bring out as many pamphlets as we wish if they are sufficiently supported.

We regard the pamphlets as most valuable in the work of propaganda, and we very much hope every member will help in the distribution. Orders may be sent to any of the Committee or to the publisher direct, and they will be dealt with immediately.

We beg to remain,

Yours fraternally,

ESPOIR BAGNELL.
J. W. G. KENNEDY.
ARTHUR D. CLARKE, *Chairman*.

The election of Officers followed.

General Secretary—Dr. Keightley was proposed by Mrs. Bagnell and seconded by Mrs. Graves. Carried unanimously.

Treasurer—Mr. E. H. Lincoln was proposed by Mrs. Binks and seconded by Mr. Clarke. Carried unanimously.

Corresponding Secretary—Mrs. Graves was proposed by Mr. Kennedy and seconded by Miss Dodge. Carried unanimously.

Publication Committee—The Committee were re-elected as before.

Executive Committee—The following were proposed by Mr. Clarke and seconded by Mrs. Bagnell, and the members were duly elected: Mrs. Raphael, Miss Dodge, Miss Cobb, Miss Cronen, Mr. Cecil Graves, Mr. Wilkinson, and Mr. Vogler.

The date of the next Convention to be about a fortnight after Whitsuntide.

It was recommended that the Executive Committee should consult with the local Branches as to the arrangements for future Conventions.

Mrs. Bagnell proposed a vote of thanks to the Chairman, and this was seconded by Mrs. Graves and passed enthusiastically.

Meeting adjourned at 5 P. M.

ARTHUR D. CLARKE,
Convention Secretary.

21, High Street, Marylebone.

THE KARMA BRANCH
THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY IN NORWAY

The Annual Convention of the Karma Branch, T. S., in Christiania, Norway, was held on May 25th, this year. The following is an extract from the Report of the Branch work in the past year of activity, read at the Convention:

From September 15, 1912, to May 25, 1913, the Branch has held meetings every Thursday from 8.30 to 10 P. M., with two exceptions only. Twenty-five of these meetings have been devoted to the study of the Gospel of St. John, which study has been followed with the greatest interest by the partakers. At the other meetings—ten in all—there has been public lecturing. The topics have been:

The Path, the Truth and the Life.
The Law of Duty.
The Origin and Meaning of the Rod of Mercury.
The Law of Sacrifice.
The Virgin Birth.
Everyone Saved by his Faith.
The Zodiac.
The Resurrection.
The Ascent from the Unconscious Soul-Life.

In the part of the town where the Branch is working the public interest in the work seems not to increase, but there is a small party that are always coming to the meetings, and whose devotion to the work is evident. Therefore we keep up the work in this locality, knowing that no real effort is lost, and that seed sown one day also will sprout.

Yours fraternally,

T. H. KNOFF.

NOTICE

A new edition of Mr. Charles Johnston's translation of the *Bhagavad Gita*, with his illuminating and valuable commentary, is in the press and will be ready the first of October. It will be printed in convenient size for the pocket, in two styles of binding; red cloth, for \$1.00, and red, limp leather for \$1.50. The limp leather edition is printed on the best imported India paper, and will be less than a quarter of an inch thick; an ideal travelling companion. The first 100 copies of this leather edition will bear the signature of the translator on the title page. Orders for this autographed edition may be placed at once; they will be filled in the order in which they are received, until the edition is exhausted. Orders should be sent to "The Quarterly Book Department," 159 Warren street, Brooklyn, New York.



JANUARY, 1915

The Theosophical Society, as such, is not responsible for any opinion or declaration in this magazine, by whomsoever expressed, unless contained in an official document.

THE INDIAN RELIGIONS AND CHRISTIANITY

“MY quarrel with the Indian teaching,” said a friend, the other day, to the writer of these Notes and Comments, “is, that it does not press home the sense of personal responsibility. I love the Upanishads and have long studied them; yet I believe it is possible for a man to read them, admire them, accept their great thoughts, and still remain without the keen sense of sin. And what will that mean? Will it not mean that, while reading and speaking of spiritual progress, he will fail to take the very first step towards that progress; while dreaming of high ideals and glorious horizons, he will fall short of the first positive act needed for the realization of these ideals, and the glorious horizons will remain as unreachable for him as rainbow gold?”

Here is something to brood and ponder over. To begin with, what might a sympathetic defender of the Indian teaching say in reply? Something, perhaps, like this: “While you have not spoken of Christianity, it is evidently in your mind, as the basis of a comparison between the religions of East and West. But, while I see great and appealing beauties in Christianity, I always find in my mind certain objections, certain questions, rather; and it will be best for me to put them forward quite frankly, for consideration. In this way, we may, perhaps, clear up some of our difficulties; or at least get a better view of some of the distressing facts that press on our notice, the moment we speak of religious problems. Therefore I shall come to the point at once.

“I will not say my quarrel, but my difficulty with the Christian teaching is this: That it seems to live, in our day at least, in small, water-tight compartments; that you find intense centers of religious

life, genuine and full of convincing power. But—and it is a very vital matter—they seem isolated, cut off from the general life about them; from the intellectual life about them, especially. At the risk of being indiscreet, I shall venture on concrete illustrations. Take such a writer as Pusey, with his keen, penetrating spiritual sense; or take, perhaps better, such a book as Faber's *Growth in Holiness*. It is impossible to read either, without seeing and feeling that they are speaking of genuine experience; nay, more, of a genuine, methodical science of spiritual life, based, as any science must be, on experiment, on verified and verifiable truth. But it is so much a thing of water-tight compartments, that this science seems to have almost no touch with the other sciences. They regard each other with suspicion and dislike, perhaps even with contempt.

“And the specifically Christian teaching seems to me not only out of touch with the science and philosophy of our day; it seems to me also out of touch with the general conduct of affairs, the larger concerns of the Western nations. It is, of course, known to everyone that the United States recognizes no special relation between itself and Christianity. Its Constitution is just about as much Confucian as it is Christian. But we need not go to the New World for illustrations. Take the Government of France and the Government of England. Take President Poincaré's recent address to the troops on the fighting line. He expresses magnificent ideals in splendid eloquence; he uses terms that we consider characteristically Theosophical, as when he speaks of the ‘collective soul of France;’ but, from beginning to end, he says no word of Christianity, utters no syllable that would lead, let us say, an intelligent Japanese, to recognize any relation between his ideals and the teachings of Galilee.

“Or take the position of the English Government. There, the case is even stronger. For King George is, in accordance with the terms of the Act of Supremacy, the head of the Church of England; the official head of English Christianity; and King George's government is closely, and at many points, identified with the life of the Church. The bishops of the Church of England, sitting in the House of Lords, voted on the war budget; the Prime Minister who defended the war, who, in a certain sense, is responsible for England's participation in the war, is also charged, as the king's representative, with the duty of appointing the bishops and archbishops of the national Church. Yet, in the declaration of the government, or, perhaps it would be juster to say, in the personal expressions of its members, it is not at once evident that they believe themselves acting in defence of the ideals of Christ. If there be a close, an immediate connection, between England's part in the war and the ideals

of the Gospels, then that connection is somewhat carefully hidden; or, at least, it does not 'leap to the eyes,' as the French would say.

"Again, take such a personality as General Joffre, the French Commander in Chief. In reading of his life and character, it is impossible not to see in him the realization of a high ideal of self-sacrifice and self-conquest; he has 'given his life as a ransom for many,' in a very real sense. Yet, and it is a tragical thing, in a way, to have to say it, there does not stand out, in his acts or words, any clear recognition of him who first used that phrase to describe his own sacrifice. It may be that General Joffre is an intensely religious man, in the narrower, the ecclesiastical sense of the word. But one coming from China or India would look in vain for the evidence of it in his soul-stirring addresses to the army. It seems, on the contrary, to be the tragical truth, that General Joffre finds himself holding and upholding high spiritual ideals, and at the same time has no defined spiritual belief or hope; or, perhaps, holds certain abstract and speculative views, which, even in his intimate meditations, he does not connect with Christianity.

"Therefore, against your criticism of the Indian teaching—that it does not give the sense of personal responsibility, the conviction of sin, I venture to put forward this criticism of Christianity: That it does, in a singular degree, give both the sense of responsibility, and the realization of sin; or, to speak more truly, it gives, first, the realization of sin, in a keen and fiery intensity, and, through this very sense of sin, develops the sense of personal responsibility; yet it does this only within a narrow circle of devotees; and these seem, in proportion to the intensity of their religious experience, to be withdrawn from the general life of their time, whether the life of thought or the life of action. So that we have the tragical spectacle of a whole period of scientific and philosophical thought developed within the limits of Christendom, and yet, if not antichristian, at least non-Christian, in the sense that Darwinism is non-Christian, or that President Poincaré's address to the troops of France is non-Christian. So here, if you wish, is my quarrel with Christianity."

Here, perhaps, in these two views, we have matter of consideration for our Notes and Comments. The first thing which strikes one is the fact that these two criticisms do not conflict with or oppose each other. Both may be perfectly true. They may indicate real and genuine limitations in the Indian teaching and in Christianity; or, shall we say, in their presentation; in the way in which they are accepted and handed down from one generation to the next. Let us try to see what the two criticisms come to; and then, perhaps, we may find time to see whether there is any connection between

them; whether they indicate supplementary defects, or, perhaps, supplementary qualities and virtues. And, since the Indian teaching was first mentioned, let us begin with it.

The critic of the Indian teaching whom we have cited mentions the Upanishads; mentions them with love and admiration, as among the greatest spiritual documents of the world. And, when we think of the Upanishads, we think, almost of necessity, of the remote golden age, of a time long before Buddha's days; long, even, before the days of the Great War, when the children of Pandu and Kuru were drawn up on the holy field of Kurukshetra. And, thinking thus, we are thereby compelled to think of the great degradation that came upon India, in the wake of that war; so that India's chronologies date from its inception the coming of Kali Yuga, the Iron Age; or, more literally, the Age of Darkness, the Age of the Devil. For Kali, in Indian mythology, is a Devil, and a treacherous one.

Then, perhaps, historical sequence compels us to think of Prince Siddhartha the Compassionate, known as Gautama Buddha, and of his passionate cry: "May the sins of Kali Yuga rest on me, but let man be saved!" The sins of Kali Yuga, the sins of the Devil's Age. And then, if we have studied the religions of other lands, we may think of Egypt; of her splendid archaic religion, so essentially at one with the religion of the Upanishads; and then of the milleniums of degradation and darkness, sin heaped upon sin, which finally brought national ruin and extinction upon the land of the Pharaohs.

Here, too, in venerable Egypt, came the Age of Darkness, the Devil's Age. Here, as in India:—and our point is this, that the great Upanishads, just because they antedate that fall into darkness, just because they belong to the remote golden age, are for that very reason not deeply concerned with the sense of sin, but allow the heart to rise joyfully, in pure spiritual ecstasy, from one radiant realm to another; making the burden of their teaching not the "exceeding sinfulness of sin," but rather the exceeding splendour of the soul, the Unborn, the Ancient, whose essential being is Joy. This, perhaps, if not a reply to the criticism with which these Notes and Comments open, is an explanation of the absence, in these oldest Indian teachings, of the keen sense of sin, the piercing realization of our own sinfulness, which is, in a certain sense, the starting point of the Christian teaching. "If I had not come, ye had not had sin; but now ye have no cloak for your sin. . . . When the Comforter is come, he will reprove the world of sin. . . ."

Let us try to trace the further history of the archaic Indian teachings, in search of the answer to our enigma. In their oldest form, they were not, as they themselves declare, the spiritual possession of the Brahmans, the hereditary caste of priests and students who, for long milleniums, dominated the religious life of India. The Brahmans received them from other hands, from another race, who were, it seems probable, kin of the older spiritual races of Egypt.

In the hands of the Brahmans, two things befell the archaic teachings; two things, to both of which the Buddha bears very eloquent testimony. First, from being an inestimable spiritual treasure, a source of splendid spiritual inspiration, they became rather a hoarded possession, a source of spiritual self-congratulation. And here, it would seem, is the great sin of the Brahmans, the sin which made the Buddha's incarnation necessary: the sin of exclusiveness, of spiritual vanity, which is essentially the same, whether among the Brahmans, or the Pharisees, or among those modern professors of religion who are guilty of the same great fault.

The Brahmans, priding themselves on their spiritual wealth, on their superiority, gradually allowed the poison of vanity to work its way into their spiritual life, hardening and narrowing them; setting up barriers between them and other men; at the same time setting up barriers between them and the Most High; cutting them off from the deep sources of spiritual life and renovation. Yet they persisted in the study of their ancient, holy documents, in a certain real sense esteeming these teachings the most precious of all things, and conforming their lives to the systematic study of them, so that, from among the Brahmans, in age after age, there have come forth spirits of holiness and light who have added to the permanent spiritual treasure of the world.

But from this mingling of vanity with holy things there flowed the second of the two consequences of which we have spoken, and against which Buddha most eloquently preached: the fatal and deep-seated spiritual blindness, which led to a confusion between the Higher Self, of which the older Upanishads say such glorious things, and the personal self, of which might truly be said so much evil and condemnation. There came to be a fatal deification of the personal self, which shows today, as it has shown for centuries, in the attitude of the Brahmans: they believe that they themselves, in their natural bodies, are the privileged, the children of the gods; and, from this vantage-point they look down on all other men, as not only their inferiors, but as being in essence different; not so much coarser clay, as baser metal; essentially different in nature.

We do not say this simply as a reproach to the Brahmans, though it has been a grievous sin in them, and one bringing most grievous punishment to them and to their nation. We say it rather to bring out the essential nature of vanity, and above all, of vanity in spiritual things,—where it becomes the most deep-seated, insidious and dangerous evil of spiritual life. And, without going into the details of Egypt's spiritual decline and degradation, we may hold that some similar sin lay at its root; a sin, perhaps, more of the will than of thought and imagination, but in essence a sin of exclusion; shutting out the divine will, the divine light, the divine purpose and inspiration from the heart: in essence, a sin of disobedience.

These things have for us no mere archaeological or historic interest; they come closer to us than that. For, if we hold the teaching of reincarnation, we shall be convinced that the sins we have described are our own sins; that we ourselves, in earlier lives, were guilty of the sins of the Brahmans, the sins of the Egyptians; that through our fault, and the fault of our brothers, came about that darkening and degradation which give to the present age the sinister name of Kali Yuga, the Age of the Devil.

Therefore, since the great days of the Upanishads, since the large utterance of the early gods, sin and degradation have come upon the Western races. Or, to bring the matter home, we, the men and women of the Western races; we, whose spiritual history is the inner history of the Western nations, have fallen into sin: the sin of vanity, the sin of disobedience, which carry within them the promise and potency of every form of sin. From these, the stem, every branch and fruit of sin can grow.

And just because the burden of sin had become so heavy, just because the sin of Kali Yuga was so great, that even the Buddha's supernatural strength and devotion had not sufficed to lift it, Jesus, the Western Avatar, was constrained by the same divine compassion to seek to lift the same terrible burden. Therefore he came teaching, not so much the splendor and radiance of the Higher Self, as the evil and danger of the lower self; came with the word "sin" so frequently on his lips; came with a teaching which does enkindle, with fiery intensity, the sense of personal guilt, the burning sense of responsibility for the evil of the world. So that from this cause, if we are not mistaken, arises the contrast which inspired the criticism at the beginning of these Notes and Comments.

And along the same lines we may find the causes which gave rise to the second criticism: the criticism of Christianity, as being shut up in water-tight compartments, as in no large way mingling

with the life of our day, whether the life of science and philosophy, or the practical national life embodied in men like President Poincaré or the Prime Minister of England. And let it be clearly understood that we do not say that the essence of Christianity does not mingle with the life of the Western nations—for we are convinced that, in a deep sense, it does; but that it does this unconsciously, without recognition, and not identified as the teaching of Christ.

Two peoples were, at first, the field of Christ's experiment—first, the Jews; then the Greeks. The first disciples record his saying, that he sent them "to the lost sheep of the house of Israel." He taught only within the boundaries of the Jewish nation. The twelve were all orthodox Jews. Then, when his mission to the Jews had, in every outward sense, not only failed, but failed disastrously, in his arrest and crucifixion, we find him saying to Paul, shortly after his resurrection, "I send thee far hence unto the Gentiles." And Paul, through the limitation of language, carried the teaching only to those who could understand Greek. Therefore the field of Christ's effort was the Hebrew and the Hellenic world, the Eastern division of the Roman empire.

And we must believe that, in choosing this field, the Western Avatar chose the very best material available for his purpose; that, among all the Western races, the races which were the roots of the modern world, there was nothing better to be had for his purpose than the field he chose. The Karma of humanity offered nothing better; nothing else available at all. And at the same time we see, not only in the tragic outcome of his effort, but in the very history of these nations, of the whole Western world, how heavy was the burden of sin and evil that lay upon them. Take the testimony of the prophets of Israel; take the witness of the best of the Greeks to the deep corruption of their fellow-countrymen, and you have at once the measure of the burden Christ sought to lift, and the measure of the sin of the Western races; the measure of our own sin, since we are spiritually a part of these races, and have been spiritually a part of them, at every stage of their degeneration and degradation. It is their sin—and ours.

But what was the essence of that sin? Spiritual disobedience and vanity, the root of all sin, and, as always, manifesting itself as the evil of exclusion: the exclusion, first, of the light and will of God; then the exclusion of our brothers from our hearts. The terrible exclusiveness of the Pharisees, the no less terrible intellectual vanity of the Greeks: these were the dominating moral elements in the field which the Western Avatar set himself to till; the tares among which he was compelled to sow his wheat.

Therefore it befell that, as the wheat grew, the tares grew also. So that, in the church at Rome, which followed more directly in the path of Phariseism, the way of the Circumcision, there was reincarnated, along with the purer teaching of the Master, something of the hard exclusiveness of the Pharisees; the lusting after an earthly kingdom which had marred and degraded the Messianic hope, gradually grew and developed into the teaching of the temporal power. The crown which impotent Cæsarism let fall, the Roman bishop raised and set upon his own head, as he took to himself Cæsar's title of Supreme Pontiff of Rome.

So the old spirit of exclusion was carried in the ships that brought the men of the New Way to Italy, and found a landing there. And it has grown grossly and potently ever since, bearing the fruit of arrogance and intolerance; the powerful causes of the exclusion of science and philosophy from the field of the Church, and consequently the exclusion of the Church from the field of science and philosophy, which formed the ground of the second of our two opening criticisms. The same spirit of exclusion, working itself out as the lust for the earthly kingdom, the temporal power, has been, for the last four or five centuries, the efficient cause making for the exclusion of the Church from the main channels of national life; an exclusion which we see in its logical development in the life of France to-day, or, to take our original illustration, in the orations of President Poincaré and General Joffre.

And in the Greek world, and as the heritage and development of the Greek spirit of intellectual vanity, we had the long centuries of barren theological controversy; of fist-fights to decide the relation of the Father and the Son, which form the terrible comedy of Christian history, and which must have been, to the Western Avatar, as pitiful and tragical to watch, if not even more tragical, than the more forceful aberrations of the church of the West, the lust of temporal power, the intellectual tyranny which brought Galileo to his knees.

It is a curious and profoundly vital problem, this tenacious holding to spiritual things, while at the same time plunging deep into dangerous sins, which we have watched among the Brahmans, the Egyptians, the Jews, the Greeks. It would seem that the supreme problem of the spiritual powers, the active spiritual agents behind the scenes of the world, must be this: to disentangle the good from the evil in such hearts as these; or, to use the Master's simile, to separate the wheat from the tares. For the entrance to spiritual life seems overshadowed by this danger: that only the strong can pass in; and that the strong are prone to carry with them the seeds of potent sins.

We come now to the practical application of our sermon. We see that the limitations of both the Eastern and Western teaching—and they are real limitations—are the result of history, of a history beginning in India and Egypt, and passing down to us through Palestine and Hellas; the history which, in its essence, is the history of our own souls. Two stages in the same great spiritual procession; each with its strength, its weakness. Is it not evident that the way of salvation lies in making the long development once more continuous, and thus supplementing the virtues of the one with the virtues of the other, and so eliminating the weaknesses of both; or, not to speak in the abstract, to join to the wide and radiant light of the Indian teaching the fiery intensity of the Western avatar; so that, learning from him the terrible significance of the malady of the will, the sin which in its essence is the exclusion of the divine will, we may at the same time learn from the ancient East that luminous view of the soul and of the world which will make impossible any intellectual or spiritual narrowness; which will thus break down the walls of those compartments within which the spiritual life of Christianity seems at present to be confined, so that it is kept apart from the general intellectual and scientific life of our age, kept apart from the practical life of the foremost nations. The Gospels are incomplete without the Upanishads. The Upanishads are incomplete without the Gospels. To bring them into living touch, is a task characteristically Theosophical.

"In order that intercourse with men may not be hurtful to us, in the functions which we exercise in their regard to gain them to God, we must observe that our life ought to be a mixture of action and contemplation, in such wise that the former may be animated, directed, and ordered by the latter; that among the exterior works of the active life, we may always enjoy the interior repose of the contemplative; and that our employment may not hinder our union with God, but rather serve to bind us more closely and more lovingly to Him; making us embrace them in Him by contemplation, and in our neighbor by action."—
Spiritual Doctrine: Lallement.

FRAGMENTS

THERE was great War on earth; vast armies meeting in the shock of battle: war on land, war on the sea, war in the upper reaches of the sky. And the Angels who, by God's command, keep (like faithful sentinel stars) forever watch and ward o'er men, saw and heard these things,—wings folded cross-wise, arms upon their breasts, breathing the rhythmic silences of adoration, against which beats ceaselessly the noise of man's activity.

Then those other Angels, whose high office it is to bear in their stainless hands up to God's throne, the prayers and offerings of men, passed and re-passed swiftly in countless numbers; and though many, many of those prayers shone with the lambent light of faith and courage and resignation (all so dear to God); yet others were clamorous, crying out against God's wickedness, or moaning in despair why things so terrible should be. And the watching Angels saw and heard these things also. Then they counselled among themselves, perplexed as to what change had caused these special clamours; wherein were things different from what they had been before?

God heard the Angels conferring and sent a message to them: "Men only see with their eyes, and hear with their ears, and touch with their hands. The tumult and horror and agony of war they can perceive; they have yet to recognize the more deadly horror and destruction of their cancerous 'peace', filled with blasphemy and evil, Satan's pleasure ground, where souls are suffocated in the poisonous gas of luxury and bodily ease and soft comfort. St. Michael pierced the curtain with his lance, and now men see at last the conflict that was waging all along."

The Angels murmured, understanding God,—“May victory crown St. Michael and his hosts.”

CAVÉ.

ANCIENT COMMENTARY

God created man in His own image, and gave him the Eden of his soul to dwell in, and the gift of Eternal Happiness. God also gave him freedom, for without freedom man could not possess either his happiness or his own soul. And upon this freedom, otherwise complete, God placed one bar only;—the contemplation of evil was forbidden; for in the presence of evil heaven cannot live, and man in his soul consciousness would die. Man was intended to contemplate God alone, and in God to find all knowledge. But through the sin of disobedience, which is the spirit of Evil incarnate, man lost his soul consciousness and so his Eden, and was driven down into the consciousness of the lower personality, thus making of himself a dual creature, who previously had been unified as the image of God.

Thus came strife and confusion upon earth,—no longer a garden producing all manner of beautiful flowers and fruits, but a desert to produce thorns—and sorrow piled on sorrow, and at the end death. For man having made the cleavage between the higher consciousness and the lower, had to experience that cleavage on passing from one condition to the other, with the horror upon him that in the passage, all personal consciousness might forever be lost.

So man lives in two worlds, and is happy in neither; each being separated from the other, is, in his consciousness, false; and he finds satisfaction nowhere,—always a hunger and longing which he strives to still by a perpetual alternation, fondly hoping at some instant of transition to grasp them both. For the gaping wound of that old sin still separates our hearts.

That which was caused by disobedience, can only be overcome by obedience perfected. Knot by knot, with patient effort and toil, the tangled skein of life can be unravelled; each man in and for himself unwinding that tiny thread which represents his portion of the whole.

And the great Elder Brothers, as merciful exemplars, have shown us how.

Let us be just and fair, however. God created heaven and put man in it: man created hell and put himself there: and God ceaselessly holds out His hand to lift man from it; and ceaselessly labours to destroy that place of horrors man has made.

THE POETRY OF CHARLES PÉGUY*

TWO prizes that confer distinction in the world of letters have recently been awarded to two writers of religious verse. Each of these poets draws his inspiration from his national religion. Their form of expression is almost antipodal. For the religion of one, an Oriental, is abstract and general. It concerns itself with universal and cosmic laws. It has a long line of teachers, and renders special reverence to three or four holy men, who, at critical epochs, have re-stated and rejuvenated old beliefs. But it does not descend from any one religious leader, nor is its cult directed toward the glorification of any individual. The Frenchman's religion is in striking contrast. It venerates one definite, historic individual as its Founder, and it labors zealously for self-propagation with the view of winning for that Leader recognition as a world Saviour and Sovereign. There would seem to be no common elements in the religious verse of Tagore and Péguy. But the two men are alike, in much of their verse, as rhythmical stylists. Both are skilled users of the "free rhythm" of Walt Whitman. Rhythm is the "quicken-ing spirit" of poetry. It is rhythm that brings together and galvanizes the *dissecta membra* of thoughts and feelings. That spiritual essence very often eludes observation, hidden from us within the intellectual skeleton and the rhetorical flesh of poetry. It is the great achievement of an artist like Swinburne that he reveals the true nature of rhythm—its vitalizing force—by creating rhythmical life that is almost independent of any intellectual body: "white rose of the rose white water." There is then a resemblance between Tagore and Péguy in the most vital and spiritual part of all manifest poetry—rhythm. That likeness might lead one to conjecture that, at heart, they serve a common purpose.

The prominence of Tagore and Péguy, at this time, does not seem merely casual. A glance backward over history shows that very often men who thought they worked against each other have been used toward one end. Loyola and Luther are an illustration. They were two buttresses thrown out on opposite sides of the mediæval structure in order, by thrust and counter-thrust, to hold up the cracking walls and crumbling roof of the Gothic edifice. Men in their blind partisanship would have wrecked the cathedral, Protestants by building two Luther props, Catholics, two Loyolas. God, in true catholicity, set his little minions "head on," and thus accomplished an end necessary for civilization and salvation. Tagore

* Monsieur Péguy was killed in September at the Marne. When urged, as a literary man, not to join his regiment, he replied: "What I am about to do is worth thirty years of writing."

and Péguy appear working toward such a common end, one from the East, with universal principles and laws, the other from the West, with a concrete example of embodied principle. Both strike smashing blows upon the decrepit materialism that twenty years ago entered upon its childhood of senility.

Tagore throws a stream of light upon much that is obscure, at first, in Péguy. Péguy and the group of which he is the focus are known as *anti-intellectuals*. That epithet perplexes us, for we think of the intellectual realm as *ultima Thule*. We would say that men who are anti-intellectual must be crude barbarians. Yet we remember that one member of the group, Rolland, is perhaps the most acute of modern critics, and is a man erudite as well as cultured. Péguy and Delahache are *décorés* of the French Academy. We know the Academy does not award its *prix* to barbarians. Evidently, then, anti-intellectual cannot mean unintellectual.

The truth about Péguy, Rolland, Claudel and the whole group will be more evident if we will consider them on the positive and constructive side, rather than on the neutral or negative side implied by "anti-intellectual." Antagonism to what passes for intellectual methods and forces is, with them, a result. It is not their motive. The force that impels them to action, for which they are fighting with crusading virility, is the *soul*. Like Bergson they recognise the limitations of the intellect by the use of the intellect itself. They deny the popular affirmation that intellect is *ne plus ultra*. They declare that the intellect stands at the very beginning almost of the evolutionary way instead of at the end. They recognize intuition as a faculty of man's higher states. They call those higher states of consciousness inner and spiritual. But by spiritual they do not mean—as is so often meant—something vague. They mean a condition or realm of things quite definite, quite concrete, quite substantial, quite tangible—indeed they mean a condition that for the first time in the evolutionary process has the quality of permanent reality.

Shelley will help us to understand the attitude of Péguy and Rolland toward the mind and toward the heart or soul. We must understand that attitude because it is fundamental to their convictions. The closing stanzas of the "Adonais" are household mottoes.

That Light whose smile kindles the universe,
That Beauty in which all things work and move.

But Shelley, like all other poets, often dazzles by his splendor, inducing intoxication by his beauty; we lose ourselves in a bewildering ecstasy and fail to reach the poet's heart. In those celebrated closing stanzas Shelley paints a vivid experience of Life. He sees Life divided into two parts by a "web" that is "blindly wove by man and beast and earth." On one side the web are the divine immortal Powers, Light, Love, Beauty; on the other side humanity and its creatures, shut off from immortality—some burning for Light and striving to reach it, others quite indifferent.

Further, Shelley declares that for him the web was worn transparent so that through its inmost veil he caught sight of the Immortal Radiances, and saw with them, sharing their splendor and immortality, the star-like soul of Adonais. Shelley was not putting words together to beguile tedium. He was narrating an experience—an inner experience of his real self, his soul—an experience as vivid, definite, clear, and memorable as one's first mountain sunrise.

If we will translate Shelley's record of his spiritual experience into plain prose there may be less chance of losing ourselves in bedazzlement. In the cruder imagery of prose, those ecstatic stanzas of the Adonais mean something like this. Life is a vast and spacious hall, stately columned, lofty domed. Its windows open upon lovely terraces. Man is the lord of that noble hall. But across the inner wall of that pleasure-palace man has drawn and fastened a heavy curtain. Instead of moving about in garden and hall, as master and lord, man has made of himself a prisoner shut out from light and life. He crawls over the surface of the wall—flattened to a two-dimensional being—like a worm or insect. His higher faculties are unused. "The sweet approach of even or morn, or sight of vernal bloom, or summer rose, or flocks, or herds, or human face divine"—all these have no meaning for him. His is a vermin-like existence in the gloom of the curtained wall.

Most of the poets know the misery of that prison life. The limitations of time and space, stone walls of our mental life, are the dungeon from which poets and artists long to escape. Tagore is but one of a host when he cries :

Light, oh where is the light?

Misery knocks at thy door, and her message is that thy lord is wakeful, and he calls thee to the love-tryst through the darkness of night.

The sky is overcast with clouds and the rain is ceaseless. I know not what this is that stirs in me,—I know not its meaning.

A moment's flash of lightning drags down a deeper gloom on my sight, and my heart gropes for the path to where the music of night calls me.

Light, oh where is the light! Kindle it with the burning fire of desire! It thunders and the wind rushes screaming through the void. The night is black as a black stone. Let not the hours pass by in the dark. Kindle the lamp of love with thy life.

Philosophers also (and saints) have vivid experience of those dungeon walls. Bergson, who has so deeply influenced Péguy, uses a figure almost exactly like Shelley's and Tagore's. He writes that between nature and ourselves, nay, between ourselves and our own consciousness there intervenes a veil. That veil is dense and impenetrable to the average

man. But to poets and artists it becomes thin and transparent so that they see the light shining on the other side.

The curtain or veil that so imprisons poet and saint, is woven by the mind. The word *mind*, as thus conceived, is very comprehensive in its meaning. It includes much more than the "*freezing reason*," much more than mental processes usually associated with the acquisition of knowledge and culture. Thus it includes ambitions of all kinds, emotions (which usually are placed in contrast with the mind as proceeding from the heart), it includes passions, lustful and refined. As thus understood, it is *mind* that dominates all the activities of worldly or earthly life—whether those activities be tangible or intangible. The moment the mind ceases to dominate and submits to the higher authority of the heart or soul, the passage has been made from earth to heaven. For when the motives that impel to action in any part of life—whether in the family, in art, in government, or in religion itself—issue from the heart instead of the mind, man has passed from under the veil. He is no longer the prisoner of time and space. Through an act that proceeds from the heart—in the family, in science, in art, or in business, he comes to experience the larger life of the real world; he shares its infinity and its immortality.

It may be that at this point Tagore could remove thick clouds of misunderstanding from over our heads. In fact Tagore seems to suggest that by Nirvana the East means not annihilation of life but annihilation of the prison wall. The East strives to escape, often perhaps unconsciously, not from life but into Life—to reach the real life of the spiritual world, by breaking down the mental web which imposes time, space, and all other limitations upon our finite mental faculties.

A distinctive thing in Péguy is that he expresses in familiar terms of Christian phraseology the truths which have been left abstract, general and cosmic by many other poets and philosophers. With his constant use of Christian terms, one must, however, remember that Péguy is a poet, not a theologian. His religious views are largely inferential. He makes no schematic statements of dogma old or new.

It will be easy to grasp Péguy's views from a brief statement of them, if we recall a certain practice of St. Paul's. I mean the so-called "allegorical" method of interpreting Scripture. This is said to have been introduced among the Jews by Philo, the great Alexandrian scholar. It was used, after St. Paul, by many of the Fathers, notably by Jerome, later by the great French Abbots of St. Victor and by Dante. The "allegorical" method is simply a method of getting two or more harmonious meanings out of the same passage—one the historical or outer fact, the other the spiritual or inner fact. Thus St. Paul regards Hagar as a definite historical person and as a symbol of the geographical Jerusalem. Sarah is a type of Jerusalem the golden—the new city. Elsewhere, St. Paul seems to interpret the "first Adam and the second Adam" as two states of consciousness in man—one an earthly, finite, mortal thing, the second, the spiritual Master of infinite life. Similarly, to Péguy Eve would seem to

be a type of the Mind. She is primordial Mind. It is she (for she is eternal and works in each of her children) who weaves that dense veil which divides the Temple of Life into two parts—Heaven and *La Foire sur la Place*.

In the fifth volume of the *Jean-Christophe* series, Rolland has pictured life as he and Péguy see it, (life under the veil of mind.) *La Foire sur la Place* is the obsolete word, Hell, made current once more. It is a vivid and startling picture of worldly life. For as Péguy and Rolland see life in *La Foire*, it bears the same relation to real life, as a cellar blossom does to a garden flower. It is pallid, scentless. An unfortunate hyacinth bulb that gets imprisoned under a flat stone will find enough moisture and light there to come to a hideous travesty of bloom. No one who had ever seen a hyacinth in a garden border could look at the blighted flower without a shudder. Our ordinary life in the world appears just such blight to this group of French literati. It is life deprived of light—a grave-yard activity, the dead moon of the mind unsunned by the soul.

The Incarnation would seem to such a view the Advent of True Light into the prison of darkness and pallor of death. It was the Spiritual Principle, the Creative Logos by which the whole universe had been unfolded, coming to regain a portion of His realm that had separated itself from Him; coming, in other words, to redeem humanity. It was an Advent not as an inapprehensible Principle (*principium*), but as Being clothed upon with a form perceptible to the human mind. It was the Spiritual Intelligence of the higher realms of consciousness subjecting itself to the limitations of matter and finite law. The Logos, as Christ, lived and acted in the realm of three dimensional matter, yet, by reason of His spiritual being, manifested at will His native superiority to three dimensional limitations and laws. His miracles exhibited the normal law of the higher world—they were simply triumphs over the prison limitations that the lower mental processes have imposed upon man. And Christ's life culminated in one supreme miracle that forever gave the lie to all conclusions reached by the intellect. His apparent defeat (death), as seen by men's mind, was the moment of true victory—the regaining of His true spiritual condition uncumbered by limitations. At that moment of death and victory the veil that divides the Temple of Life was rent in twain and captive humanity was set free—the prison wall of partition was broken down, and the exile, man, was restored to his home, the wandering prodigal to his Father. It was thus that Christ brought sight (spiritual) to the blind; freedom to those languishing in captivity. By reuniting earth and heaven, by making God and man at one, He made a true Atonement.

Péguy, and with him his friends, did not in a moment come into these intense convictions which represent fundamental religious truths. A long and hard struggle preceded. That struggle is symbolically presented in Rolland's novel *Jean-Christophe*, especially in the three volumes *La Foire sur la Place*, *Le Buisson Ardent* and *La Nouvelle Journée*. Like

Christophe, Péguy comes from the people. He was born in Orleans in 1873, of peasant stock, sturdy, both morally and physically. But his childhood was as happy as Christophe's was unhappy. From his peasant grandmother, an illiterate, clever, upright and devout woman, he learned the legends and traditions of the golden past of France. After that ideal childhood there came a period of education that drew heavy clouds over the sunlight. School, college, university, the world seemed to change his golden inheritance into dull lead. Intellectual training made his religious beliefs look absurd. The consequence is that Péguy, like Carlyle, Wordsworth, Emerson and so many others, regards with disapproval and unfriendliness contemporary systems of education. He writes in one place:

Allez, mes enfants, allez à l'école
Et vous, hommes, allez à l'école de la vie
Allez apprendre
A désapprendre.

At l'École Normale Péguy became a devoted admirer and follower of Bergson and began his friendship with Rolland. The *Dreyfus affaire* brought to a focus his immense enthusiasm and energy. He was a fervent *pro-Dreyfusard*. The *affaire* filled him with indignation. He felt that France must be given a thorough house-cleaning. His magnetic fervour drew friends. They went to work with the wrecking apparatus of socialism. Péguy undertook the management of a fortnightly review *Les Cahiers de la Quinzaine* (1900), a journalistic free lance that might be used in defense and offence of any beleaguered post. They worked strenuously as civic and social reformers. Then the character of *Les Cahiers* began to change. From humanitarian and reformistic it became humane and literary. In 1904 Péguy published in *Les Cahiers* the first installment of the now celebrated *Jean-Christophe*. That change in the nature of *Les Cahiers* indicated a deeper change that had taken place in Péguy himself. (Years of reforming frenzy taught him the futility of efforts to re-arrange outward things. He learned that out of the heart are the issues of life. He caught a glimpse of the interior world that lay just beyond the portal of his own heart. He entered that spiritual realm of the heart's desire, and found himself once more in the fairy land of his childhood—the golden world of Reality,

The world's sweet inn from pain and wearisome turmoil.

Péguy's work as poet dates from the end of his storm and stress period. Several volumes of prose mark the transition from his pamphleteering career. In 1910, he drew upon the legends and traditions of old France given him in childhood and published the first volume of his *Mystères de Jeanne d'Arc*. Two other volumes of the *Mystères* have followed. This work is constructed upon the same architectural proportions as *Jean-Christophe*. The poet's aim is to create an atmosphere of

the inner life. As that inner world of the spirit is one in which time and space, as we know them, do not exist, the poet does not in his writing regard those negligible temporalities. The three volumes of *Les Mystères* record a conversation of Jeanne d'Arc at the age of thirteen and a half. There is no plot, there are no incidents. The child knits in the field as her sheep pasture. Sometimes she stops her knitting and there are long pauses of silence. It sounds altogether impossible and dull. But Péguy's inspiration makes it enthralling. The three volumes overflow with loveliness, with charm, with *gaminerie*, with a gaiety of humor that is startling.

Every true poet's work is distinctive, and inexpressible in terms of other poetic artists. Yet, to convey the impression of what Péguy writes about children, I would say it is Wordsworth gilded with Angelico. I mean the true Wordsworth who wrote:

The children are culling
On every side.
In a thousand valleys far and wide,
Fresh flowers—while the sun shines warm,
And the babe leaps up on his mother's arm.

Gild those valleys with the ethereal gold of Angelico, add his priestly vestments and martyrs' wreaths, and you have Péguy.

The voice of a child is fresher than the breath of the wind in a silent valley,
Some far off sheltered valley.
And the eyes of a child are more profound than the deep of Heaven's blue;
Milder than the milky way;
Gentler than the light of midnight stars.

(*Les Saints Innocents.*)

The most distinctive quality of Péguy's verse is his humor. It is gay; often ironic. It will shock heavy temperaments, because Péguy makes it appear as a characteristic of God Himself. God does a large part of the talking in *Les Mystères*. He says many things. But whatever He says, He says with humor, laughter and irony. This humor is a very original trait in Péguy. Yet it is not as unfathered as it may at first seem—not altogether unprepared for in the older literary achievements of France of which Péguy is so proud and from which he would dislike to swerve. The root of this divine humor is to be found in Molière.

In all of Molière's great comedies there is one silent actor. This silent actor is an ideal spectator—Aristotle's magnanimous man—a perfectly rounded, symmetrical character in whom are harmonised and resolved all the discords and eccentricities of the comic personages. With insinuating courtesy Molière suggests that this ideal spectator is

not far off from each reader. And it is each reader's identification of himself with this flawless spectator that gives to *Le Misanthrope* and *Le Tartufe* their immense power. Those comedies succor many people for whom the bottom of the universe has dropped out. Molière is the acme of worldly comedy. Péguy writes divine comedy. With Péguy, the ideal spectator is God. God in his impartiality and perfection resolves and harmonises all the errors, vagaries and sins of his comic creature, man.

Je connais bien l'homme. C'est moi qui l'ai fait. C'est un drôle
d'être
Moi je ne suis pas si exigeant.
Parce que je sais ce que c'est que la perfection, je ne leur en demande
pas tant.

I have said there is no plot, no aim in *Les Mystères*. Perhaps I may contradict myself now, and say that one end is the training of Jeanne for her high place in Heaven. God foresees her latent possibility and undertakes to mould her so that when she reaches Heaven she may not bore Him as so many other saints have done. It does not sound polite, but Péguy must be granted a certain poetic license in more ways than one, even, as in his use of the Holy Innocents, to the point of startling us by what may seem irreverent. To mould Jeanne God holds up for her emulation the Holy Innocents, the babes slaughtered at Bethlehem by Herod. Those babes are God's favorite saints. They died before they learned the Psalms; hence in Heaven they cannot sing them. Péguy, to make his point, does not hesitate to use the rather startling words: they died before baptism, hence they have no onerous obligations against the world and the devil. And they know nothing about mortifying the flesh. They find themselves in Heaven with martyrs' crowns and palms. They understand the significance of neither. But the crowns are uncomfortable bonnets, and the children naively take them off. Then as they wonderingly handle the crowns they discover that the palm branches make very good hoop-sticks. So with a peal of infantile laughter the babes toddle off, "one hundred and forty and four thousand" two-year olds chasing their hoops through the gardens of Heaven.

The pastures of the blessed are decked in glorious sheen. That is pure *gaminerie*.

Péguy is a great poet. But it is doubtful whether he will ever be as widely read and as popular as Romain Rolland. He has as many peculiarities of style as Whitman, whom in some respects he resembles. He writes Whitman's kilometric stanzas. He leaves both Whitman and Swinburne panting at the third mile. He goes on for fifty. Yet he is an immense power and he marks a great advance upon Rolland. Rolland symbolised the struggles and victory of Péguy and his adherents—their journey from darkness to light, the victory of their fiery genius. To Péguy the victory is more than individual achievement. It symbolises

national victory. The creative energy of old France came to it from the spiritual world. The energy of faith and hope dwindled as intellect and reason usurped the place of the soul. But that creative power is a spiritual force. It cannot die. St. Geneviève and Jeanne d'Arc still summon France to battle, and will lead to glory. Faith is the source of Péguy's patriotism. It makes his enthusiasm for France something more than fanfare. He believes profoundly that France is the chosen nation—chosen not for self-aggrandizement and worldly prosperity, but for service. So with his delightful combination of *gamin* and *dévo*t he makes God say of the French:

Ils n'ont pas besoin qu'on leur explique vingt fois la même chose.
 Avant qu'on ait fini de parler, ils sont partis.
 Peuple intelligent,
 Avant qu'on ait fini de parler, ils ont compris.
 Peuple laborieux,
 Avant qu'on ait fini de parler, l'œuvre est faite.
 Peuple militaire,
 Avant qu'on ait fini de parler, la bataille est donnée.

Péguy is convinced that France is, in some special way, needful to God for the completion of the work of the Incarnation.

Qu'est-que je serais sans mes vieilles paroisses Françaises (God asks).

Qu'est-ce que je deviendrais?

That conviction is the inspiration and theme of all his poetry. His subjects of predilection are St. Geneviève and Jeanne d'Arc. It is not the picturesque and dramatic that he sees in their lives. He sees them coöperating with the divine plan, preserving for God the instrument He has chosen for accomplishing His own designs. There is in Péguy an expectation something like that of the Old Testament Jews. He looks to see God Himself on the throne of France.

Je suis bon Français, dit Dieu, droit comme un Français
 Loyal comme un Français.
 Je suis le roi de France.

Péguy is not romancing when he writes such startling beliefs. He has authentic facts of history to support his views. He must be familiar with the documents that record the words and achievements of Jeanne d'Arc. At her first interview with Charles at Chinon, Jeanne told him that if he would accept her services, he would be crowned at Rheims and so would become "the lieutenant of the King of Heaven, who is King of France." Doubtless Péguy learned in childhood that old legend which the Blessed Marguerite Marie is said to have repeated when she was

urging that Louis XIV should emblazon upon the banner of France the symbol of the Sacred Heart—I mean the legend of Clovis and his presentation of France to Christ for his earthly kingdom. Péguy is convinced that Christ accepted the gift.

Nos Français sont comme tout le monde, dit Dieu. Peu de saints,
beaucoup de pécheurs.

Un saint, trois pécheurs. Et trente pécheurs. Et trois cents pécheurs.
Et plus.

Mais j'aime mieux un saint qui a des défauts qu'un pécheur qui n'en
a pas. Non, je veux dire :

J'aime mieux un saint qui a des défauts qu'un neutre qui n'en a pas.
Je suis aini. *Un homme avait deux fils.*

Or ces Français, comme ils sont, ce sont mes meilleurs serviteurs.

Ils ont été, ils seront toujours mes meilleurs soldats dans la croisade.

Or il y aura toujours la croisade.

Enfin ils me plaisent. C'est tout dire.

Christ's acceptance of the valorous old king's gift means glory and victory for France. Christ, the Royal Conqueror, will bring true the old mediæval aspiration dreamed by Charlemagne and others, of a world-empire. And when the Priest-King carries forward his Easter banner a step further into the darkness, His loyal aides also will bring their tasks nearer completion. St. Geneviève and Jeanne d'Arc, living servitors of His purpose, will share His triumph.

Comme elle avait gardé les moutons à Nanterre,
On la mit à garder un bien autre troupeau,
La plus énorme horde où le loup et l'agneau
Aient jamais confondu leur commune misère.

Et comme elle veillait tous les soirs solitaire
Dans la cour de la ferme ou sur le bord de l'eau,
Du pied du même saule et du même bouleau
Elle veille aujourd'hui sur ce monstre de pierre.

Et quand le soir viendra qui fermera le jour,
C'est elle la caduque et l'antique bergère,
Qui ramassant Paris et tout son alentour
Conduira d'un pas ferme et d'une main légère
Pour la dernière fois dans la dernière cour
Le troupeau le plus vaste à la droite du père.

CLARENCE C. CLARK.

LETTERS TO FRIENDS

XII

DEAR FRIEND:

IT is not surprising that you should have failed to understand my last letter or that you should have thought it self-contradictory. A truth can really be known only by living it, and when we attempt to apprehend it with our minds, in advance of experience, it must always appear as a paradox. The single beam of white light is refracted by the prism into all the colours of the spectrum, and we see and must describe them as different one from another. Yet each is light and is comprehended in the single unrefracted ray. It is within the prism itself that we find the reconciliation of this unity and diversity; and it is in the experience of our own hearts as we turn them to the Master that the paradoxes of life are resolved.

In the spread spectrum of glowing colours, stretching far on every side, we have an image of material life. Looking only upon it, the concept of its unity in the white light of the spirit seems vague and abstract. There are so many things to be desired and their variety is so great. We desire them all. (And in this desire, if we could but realize it, is a true witness to their oneness.) But we find that to take one we must turn away from others, so that every gain means a loss as well; and from this comes a divided will and vacillation of purpose and the constant sense of an unsatisfied hunger and of having missed the greater good. We find, too, though here perhaps I am straining my illustration, that when we turn to any special colour and try to make it our own, it pales and grows dim, as though a shadow had been cast upon it which gradually grew more and more dense and obscuring. It is we ourselves who cast this shadow, and it must always fall on what we look upon so long as we turn our backs to the source of light. It is the tragedy of ordinary life that the shadow falls most darkly on what we draw closest to, so that to possess is to lose, and to lose the very possession for which all else was sacrificed.

There is but one escape from this. It lies in the volte-face that constitutes discipleship. We turn around, and no longer regard the wide mirror where the spectrum is spread, but gaze into the prism from whence it radiates. There lie all the colours, in the undimmed splendour of their beauty. There, as we draw near one, we draw near all. The old conflict of desires, divided purpose and vacillation of will, cease to have cause or meaning. Gain no longer involves

loss, and the shadow of self no longer falls upon our pathway, or darkens and obliterates the good we crave. We face the light and possess it, knowing that it will but grow brighter as we move toward it, and that, in the prism itself, in the ultimate goal of our striving, we shall possess by being,—by ourselves becoming one with the refracting medium that contains within itself and makes manifest the effulgent glory of the pure white ray of spirit that falls upon it. This ultimate goal is the union of the disciple with his Master. In it is the only possibility of a possession that does not defeat itself, the only fulfilment of the ceaseless craving of our hearts.

The life of discipleship does not have its beginnings in indifference to the appeals of material life, but in intensity of desire for the realities they reflect. Quite simply and literally it is only the man who is incapable of real desire who is incapable of discipleship, and I will go even further than this and say that, at the outset, it is of comparatively small importance what it is that he desires, provided only he desires it with all the power of his being. It is only he who is neither hot nor cold who is spewed out of the mouth of life; and, as I know that neither you nor I can believe in the ultimate independent existence of evil, we must both believe that behind or within all that a man can desire lies some element of good which alone enables it to be. The small and vacillating desire may never penetrate to this good; remaining in the evil that is its distorted reflection. But the great desire will never rest content until it has cleaved its way to the heart of what it craves. Even through evil, and through the suffering and long purgatory that evil entails, he who desires greatly will be led at last to live greatly and to turn to the Master in whom and through whom the reality of that desire can alone find its fulfilment. Whether you desire wealth or power, beauty or love, you cannot grasp it in the mirror where now you see its image; and as, life after life, you try and fail, you will in time be forced to realize the truth. Then you will turn around, and facing the reality, will find yourself facing your own Master and entering upon the disciple's path.

I do not know whether what I have written here will be any clearer than what seemed to you so confusing in my last letter. I had told you that your barrier was a misunderstood and divided allegiance, and that only you could determine to what you wished to give your whole and complete allegiance. That, you say, was entirely intelligible, but that I went on, not to show you how to make your allegiance single, but apparently to prove that, being what you are, it must always be divided. You do me the justice to believe that this was not my intention, and you ask me to tell you more plainly where the reconciliation lies.

It lies in the paradox we have been discussing; in the volte-face which must be made at the very beginning of the Way, and which

is the theme of both *Light on the Path* and *Through the Gates of Gold*. You have read both these books, and I know how much you feel you owe them. But you have not understood the primary lesson that they teach, nor will you understand it until you experience it in your own life. I can, at best, only hope to show you the direction in which that experience must be sought, and to restate its meaning in cruder and more concrete terms.

First, let me be quite explicit as to what I meant when I said your allegiance was divided. Religion and discipleship are still to you but parts of life. You want them. But so also do you want love and health and a good name among your fellow men. You will tell me that discipleship means more to you than these. Perhaps. But it does not yet mean all. And the reason is that you are still gazing at the reflections of reality, not at that reality itself. This is as true of your view of religion as it is of your view of human love. You are seeing them as separate colours in the spectrum of the outer life, and are trying to possess them there, where they are separate. This means three things. First, that you are still dazzled by the glamour of external life and have confused the appearance with the reality. For this reason I said that you had misunderstood your own allegiance. Second, it means that your allegiance is divided, for you want not one thing, but many, and seek to follow diverging paths. You may answer that between love and religion there is no conflict, but that each needs and renews the other. Of their realities this is true—as I shall try to make wholly clear. But it is not true of the desire to possess their reflections in the external world. Bitterness toward God is in conflict with religion; and when I asked you to consider how bitterly you would resent the loss of what you value, the suffering and death of those you love, or even the loss of your own good name, I was suggesting an experiment that I hoped might show you what seeds of bitterness, what potentialities of rebellion against all religion, lay in your ununified desires and craving for possessions. And finally, it means that could you attain to what now seems to you discipleship, that is, could you come to possess its reflection in external life, you would find the shadow of self growing darker day by day upon it until all its beauty faded and you were left in the night of two worlds.

The point of this is that discipleship cannot be found in the world of reflections, though you may have seen and desired its image there. Discipleship consists in fronting the real; in facing the light which all images reflect and from which all colours radiate. This light is the Masters' light. The disciple's desire is the synthesis of all desires. His love for his Master contains his love for all others—for wife, or brother, or friend. So long as your desire for discipleship and love of your own Master have not this all inclusive quality, so long, in other words, as they are but one love and desire among

many, they are not the disciple's desire, and you have not experienced that complete reversal of your attitude toward life which constitutes discipleship.

This is what I tried to make clear in my last letter. I told you that you had not the disciple's desire, and that no one else could give it to you; but that you could gain it if you would. You ask me how. The answer is by turning from appearances to reality, by reversing the polarity of your life. Again you will ask me how to do this. There is but one way I know. Turn to your own Master. Seek him day by day and hour by hour, in meditation, in prayer, in service, in your duties and your pleasures, in all things great or small. Seek him and love him, and commune with him. Draw your inspiration from him, and the strength to fulfil that inspiration. Love with his love. Desire with his desire. Live with his life. And if still again you ask me how you are to do this, while your will and desires are still divided and the disciple's volte-face has not been made, my reply will be two-fold. First, use such desire and love as you have for your Master. They will grow by use. And second, seek that understanding of life which will make clear that only in and through him can you gain the reality of your other desires, or permanently possess that which you crave. As you do this you will be led to concentrate and transmute the now scattered forces of self-interest, and instead of their being enemies with which you must contend, you will find them allies in your undertaking and urging you on to your goal. Not all at once, but little by little and desire by desire, you will make the turning from the illusory to the real; from the shadow of self to the light of the Master.

I do not know how far I can help you to gain such an understanding. For it to be effective it must be immediate and personal, not merely theoretical and abstract. It must be your own inner conviction before you will act upon it; and it must have been given very direct and definite application to your own strongest desires before there will be any real result in the unification of your will. Therefore, if I am to write of this at all, I must write of what is most intimate and closest to your heart. With you, as I think with all men, this is your human love.

Let us abandon our image of the light and its many coloured reflections. It has served its turn, even if it has not been asked to carry more than it ought properly to bear. Let us, for the moment, not even try to distinguish between what is true and false in our love, but think only of that love itself and of the preciousness of the bond in which it holds us. Let us try to conceive how it will be with us and with our love when we come to die.

Other things we would be willing to leave behind us. It would cost us no pang to know that wealth and fame and the enjoyments of the flesh and many another earthly good that we have sought and

treasured, must now be laid down. But love we would wish to keep. Without it, eternal life would be eternal emptiness. And it is not another love we wish, but this which is our own, for these,—for wife or child or friend,—to whom it binds us. What surety would we have that in death this, too, was not to pass away?

We can answer this question only as we know whence our love came and from what it draws its life. "That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit." If our love today is of the flesh, it will perish with the flesh. If it is to live with the spirit it must be reborn from the Spirit. Do not think that I am writing figuratively, and am saying only that our love must be purified and freed from evil and from self. Assume that no breath of evil has ever touched it, still I mean quite simply and literally that our love can live only as it is born and nourished by the Spirit, or, in other words, as it is given us by the Master and draws its life from him. Reread that wonderful colloquy between Jesus and Nicodemus, the master of Israel who knew not these things. What Christ there says of man is true of all of life. It is true of love, of consciousness, of all things whatsoever from the greatest to the least. "No man hath ascended up to heaven but he that came down from heaven, even the Son of man which is in heaven."

All that we have or are comes to us from the Divine, through that descending hierarchy of divine life which some of us call the Lodge and others the heavenly host. From the one who stands at the head of our own ray we draw our life. Our consciousness, our love, our power of enjoyment, or of service, are his gift to us, part of himself,—as the life of the branch is the life of the vine. And because he is in heaven, in the world of the real and not of shadows, this life and consciousness and love of ours, born from him and descending from heaven, can again ascend there, and, in reality, always is in heaven though with us it is far from it. This is our surety that our love will live. It will live, not because it is ours, but because it is the Master's; not as it has been cramped, misunderstood, and distorted in our own hearts, but in the fullness of symmetry that it possesses in his; and we shall recognize it as our own in the measure of the likeness that now exists between its life in us and its life in him. When we come to die there will be no question of such moment to our love as that of how close this likeness has been made. Does it not behoove us, therefore, for our love's sake if for no other, to learn to turn our eyes to the Master, that we may see the reality and the perfection of our love as it lies in his heart and in his will for us, and be no more confused and misled by the cross lights and passing shadows of appearances and of our own self-will?

Let us remember, also, that if love is born of the Spirit, it must be nourished by the Spirit and obey the laws of the spiritual life. If

it is to continue to live it must grow and bear fruit. Consider how constantly all spiritual teaching emphasizes this truth. There is the parable of the Talents. Are we, too, to bury our gift in self? If we do we shall lose it. Or again there are the parables of the barren fig tree, and the withered branches of the vine. We cannot keep a love that bears no fruit; and no branch can bear fruit of itself, but only as it abides in the vine. Surely all this teaching is clear. Our love can endure only as it grows; and it can grow only as it is renewed from its source in the Master. If we understand this, our human love itself will make us seek the Master and strive day by day to draw more and more from him; day by day to take to him the fruits of our love; and to acknowledge that only in and through him have we life or love at all.

I do not want to multiply illustrations if my point is already clearly understood. But so few seem to realize that human love in and of itself is very far from being immortal or infinite. It is such only as it is eternally renewed from its source in the immortal and infinite love of the Divine. Cut off from that source, it is like water in a cistern, its amount measured by the capacity of that which contains it. And our hearts are not infinite, but pitifully small. Therefore it is that so many men exhaust their love by use, drawing on their own hearts till they are wholly empty and they have no more to give. It is pitiable when this happens, as it does more often than most suppose, with men and women whose only thought was to be true to their love and to give in obedience to its demand. They have not understood, even as you have not understood, that love cannot live of itself nor be nourished only from the human heart. It must draw its life from the heart of the Divine. If we are to continue to draw water from a cistern we must see to it that the springs which feed that cistern are kept clear.

I have written a long letter. And I do not know whether you will understand it. But I hope that as you yourself reflect upon the great questions with which it deals their meaning in your own life will grow clearer to you, and that you will see the turning which will set your face toward your goal.

Believe me, as always,

Faithfully yours,

JOHN GERARD.

SOME ASPECTS OF THE KINGDOM

THE Kingdom of God has now as few understanding adherents amongst all the Christian nations as it had amongst the Hebrew peoples nineteen hundred years ago. And this generation has lost one belief which those ancient Hebrews held and held with all the strength of a conviction,—that the great flux or stream of events aimed towards a definite goal and was guided by a purposeful God. It was this belief, coupled with a great tenacity and an indomitable national patriotism, that gave the Master Jesus a mould into which he could pour his new teaching of an imperishable kingdom, and put before the world a goal universal in its inclusiveness.

Many of us pray daily the Lord's Prayer, many of us desire and work for the coming of his kingdom; most of us seem to have but a vague if not fantastic and unreal idea of what the kingdom is. This in part arises from the fact that the kingly ideal and the principles upon which kingdoms are founded have largely disappeared from our minds. In fact the whole tendency and teaching of today is in direct opposition to such ideals. Kingdoms are no longer the fashion, and so, without second thought, are condemned by unthinking men. Limited or constitutional monarchies are the furthest concession to tradition that the almost universal democratic spirit of Western civilization will permit. In every country the idea of growth and development has been synonymous with the increased power and representation of the people. The aim of modern statesmen, or at least of modern politicians, has been avowedly not to rule, but to be ruled, rather, by the majority-voice of a sovereign proletariat. Only recently we find the newspapers, reflecting at least a portion of public opinion, asserting that the present war would never have been if the people had had their say. It is stigmatized a "King's War"; and all predictions of the outcome assure us that imperialism is doomed, and that monarchies will be such only in name.

Yet Christ claimed to be a King, and bade us pray "Thy Kingdom Come."

Was he to be only a figure-head, a King in name? To be sure he said "My kingdom is not *of* this world"; but this same kingdom was to be *in* the world, leavening it till the whole is leavened. And Christ also recognized an opposing kingdom over which Satan, "prince of this world" ruled, and which is to be overthrown. Was the Master speaking only an allegory, or are we to look for some more direct and simple meaning? It would seem that we are to look

for such a meaning; at least there is much evidence of this to be found in history, in the life of the Master whose prayer we have used as a basis for this article, and there are in addition some hints to be gleaned from the writings of Madame Blavatsky and other Theosophic writers. For there must be some significance in this ideal prayer, and in this body of teaching, which is not remote, but vitally applicable to the current of our thought and experience today. This world of ours is a real world, depending, it is true, upon the spiritual world and not of itself permanent, but while it lasts, actual and real. Therefore it would be a mistake to lay sole emphasis on the purely spiritual nature of the kingdom, though an extreme such as socialism represents, with its denial of any spiritual world, is even more mistaken. It seems that at times, certainly, such a spiritual emphasis has led to a picture of the heavenly kingdom which is entirely estranged and divorced from our knowledge of this world. These ideas belong to separate categories in men's minds, and beyond a possible moral relation, they are thought to be in no way affiliated. But it is in men's minds exactly that the unreality and misunderstanding occur, because it is the fact, acknowledged now by such a philosopher as Bergson, that the mental and psychic faculties are incapable of at-one-ment with the worlds of matter or spirit, and are the only unreality of existence. The seventh perfect race will not ascend to some other planet or to some strange and far different state of being. It will be, on the contrary, on this earth of ours which we know and have grown to love. Nature will be the same Nature—seen through purer and clearer eyes no doubt; perhaps as the artist sees—but with the same indefinite magic of its presence which draws all our hearts alike. The Masters are not known to us as alien to the beauty (or even to the ugliness) of the world of men. Instead their exquisite appreciation of its loveliness, their true artists' joy, far surpass the comparatively feeble expressions of our noblest poets and painters. Therefore it does not seem that we must limit the ideal of the kingdom to a remote spiritual world, totally unlike this creation, and entirely beyond the highest flights of fancy. The more we do conceive of it in this way, assigning some unmeasured future time to it, so much longer, surely, will it take even for that day to arrive.

Further than this, we believe that Christ "ascended into the heavens," and that he and the Lodge have worked and do work ceaselessly for the establishment of God's kingdom. But such work cannot be limited only to inspiration through direct personal communion or through churches and religions, but must also, it would seem, avail itself of every human institution and activity. The Author of the letters in the *Occult World* has suggested that the great figures of history are but "puppets" in the hands of the Lodge; and if this be difficult to see in a man like Napoleon, perhaps Blessed

Joan of Arc or St. Catharine of Siena bear a more convincing historical witness. If every nation has its own particular genius which gives it an individual life as unique as that of any soul, surely the Masters are at least as much concerned with the spiritual growth of a nation as we believe them to be with that of each soul. They would, therefore, watch the policy of any nation, its religion, its patriotism, its loyalty to honor, its defence of all righteousness and justice, with a keenness of interest and a hope that men could hardly conceive. The Masters cannot and should not be ignored in these matters, because "he that is not for me is against me." So the election of a President, the government of a Prince, the career and standards of a Prime Minister, must be an affair of very real moment to these unobtrusive and for the most part quite unseen workers for our welfare. Therefore in looking back over the stretch of history, we would do well to look for such signs as we may be able to detect of the moulding of events by the spiritual powers. Perhaps we shall find that the divine right of kings is not so outworn as present day historians and economists would have us believe.

In the first paragraph allusion was made to the Hebrews, because there seems to be much that we can learn today from their history. The Hebrews held a unique place amongst the nations then existing, and their *ideal*, at least, was so high as to put to shame our Christian countries. Though only a small "artificial" sub-race, not more than eight thousand years old according to the *Secret Doctrine*, their belief that God had a purpose in history and an especial purpose for them which they could in part understand, prepared the way for the greatest revelation humanity has yet received. The word artificial quoted above suggests that perhaps special efforts were made in the formation of this sub-race to give men an understanding of the spiritual world. Abraham, Moses, and Solomon, adept kings according to the *Secret Doctrine*, together with the long line of prophets from the eighth to the fourth centuries B. C. would seem further to substantiate this idea. However this may be, Israel from the dawn of its history believed itself to be in a special sense the favorite of God. Jehovah was their divine sovereign, and they were his subjects. In order to know the will of their King, prophets were as much a part of the state as lawyers or policemen today. The nation, if it would, could wholly co-operate with God, and it was in the co-operation of man and God that the purpose was to be accomplished.

The whole scheme of a Hebrew's life and the whole tissue of his thought, depended upon this idea. Moses gave him laws in conformity with God's purpose; action became good or evil as man co-operated or failed to co-operate with this purpose.

Such was the ideal. As time went on Israel fell away from the ideal, just as a child, grown up, too often falls away. In the early days the nation desired other things than the spiritual gifts of

the promised land, and seeking a land of milk and honey, found only disappointment and persistent evil in the world. Rising from its disappointment, the youthful tribes united and attempted to combat evil conditions; for many years political power and the attaining of military prestige, thus bringing the world to the worship of Jehovah, was the mainspring of action; and again disappointment resulted. Finally, come to her maturity, Israel, as do mankind today, sought to find some ritual, some course of personal devotion, some routine that would hold her firm till the time of salvation and regeneration should arrive. Then arose together with the Priestly Code, the Jewish Apocalyptic literature, with its prediction and hope of a Messiah and of a new kingdom.

But at this time also two distinct and conflicting tendencies split the national consciousness. The nobler and more spiritual of the two was the tendency to think of Israel as specially called to witness for the one and only God amongst the nations of the earth, and to work for the day when all mankind would be consciously and directly under the divine governance. This was the early vision with a new application and comprehensiveness; it was held by the select minority, and was used and built upon by John the Baptist and by Jesus. The other tendency was to look upon Israel as the only people who were of any account in the world, the people of God, who should dominate the earth through the coercive power of a divinely appointed King. The latter idea was mischievous in the extreme, materializing all that was good and true in the theocratic principle, and leading eventually to the downfall of the Hebrew nation under Roman domination.

It was this desertion of the true principle of their race-life that caused the ruin of Israel, and not the weakness or falseness of that principle itself. Time and time again when the prophets, in season and out of season, asserted the infidelity and treachery of the nation, and proclaimed themselves divinely instructed as to the policy or course of action immediately necessary to meet some crisis with success, the heart of the people was touched, they obeyed the call, and prosperity was invariably the result. Always this prophetic message was religious, but with an immediate, practical application. In no uncertain language do they assert that they are Jehovah's mouthpieces (*Jer.* XV. 19), quoting his words directly (*Jer.* 19; *Ezek.* iii. 22), endowed with his spirit and in his confidence (*Am.* iii. XI; *Mic.* iii. 8; *2 Is.* XLV iii. 16; *Zech.* VII. 12), commissioned as his instruments in shaping the destinies of mankind and of bringing to pass divine operations (*Hos.* VI. 5; *Jer. Is.* VIII. I, etc.). Idolatry more than any other sin appeared to outrage the *personal* ties existing between Jehovah and his people; and, accordingly, as idolatry came into direct conflict with their firm belief in the providential ordering of the events of human history, we find the prophets con-

trusting the love and affection of Jehovah for Israel with the disloyalty of the latter to its God. Only through obedience, and finally, only through a heartfelt repentance, could Israel avert the catastrophe consequent with its sins. But the nation had become too corrupt, it had become so wilfully materialistic that obedience meant obedience only to the letter of the law and not to the spirit; and the Messianic kingdom, a mere earthly world-power. So the Israel of the later prophets appeared too unworthy of regard for it to be the mainspring of the divine dealings with it; God's voice was hushed, the sanctuary was silent and desolate, no more prophets arose, and the people lived in a false hope. Few, indeed, were able to appreciate the Master Jesus when finally he came.

We have entered thus with some detail into the religious significance of the history of the Hebrews because the record of their life both external and internal is so familiar through our knowledge of the Bible; whereas those kingdoms of still more ancient times, which had a similar or even higher ideal, and which are spoken of in the *Secret Doctrine* or other Theosophic books telling about Atlantis, Ancient Egypt, or pre-historic Greece, are either totally unknown, or wrapped in a dense fog of misinterpretation and prejudice. And yet the lesson from this chapter of human experience, the inference to be drawn from it, is disregarded or set at naught. The theocratic ideal has practically disappeared from the world ever since; only in France, amongst the modern nations, have we seen the struggle after a similar state, as when Clovis dedicated his kingdom to God, or when St. Louis reigned as God's direct agent on earth. Today we find the poet Péguy turning back once more to this tradition, and voicing the patriotic appeal for a renewed allegiance to God and to his warrior captain St. Michael. But the world at large is deaf to this appeal; it has absorbed too entirely the current of thought which the decadent Jews themselves through contact with foreign countries, had found congenial to the materialistic spirit of their age. It is no wonder that a kingdom built up upon principles of injustice, physical domination, and violence, should have been repudiated; that kings who reigned for personal aggrandizement, or for the physical welfare of their subjects alone, should have failed to command respect. But this was not the kingdom of God; it was of men. And since the age was and is material, Christ when he preached the kingdom, emphasized the spiritual nature and essence of the real kingdom.

The proclamation of Christ did not assume any new character, therefore; rather it revived an obsolete ideal; just as John the Baptist revived in his person the peculiar type of Jewish statesman called the prophet. In our state today the pursuit of equality produces men of commanding will, who, as statesmen, have a "certain skill in quarrelling by rule," and whose highest achievement is by themselves conducting the government, to prevent citizens from tyrannizing

over each other. The Jewish statesman, as we have seen, represented God, reflecting not only God's wisdom or justice, but his very majesty and royalty in the presence of his subjects. Early kings deserved to be called, not his servants, but his Sons. So in these circumstances the cry "The kingdom of God is at hand" could not be mistaken; Christ's claim to be the "Son of Man" was but prophetic fulfilment; it meant that the theocracy was to be restored, and that the nation was called upon to commence a new era by falling back upon its first principles.

Christ himself lived and taught these principles, despite the fact that he ascended no earthly throne, and failed to restore the Hebrew nation. The Temptation in the Wilderness, amongst other things, shows how low and material the ideal of a hero-king, such as David or Solomon, had fallen; and exemplifies the conflict which Christ had to wage against an intellectually and morally corrupt civilization. It was impossible for him to have established a veritable kingdom at such a time, though his heart longed to do so. "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, if thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes." We can believe, then, that Christ might have founded an earthly kingdom after the world's model, but that he chose rather to work for a future kingdom, when "they shall see the Son of man coming in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory." But the principles of kingship he established, and established once for all, by his life and doctrine—the true principles of all true kingdoms.

Webster, among other paraphrases, defines a monarch as "one superior to all others of the same kind." Even the perverted minds of men today instinctively admire a king who is a king in fact, who leads by his inherent strength and dignity, who commands respect, who epitomizes chivalry, who inspires enthusiasm. It is unfortunate that in modern life these qualities have become too associated in our minds with actions in themselves tainted with lower attributes. For example, to be chivalrous today where women do not know what to expect is truly difficult; how to treat chivalrously a woman-suffragist has not as yet been established. But this response of the heart to the ideal is a sign that within men lies dormant a power to realize the kingdom. It is not only to a worldly ideal of a king to which Christ appeals; he, as always, placed that ideal upon the highest possible plane. What, then, are the essential qualities of kingship, and how did Christ fulfil them?

On the surface Christ's pretensions to kingship were absurd. Poor, humble, finally an outcast, he declined apparently all the functions proper to a king. He paid tribute to Cæsar, which as a Jew and above all as Messiah he should not have done. He refused to assert or maintain his realm by physical force—the first duty of every king. The ancient kings of Judah had been judges, so the

Jews invited him more than once to undertake the office of judge. Christ declined the office, in one case saying that he was not commissioned to exercise judicial functions. These were the principal attributes of the ancient monarchy and of every worldly monarchy. All of these Christ declined, and yet continued to speak of himself as a king so clearly that those about him quarrelled for places and dignities under him. What did he mean?

First, he appealed to the forgotten view that royalty was derived from divinity. He spoke, therefore, of the "Kingdom of God," or the "Kingdom of the heavens." Secondly, we find him proceeding along lines similar to ancient history in the founding of his kingdom. As God had called Abraham and created the nation over which, though invisible, he was to reign, so Christ proclaimed his kingdom and called together his disciples. God said to Abraham "Get thee out of thy kindred, and from thy country, and from thy father's house, into a land which I shall tell thee: and I will make of thee a great nation, . . . and in thee shall all families of the earth be blessed" (*Gen. XII. 1-3*). In Palestine a voice said "There is no man that hath given up father, or mother, or house, or children, or lands, for my sake and the gospel's, but he shall receive an hundredfold more in this present life, and in the world to come life everlasting." The two calls resemble each other in form; in substance and meaning they are strikingly parallel.

Christ, then, announced the establishment of his kingdom; his next step was to institute its laws. Many of the kingly functions had been taken over by the degenerate kings of Israel, and the nation would not yield to any higher standard. Therefore Christ calmly abdicated those functions which the worldly spirit had usurped, and showed that he was king in fact, despite outward form. So Christ declined to command armies, or to preside over law courts, but the higher work of commanding men's wills he undertook to do in God's name. This is of the essence of kingship. But men obey their King because they have to do so; if the king inspire willing obedience so much the better, but the compulsion is no less there because in the background. Christ imposes no such force or restraint, but despite this he achieves the same result. "If a man love me he will keep my commandments," he says. That obedience, that loyalty, that recognition of the royal prerogatives essential to monarchy is to spring not from respect for a superior force, but from the overpowering attraction of the highest and most sublime principle of the universe. At one stroke, so to speak, Christ has raised his kingdom from the physical world alone to the spiritual world; and therefore his kingdom is not perishable, dependent on cyclic law, but everlasting and universal.

But in so doing Christ did not remove his kingdom out of the world. His laws are necessarily moral laws because mere physical

law perishes with the physical organization, and Christ was legislating for an imperishable kingdom. When, therefore, he declined the office of civil judge it does not follow that he declined all judicial function. On the contrary, Christ entered very immediately into the worldly, everyday lives of men, and passed judgment upon them continually, assuring forgiveness of sins, or pronouncing severe sentences. He built up a state within the very borders of the states of civil society, but he threw off all external authority. There were not to be two laws—one human, one divine—but, as in ancient Israel, only one, the divine. And because Christ's kingdom is founded on true and natural principles, there is no need to enforce the commandments by punishments. Disobedience cuts the bond of love and automatically excludes the member. So also, sympathy with Christ's aim, love for him with its consequent obedience, are the only conditions of membership. This kingdom could progress side by side with every worldly institution and yet could never be overthrown by the latter as long as one faithful subject remained. Similarly we can see that as this kingdom spread in numbers and gained influence throughout the world, the establishment here on earth of Christ's kingdom as a visible reality would become possible. Christ himself foretells this in his predictions of his second coming, and the Apocraphal Revelations of John contain many hints. In the meantime we, who desire his kingdom, and are ready to die for it, as he died for it, as all loyal subjects should be ready to do, can find, perhaps, a very definite and real work to accomplish, in putting the leaven of this thought of the true nature of the kingdom into the world, supporting such efforts as that of Péguy in France, and preparing the way for the early establishment of this kingdom not merely in the hearts of the faithful, but externally in the world.

If the question be asked, why did Christ proclaim a kingdom and not a republic, we answer that Christ obeyed the laws of the universe. The hierarchical system is at the basis of universal life in whatever form or kind of existence. As the universal heart ex-foliates, different planes appear, and with planes we get hierarchies both in spiritual realms and in the more physical. Those who stand for a broadly democratic ideal, or for a brotherhood which includes the higher for the benefit of the lower, becoming thereby no true brotherhood, place themselves in direct opposition to this fundamental law, and will find this out to their cost sooner or later.

On the other hand those who can believe in and desire such a monarchy as we have attempted to indicate, are not merely supporting the purest and most ideal of any existing conception of government, but are also working in harmony with the universal purpose and plan. We say the most ideal of existing governments because in this kingdom alone the obedience of the subject is in no case reluctant or mercenary, but grounded upon a genuine conviction of

the immeasurable superiority in goodness, wisdom, and power of the ruler. Such superiority is always supposed to exist in a king, and to constitute the ground of his authority; but is not this in most cases merely a fiction that deceives no one, sustained only by the bombastic titles and hollow formalities of court etiquette? To be sure, kings have arisen in disturbed times from a private station, and have won scepters by merit. Therefore, many obey such a King voluntarily, worship in their hearts his superiority, and find their freedom in accepting his yoke. But even in these cases there are many whose submission is reluctant and sullen, or else mercenary and hypocritical. There is always at least a minority whose subjection is secured by force.

But in Christ's monarchy, modelled upon those hierarchies which are a very part of existence, no force is used, though all power is at command. The obedience of his servants is absolutely unqualified;—an obedience not in form or by act alone, but of the whole being, from the heart, involving often a sacrifice of life. Thus from an absolute harmony of inward desire, from a new moral sensitiveness, can arise a kingdom of Christ on earth that will be everlasting because founded on the presence of the Divine Spirit within the soul. It is for us to make this Kingdom of God not merely a daring imagination, such as Plato conceived, but so to live as Christ's actual subjects, that, without waiting for favorable circumstances, or for permission of kings or people, we may gradually work our ideal into the constitution of existing states, developing it, as it were, from within. For the Kingdom does exist; it has already long outlasted all the states which were flourishing at the time of its foundation. It subsists without the help of costly armaments and military prescription; and it rests on no accidental aid or physical support, but on an inherent immortality.

Who of us choose this for our Fatherland, and Christ for our King?

JOHN BLAKE, JR.

WAR SEEN FROM WITHIN

I FOUND myself walking between two rows of seats, some empty, some occupied ; but I had eyes only for the King, who sat on a raised dais, at the end of the hall. His long and slender figure was immovable, his finely moulded face looked as if chiselled out of translucent ivory. As I approached and made by obeisance he looked up and smiled a greeting, as with a slight gesture of the hand, he indicated my place, to his right, and a little behind him. As I seated myself I glanced at the others present. Some were well known friends and comrades of human existence ; others were age-long fellow disciples, known only in the inner world. There was an indescribable difference between the denizens of the inner world, and those who were burdened with earthly existence. The latter had a certain dimness about them ; signs of wear and tear, of strain, of incompleteness.

Then the Queen entered and passed between the rows to her seat on the dais, beside the King. We rose as she passed flashing her greetings right and left, with luminous eyes and tender smile. Beautiful, yes, and gorgeously gowned, with a blazing star upon her forehead, and a throbbing, gleaming rose pulsating upon her bosom, yet one's dominant impression was of radiance and purity, not the negative purity which we earth-bound mortals know, but an active, living quality which contains a power.

We sat for a time in silent meditation and then, suddenly, the Master was there. Again we all rose with that deep and ardent glow of the heart in its uprush of utter devotion, which only He calls forth ;—a feeling which can only be dimly imagined by our earth-dulled faculties. He returned our greeting and spoke to us. I cannot give His words, for there were no words. It would, perhaps, be more correct to say that He communicated his ideas ; we became aware of what He wanted us to know. I must, however, try to put it into human speech.

“I have called you together, my children, at this time of stress and turmoil in the world, that you may know something of the forces that are operating, something of the problems that confront us, and so understand something of the remedies proposed. Look well at that which I shall show you.” And we seemed to see the whole world spread out at our feet like a map. Clouds of unrest and discontent rose up like swirling smoke. We saw the lurid emanation of evil thoughts and sensual living ; we saw the sins of man, not in their material crudity, but in their inner effect and essence, like foetid odors and poisonous gases. And then we saw that in the tumultuous rolling and spreading of this evil influence there was design ; we saw the Dark Powers of nature guiding and directing, and we understood that this mass of evil, generated by mankind, was a

living weapon which the Dark Powers used to make more evil and still worse conditions. We saw evil used to generate evil.

Then the vision changed. We saw streams of light, of life, of color, shooting through the murky clouds, and we knew that these were from the good deeds of mankind; we saw the Divine Powers of nature use these beams of light to combat the evil; and the picture became a battle scene, with the whole world as its theatre between the Powers of Good and Evil, armed by the good and evil acts of man. We saw forces for evil massed together, as a cloud forms in a summer sky, and then directed upon a given country; and we knew that it was designed to enforce some movement of unrighteousness. Then the Divine Powers would collect their available store of beneficent force, and would oppose the onrush of the black cloud; a ceaseless and titantic struggle.

Again the scene changed, and we traced these clouds of evil down to their source in detail. We saw into the horrid minds of selfish and corrupt men and women; into the hideous hearts of the sensualist and the libertine. We saw the forces of envy and malice, of ambition, of greed, of lust, of gluttony, in the making, and we covered the whole dreadful gamut of human perfidy, wickedness and sin. Sick at heart we turned with relief to the opposite pole and traced to their sources the streams of light. We saw prayer rise like a cloud of incense; we saw unselfishness, courage, faith, devotion. We saw a negro mother in a wattle hut in Africa, thrust out her hand to save her child as a heavy water jar was about to fall upon it; and as she forgot her mangled hand in her joy that her baby was uninjured, we saw a bright beam of light stream heavenward. We saw the power of self-sacrifice; the potent effect of labor performed with cheerfulness and love. From many a lonely farm-house rose a stream of light that compared in intensity and brilliance with the emanation from a convent.

Again the vision changed. Time rolled back and it was the middle of the Eighteenth Century. We looked down on Europe and saw the forces of discontent, of envy, of lust and greed and social unrest, concentrate about France. The Good Powers seemed to be confining them there. They grew denser and denser until they burst into the fury of the French Revolution and were dissipated in the suffering and hardship which resulted. We saw many other clouds gather and break, and we knew what these movements represented. We saw the evil made by man, turned back to fructify some new form of evil. We saw socialism raise its head and gather and spread like a stream of foulness, and we saw the efforts made to stop it. We saw the forces of scepticism and materialism grow strong under the carefully nurtured direction of the Evil Powers. When the clouds of blackness would become too dense, there would be an explosion, a war, a famine, a plague, an earthquake,—some happening that would exhaust and dissipate the accumulated evil.

But through it all, we noticed that the blackness grew, until not merely in spots, but over the whole earth there spread a thick haze that

threatened to stifle the streams of light which still rose from countless millions. We saw the blackness concentrate over Germany, and through it we could see the dauntless figure of Bismarck, who, in spite of the light which arose from the fine things in his personal character, was yet a focus for the play of Satanic forces. We saw the blackness gather and break in the Austrian war, and the Franco-Prussian war. A part of it was exhausted, and France especially was purged of much evil; but the darkness as a whole rolled up, and grew and grew, and spread over all of Europe, sending out huge shoots that met and merged with the special clouds hanging over other countries. We saw the light grow dim and the clouds grow blacker.

Then the vision changed again, and we saw the working of the law of reactions, and we understood that the Bright Powers, though backed by the illimitable reservoirs of spiritual force, were yet limited in their efforts by the reactions which followed their activity. When some particularly vicious sally of the Dark Powers had to be repelled, and there was no earth-created light with which to oppose it, the Bright Powers would see their own force, or draw from the universal reservoir. But when they did, we could see liberated a corresponding amount of power which the Dark Forces could use, so we realized that how and when and where the Good Powers could act was a matter of gravest calculation. They could use without reaction all power supplied them from below, but could not use their own power without these dangerous reactions. Some universal law tied their hands and made their task infinitely more difficult, and then we knew that it was the law of free-will that could not be contravened. Humanity was what it wanted to be and what it had made itself by its own evil living, and must not be arbitrarily interfered with by extra-terrestrial forces, even for its own best good.

Poised, serene, ceaselessly vigilant, we saw the Lords of Light and Life wage this unequal warfare. We saw the war-cloud form over Europe as the darkness grew ever darker and the Evil Powers more active. Then we saw the war break out and huge masses of men like living waves, hurl themselves at each other. Countless souls rushed upward to the regions of peace and quiet, while streams of the raw material of human stuff returned to its elemental source. We saw the lights of courage and hardship bravely born, of unselfish patriotism and heroic endeavor, rise in a mounting tide, and we saw bits of the black clouds of evil sucked down and disappear into numberless areas of suffering.

Understanding something of the limits within which the Divine Powers had to work, we no longer wondered at the gradual increase of the black clouds of evil, of the steady submergence of good. Then simultaneously, in all our minds sprang the same question, "What is the end? Will humanity perish in the dark sea of its own iniquity?" And with one accord we turned to the Master. Again He spoke.

"You see the battle; you understand the need; and you wonder where I will get the force to counteract the tide. Well, I have *you*; those of you

who are in earthly life, and those others who will volunteer to go there. I *can* use you, for by your sacrifice and efforts in conquering in yourselves those mounting tides of evil, you have earned the right to use your power without reactions; power that I can supplement in so far as you are in harmony with me. I need you; the world needs you; or poor suffering humanity must suffer still worse torments than this well-nigh universal war. I know that I do not ask in vain. Let each of you get ready for his part."

Feeble, useless words to express the trumpet call of the Master's appeal. There were no protestations, no words, but from each heart came an instant response that made the eyes of the Master glow. He raised his hand in blessing, said once more, "Be ready!" and then was gone.

We sat in silence for a time, too stirred for speech, and desirous of registering in our minds the Master's words and our impressions of the whole experience. Then the King spoke, with an intensity of feeling that vibrated through his quiet, simple words, "We have accepted service. It is a great privilege. There is no one here who would not die cheerfully for the least of the Master's commands. Let us do that harder thing and *live* worthily until His call to active service comes. We must return to our several stations. Let us go back with hearts on fire. Farewell until we meet again."

MEN-TEK-NIS.

Lord Ashley before he charged at the battle of Edge Hill made this short prayer:—"O Lord! Thou knowest how busy I must be this day; if I forget Thee, do not Thou forget me."

DOES CONSCIOUSNESS EVOLVE?

THE ANSWER OF THE VEDANTA

TO the question, Does Consciousness Evolve? the Vedanta answers, yes, and no. Personal consciousness evolves, from childhood to maturity, from surface sense-perception to the deeper levels of mental and moral life. But there is also the Divine Consciousness, which is perfect, complete, already embracing all things. We cannot say that it evolves; for what can be added to the All?

By the Vedanta, we mean, I think, the sum of the rivers of wisdom which rise in the Upanishads, and flow through books like the Bhagavad Gita into the reservoir of the Brahma Sutras, made level and watertight by the Commentary of Shankaracharya.

In that sum of wisdom, there are two great words, Atma and Brahma. The first, Atma, is Self, as we know it, first, in the selfhood of our everyday life, but with the thought of a deeper and more real Self above and within. The second, Brahma, is the ultimate sum of Being, the Eternal, the Divine Consciousness. And the central message of the Vedanta is the announcement that the two are one. The Real Self in us is the Divine Self; or, to put it the other way, God is the Supreme Self of all beings.

But in our ordinary lives we are in no wise conscious of this oneness. We are far indeed from knowing and realizing that we ourselves, as regards our inmost and most real selfhood, are not only *at one* with the Divine Consciousness, but are in very deed *one* with that Divine Consciousness; and not one with a part of it only, but one with the All, with the ultimate sum of the Eternal.

Beginning with the ordinary consciousness of every day life, we are to grow, step by step, to a realization of ourselves as the very Divinity of the Supreme. We do not *become* that; by progressive steps we come to realize that we already *are* that. This progressive realization, therefore, is our development. We may compare it to the consciousness of a man coming gradually from sleep to full waking. Therefore it is called Bodha, "awakening," and one who has attained to its perfection is a Buddha, "an awakened one."

One of the most valuable things in the Vedanta is the definition of the stages of this progress development, this gradual awakening of consciousness, beginning with the ordinary personal consciousness of everyday life. This part of the Vedanta, and perhaps it is the most vital part, is already fully developed and very beautifully set forth in the oldest Upanishads. Thus, in the Brihad Aranyaka Upanishad:

“The Spirit of man has two dwelling-places: this world and the other world. The borderland between them is the third, the realm of dreams. While he lingers in the borderland, the Spirit of man beholds both his dwellings: both this world and the other world. And according as his advance is in the other world, gaining that advance, the Spirit of man sees evils or delights.

“When the Spirit of man enters into rest, drawing his material from this all-containing world, felling the wood himself and himself building the dwelling, the Spirit of man enters into dream, through his own shining, through his own light.

“There are no chariots there, nor steeds for chariots, nor roadways. The Spirit of man makes himself chariots, steeds for chariots and roadways. Nor are any delights there, nor joys and rejoicings. The Spirit of man makes for himself delights and joys and rejoicings. There are no lotus ponds there, nor lakes and rivers. The Spirit of man makes for himself lotus ponds, lakes and rivers. For the Spirit of man is Creator.”

A very charming expression of the psychology of dreams, with a suggestion of a deeper consciousness beyond dreams. The belief that dreams are made up of the stuff of waking impressions, is very directly taught a little later in the same passage: “Dream is a province of waking. For whatever he sees while awake, the same he sees in dream.” The Prashna Upanishad puts the same thing in a slightly different way, also adding the vital thought of the something beyond: “The bright one, mind, in dreams enjoys greatness. The seen, as seen he beholds again. What was heard, as heard he hears again. And what was enjoyed by the other powers, he enjoys again by the other powers. The seen and the unseen, heard and unheard, enjoyed and unenjoyed, real and unreal, he sees it all; as All he sees it.”

We have thus in both Upanishads the suggestion that into the world of dreams, which we may call the psychical consciousness, there enters, besides a reviewing of the images of things seen during waking, another element; an element coming, not from beneath, not from waking consciousness, but from above, from a deeper consciousness at the other side of dreams. And it is in the description of this third consciousness, perhaps, that we find the most original and valuable contribution of the Vedanta; because this third consciousness is the meeting-place of the personal and the universal, the human and the Divine.

Here is one description, or rather indication, of it, very simple and direct, from the Prashna Upanishad:

“When he is wrapt by the radiance, the bright one no longer sees dreams. Then within him that bliss arises. And, dear, as the birds come to rest in the tree, so all this comes to rest in the higher Self.”

Fuller, and even more eloquent is the picture of the third conscious-

ness in the Brihad Aranyaka Upanishad, in the section from which we have already taken the very vivid description of the realm of dreams:

“When he has taken his pleasure in the waking world, moving to and fro and beholding good and evil, the Spirit of man returns again by the same path, hurrying back to dreamland.

“As a great fish swims along one bank of the river, and then along the other bank, first the eastern and then the western, so the Spirit of man moves through both worlds, the waking world and the dream world.

“Then as a falcon or an eagle, flying to and fro in the open sky and growing weary, folds his wings and sinks to rest, so of a truth the Spirit of man hastens to that world where, finding rest, he desires no desire and dreams no dream.

“And whatever he has dreamed, as that he was slain or oppressed, crushed by an elephant or fallen into an abyss, or whatever fear he beheld in the waking world, he knows now that it was from unwisdom. Like a god, like a king, he knows he is the All. This is his highest world.

“This is his highest joy. He has passed beyond all evil. This is his fearless form. And as one who is wrapt in the arms of the beloved knows naught of what is without or within, so the Spirit of man, wrapt round by the Soul of Inspiration, knows naught of what is without or within. This is his perfect being. He has won his desire. The Soul is his desire. He is beyond desire. He has left sorrow behind.

“Here the father is father no more; nor the mother a mother; nor the worlds, worlds; here the scriptures are no longer scriptures; the thief is a thief no more; nor the murderer a murderer; nor the outcast an outcast; nor the baseborn, baseborn; the pilgrim is pilgrim no longer; nor the saint a saint. For the Spirit of man is not followed by good, he is not followed by evil. He has crossed over all the sorrows of the heart.”

We cannot but be touched by the beauty and inspiration of a passage such as that. The Chhandogya, which is, after the Brihad Aranyaka, the greatest of the older Upanishads, has a charming expression of the same thought of the third consciousness:

“As the honey-makers, dear, gather the honey from many a tree, and weld the nectars together in a single nectar; and as they find no separateness there, nor say: Of that tree, I am the nectar, of that tree I am the nectar. Thus indeed, dear, all these beings, when they reach the Real, know not, nor say: We have reached the Real.”

Are we to hold, then, that, in this deeper consciousness, individuality is lost. We have one answer from experience: We all go to sleep, and “lose consciousness,” as we say. But we wake again in the morning, not to a brand new being, but to the old, familiar consciousness of ourselves as ourselves; or, as the Chhandogya more fancifully puts it:

"Thus indeed, dear, all these beings, when they reach the Real, know not, nor say: We have reached the Real. But whatever they are here, whether tiger or lion or wolf or boar or worm or moth or gnat or fly, that they become again. And this Soul is the Self of all that is, this is the Real, this is the Self. That thou art, O Shvetaketu!"

Following the same line, the Brihad Aranyaka dwells more fully and steadily on the problem of the preservation of identity, in the deeper consciousness which lies beyond dream: In this third consciousness,

"The Spirit sees not; yet seeing not, he sees. For the energy that dwelt in sight cannot cease, because it is everlasting. But there is no other besides the Spirit, or separate from him, for him to see. . .

"The Spirit speaks not; yet speaking not, he speaks. For the energy that dwelt in speech cannot cease, because it is everlasting. But there is nothing else besides the Spirit, or separate from him, for him to speak to. . .

"The Spirit thinks not; yet thinking not, he thinks. For the energy that dwelt in thinking cannot cease, because it is everlasting. But there is nothing else besides the Spirit, or separate from him, for him to think of. . .

"The Spirit knows not; yet knowing not, he knows. For the energy that dwelt in knowing cannot cease, because it is everlasting. But there is nothing else besides the Spirit, or separate from him, for him to know.

"For only where there is separation may one see another, may one touch another, may one hear another, may one think of another, may one know another. But the one Seer is undivided, like pure water. This, O king, is the world of the Eternal. This is the highest path. This is the highest treasure. This is the highest world. This is the highest bliss. All beings live on the fragments of that bliss."

There is here a suggestion, which we shall presently follow up, that the third consciousness is something more than the deep rest beyond dreams, in which we take refuge from the strife and weariness of the day, to awake full of its essence, refreshed, in the morning; that it is, in fact, not only within, to be reached by rising through the realm of dream; but also beyond, to be reached by an orderly progression and development beginning with the ordinary everyday consciousness of our personalities, and going forward through steadily rising stages of mental, moral and spiritual growth: a goal of human perfection, or, perhaps we should say, of divine perfection, to be attained by human beings. The essence of that perfection is, that we shall realize our oneness with the Divine Consciousness, our selfhood in the Supreme Self of all beings.

Of the nature and quality of that Divine Consciousness, which we are destined to attain, the Upanishads have much to say, that is of great

beauty. But we must turn aside from it for the present, to consider the matter from another side.

In the passages quoted, there is a clear indication of an evolution, a development, from our ordinary everyday consciousness to the Divine Consciousness of ultimate Being. What, then, is it that develops? Is it consciousness? Or is it the vesture of consciousness, or, perhaps, a succession of vestures?

A recurrent phrase in one of the passages suggests an analogy which may help us: "the energy that dwells in sight, speech, thinking, knowing, cannot cease, because it is everlasting." Here is something very like the modern doctrine of the Conservation of Energy, as it was taught, let us say, twenty years ago: the thought that Force is a definite sum-total, eternally the same, from which nothing can be taken, to which nothing can be added; just as the sum total of matter was thought of as a constant, which could not be added to or diminished.

With this conception there went, nevertheless, a clear idea of evolution, of development, involving both force and matter; whether it was the evolution of cosmic or of organic forms, developing worlds, or developing forms of plant and animal life. Into these forms, whether cosmic or organic, was gathered a definite part of the great sum-total of substance and energy; and that definite part did grow, from the nebula to the star, from the egg to the chick, from the seed to the tree. Would it be true, then, to say that force and substance grow, when the star, the chick, the tree, grow? Yes, and no. The vesture, the form, into which both force and substance enter, grows; and, as the full grown world, or bird, or oak, that form, that vesture, holds more, both of force and substance, than did the nebular nucleus, the egg, the seed.

So is it, in the view of the Vedanta, if I rightly understand it, with the problem of the growth, the evolution, of consciousness. What develops, is not the abstract, ultimate Consciousness, just as it is not ultimate Matter or Force, as conceived by the doctrine of Conservation. What develops, is the form, the vesture in which consciousness is embodied; so that the consciousness of the sage contains a far larger measure of the Divine Consciousness than does the consciousness of the infant; than did the consciousness of the sage himself, when he was a baby, to take the simple case which is offered us by all our experience. More of the ultimate Consciousness is now embodied in him than when he was a baby. He is a larger incarnation of the mind and will of God.

The vestures of consciousness, in their ascending degrees, are described in several of the Upanishads, notably in the Mandukya.

They are the physical, the psychic and the causal bodies; corresponding to waking consciousness, dream, and the third consciousness which lies beyond dream. The consciousness of the ordinary waking self is revealed in the physical body; the consciousness of the dream self is revealed in the psychic body; the consciousness of the spiritual self is revealed in the causal body.

The ordinary waking consciousness of the physical self rests, of course, on the perceptions of the five senses, sight, hearing, touch, taste and smell, gathered together and governed by two subjective powers, which the Vedanta calls Manas and Buddhi. The meaning of Manas varies between feeling and thinking, but its essence seems to be, that it receives the reports of the senses and combines them, reporting to Buddhi, which pronounces judgments on the grouped pictures thus formed and presented to it. Buddhi thus contains something of intuition, something of will. It is the "inner determiner."

The whole of this complex of the senses, Manas and Buddhi is suffused with consciousness, thus forming the self of ordinary waking life. The essence of the ultimate Consciousness is present in the physical man down to the finger-tips; just as the essence of the ultimate Force and Matter are present; but not in their ultimate, abstract form; in such a form, rather, as is made possible by the character of the organic structure, the containing vesture.

The psychic body, the next in the series, is the body of dreams; of mind-pictures, that is, regarded by the dreaming consciousness. The Spirit of man is Creator, so far as the splendid power to paint mind pictures goes; whether these mind pictures be direct copies, color photographs, from nature, or composite pictures, made up of elements selected from many color photographs. The power to paint these pictures, to view them, to brood on them, is his; to put, indeed, such life and vigor into them, that they may become either an inspiration or an obsession. The power to view them, too, either framed in the things of waking life, when we are awake; or without their frames, when we go to sleep and dream.

Then natural man may thereupon take brush and colors, and copy these mind-pictures on canvas or, if it should so happen, on the walls of a limestone cavern; or he may take sounds and embody the mind pictures in words, and call them Hamlet or Marguerite. So, from this power of psychic life, arises art.

Science also; for what is a scientific generalization, but a composite mind photograph, expressed in words? What is a scientific law, but the same composite picture lit up by Buddhi, the determining power; seen, as we might say, in the light of the Divine Mind?

Science and art and history. If we look deeper, sin also. For we may so charge ourselves with mind pictures, let us say, of the energy of sex, that they obsess us, driving us utterly from Nature's clean and wholesome laws. Or we may so overload our minds with pictures of self-assertion and self-preservation, that they lose their natural use, and become obsessing egotism, ambition, cruelty, pride.

So with the development of the psychic man and his creative power, with the embodiment of consciousness in the psychic vesture, comes free creative power, the possibility of glory and of shame.

This is the vesture, the Vedanta, I think, would say, which, is the field of all mental, emotional and imaginative power, while we are yet

in the body. It is the subjective nature. And when the physical body falls away in death, the psychic vesture is the dwelling place of our consciousness. It is the psychic man thus constituted, who is active in the whole range of experiences, well known to ancient India, which are now the burning questions of our psychical research.

Of the next vesture, the causal body, less is said; but enough to let us see that it is the dwelling place of a much higher quality of consciousness, a consciousness much nearer to the Divine Mind and Will.

If we take what is said of *Buddhi*, as representative, first in the physical and then in the psychical man, of intuition and will, and regard this moral determining power as the pressure of the causal upon the psychic and physical; or, if you will, as the representative of the causal in the psychic and physical, we shall have, perhaps, a clue to the splendor of that high consciousness, when fully developed in its own vesture, the causal body. We shall see in it a consciousness resting in continuous inspiration, wide spiritual vision and spiritual power; a consciousness drawing its riches direct from the supreme inner source, the Divine Self of all beings.

The psychical man, therefore, is the field of our art, our science, our human, as opposed to our animal life. In the same way, we may say that the causal man is the field of our divine energies, making possible, in its full development, the supreme miracle of the incarnate divine Man, who visibly wields the powers of Divinity.

The *Mandukya Upanishad* suggests yet another, a fourth degree of consciousness; but it is so far above us, it so completely transcends our experience, that it is described only by negating all limitations. We can only say that it is infinite Being, infinite Wisdom, infinite Bliss. It is the consciousness which is that final liberation, *Nirvana*, by the vision of which India has been inspired for milleniums. It is the consciousness of the Divine Man, no longer incarnate, but risen, ascended, re-become one with the Father. It is the consciousness of the very being of God.

This, then, it would seem, is the answer of the Vedanta to our question concerning the evolution of consciousness; an answer, both yes and no.

The Divine Consciousness, the ultimate Being, does not develop, any more than Space develops. Space, indeed, is one of the standing similes of that Consciousness which, like the vast room of the Universe, is omnipresent and eternal.

But while Consciousness does not develop, its vestures do develop; first, under natural law, as in the birth and growth of the physical man, culmination of so much precedent birth and growth; then in the psychical man, under the laws of mental and emotional growth, touched from above by moral and spiritual law, and suffused by creative power, by free will, the power which makes for glory or for shame; thirdly, under spiritual law, in the causal man, where free creative will has become one with the Divine Will, and we share the views and purposes of God. Thereafter

comes a further growth and development beyond our human ken; when the man, in our sense, is man no longer; knowing himself at last as Divine Mind, Divine Will, not other than the eternal Being of God Himself.

CHARLES JOHNSTON.

“Never shall we attain to perfect inward purity until we so watch over all the movements of our heart and all our thoughts, that scarcely anything escapes us of which we may not be able to render account to God, and which does not tend to His glory; so that in the space of eight days, for example, we should perform very few exterior actions or interior acts of which grace is not the principle; and if any exceptions occur, they should be owing simply to surprise, and last but a few moments, our will being so closely united to God that it represses them the instant it perceives them.

*“It is seldom that we achieve a complete victory over our disorderly movements; scarcely ever do we so perfectly overcome any single one but there escapes something, or there remains something, either through want of attention, or for lack of a sufficiently vigorous resistance. Thus one of the greatest graces which God bestows upon us in this life, and which we ought most to beg of Him, is to be so watchful over our heart as that the least irregular movement shall not secretly arise in it without our perceiving it and immediately correcting it; for every day we are betrayed into a multitude of such which escape our observation.”—*Spiritual Doctrine: Lallement.

NORSE MYTHOLOGY

II.

THAT section of the Norse mythology, which we shall designate as the Drama of the Golden Age, has as its theme, the unceasing warfare waged by the gods against the Evil Powers, during the stretch of years when as incarnate visible rulers they walked and talked with men. Whether one reads it as solar myth, or translates it into terms of ethics and religion, it is still an absorbingly dramatic story in which are accurately reflected all the life and ideals of the primitive people of the North.

Nowhere are the common germs of all mythologies,—the personified sun, moon and stars, the fruitful earth and all natural phenomena more thoroughly imbued with local color, more definitely stamped with racial characteristics and standards. The ever recurrent triumph of darkness and cold, which holds the world in grip during the long winters, tended not only to cast the nature myths in tragic mould, but also to develop, through the enforced life of endurance and patience, a stubborn hardihood in the fibre of the people, and an ingrained trust in a future regeneration, so that the twin virtues of courage and faith became habits of the soul. Furthermore, since there in the grim North men had to cling together with a desperate tenacity, if life were to be tolerable, or even possible, amidst the constant threat of ice-bound seas, and raging tempests, the separate myths inevitably drew together into a centralized tragedy in which stoic endurance was exalted, honorable death welcomed as the door to liberation, and recompense for the bitter conditions without might be found in an inner life of peace.

No wonder that the trend given to their thought by such conditions diverged diametrically from that of the care-free Greeks who, surrounded by grace and beauty, produced those separate groups of lovely, lyric tales, each as free of all the others as were the independent Greek States; that we should find the golden winged fluttering Iris who paints the shimmering rainbow of the South metamorphosed into the Norse Heimdal, the patient guardian of the bridge between earth and heaven which is not merely the outer visible arc of prismatic color, but the "delicate vibrating way" over which only the pure of heart may pass, that his chief attributes are not beauty of form, nor loveliness of feature, but the patient intentness which so sharpened his ears that he could hear the grass sprouting in the fields, and the wool growing on the sheep, together with the dauntless courage which could stand against all the Powers of Evil, should they attempt to storm the delicate structure under his charge.

Adonis and Balder play like rôles in very similar myths of the Sun; yet the story of the young and rosy shepherd, reclaimed from death

for half the year by the enamoured Aphrodite, and that of the shining hero "without fear and without reproach" who is mourned unavailingly by his mother, Frigge, are the poles apart in feeling and ideal; the Norseman emphasizing not the North, the visible outer phenomenon of Winter's triumph over the Sun, but the inevitable destruction of purity and innocence through the power of blind knowledge when guided by the Spirit of Evil.

When we contrast the Norse Valhalla and its picture of the life there lived by gods and heroes, with the familiar concept of existence on the sunny heights of Mount Olympus, we have straightway epitomized the essential difference in the race ideal. Here is no graceful dalliance, but a stirring round of action. The gods partake of the miraculous life-giving food that they may straightway sally forth to deeds of high emprise; their hours of leisure are spent in a mimic battle one with another, a battle of friendly rivalry that shall increase their prowess and their hardihood. That there is an inner spiritual significance underlying the concrete stories is strongly hinted in many ways. Names used in the descriptions are significant, such as that of the miraculous kettle, elementary-fire, in which is prepared the daily feast, and that of the cook Andhrimna, or the Spirit; the sparkling mead which is their drink flows from the gracious animal Shining Heath, and is the very essence of tranquillity; while quite evidently the gods themselves are not only the personifications of Nature and the forces of Nature, but are the incarnation of their noblest thoughts and purest emotions, and as such worthy of their worship, as such demand our earnest consideration. The world in which they lived and moved is presented to us through the medium of a direct childlike vision, which made no hard and fast divisions between kingdom and kingdom, between fact and fancy. The whole universe to them was essentially one, and the field of the mythic play is transferred at will from the animal to the human world, or from the realm of plant and mineral to the regions of the planetary spirits.

In order to segregate and simplify the materials with which we are specifically concerned, the struggle between the gods and the Evil Powers, it is necessary to discard both the cosmogonical lays, which lead back into the misty distances of abstract speculation, and the specific hero-myths with their terra firma of semi-historical legends; legends which to the scholars of the last century seemed to rest on the foundation of an actual flesh-and-blood Odin, a barbarian from the Scythian forests, who fleeing before the genius of Pompey, subsequently marched victoriously northward and westward; leaving sufficient proof of his exploits and his dominion in name and custom and folk-tale. On this basis they conceived the entire edifice of Norse legend to have been reared, yet, at least to the satisfaction of the present generation, this historical Odin has been proved but a man of straw who instead of imparting life to the myths draws his very existence from the legendary tales.

With the main body of these hero stories we have been thoroughly

familiarized through fairy-tale and picture, through poetry and music; and under the chameleon-like variations, given by individual interpreters, it is still quite possible to distinguish the original mastermould, and to trace it to its original counterpart. Probably each one of us carries with him some deep-rooted conviction concerning these Northern heroes, which has been furnished him by one of those writers or musicians of the last generation, who discovered in the primitive grandeur of the Eddic Lays a mine of inspiration. We may know in our heart of hearts that a pre-Raphaelite like William Morris must in the nature of things prune and sweeten the rude notions of semi-barbarians past all recognition; that his interminable flowing lines swing us into a mood vastly different from that of the terse, staccato strophes of the old Icelandic tale; that his pictures of the joys of battle and of blood are as painstakingly elaborated, as conscientiously embroidered with half-obsolete words, as though they were an Arabesque pattern for a tapestry hanging, and that the heart of William Morris honestly thrilled not to the battle-cry of a vanished past, but to the new call of industrial betterment, and the incipient socialism of his time. Yet despite this knowledge if it be to him we owe our first introduction to Sigurd the Volsung, he will be indelibly printed upon our consciousness as the fair-haired youth who

“Abideth with the Lymdale forest lords.

In mighty honor holden and in love beyond all words.”

“In the woodland fray he fareth, and oft on a day doth ride

Where the mighty forest wild-bulls and the lonely wolves abide.”

Or perhaps it is Matthew Arnold who has introduced us to the sun-bright god and the mourning brothers in his poem of “Balder Dead,” and willy-nilly, we must always twine the fearless hero about with words such as these:

“For heaven was Balder born, the City of Gods

And heroes, where they live in light and joy.”

or “When thou sangest Balder, thou didst strike

Another note, and like a bird in spring

Thy voice of joyance minded us of youth

And wife and children and our ancient home.”

however convinced we may be that they more nearly describe the modern Apostle of Sweetness and Light than the fearless Norse sun-god.

Possibly if our first impressions came through a child's devotion to the verses of Longfellow, we have really had a truer approach; though the gentle American would have quaffed blood from skulls with as slight a relish as either of the others, he had yet a simplicity and a directness which permitted him to versify such joys without the intrusive egotism

of self-conscious art, and thus to keep more closely to the spirit of the original.

But it is Wagner in his music dramas who has really rendered the names of the old Norse gods, of their war-maids, of dragon and dwarf, into household words holding a common significance; and though he freely chose his material from all that offered, or ruthlessly discarded according to fancy, yet the result is essentially true. We feel the thread of fate spun by the relentless Norns as inexorably as in the Poetic Edda itself; there is the irresistible force of primitive passions, the deification of rude strength and of high courage all borne home to us by the power of great music, to speak to us directly, free of time or place. To blur or blot out vulgarity is his licence; it is his privilege and his necessity if he would give us the essential poetic and spiritual truth and we have little to alter or regret if our conception of Odin the Alfadir, of the Valkyries, and of Siegfried, the predestined liberator, and of the Curse of Hoarded Gold has been given us by his penetrating genius.

Turning from the hero myths and discarding the cosmogonical lays, we are free to concentrate our attention on the great drama itself. It begins with the moment when "in time's morning" the guidance and control of the created universe is entrusted to Odin and the company of his sons; it progresses through all their hand-to-hand struggles against the Powers of Evil, and culminates in the overwhelming tragedy of Ragnarok, the Twilight of the Gods.

These Powers of Evil may be roughly separated into three grand-divisions, each waging a more or less independent war against the gods, though aiding and abetting each other as occasion demands. First and least dangerous, there are the water-spirits, or sea-vans, who are quickly and easily subdued and thereafter serves as allies, their permanent allegiance secured by an exchange of hostages. Secondly, there are the frost-giants, or Jotuns, Titanic beings, who typify the forces of inorganic matter, of darkness and cold and who are born of inertia, ignorance and sloth; inherently inimical from their very nature to the Gentle Powers of Light, their resistance is stubborn, unremitting, unending. It is the age-long struggle of spirit and matter, never to be ended till one or the other is finally slave.

In the battle with the third division of the Hostile Powers, the drama finds its chief significance, its main interest. This is the conflict with the god Loke, one of their own number, and an inmate of heaven, but nevertheless the very embodiment of spiritual evil. Through him the doom of Odin's hierarchy, foretold by the Vala as inevitable because of his partial descent from the old frost-giant, Ymer, and his consequent half-mortal origin, is hastened and fostered. Straightway it becomes a house divided against itself, which cannot hope to stand. The battle with the giants is little save a steady exchange of blows, brute strength matched against brute strength, but here the field of action is at once transferred

to another plane, and becomes the absorbing personal problem of every man "who feels two natures struggling within him."

Loke may be regarded objectively as the Ravening Flame, humanly as the uncontrolled passions, spiritually as the fallen angel. He is in essence a god, a true creative power, and at first wholly good in nature. His earliest appearance is under the name of Loder, that one of the Norse trinity who endowed man with "the rose-red color of life and the burning keenness of the senses," and who, his separate work accomplished, is then re-absorbed into the one person of Odin, the Spirit of the World. When he reappears as one of the characters in the great drama, the separation from his brother is already complete and irrevocable; he is a rebel against the dominion of the spirit, and acknowledges no law save himself.

The other gods act either under or in conjunction with the Alfadir, are mere attributes of his being, specialized and segregated into independent entities merely that they may more freely and fully carry out his behests; his strength, embodied in Thor, thus becomes self-propelled, self-transmitted, creative; eloquence and poetry are entrusted implicitly to his son Brage, "one whose lips are risted runes;" Forsette is the visible personification of his justice; Loke is not a son, but a brother, coeval with Odin, and though false, treacherous and jealous, is yet a high-god, a creative force, not to be spared from the ranks of the heavenly company. He embroils them in quarrels, ensnares them with deceits, betrays them to their foes; but for the solution of the difficulties in which he involves them, they are forced to turn to the author of the mischief, for he is the embodiment of inventive cunning, and without him they are helpless. By superior strength and by their unity, they may force him to do their bidding, but he is endowed with the same measure of immortality as are they themselves, and destroy him they cannot.

In the first stages of the drama, they are amply able to control the situation, for Loke is but one against many, and though he is a constant source of annoyance, he is not regarded as a grave danger. But with the discovery that he is no longer alone, but that in the depths of "that forest which is of iron, hard and barren, and through which flies the storm eagle, playing on his harp the melody of the tempest" the hag, Angerbode, the Anguish-Boding, is rearing him a brood of three monster children, he becomes at once a very threatening menace. When Odin at last is made aware of the danger, he forthwith drags them forth to the light and passes judgment upon them. One, the Midguard-Serpent, he casts into the depths of the ocean, where it continues to grow prodigiously till it encircles the whole earth and tail in mouth, lies there a circle of disaster for all who sail the uncharted seas. Not till the day of doom shall his spell be loosed, when he shall issue forth to join forces with the host of Evil Powers. The second monster, the pale and livid giantess, called Hel, is relegated to the realm of shades, where she is given dominion over nine worlds of death; though not over those heavens of brightness and glory whither the blameless heroes who fall in battle are borne by the winged

war-maidens. Her rightful subjects are pale shapes of fear, without substance or reality, and those forms of sin too heavy to be borne aloft. In the lowest pit of all is her palace, called Anguish, guarded by the dog, Veracity, "with bloody breast and slaughter-craving throat"; her table is Famine, the waiter Slowness and Delay, and her bed is Care. There she must abide till she too is summoned forth to the final conflict.

Last of all, the young Fenris wolf, a fierce, strong young thing, with a snarling courage of bestial appetites and all the lust of animal strength, is summoned from his lair in the iron wood; him, Odin admitted to the sacred precincts of Asgard, to be fostered and trained by the gods themselves. Under the guardianship of Tyr the Strong, he grew and ranged at will till his enormous size and strength struck terror to the hearts of all, and he was neither to hold nor to bind; chain after chain he snapped in bits, till at length from the Dark Elves, the tiny creatures who tend the fires within the earth, and tuck the metals into the veins of the rocks, the gods obtained a magic cord. It was woven from many mere nothings, such as the breath of fish, the roots of mountains, and the foot-fall of cats. It was pliable and slender as a silken thread, but once it was fast about the monster by no possible effort could he free himself, and he was safely lashed to a rock, till the crash of doom should break his bonds, too, asunder.

His three children, being thus all imprisoned or in chains, the gods were free to devote their entire attention to Loke himself. From the sly malicious tricks of the early days, he had grown in insolence to the point of open revolt. In the palace of the storm king, he had hurled defiance at them all, assailing each in turn with taunt and libel; from that moment forward, he had become an avowed outlaw, living the ever-watchful sleepless life of the hunted, till at length endeavoring to escape, under the guise of a slippery salmon, he was captured in a net of his own devising. Then he too was bound Prometheus-like on the face of a precipice while above his head was fastened a reptile to spew venom-drops on his up-turned face; and although these drops are patiently caught in a cup by his untiring wife, the few which do fall upon him produce such torture that his agonized writhing convulses the whole world, and it is upheaved in earthquake and volcano; but free himself he cannot, till his bonds are loosed in the final cataclysm.

Yet, despite the imprisoning and enchaining of all the definitely embodied Evils, the Twilight of the Gods is not long to be postponed. Ultimate death is the heritage of all the sons of the old frost-giant Ymer, and among these sons are numbered all the company of Odin, as well as all the Evil Powers. The gradual waning of the Asa-might, the god-like power, is profoundly drawn throughout the entire drama. One by one they part with their divine attributes, till in the supreme need, when once again all the Powers of Evil are loosed against them they are but a maimed and withered company. Balder, the blameless sunbright god, is already dead through the blind trust of the blind Hoder in the guileful

Loke; Tyr the Strong has sacrificed his good right hand to the binding of the Fenris-wolf, Frey has parted with his trusty sword that he might win Gerda for his wife, and Thor's hammer of strength is inadequate because of its short handle. There is scarce one of the company who has not in some manner deprived himself of an important means of defense; the seeds of disruption and disintegration lay in their very nature and have but borne their fruit in due season.

As the day of doom draws near it is heralded by signs and portents. There are ages of crime and terror, in which

"Brothers slay brothers
Sisters' children shed
Each other's blood.
Hard is the world,
There are sword ages, ax ages,
And men no longer spare
Or pity one another."

Then comes the dread Fimbul-winter, when snow falls without ceasing, from the four corners of the world, and black frost holds the earth in grip; three like winters following without a single summer, for the sun can impart neither gladness nor warmth. Wars and rumors of wars spread and increase till at length with the noise of thunder comes the crash of doom. Then is the world convulsed, trees are torn from their roots, tottering mountains fall from their foundations, sun and moon are swallowed by Fenris, and his sister-wolf and heaven itself is rent in twain. At the resounding blast, which Heimdal winds of the dread Gjallerhorn, all the opposing forces rally to the fight. Undaunted the gods and heroes rush forth to the fray, Odin riding ahead, his golden helmet shining, his mighty spear flashing aloft. All know the end has come, and joyously they gather to claim their right to death in glorious combat. Over against them are ranged the Hostile Powers: the fire-flashing Fenris-wolf, whose cavernous jaws stretch from earth to heaven; the Midguard-serpent writhing in giant rage, filling the air with floods of venom; the pale company of Hel, drifting aimlessly about, powerless in the day of deeds to either help or hinder.

Through the riven sky come the Sons of Muspel, the flashing spirits from the highest world of fire; Surt, Angel of the Flaming Sword, rides in advance, about him pillars of flame, his blade outshining the very sun. The delicate vibrating Bridge is shattered to bits by the fury of the charge, as cohort after cohort dashes to the field of battle.

A mighty battle ensues for the gods and the enemies of the gods are meeting in a death grapple, universal, world embracing; fire, water, darkness and death fight together to destroy the order and harmony of the world. The evil annihilates the good, the good destroys the evil, till at length naught remains but a vast field of carnage, over which Surt, who

had "in time's morning" showered sun and moon and the spark of life from his sword again brandishes it aloft, and flinging fire and flame abroad destroys all vestige of his own creation. It is the complete reduction of the visible tangible world to nothingness; it is the end of the cycle, the tragic close of the Drama of the Golden Age, the fore-ordained moment when,

"Smoke wreathes around the all-nourishing tree. Trembles Yggdrasils' Ash, high flames play against the heavens, and earth consumed sinks beneath the sea."

Nothing remains save darkness on the face of the waters, and the imperishable forces which must lie dormant and hidden till the day of regeneration shall usher in a new cycle; but of that all that is told is in the prognostication of the Vala, and we can well close once again with her prophetic words:

"A new earth, beautifully green,
 From ocean shall arise;
 Again the golden tablets
 In the grass are found;
 Hoder and Balder
 The heavenly gods
 Again shall come,
 All evil be amended.
 Then shall another come
 More mighty still
 But him I dare not name.
 Few further forward
 Care to look
 Than to that time
 When Odin meets the Wolf."

ANNE EVANS.

THE TWIN DOCTRINES AND SOCIAL UNREST

THE Twin Doctrines may seem a long way removed from such up-to-the-minute questions as forcible picketing, women suffrage, should children be punished, divorce and public playgrounds.

These questions are all forms of social unrest. Brought by Fate into almost synchronous contact with these manifestations and many more, to a student of Theosophy the query came: What would be the effect if Reincarnation and Karma were believed by the people generally in America to-day as they were believed in by the people generally in the days of Egypt's greatness? Would there be so much unrest and turmoil?

This question was particularly emphasized when an attempt was made to get at the bottom of a big strike—one of the biggest of the past year. The student went out to investigate it. He stayed to help end it. Thus he was brought into intimate contact with all sides—employers, strikers, politicians, humanitarians, and the public in general. Fifteen thousand workers—men and women and children of legal age; representing nearly thirty national groups; speaking a dozen or more languages—had walked out one afternoon. They had stayed out for weeks. They did not know why they had struck. They were literally unable to give specific reasons for the strike. They made demands, but these were advanced subsequent to the calling of the strike. The strikers did manifest class-consciousness. They rallied to the support of a Cause. They suffered for it. They would have fought for it had a single leader of sufficient recklessness stepped forward. They resorted to violence in a disorganized sort of a way. Their violence was expressed in attacks upon people entering and leaving the works during the progress of the strike. There was sufficient violence to overawe local authorities. It proved necessary to call in State authorities. The display of force brought peace. Workers given protection returned to work. When enough had gone back, those still out called off the strike. They were beaten, but they do not yet understand why. They are still feeling bitter.

During the height of the strike speakers talked eloquently of "Brotherhood." It appeared almost in the same sentences with denunciations of other classes. Pleas to love one's brothers were coupled with appeals to use force against members of other classes. The chief manifestation of class-consciousness may be said, without bias, to have been a very definite class-hatred of all other classes. This was not surprising. There had been more than twenty years of propaganda and political organization. This had culminated in the organization of a "co-operative

union," cutting across trades lines. In this union a fifteen year old boy or an eighteen year old girl had equal voice and vote with the expert mechanic or the father of a family. The organization was avowedly that of a pure democracy—something like a New England town meeting, but without its responsible moderator, clerk and selectmen. When the time came for action the leaders could not handle the pure democracy. It suddenly appeared to them as a mob. When they were convinced the strike should be called off they were afraid to say so. They had preached emotionally. They were afraid to advise reasonably.

It is perhaps more than a coincidence that the strike immediately followed a great religious revival with noted evangelists, brass bands and a tabernacle especially constructed. This building was used for the strike meetings. It is also interesting to note that the effect of the revival was considered to have ended when individuals expressed themselves as converted. There was no direction given to the force created. There was no immediate putting to work of the energies stimulated. The revival and the strike were not unlike in their effect. Neither brought home to the individual the necessity, or even the possibility, of applying aroused energy in persistent, definite work.

The one clear, definite note of the strike was a demand for "rights." What these "rights" were was not easily discerned by those who demanded them. So far as the strikers expressed their ideal it savoured of covetousness—even of envy, hatred and malice. There was not even a comparison of their own past lot with their present lot. There was an entire unwillingness to compare their present lot with anything that could practically be achieved. The only comparison resorted to was with the physical comforts of the "capitalistic class" and it was generally claimed that every worker had a right to all these comforts.

On the other side some of the employers were as interesting in their limitations. They too talked much about "rights." They too manifested uncharitableness. There was no use or misuse of the word "Brotherhood." For this was substituted as a symbol of unity "organized society."

The politicians balanced voting strength. From this count of heads they took their stand. Publicly they talked in favor of the strike and the strikers. Privately they tried to end the strike anyhow or anyway—so long as they were supposed to be friends of the men with votes.

The humanitarians were the most interesting of all the groups. They were in a position to lead. Instead they talked. They sympathized tenderly with "the poor men and women out of work." Their cry was: "End the strike or you are cruel." Their only idea of ending it was to give the strikers whatever they wanted. Even the employers had failed to recognize that this particular strike was not a matter of dollars-and-cents bargaining, but was a manifestation of class-consciousness definitely engaged in an attack upon the social order as it is established today. The strike, therefore, was beaten the day it started. The strikers had tried to overthrow in a day a system built by the centuries. The business depres-

sion of the year would in itself, however, have made it impossible to yield to the strike. It would not have been practicable for either of these reasons to grant the demands for the restoration of men laid off; for an eight hour day; and for the transfer of established discipline to the union; for this was a legitimate interpretation of the form of the demand for the recognition of this particular union.

The pity of it all was that there was so much good sentiment wasted in emotionalism and false reasoning. The speeches on "Brotherhood" were eloquent and touching. They were so biased by prejudice and slander as to be shocking. The strikers had no sense whatsoever of duty. The employers were equally lacking in any consciousness of obligation. No one anywhere seemed to feel personally responsible toward another—it was "rights," "rights," "rights." The union was fetish. The strike was a holy rite. Few of the strikers had any other religious conviction or faith. Their leaders taught them that organized religion was a "capitalistic" scheme to enslave them and to keep them happy slaves in ignorance of their "rights." The humanitarians boasted that they were not "narrowly religious." Oh! no—they were narrow only in their attitude toward others. They placed no limitations upon themselves. They placed narrow limitations upon such others as did not do what the humanitarians thought should be done, and done only in their particular way.

Take as an example their attitude toward one big, wise employer. He had a fatherly feeling for his employees. Not a patronizing attitude, but a paternal one. He felt his fiduciary responsibility to his stockholders, but he also looked into the future to see what would be the ultimate effect upon his employees. He knew that he could not yield victory, or even a semblance of victory, to a cause united only to overthrow existing society. He had his responsibility as a citizen. There might be momentary hardship all around, but that would be better than the class-hatred which, if surrendered to, might precipitate a bitter class war in that great manufacturing district, through class-hatred having proved profitable to those practising it. This one man weighed, balanced and studied the situation, and was unmoved by pressure or abuse.

He was a fine figure to those impartially minded, but how was he regarded by the philanthropists, settlement house and social workers, and the whole party of sympathetic sentimentalists? They hated him! They called him "a brute, exercising brutal power." They warned him that he was forcing his people to violence. They did not say that violence was wrong. They merely said that if he persisted in his attitude violence would follow.

Is not this attitude essentially the same as that of a charming young married woman in a fashionable city suburb, who stopped a gentleman in the street on his way to his train to say—"Excuse me, but are you not Mr. John Doe"? Receiving a polite affirmative she went on in pretty eagerness to say: "Is it true, Mr. Doe, that you beat your little children?" Doe stared for a moment in amazed silence. The lady, for she is a lady—

alas!—went on: “I have only just moved here and I have been told that you beat your children. I can’t believe it. You don’t look like that kind of a man.” Doe rallied: “I do,” he answered solemnly, “whenever I think they need it, and I am only afraid that I am not kind enough, and not wise enough to do it often enough.”

Color flamed into pretty cheeks, clear eyes clouded with unshed tears and a proud little head was thrown back—“I cannot believe it—that you, who seem to be a gentleman, should use your great brute strength and power to beat a helpless little, little child. But if you are telling the truth I warn you that I shall try to get proof of it and shall swear out a warrant against you, and I hope the Judge will send you to prison to teach you a lesson in humanity, and to give a warning to others who dare to strike little children.”

Poor Doe is a widower and is doing his best. He admitted afterwards that it was a mistake to have attempted an argument, but he said “the little woman was so much in earnest that I did want to set her straight for once.” He started in telling her quite simply of his own bringing up and how he rejoiced in its iron discipline and unquestioning obedience, insisted upon, and enforced by whipping. He told her frankly that his one criticism of his childhood training was that he had not been whipped enough either as to severity or frequency. He closed the presentation of his case by alluding to the fact that strict discipline for children was the result of a great many centuries of human experience. The interview was closed with the reply, “Yes, and look at the result! It has made such brutes out of men like you that you glory in beating little children.”

Doe literally does not know at what moment he may be hailed into court to furnish yellow journals with a sensational story of how a respectable child-beater has at last received his deserts.

But what has all this to do with Reincarnation and Karma? it may be asked. Is it not fair to say that in striker, humanitarian, and pædophilist alike, we find an amorphous consciousness of an essential unity—yes, of “brotherhood.” Each would call this a definite, crystallized concept. This I challenge. There is no definite goal in what they are struggling after. Analysis to fundamentals would show each works for some form of increased physical, creature comfort. Suppose, for instance, that the workers suddenly got five times more pay—would they not soon be twenty-five times more unhappy? They would contrast their new lot with the lot of others still more comfortably fixed. Disappointed in the discovery that creature comfort had not brought happiness, they would not apply the discovery, but would be more than ever convinced that still more comfort would be the only way to happiness. There seems to be a heap of occult wisdom in the old story of “Flounder, flounder by the Sea” and the fisherman’s wife. It will be recalled that the Flounder King desired to satisfy her wants. She got what she wished for. Finally she lost everything, because as her desires were filled they grew until she asked to

be God—without first having earned the right even to share His consciousness.

The humanitarians, the strikers, the women's rights workers, all the forces of modern social unrest, have no real goal. They seek nothing definite beyond the immediately physical. How can they, if they believe in a single lifetime, or, still more usual, reject even this as untrue, while substituting nothing else? If man has only one life out of eternity, why blame him for trying to get what seems to him to be the things immediately worth while. If there be only one life there is injustice in the world. We ought to combine to fight injustice. If there be only one life the class-consciousness expressed in class-hatred is defensible. So, too, the pretty young woman, who wishes to prosecute a paternal disciplinarian for whom she has no responsibility, may be excused if she has only one life to live and wishes to gratify her unthinking love of children and her unconscious desire to make herself prominent while there is time.

Let us suppose, however, in contrast, that the soul or ego, has chance after chance to rise—to achieve real happiness. With this would go a system of accounting, so to speak, or a building up of results good and bad. There might be lost ground this time on earth—well—next time it could be worked off. This is Karma. The very wording of the explanation may explain why the Church, by a slender majority, voted against the Twin Doctrines. They are held today by more than a majority of the religious people on earth. The Doctrines were generally accepted when the Christian religion was founded. They were generally held by the Church until officially banned. The majority which banned them contained a very large party which believed the Doctrines, but which thought they should not be taught publicly and generally. It was feared that the doctrine of Reincarnation would make people less responsible instead of more responsible. The threat of eternal penalty was believed to be more potent as a driving force than the desire to please God. Personally this savors to me of a belief in the superior efficacy of hate over love. I do not believe it! I believe that love is, as recently described in an "Elementary Article" in this magazine, "the power, and the only power that rules the Universe."

Let us see how this would apply in the case of industrial relations, and whether it would tend to prevent strikes and to give employers and employees a greater sense of their own responsibility: Suppose the workers accepted as a fact that right here and now, in just the circumstances surrounding them, they could learn the next secret of life, the current lesson, so to speak—would they not return to the old standards of duty and obligation and faithful service? It does not seem possible that they would then scamp work to preach hatred, if they were driving hard to "make good" in their class. The employers, on the other hand, would see that it was their duty and their opportunity to make good as employers. That they today feel unconsciously this call is illustrated by the fact that so many of them plunge into humanitarianism and philan-

thropy, not appreciating that their opportunity for learning their lesson may well lie in the particular business circumstances in which they are placed.

Many of the Socialists charge that the economic situation of the present day is feudal in the relations between employers and employees. There is some truth in this. The modern business organization is distinctly hierarchial. Where it breaks down, it breaks down at the same point that proved the weakness of the old feudal system. When duty to God and King and service for his Lady ceased to move the feudal lord, he yielded to selfishness and began to oppress those below him. On the other hand, when lack of faith in God and failure to realize that faithful service is one form of worship of God infected the people generally, selfishness began to dominate them and they aided in the destruction of the feudal system. The lord found himself relieved of responsibility for the well-being of unfaithful retainers. The retainers found themselves relieved from the exactions and petty tyrannies of their over-lords. Each side gained over the condition under decadent feudalism. Each side, however, was worse off than it had been in the days of virile, God fearing, and God serving feudalism.

Today business feudalism, so far as it exists, has all the faults of decadent feudalism with the addition of a lack of sense of obligation on either side.

If Reincarnation and Karma were held in faith by the people, we would hear no more of the preaching of class-hatred. Employees would feel ashamed of not making good in their work. Employers would feel ashamed if they failed to keep their employees happy, contented and comfortable. There would be such mutual trust that the worst brutalities of modern business could be avoided. Employers would no longer refuse to increase pay in prosperous times, because they would know that they could reduce pay when business was depressed. There would be a sharing of risk and profit and it would be quite possible to maintain a force of men year in and year out.

Each man of whatever degree would work with a sense of opportunity to do his best in his particular lot. He would no longer despise the man below him nor feel bitter envy of the man above him. Each man would strive to earn promotion in the service of the Master. It should be remembered that in accepting the Twin Doctrines it is essential that they be applied, as they were applied in Egypt, and in India today, as merely part of the Path to the great happiness that comes from consciousness of that Rallying Love embodied in the flaming heart of the Master.

The modern rationalist advocating "pure democracy" may object to this idea, because it involves an acceptance of class distinctions—well, what of it? Does not nature recognize class distinctions? That great strike pretended not to recognize class distinctions, yet it distinguished between the abilities of men to lead. It distinguished also between its

own "class" and all others. In fact it seems demonstrable that Socialism is restoring caste to this country as nothing else has ever done, and restoring caste in one of its worst forms.

Think of what would be gained by bowing to Nature's Law of Order and falling into step with evolution. Your friend loses his wife: Shall he blame God or praise him; shall he either weaken or harden; or shall he strengthen, and fight forward to seek to fit himself for a real reunion—not some flabby, unreal, melodramatic, harp-playing without purpose in chorus—but a real reunion in work, and hope, and love? Sorrow, your friend will; sorrow, your friend should—for that is part of the opportunity of the lesson of death. But not in bitterness, and never in self-indulgence—nor in selfish grief. He will be more tender if he realizes that love removes all barriers and that doing his duty in obedience and faith and courage will lead to a reunion.

Let us go back to Doe and the modern Portia and see what would be the effect upon them if they were to believe in the Twin Doctrines. Doe does punish his children, but he does so in love and because he is convinced that centuries of accumulated human experience count for more than a sudden new fad that children should be allowed to "grow unhampered in their temperamental development." Should not Doe credit God with at least as much love and wisdom and firmness as he himself displays? If he does this it would seem logical for him to expect that God is going to give him chance after chance just as he gives his own children, and that what he takes as hardship and sorrow and pain in his own life is merely a variety of the same enforced guidance that he gives his children in love when he punishes them.

Take Portia: As Doe describes her she is very fascinating when she lets herself be a real woman instead of being a poor substitute for a male policeman. Let us credit her with sincerity according to her present beliefs. She undoubtedly does think that she is loving and wise when she gives her time, and strength, and energy in the effort to mind other people's business. Suppose Portia believed in Reincarnation and Karma, might she not see that interfering in other people's business, and homes, and lives is self-indulgence for her? Might she not regard the necessity to kill down the desire to so meddle as one of her opportunities in this life. Personally I should think that she would be afraid that God would give her her own way next time and would separate her (for a time only—for God is more merciful than we deserve) from those with whom she is grouped in love and set her to mind other people's business—when she does not want to!

Suppose Portia should say that this is too negative and should ask for something more positive than advice not to interfere with other people—how about her own home—her family and her own children? She thinks she is wise enough to regulate other people's children. Is it not possible that God is wise enough to regulate all children and that he has given her her chance in her own home. This particular Portia happens to

have children, but there are other charming regulators of other people's lives who have no children of their own. How would a belief in Reincarnation and Karma affect them? Might they not decide that for some reason they were being given an opportunity to serve someone entirely untrammled and would they not look carefully for the closest duty, and the harder it was welcome it the more?

I know a charming girl whose mother is by no means a happy woman. This girl regrets that a sense of impelling duty to become a trained nurse has obliged her to leave her mother to loneliness with strangers. Were she a believer in the Twin Doctrines would she not think that her opportunity for service was in the most tender care of her mother? It may be, such is the modern point of view, that she does not regard her mother as congenial! What of it? Does not that rather increase her opportunity for making good Karma?

When I see some of those clean-faced, firm-featured, well-groomed, and gaily-gowned ladies who preach socialism or suffrage, or demand a place in public affairs, I wonder if they would not prefer the more obscure, but possibly greater happiness to be found in their own homes, or in immediate personal circumstances, if they accepted the Twin Doctrines as laws of life. There is a stimulating side to these doctrines in making the overcoming of temptation—however subtle—a victory like unto a triumph in war—and is life not a fight?

I do not ignore the good that many of these women do. Yet it is worth wondering if this good balances the evil done by or through, or because of the many women trying to take the place of men. Take, for example, the case of a woman of international reputation, regarded as a saint by many, and recognized as a leader in philanthropic, political, sociological, and labor circles. The side of her which is like the old-fashioned saint has done good. She unquestionably has cared for a great many unfortunate young women. She has helped a great many of them to physical betterment and there is a strong chance that she has helped many of them spiritually. But there is a would-be-man side of her which may explain the fact that from her work has emanated more bitterness, class-hatred, and unreasoning unrest than from almost any other single center in this country. May it not be that she is like a locomotive with one of its connecting rods broken loose and thrashing around like a flail in the hands of a malignant giant. I know of no great woman saint who has preached hatred and bitterness. Yet women saints have remade kingdoms and captained armies. Were there ever gentler gentlewomen, ladies more feminine and dainty, than St. Catherine and the priceless, peerless Maid of Orleans?

A young girl was soon to be married to a man to whom her father and brothers had interposed fruitlessly strong objections. Her grandmother, who came on for the wedding, asked the bride-to-be if she were not afraid to set her inexperienced judgment against that of men who loved her dearly.

"Why no," came the answer, "if I have made a mistake I can get a divorce."

This is a very modern and not unusual point of view. Almost all of us have known of couples who when disagreeing have thought and talked of divorce as a remedy for marital unhappiness. If a belief in the Twin Doctrines were held by such young women might they not regard their fathers and brothers as means specially designed for their protection or training? If once married would not believers in these doctrines accept the step they had taken and endeavor strenuously to make their marriages successful?

Perhaps it may be found helpful to consider our modern problems by this test of courageous, patient and loving acceptance of the exact circumstances in which we find ourselves placed as individuals, families, groups, and so on up to nations and races. But if we seek to limit the Twin Doctrines to mere mind formulas we will find little satisfaction. To get strength, power and help through them must we not treat them as additional means of reaching to the Master? In other words is there any other way of finding happiness in life than through discipleship?

Applying the theosophic method, as set forth, for example, in Professor Mitchell's "Theosophy and the Theosophical Society" will it not help us to seek for points of agreement. If, instead of taking sides we were to study the great social and political problems in the light thrown by the Twin Doctrines and their logical conclusion, Discipleship, would we not find in the obedience and effort and joy, such happiness and peace as nothing material, whether it be money or legislation, may bring?

G. M. MCKLEMM.

"God will fairly flood your life, with all the power He can trust you to use wholly for Him.—S. D. Gordon.

WHY I JOINED THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

FOR many years religion had been with me a matter of outward form, church-going a more or less regular observance of something which it was the thing to do, prayer a succession of vain repetitions and demands that the things which I thought I and others needed, be granted. Sometimes there was a vague stirring of emotion which it was easy to think of as real spiritual experience, but there was no real inner life and no real desire for it—nothing but a cast-iron rigidity of belief in the literal interpretation of a few fundamental facts which I had learned as a child; nothing but a surface appreciation of the beauty of certain words and passages and verses which had never really held for me any deeper hidden meaning, and an absolute impatience with and intolerance of any new interpretation or seeking or thinking. And of course at the first great and real need of life, and under stress and strain, the outer walls which I had built up so carefully to support such an inner attitude, surveyed as they were with the wrong measuring-stick and composed of the wrong materials, first cracked and then swayed and finally collapsed.

About this time I had a great deal of experience with illness and doctors, and finally, four years ago, the opportunity of observing the methods of a physician who used hypnotic suggestion in the treatment of nervous troubles, and used it in a very unusual and spiritual way in an effort to reach truly the inner life of the patient. I became very much interested, through the things which I saw him accomplish and through others of which I heard, first in the whole question of hypnotic therapeutics, and then in the larger aspect of that whole question—as to how those inner forces worked which these doctors were always striving to untangle and set free in order to effect their cures. I read a number of books by French and German specialists, talked with various doctors here, became interested in the Emmanuel Movement, and through that more than ever in the exact nature of that inner power which brought about these outward transformations. Then followed a period of delving into Mental Science, and also to some extent into Christian Science and Spiritualism, and I gradually became more and more absorbed in the whole question of psychical research and read much on that subject. I was very much struck with the epilogue to F. W. H. Myers' *Human Personality*, containing as it did for me a first hint of a stupendous scheme of thought, of an infinitely broad conception of the world of the

spirit; but I was the most impressed by William James' *Varieties of Religious Experience*.

This book seemed to draw together all the threads which had been lying loose in my mind, and to begin to weave them together into some sort of fabric. I felt then that the power behind these remarkable conversions must be the same power which effected the physical and mental cures in which I had been so much interested and must also lie back of all the psychic phenomena. But exactly how all these things were inter-related, how to trace them still further back and to bring them all together I did not know, and I could not seem to find out. Up to that time all the steps of my reading and investigation and thinking had followed along in fairly rapid and seemingly quite logical order. One book had led through its references quite naturally to another, in what seemed to me at the time a very remarkable way, and things in my own life and in the lives of people near to me had all helped to aid progress and to open up new avenues which had led to greater light. But now I seemed to come up against a solid wall that barred further progress along these old lines of investigation. After battering myself against it for a while it was borne in on me that I was not meant to go on in these old ways any longer; that when the proper time came the road would be clear again, and that what I was meant to do just then was to apply in service as much as I had been able to learn; to stop groping and thinking and analyzing, and to learn to feel more deeply and to live more truly; to let this power of which I was at last acutely conscious take absolute possession of me and work out its will in me, and to trust that through the working out still further light and growth would come.

And then I began to find new meanings in the heart of old words, a new inspiration in the church service, a new vision of the larger meaning of life and living in the words of a friend who was one of a group of people all members of the Theosophical Society. Through this friend came the opportunity to take part in some measure in the work which he and this group were doing, and through him and through this work to know others of this group. Through them came a realization of the true meaning of brotherhood and service, an understanding of how the doing of the little things of every day may be made beautiful and consecrated by doing them always as unto Him, of what the constant sense of the presence of the living Master may mean in a life, of the heights of self-sacrifice and helpfulness and vision to which it may lead. I really knew very little about the Theosophical Society at that time, but it was plainly the source from which these people all drew their inspiration, and I wanted this same inspiration more than I had ever wanted anything in my life before, for myself and for others. I attended five or six meetings of the Society, became interested in new aspects of the talk and discussion which went on at them, and received all the while constant help in the ways in which I had desired it so much, and feeling at last that through earnest effort and desire there was very much more to be added

than I had before dreamed of and that through the Society would come the wider knowledge and wisdom which would include all the things I had wanted over the last few years, I made my application for membership.

A. R. C.

I have been asked to write a short article on "Why I joined the Theosophical Society," but theosophy has come to mean so much to me that it is doubtful if I can separate the reasons why I joined from those which lead to my remaining a member. Analyzing motives is also difficult in the face of the gratitude I feel for the inspiration that has come through its fellowship and teachings.

Theosophy was first brought to my attention by a very charming, cultured woman, who had enjoyed the privilege of membership under Mr. Judge's leadership. It is possible my joining the society at the time I did was prompted by selfishness, but this selfishness, if so it can be called, lay in the fact that it brought to my attention many things heretofore unknown and undreamed of, and at that time in life I was curious and wanted to know and find out the why of everything. This attitude of mind, however, soon turned into one of admiration and earnestness,—admiration for the objects which the society stands for and tries to inculcate into life,—brotherhood and power for good—and earnestness in my endeavor to carry out my share in the great scheme of life to which I had been introduced through Theosophy. For I then learned and realized as I never had before that even so small an embodiment of life as I represented had its place in the great whole; that I was a necessary part to the evolution of the world, not only for what life offers for my own development, but to give the best that I could for help in the development of the whole. Only by giving of what we have can we make room for what is better.

For many years I had been hoping to find in the religion of my family and friends the answers to questions which were puzzling me,—questions as old as the world—Why does life seem to hold more for the few than for the great majority? How can I prepare myself for eternity in a life of the regulation three score years and ten? What is the use of it all if some whom I know and love are condemned and lost while others have eternal life? These questions and others were unanswerable until worked out reasonably through the universal laws that Theosophy revealed.

The great law of cause and effect, or Karma, answered the first question satisfactorily to my mind. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Whatever causes I, myself, set in motion, I must be concerned in the result; on no one else can the blame fall. The life of each one of us is so inextricably interwoven with that of others through this law, that we are brought face to face with our duty to our neighbor, and the query "Am I my brother's keeper?" becomes at once a command to be heeded.

Closely connected with this law is another even more beneficent—of reincarnation; beneficent because it allows the working out of the law of cause and effect by giving the opportunity of meeting those with whom our lives are interwoven and allowing us to set right any wrong which we may have done them. It also gives us time and opportunity to continue and finish such good as we have started. This law of reincarnation answered my second question, *i. e.*, whether one life is not too short in which to prepare for eternity.

The main object of the society—Brotherhood—contains the answer to all three questions, for it traces its beginning to God, the Father of all mankind, which tie binds us all together and from which we cannot escape.

In answering these questions where Christianity seemed inadequate, theosophy did me the further service of showing that if Christianity were rightly understood, it would in no sense be antagonistic to theosophy. It also taught me that Theosophy would clarify and supplement the teachings of Christianity with reasonable authentic explanations.

I joined the Theosophical Society because as I understood its presentation, it seemed to me to furnish a reasonable basis for living. I remain in it because it has taught and still teaches me that I, myself, am the reason. This is not egotistical; it is the great Universal Self to which I refer. The struggles brought by life seem no longer stumbling blocks, but rather opportunities which the clear light of Theosophy teaches me are so many lessons to be learned and understood. They are not punishments sent for misdeeds; they are rather the results of deviations from the path of inexorable Divine law, their elimination resting with me and such progress as I may make in following the law. When I have learned to live without friction, accepting whatever comes with calmness and self-control, without fear of the future, then I am becoming the law itself, and am able to help those who may have the same troubles which I encountered. I am then living Brotherhood, by making Theosophy a living power. This contains all that makes life worth living, for after all no one, no matter how selfish or material he may seem to be or think he is, cares to live for himself alone—he must have some object to make life worth while; and to my way of thinking there can be no object which could take the place of working for the whole race of humanity embodied in the word Brotherhood, which includes all lesser ethical works, or aims.

B. L. G.

Twenty-one years ago I was one of a group of seven that started an investigation of religious questions other than those afforded by the church. We met frequently and compared notes, turning our attention in succession to Ingersoll, the Psychical Research Society's work, spiritualistic phenomena, materialistic science, and lastly to Theosophy. All of the investigators felt benefited by their experience. Four turned to the Eastern teachings as affording the most light, one got lost in the mazes

of Spiritualistic Phenomena, two held to their church but studied Theosophy, and the writer joined the Society.

I, like all the others, during our investigations, had to face seeming complexities in the Christian Religion and the teaching concerning the Christian Master. My lot was not so difficult as that of the others, however, in that I had never in my life doubted the immortality of the Soul, and from early childhood had always had a deep and abiding faith and interest in Jesus. My objects in starting the investigation originally were among other things, to obtain, if possible, a clearer and more satisfactory understanding of Jesus and his teaching. Thus, while seeking for light, I never severed my connection with my church, and found to my delight that Theosophy afforded the key to the seemingly unanswerable things in life and that the "Gentle Nazarene" and his story were contained in Theosophy with a wealth of meaning and in entire completeness. For Jesus had always been the golden thread running through my life, and with what joy I found that Theosophy enabled me to trace that thread. By its light was shown the wonder and glory of His mission. Certain puzzling chapters in St. John, the prayer of Jesus connected with the Last Supper, his relations with his Disciples, all took on a world of meaning, where before all had been confusion. What did not the Light of Theosophy divulge to me. It showed so plainly that all religions have the same source and origin. How it made me long for the day when the fundamental truths of the Christian Religion will be more fully revealed. With what encouragement we can view the progress that is being made in this direction even now, as is shown in the more spiritual development of our clergymen, the increasing liberality of the Episcopal Church, its devotional attitude and its large humanitarian work.

Who can wonder, then, that I joined the Theosophical Society? In all the years of my membership, its teaching has been a constant source of helpfulness and inspiration. Criticism and contention fall away before it, creeds cease to exist, and co-operation, not criticism, is shown to be the need of the hour. One point which appealed most strongly to me in my first touch with Theosophy was that which concerns the struggle within man. Self-induced effort is a prerequisite for progress, yet man alone, and unaided must always fail, and by the great law must turn for aid to the beckoning and guiding hand of the Master, who for me and many other members is none other than Jesus Christ. For me, therefore, Theosophy spread out nineteen years ago the map of life, outlining its complexities, its joys and sorrows, and gave the realization that the journey's end can only be found in *service*, following the example of the great Christian Master. "Freely have you received, freely give."

M. F. G.

In trying to tell why one takes a very important step in life, it is necessary to show the trend of thought and the circumstances which led up to it, and in doing this one must give personal history.

I belong to a family whose members have been devoted churchmen for generations. They admit that there are good people among the sects, but it is hard for those who are not members of the visible Church here, to enter the Church Eternal in the Heavens. That I have come into the Theosophical Society shows of itself that I have been and am a great disappointment and trial to my people. Looking back over my life I can see that even as a child I was not the product of my family environment. I have a "scrap book" of poetry that I began before I was ten years old. In looking over it recently, I have been interested to note, not only that the verses show the growth of my inner life, but that while the clippings show a strong religious trend, there are many of them that I still value because they express a positive faith and reliance on the law of Karma, as I now understand it. As a child I had a firm faith in prayer, and believed, as I think most children do, that God the Father is very near and ready to help, if we ask Him. I remember once, as a small child, being frightened by a horse, and in jumping out of the way, landed in a mud puddle, I was naturally horrified to see my clean clothes spoiled, and clothes were a bad point with me, for I was constantly getting into disgrace because of them. I began to pray that God would take all the spots off before I got home, and I made the trip as long as possible so that He would have time to attend to me.

When I reached home the mud had dried and the spots had practically disappeared. I then prayed that my mother would be kept from noticing and punishing me, and I believed this prayer answered, for nothing was ever said about the spots.

From my childhood until I was grown my dearest friends were children of Methodist parents. I had no friends in the Church. I was allowed to go sometimes to the Methodist Sunday School, but often when I was supposed to be safe in the Episcopal Sunday School, I was with my Methodist friends.

When I was about fourteen the Methodists had a series of revival meetings which I attended. I was greatly impressed by the experiences of those who were converted, and sincerely wished to share their devotion and joy. I was "converted" before the meetings closed, but although I was very much in earnest, I was disappointed that I had no wonderful experience, as some of my friends had. I could see no change in myself except a new desire and determination to overcome my faults, and grow more like my ideal. But the Methodists appealed to me very strongly, there was something real, warm and alive about their religion, while my own Church seemed cold and unresponsive, and besides they believed in answer to prayer, and prayed to God from their hearts, and not from a book. They also believed in "Sanctification," that it was possible to have all one's sins washed away and to lead a holy life, this appealed to me, this seemed to me to be the goal to strive for. As I remember my understanding of it then, I should say that "the state of sanctification," is what is known as chelaship in the Orient, and by the followers of Jesus the Christ,

as discipleship, and this Theosophy has taught me, is as possible for us today as for those who lived with our Lord, and immediately after his ascension. He told us to "be perfect as the Father in Heaven is perfect," but that seemed hopeless in one short life, but now with the teaching of reincarnation, all things are possible.

When my family learned what I had done my trials began, for they had no faith in sudden conversions, and when they found that I wanted to join the Methodist Church they were as horrified and troubled as if I had committed a crime. For the greater part of a year they and their friends labored with me, while I prayed and pled with God to show me what I ought to do, feeling sure all the time that He would want me to join the Church that would bring me nearest to Him, and, of course, I believed that to be the Methodist.

As the months of struggle and prayer passed, the conviction grew stronger that I owed obedience to my mother and respect to family traditions, so that same year I was confirmed in the Episcopal Church.

From that time until I was about thirty-five I believed myself a devoted churchwoman, and was so considered by others, but now as I look back at that period of my life I see that there was no real devotion in my heart, no real sincerity, and I knew really nothing of the true spiritual teaching of the Church, I had only the outside husks. The ritual appealed to me and it stirred emotions in my heart which I mistook for the fervor of devotion.

Yet good churchwoman as I was supposed to be I was still the "odd" one, and more or less of a trial to my people, for I was interested in socialism, faith cures, living by faith, single tax, second adventists and any other "ism" that came my way, and I always seemed to draw people with "isms" rather than my own Church people.

During these years many sorrows and disappointments had come to me, and although I felt life to be very hard, I can truthfully say, I think, that I never felt life to be unjust to me for I knew my own failings so well, and how far I was from the ideal that I had started out to attain. But I saw what seemed injustice everywhere, especially among children. I had a feeling that perhaps the grown people were something like myself, and I knew I seemed better on the outside than I knew myself to be, but children were newly created white souls, and I could not see the justice. I suppose I was beginning to think, life was forcing questions upon me, that my Church teaching could not answer. I was losing faith, not in God, but in the Church, where it had never been a living faith, as I now see.

The thought of an eternity of bliss was more unthinkable to me than an eternity of woe, for I can never remember having any fear of a hell, but I can well remember trying to imagine an eternity of bliss, until I felt I should go mad, and longing and praying for annihilation instead. It was the teaching of evolution, reincarnation, and Karma, in Theosophy, that appealed to me most strongly at first. The idea that each child born into the world was not a new-made soul, reaping where it had not sown,

and suffering for the sins of others, was the greatest joy and encouragement to me. But when the truth, for truth I at once felt it to be, of an eternity behind me as well as before, and that I am living in eternity now, came to me, all the old horror fell away. But this was not until I heard of Theosophy, and that came about in this wise.

In the midst of all this mental upheaval, an English friend gave me Marie Correlli's books, *The Romance of Two Worlds* and *Ardath*. These gave me the first hint of evolution, and the idea that the soul is not born, nor can it die, but that it comes to this earth to learn the lessons of life and to reap what it has sown in other lives, to grow, and to mount ever higher and higher. These books impressed me greatly and gave me food for thought for months. At this juncture I was invited by this same friend to attend a lecture that he had heard of, on the "Astral Body." We had no idea what that might be, but wanted to go any how. We understood very little of the lecture, but we did get many helpful thoughts. Leaflets were given us on Reincarnation and Karma and after going to more lectures, thinking over all I had heard and reading the few things given me, it seemed to me that I had suddenly found an answer to all of life's questions. All the injustice and wrong were wiped out. Life took on a new and more hopeful aspect, there was no horrible eternity of either bliss or woe. I learned anew that law and order reigned and a living, all-wise and all-just Father ruled the world.

I joined the Society six or eight weeks after that first visit, and it was only after I had begun to learn something of its Divine teaching that I felt I had found compensation for all the sacrifice I thought I had made when I gave up the ideals and aspirations I had at fourteen, and followed my dear mother's wishes.

All this and more I have found in Theosophy, and I am only beginning, there is endless unfoldment before me.

E. G. A.

ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

THE Recorder began: "I have friends in Germany on whose behalf I wish to speak. There are many German readers of the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY—men and women whom we respect, some of them members of the Theosophical Society, fellow-workers with us in the cause of Masters and of humanity. Doubtless they are protesting, as far as they are able, against the violation of Belgium neutrality and against the hideous wrong done that people. I should prefer to remain silent until we receive information of their protest, and then to second it to the utmost of our ability. But the war prevents free communication with Germany—the censorship is very strict—and many months may pass before we hear from our German friends again. It would be wrong for us to withhold our protest for so long. If only on their behalf it would be obligatory for some one of us to speak.

"Every ideal for which Theosophy stands has been outraged. If America or France or England had done this thing, our condemnation would not be less severe; our pain would be even greater. It is because, for the moment, I speak for a cause which includes all nations and races equally that I feel it my duty publicly to execrate an irremediable outrage, not merely against civilization, but, in the person of the perpetrators, against human life and human honour. With every man of every race who loves what is honourable, respects what is sacred, reveres what is true, and who hates what is evil and hideous and perverted,—we mourn."

The Objector spoke instantly: "Germany claims," he said, "that the violation of Belgium neutrality was a military necessity; that it was an act of self-preservation."

"On behalf of my German friends," replied the Recorder, "I must beg you not to say that 'Germany claims.' Say rather that official Germany claims, or, if that be not sufficiently comprehensive in your opinion, say that a great majority of Germans make that claim and thereby pretend, as against all that German Theosophists stand for, that the end justifies the means. From the dawn of history, that doctrine has been used by everyone who, for the time being, has become the instrument of devils."

"After all," interjected the Philosopher, turning to the Objector, "it is not a question of what you or I would do in given circumstances; it is a question of what we would wish to do. If you and I were wrecked on a desert island, I might, at the end of a week's starvation, kill you and eat you. I hope sincerely that I should not. Self-preservation certainly could not warrant it. If I were to do it

as soon as we landed and without even the excuse of a week's starvation, it would make my action that much the worse. If I had in some way premeditated the act, or if you were in some way under my protection, it would again make the act more evil by just that much. But the point is that while, on the one hand, we cannot guarantee our own impeccability of conduct in times of great temptation, we can say what we would hope to do; we can recognize an ideal. Therefore we must condemn a wrong act, though not the actor, even when the wrong act is unpremeditated. In the case of Germany and Belgium, however, premeditation has been admitted. It is as if a man, foreseeing the probability of a fight with his neighbour, planned beforehand to use a child next door as a club or a shield—a child he had promised specially to protect. Then, because the child when seized by the heels, proceeds to kick and to struggle, the man dashes its brains out and uses the dead body as a club. He admits to his friends (as the German Chancellor admitted) that he knows he is doing wrong, but that he has an enemy and must 'hack his way through.'

"Can such conduct need condemnation? Can it be necessary to point out that it was the duty of that man to die a thousand deaths but never, even at the last gasp, to do a dastardly thing such as that? Is it not obvious that he has placed himself under the protection, not of God, but of the Black Lodge and of all the powers of darkness?"

"So terrible was the initial offence—the invasion of neutral Belgium—that the mutilation which followed the murder—the destruction of Louvain and other cities—might be regarded as evidence of insanity rather than as cumulative moral guilt. Once you assert that the end justifies the means and undertake to act upon that theory, you place yourself, not only beyond the pale of morals, but of reason. You join the ranks of the insane and everything you do is likely to be an insane act—fiendishly cruel or wanton. You cannot unite your life with that of the Black Lodge without coming, in time, to hate God, even though you continue to mutter the name of God interminably."

"The subject is too terrible," said the Student. "Let us change it. . . . What would you regard as the fruit of your summer?"

It was the Philosopher who undertook to reply.

"A deeper conviction," he said. "that conduct, that policy, are controlled by character; and that if we would learn to act with wisdom and also with power, we can only do so as the result of an all-round development of character."

"What do you mean by character?" asked the Student.

"I mean the qualities of the heart and will and imagination. I mean that if a man have an arrogant heart; if he be vain or bad-tempered or sensual or lacking in sympathy—if, in brief, he have

any moral defect of any kind, that moral defect is going to warp his judgment and paralyze or greatly weaken his action in everything that he undertakes in any department of life. In other words, the moral qualities, instead of being merely ornamental, or instead of being desirable for reasons partly spiritual and partly æsthetic, as many people seem to believe, are absolutely essential to the successful performance of any task whatsoever, from making love to commanding an army, from sweeping a floor to running an automobile."

"Do you suggest this as a discovery?" It was the Objector who spoke, and when the weather is against him, he degenerates occasionally into sarcasm. But the Philosopher knows him and smiles.

"Not as a discovery," he replied, "but as a conviction which has bitten into me more deeply because of the war."

"I thought we were going to change the subject," the Student murmured.

"We cannot change the subject. Nobody can," answered the Philosopher. "It is bigger than we are. And in this case, as I said, I have to thank the war for a deepened and still deepening conviction. The principle of which I was speaking can be seen at work both in the diplomacy and in the strategy of the contending nations. Their conduct is written so large on the Screen of Time, that it enables one to see more clearly one's own mistakes and above all one's own needs.

"It could perhaps be stated more simply in this way: that selfishness, self-love, self-glorification, self-pity—self in any of its innumerable phases—while long since recognized by mystical theologians as the supreme enemy of the soul, ought also to be recognized as the supreme enemy of successful action on any plane and in every sphere of life. Self invariably defeats its own ends; invariably deprives itself of the fruits of its own efforts; invariably blinds, tricks, misleads us intellectually; invariably deflects our aim, weakens our blow, saps our resistance."

"The logic of that," commented the Student, "is that the nation or nations meeting with defeat in this war will be overcome by their own moral defects rather than by the superior strength of their antagonists. But where would you draw the line? Surely you would not ignore the weight of numbers as a factor?"

"Certainly not. The number of men and of guns; the amount of gold in a nation's treasury—the physical fitness and 'preparedness' of a nation—these clearly are factors of immense importance. But they are the result of moral qualities operative for years prior to the outbreak of hostilities. My sympathies, as you know, are completely with the Allies; but neither France nor England can be held blameless for their lack of preparation. For one thing, they failed to recognize the character of the ruling caste in Germany—of the

caste that has ruled its people since the war of 1870. This failure was due to insularity, to provincialism—forms of self-centredness and of self-sufficiency. It never entered the head of the average Englishman (probably not of the average Frenchman either) that a caste existed in Germany which quite seriously thought itself superior, not only to all other created things, but to the generally accepted moral law. Yet the spirit of a dominant caste is often expressed by poets and philosophers, and Nietzsche was poet and philosopher in one. His Superman (read his *Also Sprach Zarathustra*) declares that the very spirit of Christianity, apart even from its dogmas, has polluted and debased the intellectual atmosphere of Europe. If you will turn back to the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY for April, 1909 (Vol. VI, No. 4), you will find an article on Nietzsche which explains much that we witness in Europe today. . . . It is not my intention, however, to criticize Germany. My point is that English and French statesmen ought to have foreseen what was coming—what was bound to come—and ought to have strained every nerve to prepare for it in advance, instead of permitting the thought and energies of their respective nations to concentrate on domestic comfort."

"In a hundred years from now," interrupted the Gael, "they will be condemned with a severity which today would seem most unjust. Imagine a settler in this country, out West, in the days of Apache or Sioux wars. Imagine that, instead of building stockades and laying in powder and bullets and provisions, your settler had concentrated his attention on decorating the interior of his log cabin or on importing silk dresses for his wife or even on tasks, otherwise meritorious, such as the proper mending of his children's stockings. You would say that the man deserved any fate, but that it was distinctly hard on the said wife and children! Yet that is exactly what the radical and socialistic politicians of France and England did. It would be an insult to all old women to say that such men behaved like old women. And in too many cases their motive was a bad one. They wanted votes, and they pandered to the ignorance of the average voter."

The Objector broke in: "There are plenty of people in France and England, and for that matter in this country too, who have no more use for Christianity than Nietzsche had. It would be absolutely unfair to attribute to any class of Germans a monopoly of such disapproval."

"True," replied the Philosopher. "But there is an immense difference between opposition to a Church or disapproval of dogmas, on the one hand, and, on the other, contempt for an ethical ideal. Further, Nietzsche did not invent a new ideal. All he did was to voice the ideal of the caste which dominated and still dominates

Germany. He was most careful not to limit his condemnation to views distinctively Christian. See what he said about Theosophy—supposed at that time, and of course wrongly supposed, to be emphatically anti-Christian. 'The result of Theosophy. One is most dishonest against one's God: one is not allowed to sin!' . . . If you do not believe me, here is the German of it, from *Sprüche und Zwischenspiele*, vol. VII, p. 95: 'Aus der Theosophie. Man ist am unehrlichsten gegen seinen Gott: er darf nicht sündigen!'

"I have heard Germans, who were Church-goers, rave about Nietzsche. They liked his 'freedom of spirit'; they admired his vigour. The truth is that he expressed what they wanted to be; that his writings (not, of course, the man himself) portrayed their hero, the German Superman. If all the powers of evil had combined to express their soul in words both attractive and forceful, the result could hardly have excelled the work of Nietzsche. My own belief is that he was used in just that way. He claimed to be inspired. He was mediumistic. He died in a mad-house. And in any case he voiced the doctrine of devils."

"If you admit," said the Objector, "that many English and French politicians were insular or provincial, and that these were forms of self-centredness and of self-sufficiency, in what respect were they superior morally to Germans?"

"I did not and do not say they were superior to Germans. You must be good enough not to ignore my distinction between 'Germans' and the dominant caste in Germany. You must leave it to the individual German to declare his sympathies. The dominant caste in Germany had no sense of humour. The German papers that laughed at their absurdities were conducted by clever Jews—an entirely different race. Both French and English could laugh at themselves; could see that they were not Supermen; did not imagine themselves above the moral law, or the law which ought to govern their neighbours. They still retained, in other words, some remnants of a genuine humility. Englishmen, practically without exception, had sense enough left to realize that if all the world were Anglicized, it would become a very soggy world. They were sufficiently civilized, in a theosophic sense, to value the contribution of minds and of temperaments utterly different from their own. They could respect much that they found in France, in India, in America, in Germany, in Russia, in Italy, and in many other nations. And by respect I mean they could really value much that they met with. The same was true of the French and of the Russians. It would be impossible to find in any French or English or Russian newspaper of the past fifty years, an article such as that which appeared in a recent issue of the German *Kreuzzeitung*, translated in the New York *Sun* of November 29th. The *Kreuzzeitung* says:

“Speaking frankly, and as true Germans, we would see every monument, every stone that tells the history of France, every picture, though it be a work of semi-divine conception, utterly destroyed rather than that the glorious work that has been given to the German race to perform in the world should be hindered by even so much as one hour’s avoidable delay.

“The world can be revitalized, society ennobled and refined, only through the German spirit.

“The world must, for its own salvation, be Germanized.’

“Many individual Germans would laugh at such narrow arrogance. German Theosophists would see instantly how utterly opposed is such a spirit to the principles upon which the Society is founded. None the less, that article in the *Kreuzzeitung* speaks for the caste in Germany which controls the policy of the German Empire, and, as I said, there is no caste either in France or in England which is capable of such narrow-minded arrogance, any more than it is capable of the wild talk of a man like Maximilian Harden, with his ‘our might shall create a new law in Europe’! Psychic intoxication if you choose, as may be said of Nietzsche. But that which inspires it is bad; is the exact opposite of the theosophic spirit; is deplorable.”

“All that has been said so far,” said the Disciple at this point, “will impress some Germans as very unjust, and even some non-German readers of the *QUARTERLY* as very unbrotherly. But having said it, I want, if you will let me, to explain what I mean. In this country we have had an opportunity to study each nation’s record of the negotiations which preceded the war: we have read the official documents as presented by Germany, France, England and the other allied governments. It is doubtful whether any Germans in Germany, except Foreign Office officials, have had the same opportunity. As the result of our study we have come to certain dispassionate conclusions. We have a right to claim them as dispassionate, because we were not biased in favour of England, as our history during the past twenty years and longer amply proves. We have come to the conclusion that Germany could have prevented war and did not choose to do so; that Germany hoped until the last moment that England could be kept out of it, and because self-deceived, was furious when England, instead of submitting to the violation of Belgian neutrality, took up arms to protect that which she had promised to protect. We have come to the conclusion that the said violation of Belgian neutrality by Germany, was premeditated, was unprovoked, was wicked, was cowardly. As a people—although neutral as a nation—we shall not rest content until Belgium is again independent and has been compensated, to the utmost that is possible, for the terrible wrong that has been done her. That, if I am not mistaken, is a

fair statement of what the average American feels. It is in any case what I feel. And I base my conclusion upon a study of all the official documents, Germany's White Paper included. It would be possible to base it upon Germany's statement alone. But the average German in Germany has been misled; does not know the facts; is convinced that he does know them, and has concluded (because he personally, perhaps, did not want war) that 'Great Britain started the war for money', as the *Kreuzzeitung* tells him. Consequently he would think the remarks made here this afternoon very unjust and unfriendly. He would be wrong, but we must make allowance for the fact that he has been misled."

"How about the peace-at-any-price people?" asked the Student. "I can imagine their indignation if they could have heard our talk!"

"The logic of their position," replied the Disciple, "is that we should abolish Police, front-doors, locks and keys, and any and every form of resistance. It would be a sin, not only to defend oneself, but to defend another, whether unjustly attacked or not. To be logical they would have to go further and admit that it would be inconsistent with their principles to resist temptation or the evil in their own hearts. They will not see the logic of that, but it is none the less the only fair deduction from their premise. Obviously, as against their position, so long as evil exists, whether within us or without us, it must be fought. 'Think not that I am come to send peace on earth: I came not to send peace, but a sword.'

"But there are those who, without being 'peace-at-any-price,' will think that the QUARTERLY is no place for the discussion of topics which are hotly disputed, and that it is 'unbrotherly' to express an opinion which may hurt the feelings of somebody else. If superlatively foolish, they might add that it is unbrotherly to judge either a nation or an individual.

"Let us take the last, first. If my brother commits a murder, am I to approve his act? If he steals, am I to condone his offence? I owe it to him as well as to myself to condemn his misconduct, once it is proved against him, and most bitterly to regret it and—for him and with him—to repent of it. Was Christ unbrotherly when, to their faces (would to Heaven I had his power of invective!), he denounced the Scribes and Pharisees? "Woe unto you, hypocrites! for ye devour widows' houses, and for a pretence make long prayer: therefore ye shall receive the greater damnation. Woe unto you, fools and blind! Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers! Ye are like unto whited sepulchres, which indeed appear beautiful outward, but are within full of dead men's bones, and of all uncleanness.' No! Christ was not afraid to expose and to denounce evil. A brave declaration of principles, a valiant defence of all who are unjustly attacked, must for ever be the duty of the Theosophist. And I suspect that friends of those Pharisees, though not their wiser,

truer friends, had feelings very much hurt by such uncompromising condemnation. They were the dominant caste in Judea. To condemn them was not to condemn their nation; but to condemn them was to force a choice upon all the people of their nation.

“Was Christ ‘unbrotherly’ when he spoke of Herod as ‘that fox,’ that jackal? What queer ideas people have of brotherhood! What vacuous sentimentality masquerades under that name! Think of Madame Blavatsky: do you remember her editorials in *Lucifer*? . . . Would you mind handing me that third volume? Just for fun, I am going to open it at random. . . . It opens on p. 3. There is an editorial entitled “Our Third Year.” Writing in the third person Madame Blavatsky says of herself:

‘If she has not held the torch nearer to certain American, French, English, German and Hindu members of the Society, it is because the sweet spirit of theosophical charity demands that time should be given to these well-wishers but weak-doers to discover their ignorance and cleanse themselves of the ferocious selfishness, narrow-mindedness and conceit which have made their playing at “the higher life” an almost comical travesty.’”

All of us laughed. The extract was so thoroughly characteristic. But the Disciple had not finished.

“Do you not remember,” he continued, “how remorselessly she attacked the clergy of that day for their narrow dogmatism? How she assailed their hide-bound attachment to creeds, while declaring—as she always declared—that ‘the Christ-life is undeniably the ideal of every one worthy in any sense of the name of a Theosophist’? Constantly she was reproached by friends and well-wishers for the offence they feared she would give. They told her she was not ‘politic.’ Next month she would write an editorial literally scalping them for their advice. ‘The Truth’ was her slogan, and speak it she would, at all costs. ‘The Editors of *Lucifer* are Theosophists,’ she said, ‘and their motto is chosen: *Vera pro gratiis.*’

“Doubtless Madame Blavatsky had her faults; but she was not a sentimentalist—and she did understand Theosophy! If she were alive today, I believe I know what she would be doing and saying. And she would be doing it, not because she was a Russian by birth, but because, heart and mind and soul and body, she was fearless in her championship of Truth, passionate in her love of justice, uncompromising in her defence of the oppressed, magnificent in her hatred of all that dishonours manhood. She would be saying—I think that the soul which was in her is saying—‘There can be, there shall be no peace on earth until wrong has been righted; until the

Divine Law is recognized and obeyed. Every man, worthy of the name, must work for this, must fight for this. Every man, worthy of the name, must die, when he does die, with that pledge in his heart.' "

T.

"It was very strange to me to discover this; and very dreadful—but I saw it to be quite an undeniable fact. The common notion that peace and the virtues of civil life flourished together, I found, to be wholly untenable. Peace and the vices of civil life only flourish together. We talk of peace and learning, and of peace and plenty, and of peace and civilization; but I found that those were not the words which the Muse of History coupled together: that on her lips, the words were—peace and sensuality, peace and selfishness, peace and corruption, peace and death. I found, in brief, that all great nations learned their truth of word, and strength of thought, in war; that they were nourished in war, and wasted by peace; taught by war, and deceived by peace; trained by war, and betrayed by peace;—in a word, that they were born in war and expired in peace.

"Yet now note carefully, in the second place, it is not all war of which this can be said—nor all dragon's teeth, which, sown, will start up into men. It is not the ravage of a barbarian wolf-flock But the creative or foundational war is that in which the natural ambition and love of power of men are disciplined into the aggressive conquest of surrounding evil; and in which the natural instincts of self-defence are satisfied by the nobleness of the institutions, and purity of the households, which they are appointed to defend. To such war as this all men are born; in such war as this any man may happily die; and forth from such war as this have arisen throughout the extent of past ages, all the highest sanctities and virtues of humanity."—Ruskin's Essay on War.



ELEMENTARY ARTICLE

A RULE OF LIFE.

V

THE manuals of devotion that treat of self-examination usually follow a method that will answer our purpose in our effort to discover the ground that should be covered by a Rule of Life. They tell us that we have a duty to God, a duty to our neighbors and a duty to ourselves. Therefore, a comprehensive Rule of Life must include these three main divisions of living.

In a sense and without much forcing of the point, the three monastic vows come into play here. We can well take Obedience as the synthesis of our duty to God;—we can consider Poverty, *i. e.*, renunciation, unselfishness, as the keynote of a proper relation to our neighbors; while Chastity—Purity—certainly is not a bad guide for our personal life—our duty to ourselves. There is no point in pushing this too far, however. It is of interest as showing the marvellous inclusiveness of the three Vows. What is necessary, is the adoption of principles of life which will cover our three-fold relation, to God, to our neighbors and to ourselves; and to erect these principles into a Rule of Life.

It is not a simple matter, for we have made life an enormously complicated affair, and we must deal with it as it appears to us and not as it really is. For countless ages we have been crossing and recrossing the direct current of universal law until we have tangled ourselves up in a maze of illusions and prejudices and ignorances through which we are no longer able to discern the truth. With the best desire in the world we do not know how to act, we do not know what to believe, we do not know the direction in which to travel. It is an appreciation of this which fills the monastery and the convent; which makes the strong appeal of the Catholic Church, for it will take charge of the neophyte, will relieve him of responsibility, and will tell him what to do. There are many who will deny this need but that simply means that they do not yet know enough to realize its truth; they have not grown to the point where they feel it.

To put into perfectly simple words just what this means;—we require a spiritual guide or director when we decide to make a serious effort to live a higher life. This is not strange or unusual or queer. We pro-

pose to travel into an unknown country and a guide is a matter of common sense. We do not absolutely need a spiritual guide any more than we absolutely need a human guide when exploring an unknown territory, provided we are strong enough to suffer the hardships that could be avoided by knowledge, and are willing to waste the time spent in going wrong ways, with the resulting loss of energy and capital. A few exceptional human beings have gone long distances into the spiritual world with their own resources only, but the vast majority would soon find themselves lost in a mental forest or sunk in a psychic quagmire if they attempted the journey alone.

Therefore one of the first things the would-be disciple must do is to find a teacher; one who knows more than he does and is willing to impart that knowledge. It is, of course, the recognized function of the priest to serve as such a guide, but unfortunately while the official representatives of the various sects of Christianity often have a considerable knowledge of theology, few of them have that personal experience of the spiritual life which is absolutely necessary before he is fitted to lead others. It is not what he *knows*, but what he is, that qualifies a guide in these unknown regions of existence.

It is of the utmost importance, therefore, to choose one's spiritual director with care; to be sure he has the necessary qualifications, and that his treatment of us and of our problems will be sympathetic and acceptable. It is better to search long and to wait patiently for the proper person, for it is almost essential that once chosen, we remain faithful to that guide. Nothing is more usual and nothing more fatal to success than that restless seeking for something new that makes certain types of neophytes frequently change their directors. Better one poor director than several good ones, and as a corollary of this: never under any circumstances ask for spiritual advice from two people at the same time. Hopeless confusion will result, and, if the relationship with the real director is a true and vital one, it is sure to be severed by such inconstancy.

As it is not easy to find a suitable spiritual guide, as there are comparatively few persons in the world at the present time capable of training souls, great care must be exercised in the search for a director and much reflection given to those available, before a choice is made. As a rule, anyone who offers to guide another is unsuitable. Any one who is easy to find and easy to get, will not do: and above all, anyone who derives the least direct or indirect benefit from such a relationship, is in the nature of the case, a false guide, who will only lead astray. Remember that it is a tremendous privilege to have a real spiritual guide, and in the spiritual world a privilege must be earned. Therefore, if you seek a guide and do not find one it may be safely taken as a sign that you do not deserve one. But do not on that account cease your search. On the contrary, try harder than ever, and try also to fit yourself for such a leadership so that you may earn the right and deserve the privilege. If you do—the time is sure to come when the proper guide will “turn up” as it were, for while

there may be nothing strange or unusual about it, nevertheless, you may be sure that your efforts will be watched and that as soon as you are fit, the matter will be "arranged," and the longed-for guide found. Faith is necessary in this as in all else that relates to the spiritual life.

We have gone at some length into this question of finding a spiritual director because it should precede, if possible, the adoption of a Rule; and your Rule should be submitted to and approved by your guide before you attempt to live it. This is not always possible, and these articles are in fact intended more for those individuals who feel called to a higher life but who have no director and perhaps think that they do not want or need one.

Our Rule then must provide for our duty to God, our duty to our neighbors and our duty to ourselves.

Roughly speaking, our duty to God includes prayer, meditation, spiritual reading, religious services and observances and our obligations in connection with our Church.

Our duty to our neighbors includes our relations to individuals, especially those with whom we come most into contact. Were we free from jealousy, aversion, resentment or contempt? Were we uncharitable or unkind in act or speech? Did we judge or suspect others rashly? Were we impatient, irritable or cross? Were we truthful?

Our duty to ourselves includes our thoughts and feelings and acts. Were we vain, proud, impatient? Did we yield to sensuality, sloth or idleness? Were we neglectful or careless about our work? Did we indulge in idle, useless or impure thoughts?

If you make your Rule cover these points, and will observe such a Rule, it will carry you far towards perfection. For instance, fix upon an hour for getting up each morning; then appoint a time for prayer, meditation and spiritual reading; limit your time at meals and the amount and character of your food; adopt principles of conduct to govern your relations with individuals; adopt principles to govern your method of doing your daily work; make such rules as you consider suitable to your circumstances to offer up little acts of prayer and recollection during the day; regulate your leisure and your way of spending it and your time of recreation; do not let recreation ever become relaxation; make rules about going to bed and your prayers and self-examination at bed time. In a word, carry method and order and system into your day from waking to sleeping. Do not leave any loose time unprovided for. It were better to make it your rule to take a nap at such periods than to have no rule to cover them.

One caution: do not make your Rule severe or austere or difficult. It must be easy to follow. You will find the easiest of Rules very hard to observe conscientiously when you are not in the mood for it, and it is almost essential that we be faithful in our observance. We are not expected to be perfect. We are, on the contrary, expected to fail repeatedly. Any Rule that could be kept without a failure would be too

easy to be of much value. But we are expected to try earnestly to observe the Rule faithfully, and to do and accomplish this ought to test our courage, our patience, and our perseverance, in a word—our will; for a Rule is for the purpose of training our wills.

All this is pretty general and the average man or woman needs concrete directions as well as general rules. Therefore, in addition to these general principles make it a part of your Rule to select for special attack what you believe to be your worst fault and pay special attention to this. Make it a part of your Rule to think of this fault every morning, to devise ways and means for avoiding it that day, and each evening to review the day—with special reference to this fault—to note failures and their cause so that you may avoid similar failures in the future. After a while you can also add the acquirement of a special virtue to your Rule, and you should go about this in the same way, save that this work is positive while the getting rid of a fault is only negative. In acquiring virtues you can use your creative powers to help you, your imagination, for instance. But do not attempt too much at first.

The main thing about your Rule, however, is not the Rule itself so much as the keeping of it. Anyone can make a Rule; few persons can keep one. Therefore, do not spend too much time and energy upon this part of your task; almost any Rule will do that does not transgress the bounds of common sense. Bend all the energies of your soul upon the labor of keeping your Rule—faithfully—conscientiously. Try it for a month, and if you fail too often, make it easier, so that, when you really try,—really use your will, you *can* keep it. Then stick to that Rule until you do it so well that you feel you can tighten up the lines a little and add another regulation, or make those you already have a little harder, or your time of meditation a little longer. We must never be content with our performance, never be satisfied with our attainment.

Two effects often follow the adoption of a Rule and they must be watched for and guarded against. One is such a revolt of the lower nature that we turn from the whole affair in disgust. Our minds tell us that the thing is childish, undignified and unnecessary; that life would not be worth living under such a regime, that it is a waste of time and energy, and many other similar things, the tendency of which is to cause us to abandon the effort. Sometimes this pressure becomes so great as to cause the aspirant to kick over the traces entirely, to throw off all restraint and to seek some really harmful self-indulgence. It is because of these effects of a Rule that a spiritual director is so desirable, for he would see the indications of such a reaction and would know how to meet it. He might very well tell the aspirant to stop all effort to keep his Rule for a period until his nature has quieted down again. So you who have no spiritual guide must watch yourself closely and if you note a growing tendency towards rebellion, either repress it sternly, or if you cannot, stop your efforts lest a worse disaster befall you. You are not playing a game, remember; you are dealing with spiritual laws that have all the

power of the universe behind them, and you have called on one of these laws to take care of your life and development.

The other effect which often follows the adoption of a Rule is discouragement. The strong nature tends to explode; the weak nature tends to lie down under the difficulty and say "I cannot." The remedy is prayer, courage and patience; prayer for help and strength, courage to face the difficulties, and patience with our repeated failures and our lack of apparent progress. I say *apparent* advisedly, for no effort is actually wasted, no failure irremediable, and perseverance is bound to wear out the elements of weakness in us and to make us victorious in the end.

The fact is that the Rule always tests our weak points and it is by repeated failures and by repeated beginning over again that we gain those qualities we need for the proper rounding out of our characters.

Another thing that often results from the adoption of a Rule is the coming into light of a hitherto unexpected quality of the nature; it may be a virtue, a reservoir of strength or power, but as like as not, it is a weakness. If we have some hidden fault, some rotten spot in the nature, a Rule is sure to bring it to the surface; and this is as it should be, for we cannot hope to conquer and get rid of an unknown fault or weakness.

C. A. G.



REVIEWS

Ancient Rome and Modern America, by Guglielmo Ferrero, G. P. Putnam's Sons, N. Y.

This volume is further evidence of Signore Ferrero's very high rank as a philosophical historian. It is a contrast and a comparison of two civilizations remote in time. The differences as well as the likenesses seem to some readers suggestive of the old doctrine of Reincarnation. Through unusual power of imagination Ferrero has studied the old Roman civilization as a living reality. So often the past is studied as if it were a skeleton. Familiarity with the past as a living reality—an organism of rounded existence—enables Ferrero to detect the great currents in modern civilization that move under the swirl of surface eddies. Man has achieved the stupendous successes of today—enormous wealth, conquest of space—by overturning all the limits which earlier civilizations had respected. He has demanded for himself infinite achievement. But man is himself a creature of limits—he is finite. Hence results the strange disease of modern life: "The more blessings are heaped upon him, the more he complains. The more he possesses, the more he thinks himself poor and needy. The fewer are the causes for grief and the dangers around him, the more wretched he feels." In occult terms, the deep discontent and restlessness which Signore Ferrero finds pervading contemporary civilization is a result of wrong identification. Man has identified his lower nature and lower desires with the infinite; whereas, it is not the perishable lower nature but the soul which, through union with the Divine, shares the Immortality and Infinity of God.

The book sounds a grave warning. It shows that by our self-indulgence in every direction we are hurrying modern civilization towards "an unbridled, gross, and oppressive orgy." There is a growing depravity of manners. Our boasted "progress" is really retrogressive, and is carrying us backward beyond the period of wholesome Christian discipline. "We are undoing, little by little," writes Ferrero, "Christianity's great contribution to the chastening of our customs, by suppressing many of the limits which Christianity had established with such labour in the midst of the unbridled licence of the ancient world. We are travelling, therefore, step by step back towards paganism, with all its conveniences and all its perils."

That is a terrible charge to bring against a civilization that calls itself Christian. It is all the more terrible in that it does not come from a theologian anxious about professional interests. Ferrero is not an ecclesiastic. He is a scientific, dispassionate observer of human society.

T. A.

Pastoral Letter of the House of Bishops, 1913.

The House of Bishops is the permanent "upper" House in the governing body of the Protestant Episcopal Church. Its sessions are in secret—behind closed doors. In the earlier centuries, it is said, the Bishops assembled for deliberation around a vacant chair; therein, they believed, the Master sat presiding over their councils. From time to time, upon matters of moment, the Bishops issue pastoral letters. Of late such letters have been rare. One such letter

has come, however, from the Bishops assembled in the General Convention of 1913. It discusses, among other things, the subjects of education and religion.

The *Letter* calls attention to a certain licentiousness that marks contemporary manners. The condemnation of our present-day life is expressed in sober and dignified words—no fanatical extravagance—but the judgment is unmistakably one of condemnation. "Refinement of manners, gentleness and reverence are obligations of our religion, to which, we are constrained to say, the fashions of the day show scant regard. Even good taste, and what used to be called common decency, seem to make little appeal." The *Letter* sees in this decay of manners tendencies that are a menace to civilization. It purposes to check those tendencies and hinder a social and national calamity by giving a Christian education to the coming generation. The *Letter* is most satisfactory in its definition of education. It is abreast with the most advanced psychology and philosophy. It clears itself completely from the lingering traditions of forty years ago—the materialism of an early stage of science. The *Letter* says of education: "It is the means by which the whole man becomes personalized and is realized up to the height of his capacity: the body, the intelligence or lower consciousness, and the intuitive faculties or higher consciousness, must all play their part and be given due attention. There is a process, which consists of imparting information to the intelligence or lower consciousness, and which is popularly called education; but it is only a part of education. The noblest faculty of the human being is the capacity of knowing and realizing the presence of God."

The Bishops urge our prominent institutions of learning "to proclaim in theory and in practice that God, manifested in Christ, is the source and end of all knowledge," by which action alone will coherence be given to our diffuse efforts. "The one way to give to education a *raison d'être* is to make the unseen or eternal play its constant stream upon the seen or temporal. Christian creed and life are not an adjunct tacked on to a system of intellectual training, but a foundation, without which all learning is baseless and ephemeral."

CLARENCE C. CLARK.

The Praise of Glory: Reminiscences of Sister Elizabeth of the Trinity, a Carmelite nun of Dijon, published by Benziger Bros.

My first impression of nuns and of monastic life came to me from a cousin. My cousin's engagement was broken, she soon after became a postulant in an Anglican order. I did not know my cousin intimately because she lived in a distant city. She never gave us her reasons for entering the convent. But our conjectures supplied her with motives; and we extended her supposed motives into general principles that underlay the whole structure of monasticism. I had always been told that my cousin was "unpractical." Then her family was High Church while ours was Low; we felt that ecclesiastically they were "giving themselves airs." My cousin's act seemed to us the result of disappointment, chagrin and cowardice, and monastic life appeared as a refuge for broken hearts that were originally weak and selfish. The life seemed pallid, starched and sour, like that of asylums where decrepit old women are housed. These generalizations of my family were confirmed in me by the history lectures of a college professor. He was a Ph. D. from a German university, and looked upon himself as an embodiment of fairness and of the scientific spirit. He was a Connecticut Yankee by birth. In considering English history, he gave the impression of an entirely unprejudiced attitude. He pictured the monastic communities of early England as my family had done but he darkened the pallidness with lurid and monstrous crimes that were engendered in that atmosphere of self-absorption and chagrin.

Between the acrid and vicious figments of Protestant superstition and the Carmelite convent at Dijon what a contrast! The real convent in the provincial French town is a place of fulfilled love—not a retreat for disappointed passion. There is nothing pallid about it. It is a centre radiating joy.

Elizabeth Catez, whose life is narrated in this volume was born in 1880, the daughter of an army officer. She entered the convent at Dijon in 1901. She died there, after long and painful illness, in 1906.

It is difficult to name the special characteristics of those who follow a religious vocation. They are something like foreigners to us. Their features seem indistinguishable. Sister Elizabeth has the flaming love which marks the Carmelite order—it burned bright in St. Teresa herself, and in that other flaming daughter, Thérèse of Lisieux. The words "Divine Love" were not a metaphor to her. He was a Real Presence to her, in whose life and will she wished her own life to be absorbed. "I give my crucifix a kiss," she wrote from the convent to her mother who had with great reluctance permitted the girl to follow her vocation, "for our Lord to take to you from His bride, your fond little daughter." "I am homesick for Heaven," she often said. "For me death would be like the crumbling of the wall." (pointing to the wall of the room) "I should fall into the arms of Him I love." She had so firm a hold on Recollection that she found her Master in the laundry when with the other sisters she washed the clothes. Perhaps two characteristics are most impressive. The first is her valiant endurance of pain. She had prayed for suffering. She wished a succession of pain to keep her mindful of her Lover's life on earth. She not only endured the pain but she made it an occasion of joy. The second is her deepened interest in her family—those from whom she seemed to be separated by her religious vow. She was always affectionate in her family circle. But the convent heightened her love. She watched (in prayer) over her sister's babies as if they had been her own. Her letters from the convent are models of filial and sisterly tenderness.

The book has not the great fascination and charm of *Sœur Thérèse's Autobiography*. It lacks the playful gaiety of the Lisieux record. But it has equal sincerity, and the sincerity carries conviction with it.

The book encourages those who are struggling at the beginning of an effort to lead a spiritual life. Sister Elizabeth longed for the convent from childhood. Great fervour was granted her. But after she actually had entered, she found herself for a long period so very cold and dry that she had to resist the impulse to run away from the services that brought her so little inspiration. Ordinary mortals can take heart for their own seasons of barrenness. J. W. O.

The Unknown God and Other Orthodox Essays, by Jacob Pratt Dunn. This little book was kindly sent us for review. The author is Secretary of the Indiana Historical Society, and the first essay assembled in easy and convenient form the fruits of somewhat unusual reading. The second, entitled "First Heresies," is the best sustained of the five which comprise the book. A. G.

Contemplations, by W. L. Wilmshurst. We do not know why this book was sent us for review. If it were not written in good faith it would be a travesty of religion and religious themes. The author writes glibly of the heights of mystical experience and of the occult about which he knows nothing, juggling sacred names and terms in a manner truly appalling. His obvious sincerity and belief in the importance of his discoveries and knowledge alone excuse its publication; but the book is a danger because it makes ridiculous what should be the heart of the religious life. Thus a lively and sympathetic description of the miracles of healing daily occurring at St. Winefride's Well in Wales is vitiated by a preposterous and foolish "interpretation" of the legends of the Saint's life. We cannot regret too deeply the appearance of such books, which we fear do real harm rather than the good intended. A. G.

QUESTIONS OF VARIOUS KINDS ANSWERS

Readers of *THE THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY* are invited to send questions to be answered in this Department, or to submit other answers to questions already printed where their point of view differs from or supplements the answers that have been given.

QUESTION 179—*If Karma governs all the suffering in the world, and by Karma I understand the law of cause and effect, what is mercy?*

ANSWER.—Is not Karma in itself the greatest mercy? But we, who do not know how Karma works, ought not to let the thought of Karma hinder us from consoling and, the little that we can, easing the burdens of another. May it not be that Karma has given us this duty just now? To love our fellows and, "always using our judgment," to do cheerfully what love directs us to do, is, I think, mercy.
H. J. J.

ANSWER.—When we are talking of "mercy" in connection with Divine Law, we mean, of course, something very different from what is considered as mercy among people at large. Man's selfishness and materialism are, as a rule, so great that he can only think of mercy as something that relieves or prevents physical and mental sufferings, or helps to make it easier to enjoy material life. But this is far from being the object of Divine Mercy.

Karma is the law of cause and effect, of retribution and adjustment; and the leading principles of its action are Divine Justice and Divine Mercy, these being two aspects only of one eternal and fundamental power, *Divine Love*. In this higher sense "Mercy" is the putting to rights of what has been brought in disorder by man's mistakes, wrongdoings, selfishness, materialism, etc., *so as to promote the welfare of humanity in the best way and with as few sufferings as possible*.

Looked at in this way it must be evident that there is more mercy in suffering than in prosperity. It is only to our lower nature that Karma seems merciless.

T. H. K.

ANSWER.—Is not cause and effect a most merciful dispensation? If I am so far away from the happiness of right action as to murder a fellow-man, is it not "mercy" that puts me through an educational course in the school of Karma until I learn and graduate? Indigestion seems to me a merciful cure for gluttony. Are not some present-day advanced methods harmful and sentimental instead of benevolent? Sometimes the aim of physicians seems to be to thwart the mercy of the providential Nature; they try to remove the indigestion while leaving gluttony untouched.
M. D.

ANSWER.—In the first shock of the war the bourses of the world closed, to avoid universal bankruptcy—a condition out of which it would have been very difficult to extricate even legitimate business. When the Lords of Karma take

similar action, we may call it mercy, we know that if they were to demand just payment we could not meet the demand; and they offer us a chance to delay the payment but not to default it. Or perhaps the most pressing debt is actually paid for us: then we have the type of mercy that is shown by the father who pays the debts of his wayward son. This payment *costs* the father, may drain his resources, but at best it is only partial. By paying the debt he cannot give his son the prudence and self-restraint that would keep him out of debt again; he gains for him freedom in which to try again, under the same laws that he broke before. When such mercy is extended to us, I cannot believe that it falls outside the law of that Karma that presides over all suffering *and all enjoyment*; or that it is less real because we do not see and handle the spiritual coin, minted by suffering or by prayer, with which some great soul is permitted to pay our debt and so give us a fresh start. P.

ANSWER.—What is mercy? I think strictly, Justice. I am able to conceive a minister of justice (or Karma) who shows one and trains one how to restore the balance of harmony one has disturbed: who guides the application of the law, while demanding a strict account: who therefore aids and supports one in rising to meet the application of the Law which he administered and therein shows mercy. A. K.

QUESTION 180.—*How can a merciful God allow such a cruel thing as war, which causes such awful misery and cuts short the lives of so many good and innocent people?*

ANSWER.—This question was put the other day by one who has a very tender heart for all human sufferings. If someone had answered that *war* is the action of Divine Mercy, he would have thought him crazy, probably. Meanwhile, in spite of running the risk of being thought crazy, I say that is so, and I shall try to prove it.

Consider the following case, well-known to the surgeon: A man has got blood-poison in his finger, and the poison runs up in the blood-vessels and cells on one side of his arm. The surgeon is called in and has to amputate the greater part of the arm, though only a small quantity of its cells are, as yet, infected by the poison. This seems hard, but the sufferer, knowing it to be necessary in order to save his life, bears it willingly and with patience. From a broader point of view mankind is a unity, a single body; and races, nations, families are smaller bodies within the larger ones of which they are members. And each individual, or member of a family and nation, may be considered as the blood-vessels or cells of the larger bodies, the races and mankind. Now, these bodies become often so infected from the deadly poison of selfishness, self-assertion, materialism, sensuality, etc., that an amputation must be undertaken in order to save the race, the nation or family from entire destruction, the unavoidable result of the adjusting activity of Karma or the Law of Cause and Effect. But "Mercy" tries to prevent destruction as long as there is still any possibility of saving man from the awful fate of annihilation. Then Karma acts as the surgeon and operates on the sick body in order to save life and give man another opportunity to turn from those evil ways that work to destruction, because they oppose Divine Love and evolutionary Law. And—just as in the case of the arm infected with blood-poison—in this operation the lives of many individuals are cut short, though they may not yet be among those, who are infected with the virus that will bring on death of the soul, if not checked in time.

Thus, war is at once the remedy of Karma for readjustment, and the means by which "Mercy" tries to benefit man. But though war comes up in a certain

locality and may end in the humiliation or even loss of independence of a nation, let us not fall to criticize and judge as to where the poison is deepest rooted. We cannot do so, first because we ought never to judge, and next because we are lacking the power of right judgment in such matters. One thing only is sure, *viz.*, where the outer loss and sufferings are greater, there the opportunity of inner gain and blessings in the future are the better.

But what about all those good and innocent people whose lives are cut short in the war? Shall we not think that they are well provided for? He only, who doesn't believe in the immortality of the soul, and who, therefore, loves his life in this world more than heaven, can really consider it to be a great misfortune to die and to die early. Isn't it reasonable that all those killed in war, will have so much better opportunity, if they deserve it, to develop and grow in spiritual age and wisdom in another field, or—as those that believe in the doctrine of reincarnation may think—on this earth at another time and under far better circumstances than at the time of the war that brought their lives to a sudden end? Truly, it would sometimes be a greater misfortune to continue to live under seemingly happy circumstances than to have life cut short in war or by an accident. It is our materialism only that prevents us from acknowledging this truth.

But surely, some might say, there must be another and less terrible and painful remedy by which to bring about the same results!

If it were, is it likely that Divine Mercy would skip over it and take to harder and more cruel means than necessary for the purpose?

To me it seems unquestionable that the most effective and at the same time the most beneficial operation on the infected body of a race or nation is war, because it tends more than any other calamity to improve man, to create noble heroism, unselfishness and obedience, these most wanted human virtues at this present age. It tends to giving up self for the sake of the whole, to killing out the anarchic tendencies, to destroying materialism and to bringing man nearer to God in spite of the obvious sacrilege committed, when he in his ignorance asks God to help him in his hateful effort to destroy his adversary. It is true that God, for the sake of man's "hardness of heart," allows sinful things to come to pass, but this fact cannot sanctify them. To kill another man, our brother, is contrary to Divine Law, though it becomes the duty of a soldier in war. *"It must needs be that the occasions of stumbling come; but woe to that man (or those) through whom the occasions cometh."*

Other disasters are not so conducive to the development of these virtues. Pestilence, for instance, though it causes awful misery and strikes young and old as well as the innocent even more than war, makes man to flee most cowardly before the unseen enemy. Some few brave exceptions left out, it helps very little to bring on fearlessness and self-sacrifice, and I doubt that it has any power to destroy anarchism in man's nature. And the prayers of people at large under such circumstances are more the prayers of fear or panic than of devotion and obedient submission to the will of God.

Teach man to understand that materialism, selfishness and all claims on his own rights are as blood-poison in his life's fabric, which makes it unavoidable for the heavenly Surgeon, in order to save his life, to perform an operation either by war or some harder and even more terrible disaster. And when self-sacrifice and obedience are learnt, and man strives earnestly to do the will of his heavenly Father, then war and many other calamities will be impossible in the world, because their real causes have ceased to be; and the forces that brought on these terrors can work more directly and with greater effect to the uplifting of mankind.

T. H. K.

QUESTION 181.—*Does the recognition of the universality of law in the universe make it appear only as a mechanism? Does the law of Karma deny the existence of compassion? If law and order and the principle of cause and effect rule in a nursery, does the Mother love her children?*

ANSWER.—Law and order proceed from Love. Love is creative. Hatred destroys. Dante places God and Satan in contrast. The attributes of each are in contrast. God is Wisdom, Power and Love. Satan, Ignorance, Impotence and Hate.
S. M.

ANSWER.—The Law of Karma most certainly does not deny compassion: on the contrary, it reaffirms it in saying the Highest Justice is the Highest Mercy. The Universality of Law is the Universality of Motion or action of the Great Breath. If we regard the triple aspect of the Great Breath in Manifestation as Matter, Force and Consciousness, how can we regard the universality of law in the universe as only a mechanism? Under another guise, this is only our old friend, the problem of Free Will. And so long as we regard the universe as the result of the action of the Great Breath, the unconscious, the First Cause, the unknowable—call it what name we choose—so long Free Will must inhere in us as a part of the result of that action. And in the Ministers—the conscious Ministers—of that Law I suggest that Free Will is shown as Compassion.

In the nursery, because the mother loves her children she makes law and order and cause and effect the rule. Obedience to law is the only way to govern ourselves; and the pursuit of happiness can only be followed by the continual search for higher and higher law which becomes more and more universal with the enlargement and ultimate freedom from personal restrictions and limitations.
A. K.

ANSWER.—We shall endeavor to answer these questions separately.

(a) The surest proof of an answer to this question can, I think, be found in ourselves. Are *we* simply mechanisms? We obey countless laws—of growth, of decay, of gravitation, of our race and civilization, and the like. Yet we know that we are free—at least at times. If any part of the universe is free, even for an instant, can any of it in essence be mechanical;—this word being defined by Webster to describe actions done “without conscious exertion of will; proceeding from habit, not from intention or reflection?” The universality of law, then, does not imply mechanism, but rather the superb grandeur of the Will, free like ourselves, which formulates and sustains those laws.

(b) Without the element of compassion in the operation of Karma, I fear that humanity would long ago have ceased to exist. For what is true compassion? It surely is not a mere kind-hearted sentiment, which is too often weakness springing from ignorance. Which is the truer compassion, to whip a wayward son systematically for years till he learn to obey, or, by constant forgiveness, to permit him to grow up wild and intractable, and finally to wreck his own life, and the lives of his wife and children, by his undisciplined conduct? We must look back to the purpose of Karma itself, or perhaps to the divine reason why Karma exists. We do not realize, for one thing, the possibilities of suffering which abandonment to sin would bring; but the loving Father does see this, and therefore sends sickness, suffering, and sorrow to rouse our wills and to call our wayward attention to the terrible danger we all of us are in. I think the contemplation of the unflinching way that He performs this terrible duty might give courage to all parents and persons in authority. Buddha was called “the Compassionate,” and Christ’s life demonstrated the same quality; yet one of the Masters has written calling his Brethren all “servants of the Great Law,” the law of Karma.

(c) Granting that the Mother does love her children, she could not better prove her love than by so ruling her nursery. "As above, so below." She would in her sphere be representing the Divine Order to her children, acting, as she does for the time, as their spiritual guide, their vision of heavenly things, their religion. Further, she could not so rule without love, because she would need wisdom, mercy, compassion, and forgiveness as well as patience, sternness, authority; and even anger. Love is never weak; it is of the essence of strength. Self-pleasing and cowardice are weak.

A. G.

ANSWER.—No. The law of the will is, that it is free. Obviously, that law does not deprive it of freedom. And the supreme law is love. But the characteristic of love is, that it is always working miracles, always achieving the impossible.

C. J.

ANSWER.—If the recognition of the universality of law in the universe makes it appear only as a mechanism, then man too is a mechanism, for he belongs to the universe and is an integral part of it. As man is an entity, so is the universe, though infinitely larger and wiser. But the questioner is, perhaps, thinking only of the material tool of the indwelling entity. Even then we can neither say that the big universe nor the little universe, or man, is a mechanism only, because a mechanism means a something that is acting unconsciously and automatically, when put into motion by an intelligent worker. Every atom is a life and has its own special kind of consciousness and activity. The human body has its special kind of life and activity besides its activity as a tool for the soul. It alters and grows, and so does everything in nature according to laws that are universal; and the body of the universe does also alter and grow in its way and according to universal law, which is evident because of the changes traced in this huge body. Therefore, the word mechanism in its ordinary sense is not applicable to the universe, even when we talk of its material part only.

Karma as a law acts blindly upon every cause whether created by Gods, Angels, Saints, men or devils. But all these causes are as many forces, and forces cannot disappear, but they can be transformed or made latent for a while. *Compassion* is perhaps the most powerful force set in motion by any compassionate entity, man included. Certainly the law of Karma cannot deny the existence of the most effective component of all the forces upon which it acts.

The first and most important principle to establish in man of the present age is *obedience*, because: "if obedience were not required, what should we have, but lawlessness, anarchy, selfishness, disbelief, despair and Death?" And the very best time for laying the foundation of this indispensable principle is the early childhood. Therefore, a mother that loves her children, cannot fail to have law and order and the principle of cause and effect to rule in her nursery.

T. H. K.

ANSWER.—I have no doubt my small boys regard the Universe as mechanical—I am sure I did at their age. Yet I hope as a parent that I am governed by compassion in my endeavor to guide their little lives. Why should we deny at least equal feeling to Those Whom so many of us believe do guide our affairs. The latter part of the question, regarding the nursery situation and the Mother, suggests forgetfulness of the principle of Freedom of Choice; of the operation of Free Will. Karma gives both children and Mother the choice—indeed, the chance—to love. If the Mother did not exercise her right to choose by loving her children, I fear she would have to work off a new Karmic debt; whereas if to duty she added love, I believe she would have paid off an old debt. But she must do her duty as a manifestation of the love which animates her.

SERVETUS.

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CHRISTIANITY AND WAR

THERE is a wide-spread feeling, which has found eloquent expression in many places, that the great world war, in the midst of which we find ourselves, marks the failure of Christianity. The feeling is as well expressed, perhaps, as one may wish, in a poem entitled *Brotherhood*, in a quarterly review, which opens thus:

What's become of the Star in the East?
 Has battle-smoke of wars
 Obscured its beam in the crown of night,
 While doomed men in red darkness fight
 (With a groping sense of wrong or right)
 And clench and die, by the lurid blight
 Of the bloody eye of Mars?

The writer goes on to speak of the manger of Bethlehem, where the Prince of Peace was born, the fire of Pentecost, the Virgin Mother, as though the very naming of these things were a stinging rebuke to the thought of war; as though armed combat were the polar opposite of the message of Jesus. And this is but one of many expressions, passionate, sincere, convinced, which one has heard or read since the great war began. Is the view embodied in them true? Is it true that the mere fact of war, regardless of aim or principle, is a violation of the message of Christ? That he who fights, by that very act is sinning against the light?

There is so much that is appealing in the vision of universal peace, as a foretaste of the Great Peace, that one understands the passion of these appeals, as one grants their entire sincerity; yet it may be held, on the other side, that they rest on a deep-seated confusion of prin-

ciples; and therefore that, while ostensibly defences of Christianity, of the message of Jesus, they are really hostile to that message, and, if accepted and acted on to the full, would render the spiritual effort and work of the Master of no avail. One may say, indeed, that these protests rest neither on a spiritual nor on a material basis; that they sway between spiritual and material laws, and draw their support, quite illogically, first from the one, and then from the other. For if we take our stand on the sheer materialism of biology, it becomes evident at once that war, contest, conflict, is the universal law; that through the pressure of conflict all development has been gained; that, where conflict is lessened or withdrawn, all development flags, ceases, changes to retrogression. Or, if we take our stand on spiritual law, we shall see at once that the appeal to the material advantages of peace, the growth of wealth and comfort, the avoidance of pain, is not in essence a spiritual appeal, but a material one; that the defence of peace breaks down on this side also.

But let us go rather to the heart of the matter. Did Jesus bring a message of peace? The belief that he did, a belief so widely accepted that it has become almost axiomatic, is founded, seemingly, on the title, and it is a singularly beautiful one, of the Prince of Peace. But this is not a title that Jesus applies to himself; nor is it applied to him anywhere in the New Testament, by those who, as his immediate disciples, could best judge of the essence of his message. The title comes from the addresses of the first Isaiah, about the middle of the eighth century before Christ, a time when Jerusalem was in the midst of a fierce struggle against the Israelite power to the north, supported by the armed forces of Syria. Isaiah paints a beautiful picture of a time of peace that shall contrast with this time of war, when a Prince of Peace shall sit on the throne of David, as king of Judah at Jerusalem. It is one of those many forecasts of a triumphant earthly kingdom, with Jerusalem as its metropolis, which gradually took concrete form as the Messianic hope.

Did Jesus fulfil that prophecy? We can answer that best by asking whether he did, in fact, found an earthly kingdom with Jerusalem as its metropolis, and himself reigning as king, on the throne of David. He was crowned, it is true, in Jerusalem. He was hailed as King of the Jews. But we have only to remember how he was crowned, and by whom he was hailed, to realize how far his life and mission was from the ideal painted by the first Isaiah. More than that, we may even think that one of those who heard his teachings asked the Master himself, in so many words, and quoting the prophecy of Isaiah, "Art thou that Prince of Peace?" and that it was in direct reply to that question that the Master answered, "Think not that I am come to

send peace on earth: I came not to send peace, but a sword." The cognate passage in the third gospel is even stronger, "I am come to send fire on the earth; and what will I, if it be already kindled? . . . Suppose ye that I am come to give peace on earth? I tell you, Nay; but rather division." . . . The Prince of Peace, come to spread fire and sword. . . .

But let us turn aside for a moment, to consider what the movement of peace, if carried to its logical conclusion, would mean. The principle affirmed by the advocates of peace at any price is, that all violence, all use of force, is necessarily wrong; that righteousness must win its way purely by pacific influences; by its own attractiveness; by radiation and induction; by a spiritual force of gravitation only. If we push this thought to its logical conclusion, then the use of force, not only in war, but in peace also, is wrong and indefensible. The police power is as indefensible as the machine gun. For although the presence of the police power, as the defence of our pacific activities, is not always visible, it is, nevertheless, always effective; and a withdrawal of that power would be the signal for open plunder, as has been made evident time and again in revolutions and temporary dislocations of judicial force. It is true that the advocates of peace at any price often assert that men are all by nature moral; that our crimes are the result of unjust laws, which create such injustices and inequalities, that men are driven in despair to seek to rectify them by force; that the complete cessation of law would mean the complete cessation of crime; that all men, if left to do what is right in their own eyes, would do good only. But in the first place, the whole of human experience disproves this enticing theory; and, in the second, this doctrine is not Christianity but anarchism.

The wholly logical anarchist is compelled, if he follow his doctrine to the inevitable conclusion, not only to use no force, but to make no resistance to force, when used by others against him; not only to suffer wrong, when directed against himself, but to look on without interfering, when wrong is inflicted upon others. He must not only accept outrage and violence aimed at him personally; he must likewise accept outrage and violence when directed against other men, accept outrage and violence when directed against women and children. Nay, more, if the anarchist gospel be true, neither man nor woman has the right to resist violence and outrage, whether it be violence directed against person or property. We must not shirk the conclusions of our premises. If war be necessarily wrong, because all use of force is wrong, then self-defence, or defence of another, by man or woman, is equally wrong, equally opposed to ideal righteousness. Anarchists profess to believe this. It is doubtful if any of them would be courageous enough,

or cowardly enough, to put it in practice. But it is not doubtful at all that, if put in practice, this rule of action would speedily reduce human life to a condition of squalid slavery, where the better and more conscientious, as well as the weaker and more helpless, men and women alike, would be the degraded slaves of the brutal, the lustful, the unscrupulous.

It is doubtful whether anyone, driving this principle of complete non-resistance, whether for oneself or for others, to its logical and inevitable conclusion, would have the courage to advocate it, to put it into practice. Yet there are people, perhaps a great many, who still believe in their hearts that this, or something like it, is ideal Christianity, the final purpose of Jesus, the logical outcome of the Sermon on the Mount. Therefore it is now pertinent to inquire whether this be true: whether Jesus did in fact, by precept or by practice, teach such non-resistance as amounts to an unconditional surrender to the powers of evil, with the hope that the powers of evil will thereby be converted to good.

An unconditional surrender to the powers of evil. There is the kernel of the matter. And it is evident that the advocates of the anarchistic theory we have described either shut their eyes to the existence of active, purposeful evil in the world, or hold that, in fact, no such active evil exists in human nature; that men are naturally good, except where unjust laws make them wicked. We may, therefore, ask ourselves at the outset whether Jesus recognized the presence of active forces of evil, as distinct from the merely natural forces, such as flood and fire, storm and earthquake, which are so often fatal to human happiness. Did Jesus recognize and teach the existence of active evil?

The most direct answer is found in the story of his own temptation in the wilderness, a narrative which must come direct from the Master himself. In that temptation, he not only recognized, but met and conquered the power of evil, in a conflict which was unquestionably real and of tremendous moment. Let us suppose that, listening to the voice of the Tempter, Jesus had accepted the bribe of "the kingdoms of this world, and the glory of them," as payment for worship of the power of evil; what a terrible result on the world's history must have followed. And it must be remembered that, time and again, during his mission, the same temptation came back to him. Enthusiastic and patriotic Jews were willing, not only to recognize in him the Messiah, the Anointed One, but "to take him by force and make him a king," the leader of an anti-Roman revolution in Palestine. Can we doubt what would have been the result? Given the Master's power turned to this end, acting through the instrumentality of war and politics, and world-

empire would have been inevitable. We can find no leader in history, no leader of armies, who could have competed against him. Even in his parables, he thinks and speaks as a consummate general: "Or what king, going to make war against another king, sitteth not down first, and consulteth whether he be able with ten thousand to meet him that cometh against him with twenty thousand?" Can one doubt the result, if the Master himself, with his piercing insight, his powers of organization and discipline, his sway over multitudes, had been in the place of the king in his parable?

Not only in the narrative of the temptation in the wilderness, but everywhere throughout his teaching, the Master explicitly recognizes not only the existence of active forces of evil, but the constant operation of these forces in human life. It is he who gives to the conscious direction of this evil power the title "the prince, or, principle, of this world." And one may say with justice that not only was the whole mission of Jesus, from his baptism by John to his crucifixion, a conscious war against the active forces of evil, but that it was, further, a war carried on with precisely those powers which make a great general: the foresight, the patience, the endurance, the audacity, of a great military genius.

There is wonderful beauty and pathos and dramatic force in the opening of the campaign, immediately after the temptation in the wilderness, as recorded in the third gospel: "And he came to Nazareth, where he had been brought up: and, as his custom was, he went into the synagogue on the sabbath day, and stood up for to read. And there was delivered unto him the book of the prophet Esias. And when he had opened the book, he found the place where it was written, The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord. And he closed the book, and he gave it again to the minister, and sat down. And the eyes of all them that were in the synagogue were fastened on him. And he began to say unto them, This day is this Scripture fulfilled in your ears. . . ."

To heal the brokenhearted, to preach deliverance to captives, and recovery of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord. And what was the instant result of this appeal of fiery love? What response did the men of his own city make to it, they who had known him from childhood; in whose synagogue, it would seem, it was his custom to read the lesson, week after week? What was the response, on the testimony of the same recorder? This was the response: "And all they in the synagogue,

when they heard these things, were filled with wrath, and rose up, and thrust him out of the city, and led him unto the brow of the hill whereon their city was built, that they might cast him down headlong”

There is no more tremendous scene in history than that; no event which so clearly marks the line between the two views; on the one hand, the anarchistic fancy that all men are innately good, and that righteousness has only to show itself, to be accepted; and, on the other, the stern and terrible truth that righteousness, when it does flash forth clear as the sunlight, has this result: it lashes the active forces of evil into fury. That is what we see in the whole course of Jesus' mission: not an unbroken victory for gentleness and mercy, but, on the contrary, a ceaseless raging against him of active forces of evil. We have quoted an instance from the opening of his ministry. Here is one from the central period of his mission: “Then said the Jews unto him, Now we know that thou hast a devil. Abraham is dead, and the prophets; and thou sayest, If a man keep my saying, he shall never taste of death. Art thou greater than our father Abraham, which is dead, and the prophets are dead: whom makest thou thyself? Jesus answered, If I honour myself, my honour is nothing: it is my Father that honoureth me; of whom ye say, that he is your God: yet ye have not known him; but I know him: and if I should say, I know him not, I shall be a liar like unto you: but I know him, and keep his saying. Your Father Abraham rejoiced to see my day: and he saw it, and was glad. Then said the Jews unto him, Thou art not yet fifty years old, and hast thou seen Abraham? Jesus said unto them, Verily, verily, I say unto you, Before Abraham was, I am. Then took they up stones to cast at him. . . .”

One more example, this time from the closing act of the majestic tragedy: “Pilate saith unto them, What shall I do then with Jesus which is called Christ? They all say unto him, Let him be crucified. And the governor said, Why, what evil hath he done? But they cried out the more, saying, Let him be crucified. When Pilate saw that he could prevail nothing, but that rather a tumult was made, he took water, and washed his hands before the multitude, saying, I am innocent of the blood of this just person: see ye to it. Then answered all the people, and said, His blood be upon us, and on our children.”

Is it not clear that the role of the pacifist was played, in this splendid and sombre drama, not by Jesus, but by—Pilate? It is he who, having the physical force at his disposal, refused to use it; refused to interpose, in protection, not of himself, but of one whom he held to be innocent, and who was threatened with violence. Pilate held his hand, put into practice the principle of non-resistance, and—thereby gained a fame that is undying. And we may hold that the part played

by Pilate is the part played by every one who, whether in the name of principle, or through cowardice masquerading as principle, refrains from protecting, if necessary even to the shedding of blood, any innocent person threatened with violent wrong. To such will directly apply, in every such case, the Master's penetrating words: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

It is Pilate, therefore, not Jesus, who is the exemplar of the pacifist doctrine. Jesus must have recognized, and did recognize, that the effect of his teaching was, not to fill the hearts of those who heard it with peace, but, so far as they hardened their hearts against him, to lash them into frenzy; to arouse in them such impulses of violence as led them to try to stone him, to cast him over a precipice. Here, then, comes the test of the pacifist theory, as applied to Jesus. When he was forced to recognize the clear fact that his teaching had this provocative effect, that it led instantly to violence, to attempted murder, did he hold his peace? Did he take refuge in prudent silence, trusting that his virtue would make its way by radiation, by induction, insensibly winning all hearts by its inherent loveliness? For we must look the question squarely in the face. To follow a course which inevitably provokes violence, when one knows that violence will result, is to use violence. It is an act of war.

The answer is, that, through the whole course of his mission, Jesus used words that he knew were provocative; words absolutely certain to arouse hate, and to lash that hate to frenzy. Take this speech, recorded by the apostle of love: "Jesus saith unto them, If ye were Abraham's children, ye would do the works of Abraham. But now ye seek to kill me, a man that hath told you the truth, which I have heard of God: this did not Abraham. Ye do the deeds of your father. Then said they unto him, We be not born of fornication; we have one father, even God. Jesus said unto them, If God were your Father, ye would love me: for I proceeded forth and came from God: neither came I of myself, but he sent me. Why do ye not understand my speech? even because ye cannot hear my word. Ye are of your father the devil, and the lusts of your father ye will do: he was a murderer from the beginning, and abode not in the truth, because there is no truth in him. When he speaketh a lie, he speaketh of his own: for he is a liar, and the father of it. . . . Then answered the Jews, and said unto him, Say we not well that thou art a Samaritan, and hast a devil?"

It would be impossible to conceive of language more provocative than that which the Master here uses. It is war and nothing less than war. We hold that he is here but putting into practice the words—

so startling in the mouth of him who is called the Prince of Peace—already quoted, “I came not to send peace, but a sword . . . I am come to send fire on the earth; and what will I, if it be already kindled?” This is war, an active, aggressive war against active forces of evil, and, as has been said, the Master’s whole mission was planned and carried on aggressively, like a campaign. None the less a campaign, because he himself did not draw the sword. The soldier who, in an attack upon the trenches, throws himself upon the bayonets of the enemy, so that the second line may attack the more effectively, is not less a warrior than he of the second line who profits by his sacrifice. And precisely such a sacrifice as this, was the death of the Master. It was an act, not of peace, but of war; an act, not of submission; but of aggression, of daring valour against active forces of evil.

What then of the Sermon on the Mount and the message of peace? The Sermon on the Mount is likewise, if we can see it, a forward move in that campaign against evil; a manual of discipline, teaching the soldiers of the Master certain lessons, without which they cannot fight effectively. It is impossible to conquer others, unless we have first conquered ourselves. It is impossible to command, unless we have first learned to obey. These very lessons, self-conquest and obedience, are the subject matter of the Sermon on the Mount. Then, as now, they are indispensable to the discipline of the soldier; not only, be it understood, the “soldier of the Cross,” in the more conventional sense, but the soldier of regiment and battalion; the soldier of rifle and bayonet. He must positively give his life, to the uttermost, before he can rightly take his place on the battle-line; before he can rightly join in a charge. And, far from unfitting men for conflict, the Sermon on the Mount is an unsurpassed manual of training for the soldier. At this moment, in the great world war, they are the best soldiers, who have best learned its lessons, and who follow them, not in word but in deed and in truth, whether they have the least inkling that they are in fact the teachings of the Sermon on the Mount or no. Indeed, we may fearlessly say that those who believe that the precepts of that Sermon lead to pacificism, have never tried to put them into effect. A little practical experience of them will demonstrate that they are the rules of war.

Even by their position in the first gospel, the precepts of the Sermon on the Mount are evidently the preparation, the drill, for the active campaign which was shortly committed to the Twelve; that campaign in which their password was, “I send you forth as sheep in the midst of wolves: be ye therefore wise as serpents and harmless as doves”—the beginning of an injunction which ends thus: “The brother shall deliver up the brother to death, and the father the child: and

the children shall rise up against their parents, and cause them to be put to death. And ye shall be hated of all men for my name's sake: but he that endureth to the end shall be saved." The Master clearly foresaw that, for his disciples, as for himself, the immediate result would be, not peace but the sword, the fire kindled upon the earth. And the most courageous of the disciples frankly applies to himself and his fellows the terms of war: "Thou therefore endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. No man that warreth entangleth himself with the affairs of this life; that he may please him who hath chosen him to be a soldier. . . . For I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith."

It seems evident, then, that, however great, even infinite, his power, the Master could not use that power, throughout his mission, except in accordance with the laws of human life. He could not compel men to be holy, just and good; more than that, his very persuasion, his most touching and penetrating appeals, where they were not obeyed with answering love, did not fall ineffective, but on the contrary lashed those who heard them into murderous fury. And in the face of that steadily growing fury, the Master carried on his war, and to that fury he sacrificed his life, exactly as does the soldier who throws himself upon the bayonet of the enemy. Neither the Master's death nor his rising again from the dead, altered the conditions of his warfare, or made it possible for him to wield his power, except in accordance with the laws of life. And never for a moment, from the hour of the Crucifixion to the present hour, has the conflict ceased, the war waged incessantly against the active forces of evil.

It has often been said, by many who share the opinion of Count Tolstoi, that the primitive virtue of Christ's teaching was corrupted by the Emperor Constantine, when he gave the Christian religion a place in the state; when, in fact, he allied it with military power. It may, on the contrary, be maintained that, in doing this, Constantine brought Christianity closer to the Master's ideal; that he openly infused into it something of that soldierly spirit which the Master so conspicuously represents. But that spirit had never been absent. The spirit of the martyrs was not pacifist but warlike; martyrdom is an act of violence, an act of war. And we cannot doubt that those who fought to defend Christendom against organized attempts to destroy it, whether at the battle of Tours, or in the hundred combats with militant Mahometanism, were but putting into practice the same martyr spirit, with just such change and adaptation as the new circumstances required.

The ideal of the Master is not passivity and supine non-interference, in face of wrong and violence to others; it is, on the contrary,

tremendously active, creative, virile, soldierly. And we are profoundly convinced that, at each stage of world history,—and this is true of the present hour—the Master's ideal may, and should, be defended by fire and sword. The active forces of evil, of bare-faced treachery, of brutal cruelty, of malignant destructiveness, are as furiously opposed to his work now, as they were before the Passion. Where these forces of evil embody themselves in human form, and take up fire and sword to destroy, then the Master's cause is best served by fighting fire with fire; by sword and bayonet and quick-firing gun. These, at such a conjuncture, are the true armour of righteousness.

"It is very true that men write and say often what a curse war is. But they ought to consider how much greater is that curse which is averted by war. Briefly, in the business of war men must not regard the massacres, the burnings, the battles, and the marches, etc.—that is what the petty and simple do who only look with the eyes of children at the surgeon, how he cuts off the hand or saws off the leg, but do not see or notice that he does it in order to save the whole body. Thus we must look at the business of war or the sword with the eyes of men, asking, Why these murders and horrors? It will be shown that it is a business, divine in itself, and as needful and necessary to the world as eating or drinking or any other work."

MARTIN LUTHER.

FRAGMENTS

There is but one way that a man shall live, and it is this: To face the circumstances of his life, whatever they may mean of sorrow, pain, or renunciation, and in the midst of them courageously and cheerfully to fulfil his duty and carve out his destiny. Upon the footsteps of such a man the angels wait, and all the divine powers of the universe acknowledge his commands. When a man has been able to master his own heart, and at the behest of duty has put aside that which is dearest, that man has conquered the world.

* * * * *

As that star blazes out on the night sky, so should your life shine in the material world about you; pointing the way, for those who can see it, to where the Christ may be found.

* * * * *

“Drop all this anxious turmoil; drop this seeking and striving. Fix your eyes on me and be at peace.

“The gift of the heart is the supreme gift—the gift which I desire.

“Turn from the lesser things which bewilder and distress you in their multitude and complexity, and quiet your mind and emotions in this supreme act of concentration,—in this outpouring of love, in whose light all life shall be illumined.

“Life is simple and sweet, O beloved child; hold fast to that faith. Let no complexity of outer things, no suffering of the heart, turn you from this faith. At times you have realized this in much fullness: these times will come again if you make them possible. The mind turns its spiral, revolving upon itself, as night follows day. Accept these changes in peaceful trust, as part of the great universal plan which evolves to higher conditions; as part of what you are. Accept circumstances as you find them. Accept the changing moods of your mind and heart. But keep yourself still in them all, and at their center. There is the fountain of eternal youth, the spring of immortality, and life and peace forever. You must feel and know and express them all.”

CAVÉ.

WHY I JOINED THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

ONE of my American friends has told me that shortly after the late Professor William James had published the penetrating series of Gifford lectures which he delivered here upon the *Varieties of Religious Experience*, his colleague at Harvard College, Professor Santyana, congratulated him upon having performed his task so thoroughly that further "religious slumming" would be unnecessary for decades to come. James accepted the congratulations with the genial urbanity that never failed him, but, as they parted, he said to the friend who was with him: How characteristic that was of Santyana's "white marble mind."

This little incident typifies more than two sharply contrasted temperaments. It is indicative of the attitude of each of the two chief schools of religious inquiry toward the work and methods of the other: the ever present contrast between the immanent and the transcendent view of the infinite Spirit of Being. Perhaps the greatest intellectual achievement of the last half century is the conclusive demonstration that these two views, sharply contrasted though they are, are yet so far from being contradictory as to be mutually dependent and supplementary, so that whatever is infinite must be marked by these two inseparable characteristics of immanence and transcendence. Yet when men come to think about the spirit, it is rare that they are able to preserve the broad and balanced mind that gives equal recognition to each of its great aspects. One or the other is given dominance. Their thought focusses upon some world to come, upon a "light that never was on sea or land," upon the life of the transcendent spirit, unclogged and uncoloured by matter or by the weaknesses and passions of our common humanity; or else they become immanists, and look for the eternal only in the temporal, for the Spirit of Being only within the walls of one of its dwellings,—in external nature, or in the emotions and experiences of the heart and mind of man.

In the Theosophical Society, more commonly than elsewhere, the value of each method of approach is recognized. We should have missed the central significance of the Christian teaching of the Incarnation, and of the eastern doctrine of the existence of Masters, if we fancied that we could know the full life of the spirit by studying only the life of unilluminated and unperfected humanity; and, on the other hand, we should have failed as wholly to grasp the lesson of evolution if we fancied that we had any other means of entering this full

life, and of giving reality and expression to our vision of the ideal, than by the growth and development of the life that is already ours. Therefore, side by side with our study of the great of soul, of the free movement of the spirit, and of all that we should like to be, we have need to study the first conscious stirrings of the soul within ourselves,—not in the “white marble” courts of clear, cold logic, but in the cluttered, homely cottage of our hearts, and in the clogged and hampered movement of our wills. “Religious slumming,” as Santyana called it, can never be completed or made needless.

It was for this reason, among others, that recently, when I had occasion to write to the editor of the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, I took advantage of the opportunity to express the very high value I set upon the series of personal experiences which were being published under the title of “Why I Joined the Theosophical Society.” They gave the original material, the first hand testimony to the workings of a spiritual vitality, which are as priceless to the genuine student of religion as are private journals and contemporary letters to the historian. In each case the material may have been coloured by personal temperament and bias, or by ignorance of what was actually taking place behind the scenes; but in each case also, the documents are unquestionably first hand and genuine, and represent honestly the facts as they were seen and interpreted by the writer. After having testified to the interest and help I had myself received from these articles, I was in no position to refute the editor’s argument, which I received with characteristic promptness by the next trans-Atlantic post, that I should at least try to give to others what they had given me. The editor’s requests are never easy to refuse—if they were, I doubt whether the QUARTERLY could have secured such a series—and so I, too, have now to look back over many years, and try to trace the awakening of the consciousness and the workings of the spirit that led me to the Theosophical Society.

If I am to begin where others have, as it seems to me of value to do, I must go far back. I had been brought up in the Church of England, as a child attending its services as a matter of course, and being confirmed at a fairly early age largely because it was expected of me; our Vicar representing that it was time I relieved my parents of the obligation of my baptismal vows, which must rest either upon them or upon me. It seemed to me only fair that, of the two, they should rest upon me; and this was the reason I gave my mind for taking a step whose seriousness I felt but shrank from facing. It is obvious that it was not a religious attitude, and looking back upon it now I can see it as the mental pose it was. Inwardly I blamed the Vicar for putting what I instinctively felt to be so momentous, upon such a low basis. Yet mentally I welcomed the excuse for letting it mean no more to me than this: the taking upon my own shoulders of a responsibility that had, without will of mine, been incurred in my name. Presented in this way, it seemed to leave me no choice as to what I should do; and I think

that, without this sense of compulsion, I should never have been able to take the confirmation vows. I did not want to be religious, and the Church had never drawn me.

But if religion, in its ordinary meaning, was something which I wished to escape rather than to embrace, it was at least partly because of my recognition of the sacred and solemn obligations that it entailed; and if my parents had not succeeded in making me desire these, they had given me something which was not a wholly bad substitute. They had imbued me with a very real devotion to the ideal of chivalry and *noblesse oblige*. Holiness was a word which left me cold, for I knew no more of its meaning than do the majority of boys. But loyalty and honour were living realities: realities which I at least wished to prefer to my own life or anything which that life could bring; and when, in little or in big, I turned or fell away from my own concept of them—as day after day I did in one thing or another—I was ashamed and miserable. I doubt whether any memory of my childhood is more persistent than this of constantly recurring shame and the repeated renewal of my resolve to be true to my ideal in the days ahead.

I read and reread all the stories of chivalry that I could find, and, as a child will, identified myself with one or another of the great figures of knighthood, trying to feel as they felt, to live my boy's life in its circumstances as they lived their man's life in their circumstances. It led me into many Quixotic situations, laughable enough in retrospect, but sometimes painfully embarrassing to the supersensitiveness of a boy. Yet I count it one of the great blessing of my life that this ideal should have so early gained its hold upon me, and sustained that hold through all the restless cravings of adolescence. It was the load star to which the oscillating needle of my imagination always returned: the standard by which all that was mean or low or cowardly or unclean in my desires or actions was revealed in its true light, so that I could not rest or crystallize around them.

As I grew older, and my mind began to question, I remember wondering why, in this reading of chivalry, the Quest of the Grail made so small an impression upon me, and how I came to choose my heroes as I did. From all the circle of the Round Table it was not Sir Gallahad or Sir Percival that I wished to be, nor yet King Arthur or Launcelot—though all my heart went out to Launcelot. It was Garwaith of the White Hands that I became, when, through the long summer days, I played at knighthood: Garwaith or Bayard or Ogier the Dane or Roland or Oliver. But of them all Oliver was the closest to me. It was something more than play to play at being Oliver. There was the sense of his honour being in my hands, and, curiously persistent, the sense that his faults must be corrected in me. I never saw or thought of the faults of Ogier or of Bayard. I doubt whether I even now know what they were. But Oliver's faults I saw, even as a boy; and though I never spoke of them, and would have denied them hotly had anyone

else spoken of them, they seemed to rest on me for correction. Many years later it was a matter of no small interest to me to discover that my experience here was not unique, but that among my fellows in the Theosophical Society there was quite literally "a Roland for my Oliver."

From my tenth to my nineteenth year I think it would be difficult to overestimate the part played in my life by this ideal of chivalry. I could not and did not talk of it. But perhaps it was all the more effective for having to operate in silence. Side by side with it, inextricably interwoven with it, was the feeling that somewhere there was waiting for me a cause or a person, a task or an ideal, in which or in whom I would find the meaning and fulfilment of my life, and to which all I was or could become must be given and was due. I did not know what it would be or what it would mean. But I was possessed by the conviction that it would demand the best of me, and that I must come to it strong and with clean hands. It made each act of weakness or littleness seem treachery.

I cannot now tell when this feeling first became associated and symbolized for me in the vision of a face, of which I had been recurringly conscious from so early in my boyhood that I cannot trace its beginning. I could then never see it wholly clearly. Its features seemed wrapped in the dusk of twilight, though they brought a sense of familiarity as close and ancient as with my own soul. Only the eyes and the expression were luminous and clear. I do not know how to describe this, and perhaps it is of small value to try, but I have thought of it when I have seen a friend's face and eyes light suddenly with a smile or with some new formed purpose. It is as though the face of flesh were but the shadow of an inner face of living, luminous feeling. Almost at will I could bring this face before my mind's eye, and so I came to think of it, or to explain it to myself, as a product of my imagination. But often it would come to me without any conscious act or will of mine. I would see it in my dreams at night, or find it with me when I rose from studying. Always it was the same face; always it seemed to call and wait for me; sometimes smiling, but more often with a depth of sadness that I could scarcely bear to see. No power of my imagination could change this expression. It was what it was. So that, though my mind told me it was but fancy, in my heart I knew that it was not, but that somewhere in God's wide universe there was one who was as the soul of my soul, and in loyalty and love for whom my life must find its meaning and its purpose.

This is the best picture that I can give of such inner life as I had while a boy: imaginative, supersensitive, lonely; endlessly falling from the ideal which possessed me, shamed by weakness and a sense of treachery that I could not explain, yet ardently desirous of being strong and true; constantly, eagerly seeking for I knew not what, but for what I knew must sometime come; emotional and impulsive, but with a certain inner touchstone and point of fixity that prevented my

being long deluded by their glamour or swept away by their tides. I have tried to draw this picture—and to draw it with a frankness that would be as impossible as it would be indecent, if to my readers I were to be anything more than exhibit 17 in a long series of human documents—because in it may be traced the early movement of those forces which drew me to the Theosophical Society. As Krishna promises to Arjuna, in the sixth book of the Bhagavad Gita, “Even without any wish of his own, will he be taken in hand by his former effort,” so was I led through my boyhood.

But true though this picture is, it needs to be further supplemented if it is not to be misleading. Over against this inner life stood my mental and outer life. Of the outer life I need say little. I had the high spirits and eager zest for living, as well as most of the likes and dislikes, of other healthy boys, save that, neither at school nor later at the University could I be one of “a set.” I could play with my school-mates and work with them, but I could never be one of them. I never could feel we belonged together, and I found more real companionship with my horses and dogs than, as a boy, I ever found with my fellows. Mentally my tastes, and such aptitudes as I possessed, ran to science, in which I had given some signs of promise and had early obtained some small success, as both botanically and geologically our neighborhood had unusual features of considerable interest. My mind was cold, logical and argumentative, and I could lose myself in its problems for days or weeks at a time. It was the one opiate I had found which could still the restless craving of my nature, and I used it as such. Like other opiates, the habit grew with use and cut both ways; so that my mind became my refuge from both the greater good and the greater evil in my nature.

So far as I can remember, I had never heard of Theosophy, or known any member of the Society, until I met the one who has been friend and teacher to me from that day to this. There are some dreams through which we pass as with a double consciousness. We are both actor and spectator, and look upon the scene with our own proper level gaze and also as from a height, seeing the personal self as externally and impersonally as we see the setting of the stage. My memory of that first meeting is marked by the same sense of dual consciousness. I see myself drawing aside the portiers and standing for a moment looking into the room where my hosts sat with two others, who, as I, were paying a social call upon new neighbors. After more than a quarter of a century I can still see each detail of that room, the shaded lamps, the glowing fire, the play of shadow on the walls. I can see my host turn and rise, and can feel again the sudden leaping forth of something in my heart or soul as my eyes met those of the one who has led me the long road that I have travelled. Quite literally it took my breath away—and I did not in the least understand it. The situation was in no way extraordinary. Those before me were but

new neighbors, friends of my friends; yet after that first uprushing in my heart, there seemed to fall such a silence as should precede the judgment and the doom of nations. I know there was no silence,—no pause of more than the fraction of a second,—no *gaucherie*. Yet in feeling then, and in memory now, it is as though time had stopped, and this cross section of it held static and unchanging, till some unknown judgment and invisible work should be passed and wrought.

Of the remainder of that call I have little recollection. I know I enjoyed myself, and that I found myself much drawn to my new neighbors. Finding, also, that we shared certain hobbies, that afternoon was but the first of many that we spent together.

After some months I heard that my new acquaintances were “theosophists.” I do not recall how I gathered my first impressions of what this word meant, but they were concerned chiefly with “astral bodies,” table rapping, spiritualism, and psychic phenomena. It was all very vague and hazy, and I was content to leave it so; though, my attention once called to Theosophy, I began to notice newspaper and other references to it. Almost always it was referred to with ridicule. From my new friends, for such my neighbors had now become, I heard nothing of Theosophy. They did not speak of it, nor did I. I think my attitude would have been the same had I heard that they were Seventh Day Adventists, or Mahomedans. I should have wished to have respected their faith and not to have trespassed with impertinent questions.

It was fully a year before it occurred to me that there was any special or direct connection between Theosophy and that intangible sense of deeper reality which I found in my friends' presence, and which drew and held me far more strongly than I at first realized. Our common hobby, and their unusual personal charm and kindness to me, seemed so much more than sufficient to account for the pleasure their hospitality and friendship gave, that it was some time before I looked any further or deeper. But again and again, as I left their home, or passed it on my rides, there would come to me a feeling that I can only describe as homesickness—so sharp and poignant that it could bring the tears to my eyes. My mind, being quite sane, told me that this was utterly asinine. I was not an hysterical school girl, but a grown man; and to wish to cry—and not to know what one was crying about—was as ridiculous a performance as anyone could be guilty of. Nevertheless, I was guilty of it; and it was the same feeling that I had known many times from my boyhood when I would let my heart open to the indescribable haunting call in the eyes of the face that seemed to rise unbidden from my memory or imagination. In my later reading I have seen it described as the nostalgia of the soul: the homesickness that wells up overpoweringly in the heart of an exile when some unexpected chord awakens the memories of his own land, and which nature itself can give us when we are alone with it, under the stars at night, or watching the last dying colours of an autumn sunset

across the brown of silent fields. I began to question, and to wonder. What was it that so drew and held me? Why did I feel for these comparatively new acquaintances a closeness and intimate "at-homeness" as though I had known them always, and which I had never felt for anyone? With them I was myself, and my best and whole self. With all others I was but some part of myself. Why? I had no answer then. But the question remained.

In the two years that followed, our friendship deepened. I told them of my ignorance of Theosophy and began to ask about it. They lent me books. *Light on the Path* was the first. In it I found the same inner claim upon my heart and self that I had felt and accorded to my friends. I did not understand it, and it told me little of what I thought I wanted to know, but it compelled a deeper assent than any which the mind alone can give. I wished, however, that I knew more clearly what it was to which I was assenting. *The Voice of the Silence* I could scarcely understand at all, and I thought its meter mostly bad,—though there were isolated sentences which seemed to me both beautiful and profound, and which would haunt me for days together, till, little by little, they came to mean much to me. Then there were Mr. Sinnett's two books, *The Occult World* and *Esoteric Buddhism*, and Mr. Judge's *Ocean of Theosophy*. These three were interesting enough, but they aroused nearly every mental and scientific prejudice I possessed; and if there were any which these books left still sleeping they were later waked to life by Madame Blavatsky's *Secret Doctrine*, which I simply could not read, and which, I should say in justice to my friends' perception of my limitations, they had not asked me to read.

Despite this, however, I found myself attracted by the two fundamental doctrines of Karma and Reincarnation. They seemed to me very interesting hypotheses. The more I thought about them, the more interesting they appeared; though I deemed them both unproved, and, in my initial conceit, unprovable. The theory of the perfectibility of man, the existence of a hierarchy stretching as far above us as we consider ourselves above the beetles, seemed to me wholly reasonable and probable, as a corollary to the theory of evolution. *A priori*, however, it did not appear more likely that such beings should communicate directly with us than that we should communicate with the beetles, and the evidence here adduced for such communication seemed singularly trivial and unconvincing. It was this, perhaps more than anything else, which offended me in Mr. Sinnett's books: the mass of assertion unsupported by what seemed to me adequate evidence, the many breaks in the logical chain, and the almost vulgar triviality of some of the phenomena which instantly awakened suspicion.

It must be remembered that at this time I was wholly ignorant of the great body of mystical literature, and of the records which, from every age and race, and with a unanimity unequalled in the evidence for any other fact in history, testify to the intercourse between man

and the divine life above him. All of this was unknown to me, so that I had nothing with which to supplement Mr. Sinnett's deficiencies. I also then lacked the experience, as painful as illuminating, of having had what purported to be my own views and opinions retailed by another incapable of either appreciating or understanding them. In consequence, I did not distinguish between Mr. Sinnett's report and what was there to be reported; and so these presentations of the intellectual and philosophic side of Theosophy repelled rather more than they attracted me. They roused my mind to question, argument and opposition. But beneath my mind, acting directly on my heart and on some inner seat of my truer self, there was a constant, silent appeal, or, perhaps more accurately, a constant silent pressure—like the pressure of the vital forces acting within a planted seed—which little by little grew in power and dominance.

The more I reflect upon the three years that intervened between my first meeting with these friends and my joining the Theosophical Society, the more grateful I am for the wisdom and patience of their reticence. They never attempted to "convert" me; and though I know now that their inner recognition of me was as instantaneous and far more conscious than my recognition of them, they were content to wait till I should grow into myself and until my time of waking should come.

Difficult as it has been to describe the early, submerged workings of the spirit in my life, I find it still more difficult to tell of its rise to clear consciousness. In my outer life, new and serious responsibilities had devolved upon me; and the path which I had thought to follow, and which at first seemed open and clear, had become confused and doubtful. I had reached a parting of the ways and could not go on until I had faced myself and made my choice. It was a choice which meant everything to me, outwardly determinative of all my future, inwardly involving all I understood by loyalty and honour, yet in an issue so dark to my understanding that even loyalty and honour seemed arrayed against themselves. Here, in what had been the very citadel and stronghold of my moral being, I found myself suddenly at war. It was the eternal battle between the spirit and the form, the reality and the appearance. But it was hard to see it so at first; and though, through God's mercy, I chose aright, I had to choose in darkness and in doubt, and only later gained the light to see it as it was.

One effect of the decision to which this crisis led, was that I did not go up to London as I had expected, but remained in the country, devoting myself to some scientific papers I was engaged upon, and spending much of such leisure as these left me with my "theosophist" friends. In the course of the next few months I completed the work I had in hand, and was more free than I had been to spend my time as I chose. What put it into my mind I do not know, certainly it was wholly foreign to all my former habits, but I laid out a definite regimen

for myself, covering regular hours of sleep, reading, and physical exercise. For perhaps a year past, I had tried intermittently to add a brief period for meditation to my morning and evening prayers, but had obtained little result from my efforts. Now I determined to give more time, not to what I understood by meditation, but to reflection, and to the attempt to become acquainted with the reality of my own being and the depths of my own heart, still troubled by the crisis through which I had passed.

For some weeks, following out this regimen, my life was as regular as though I had been in training for the Olympic games or had been living in a monastery, save that for an hour or two each evening I gave myself the pleasure of being with my friends. For my reading I had chosen the American philosopher, Emerson, whose teaching is so often pure Theosophy that I could even then recognize it, and we would talk over together one or another of his essays, or, more intimately, some of the new things I was beginning to discover in my own consciousness. Many times as I walked home at night from such talks as these, it seemed to me as though some dead weight were lifted in my mind—some rock rolled back from the entrance to the tomb of self—and a passage opened through which my life was flooded by the great, silent, breathing life of worlds and planets and interstellar space. I seemed to be drawn close to the brooding heart of Being: to some vast region, so still, so sacred, that all thought was silenced, and even the prayer of my own heart was hushed in waiting unison. All this was above or beyond my mind: in the quiet of my mind. But when I came back to ordinary mental consciousness and activity it was with a sense of having touched not only deeper reality, but also truer knowledge. It is a task beyond my power, to describe this—as I know of no way of describing a sense, whether of touch or taste or vision, save in its own terms. And this was a sense of knowledge, not a thought; not a definite thing known, but knowledge itself contacted. Perhaps its nearest analogue in my ordinary experience is when I have worked long, over days or months, on some complicated problem in my science, and finally have hit upon the key, the simple, unformulated law, which brings harmony from discord and order out of chaos, then, though there is at that moment no conscious application of this key to a single detail, there is yet the sense of the solution, the sense of knowledge. Here, where the mind was left behind, where no thing was known, was the sense of life itself. As with my problems,—the working out of details, the transmutation of knowledge into consciousness of things known, had to be a later labour.

Little by little however, this transmutation was taking place, and without conscious labour on my part. Elements of feeling long submerged; passages from the Gospels, from *Light on the Path*, the *Gita*, or *Voice of the Silence*; points from the conversation of my friends, and, even more markedly, the contagion of their general outlook upon life:

these things which my mind had rejected had nevertheless been claimed and nourished by some deeper center of myself, and now rose to consciousness in new groupings and with new significance, no longer in their first strange and foreign guise, but with the seal and signet of my soul's assent. Intermingling with these, and bearing the same curious sense of having risen from my own inmost being, as memories of a forgotten past, there would come to my mind pictures and impressions of places, people, and events that I had certainly never seen or experienced in the waking consciousness of this life. Something of the same sort I had, as I have said, been familiar with from my childhood, and I have mentioned, also, the inexplicable sense of "at-homeness" which I had felt with my friends from the very beginning of our acquaintance. But now these phenomena became more marked and persistent. The pictures of scenes and of places began to fit one into another, like the elements of a dissected map or the pieces of a picture puzzle. And though I had no clue to their total, collective significance, and there were great gaps that I could not bridge, yet here and there they would interlock, and I could trace, beyond some break, the same recurring lines. With my friends, also, again and again as we sat and talked, or rode together over our northern moors, which I had known as the palm of my own hand since I was a toddling boy, I would wake to a sudden sense of contrast, as of the presence of some strange and unfamiliar feature in what was otherwise as old and familiar as life itself. And the startling thing was this: in the consciousness of that moment, that which was familiar and old was not these moors of mine and my family's for generations back, but was that I should be riding so, bridle to bridle, with these friends, of whom I had not heard a short three years before; and what was unfamiliar and strange were the clothes we wore, and the very look of land and sea and sky that I had looked out upon from the day that I was born. Under the pressure of a deeper and more ancient tie than that of home or race or country, the center of my consciousness was shifting, and the soul's memories waking into life.

Up to this point the process of my waking was, as I have tried to indicate, a very slow and gradual one, taking place, for the most part, beneath my mind and against its opposition. I can only liken it to the slow and reluctant rousing of yourself to consciousness from the late half-sleep of morning, when you have continued dozing through the growing light, and the mind, though clinging to its dreams, is still vaguely conscious of its surroundings. If tired, or slothful, you may continue in this state for many minutes—provided there be no unusual movement in the room. But if someone enter unexpectedly, you instantly find yourself awake; perhaps still drugged by sleep, but certainly fully conscious of your own identity. This is what now happened to me. Into the room where my soul dozed so unconscionably late, one entered, and woke me to consciousness of self.

Though in this analogy, I have, of course, likened my ordinary personal consciousness to the consciousness of dreams, and the vague memories of my soul to the dim, intermittent awareness of material realities that penetrates our dreams, yet it was actually through physical sleep and dreams,—or, more truly, through what lies beyond dreams,—that the waking of my soul occurred. On the night of one of the major anniversaries of my life, I became suddenly aware, from deep and dreamless sleep, of one standing by my bed and looking at me. It was dark night, midnight or after, yet the whole room was luminous with his presence, so that I could see him, and all that the room contained, with noonday clearness. But it was his eyes which drew and held mine, and which I instantly recognized. Then he smiled and spoke to me. But in the morning I could remember no word of what he said.

In the nights that followed I had a series of dreams, bridging time and space to an ancient age and land. I moved familiarly along the well known way to meet the one I knew awaited me, the one whose face and eyes had called me from my boyhood. Only now the features were no longer obscured in shadow, but were shining with the same light that used only to irradiate their expression; and it was no longer only a face, but the full and perfect presence of the one closest of all souls to my soul,—save only the Master. In these dreams I lived over again event after event of that long past life, in which, as in the prelude to one of Wagner's operas, were struck the motif chords of all that was to come. And I recognized this. I recognized the scenes and places of which distant memories had risen to my waking consciousness. I recognized my age-old comrades, with a recognition that was sometimes only of the past, but which, in other instances, was also of the present; so that of these ancient friends of my soul I knew who some were in the outer life today,—and among these were my "new" friends, who had introduced me to Theosophy. There were, perhaps, at that time, some five or six different dreams of this character, all dealing with the same incarnation, and fitting into the gaps and supplying missing pieces in the puzzle-picture of my memory. But more than this, running through them, as some Greek chorus telling of the meaning of the scene that was enacted, was the consciousness of their application to my present life. The prayer that I had prayed in that old time was still the deepest truth of my soul. It had not died or been forgotten, but here despite the many thousand years, was still granted me in sovereign generosity.

These dreams were spread over a period of something like a week or ten days. Then again, as at the beginning, there came a night when I woke from dreamless sleep to the presence of the one who had first visited me. All was as before, the room made light as noonday, and as before, he stood beside my bed and looked at me. But now he bore under his arm a rather large book, bound in some rough hide from which the hair had not been wholly removed. Again he spoke to me,

and bending down opened the book and held it before me so that I could read. I thus read several pages, he turning over the leaves as I finished each; and what I read made clear to me the whole course of my life and the meaning of the crisis through which I had passed, and of the ancient prayer that I had prayed and prayed again through many lives, and of what lay before me in my life in the world today. Then there came a passage to which he pointed with his finger; and as he pointed I saw that the writing here was italicized and stood out boldly from the rest of the page. Almost it seemed as though this happened as he pointed, and that it had not been so before. But I at least knew that this was italicized for me, and that I was to note it well and remember, for it concerned the path I was to travel. Yet in the morning, though the feeling of this passage remained, I could not remember its words nor formulate its meaning in words of my own. But my way had been made clear to me; and my memory retained, in broad but true outline, the course my life must follow, and which, through the more than quarter of a century that has elapsed from that day to this, it has followed and is still following.

I joined the Theosophical Society because in it I found those to whom the love, the loyalty, and the service of my soul were due; because through it lay the Master's answer to my soul's prayer, the way of his appointing, the life for which I had been born, and the work that I had come to do. I joined the Theosophical Society because I belonged in it, and because it was impossible for me, once wakened, to do otherwise.

K. C. M. D.

That which was best for us in the past moment is no longer best for us, for it is stripped of the will of God, which has passed on to other things from which it creates for us the duty of the present moment; and it is this duty, under whatever appearance it is manifested, which will now most perfectly sanctify our souls.—Abandonment: Rev. J. P. de Caussade, S. J.

GENGHIS KHAN

IT is a striking fact that in the majority of works on thirteenth century history almost no mention is made of what one writer declares to be "the most stupendous fact of the century"—the activity of the Mongol tribes of central Asia under the leadership of Genghis Khan. With the history of Europe at the time we are all more or less familiar; St. Francis is perhaps the best known figure of the period; the war against heretics and the work of the Inquisition, the darkest blot. Four of the crusades had been unsuccessfully waged, bringing to the Pope, who had exercised the power of summoning all Christendom to his banner, the virtual suzerainty of Europe both spiritual and military. Indeed, the Papacy under Innocent III. had reached, at the beginning of the century, the summit of its power, and Frederick II. was already beginning to carry out his schemes of aggrandizement which led ultimately to the death-struggle between Church and state. The history of the time, regarded from a politico-religious aspect is complex in the extreme and forms a striking contrast to the conditions in that distant quarter of the globe, among the hitherto unknown Tartars through whose agency the trend of European events was soon to be vitally affected.

Shortly before the close of the preceding century, the chief or khan of an obscure tribe among this people, died, leaving as his successor his son, then only a boy; and the few clans hitherto subject to him, immediately renounced their allegiance. The boy, known as Temuchin, spent his early life in a struggle for power, sometimes with a few followers at his back, and sometimes hunted from place to place in peril of his life. His fierceness and bravery, together with his genius for conquest soon won him control of his own wild tribesmen and within the first decade of the century he had subjugated all the surrounding tribes and taken his title of Genghis Khan or khan of khans. We find in him a man splendid for his brute strength, his tremendous energy, his indomitable will, and his military genius, a man worthy, in many respects to be classed among the greatest conquerors of all time. But opposed to these qualities, his violent deeds, his ferocious cruelty, his wanton treachery, reduced to abject terror people by whom deeds of more than ordinary violence were accepted as a matter of course. Indeed, so darkly is he painted in history, that he seems, of necessity, wrongly rated, his fame blackened by the bias of historians, or distorted through the long lapse of years. But there remains the fact that all his work was destructive, that he carried ruin wherever he went, and in explanation, one must remember that the ruling power of his life was the love of conquest, that all his energies,—the animal and intellectual energies of the

barbarian,—converged to this one point, and that to him conquest meant devastation.

The hordes of wild mounted herdsmen over whom he ruled were of like stamp. A glance at their mode of living will make clear the qualities and characteristics which would be natural to such a people. Theirs was a loose confederacy of nomad tribes, holding their ground, the vast grassy plains of Central Asia in common, living in tents and moving about with all their household-goods and their vast herds of cattle and horses from one good pasturage to another. They practised polygamy, their government was the patriarchal form and their religion was Shamanism. We are told that they were remarkable for their religious tolerance in an age of religious fanaticism, but this was because of their complete indifference to religious questions. Theft, whether of cattle, of women, or of pasturing ground, was common among them, and the resultant warfare most frequent. They were accustomed to hardships, fatigue and privation, skilled in the most desperate fighting, bloodthirsty, ferocious and cruel beyond belief, treacherous to a degree, asking and giving no quarter; and as they shared in their leader's desire for conquest, indeed were bound to him largely by this desire, such characteristics, together with their untold numbers, made of them a host which was not merely a terror to the civilized world, but which was regarded as invincible. Such was the material which composed his armies, when Genghis Khan, now the acknowledged ruler of all the Mongols, turned his attention to China, attacking first the tribes to the north and soon passing beyond the Great Wall, which had been regarded up to this time as adequate protection for the country. China was then enjoying a high degree of civilization and considerable military power, but Mongol tactics and Mongol strength swept all before them and in an amazingly short time, their conquests extended on the east to the China Sea and south to the Yellow River beyond which ruled the Sung dynasty. After a brief time spent in establishing his power in the new acquisitions, Genghis Khan and his armies withdrew to direct their energies to the eastward.

The Kwaresmian Empire, one of the Mohammedan countries in the southeast of the continent, near the Persian Gulf, was the first to receive the inrush of the horde of barbarians, which swept down upon it almost unheralded. The story of their being invited hither, an invitation brought about through the struggle for power between Caliph and Sultan, though historical fact, is not of great importance, for the conquering march of such a host stays not for invitation and needs but little pretext. Kwaresm had originally been under Seljuk rule, but at this time, 1219, was governed by Alai-ud din Mohammed (descendant of a Turkish slave) who was openly warring and secretly intriguing against the Caliph at Bagdad. One battle sufficed to show Mohammed the awful power of the invaders and he withdrew from the open field. In this unequal warfare, Genghis Khan had as generals, his four sons;

also as aids, many vassal khans who owed absolute allegiance to him. All were accustomed to iron discipline and had blind confidence in their leader; all gave him unwavering loyalty and implicit obedience. On the opposing side, the leader, Mohammed, was wavering and vacillating; he had intrigued against his associates till he feared to meet his victims; he had as councillors men, warring among themselves, and as generals, men whose faith he had strong reason to suspect. To withhold from open warfare then, seemed his only safe course and he divided his armies and his generals among the walled cities of the Empire. His idea in so doing may have been that after plundering and pillaging the open country the Mongols would withdraw, but this was not the Mongol way of fighting.

Genghis Khan, after dividing his great army into four parts, assigned one to each section of the country, choosing himself the region in which Mohammed had taken refuge. It is unnecessary to follow the whole campaign, a story vitally alive,—alive with the energy of an attacking swarm of ants or bees,—or perhaps, for its pages drip blood, it calls to mind rather the hot fury of wolves. Wild, lawless brutality, merciless cruelty are everywhere. The tale of one city is virtually the tale of all: a long siege frequently lasting for months, the gradual despair of the citizens, followed either by surrender, or by success of the Mongols in scaling and breaking the walls; then pillage, plunder and fire, and almost invariably the slaughter of every inhabitant, man, woman and child. In one instance we find a troop of the besieged deserting to the Mongols only to be put to the sword on the ground that men false to one master could not be true to another. On several occasions cities surrendered without resistance, but because of some previous injury or insult to Mongol envoy or general, the same fate, death to all, was meted out to them; frequently all the citizens numbering many thousands, being marched outside the gates and several days being spent in deliberately cutting them down. A river, in one case, was turned from its bed and directed into a plundered city, that the work might be the more complete. Women were frequently spared for slavery, skilled artisans sent back to Mongolia, and young, strong men taken with the army to do heavy siege work; except for these, none escaped.

Bokhara and Samarkand were taken, both trading and commercial centers, the seat of learning, arts and science; city after city lay in ashes, the whole country stripped and desolate. Mohammed its sovereign, fled, overcome by despair and a detachment of the Mongol army started in swift pursuit. From province to province they hounded him, and he, like a wild beast, continued his headlong flight, until, with only a few followers at his side, and still in peril from friends and kinsmen of victims of his past treachery, he died of an illness on the shores of the Caspian Sea. Of his three sons, one, Jelal ud din, offered splendid resistance to the Mongols, so much so that even the great Khan himself expressed admiration for his bravery. But the whole

country shared the despair of Mohammed, as province after province was taken. Jelal ud din's armies were soon annihilated, their leader fled the country and the empire lay helpless, depopulated and in ruins.

Meanwhile a secondary campaign was being carried on by the pursuers of Mohammed, who, when deprived of their quarry, turned their attention to the devastation of Eastern Irak, and the country between that and the Caspian, also parts of Armenia and Georgia. With reinforcements from the main army they next attacked the Polovtsi, a nomad people who had carried on for centuries an intermittent warfare with Russia. After making a truce with these people and ruining with their aid a number of towns in the Caucasus foothills, they treacherously turned on them and began the usual slaughter; the Polovtsi fled, some to Macedonia and Thrace and some to Russia with the result that an alliance was formed with the latter country. During the warfare which followed the Mongols penetrated to the Dnieper, threatening Poland, Moravia and Hungary, for, though they met with brave resistance, here as elsewhere they were victorious and for three centuries Russia lay under their yoke. It is interesting to note, and this is true of all their conquests, that during their occupation they made no attempt to introduce their own institutions into Russia, or to force their subjects in any way to become Tartars. In the southeast section of the country, the great grassy steppes, the Mongols were quite at home, but the rest of the land, boggy and thickly wooded, they found not at all to their liking. They soon withdrew then, leaving behind them Mongol tax collectors and returning the land in fief to the Russian nobles, who in their turn became vassals of the great khan, obliged to pay tribute and furnish a military contingent on demand. The chief rulers or *kniazes* were appointed by the Khan and given despotic power, and the tyranny which they exercised over their subjects was but a reflection of their own servitude under the Tartars. Russia retained then, her dynasties, her religion and her nationality, but to this day, in her autocratic government she bears the stamp of Mongol domination.

In 1223, Genghis Khan decided to return to the plains of Mongolia. Various reasons are suggested for this move, the most probable being that, after the death of the general whom he had left in command of the Chinese occupation, the conquered people had become increasingly active and hostile and he felt that his personal supervision was needed. He accordingly marched in 1225 to make war on Tangut and the fact that he did this with his customary thoroughness is witnessed by one or two passages from a Chinese annalist:

"Men strive in vain to hide in caverns and in mountains. As to the Mongol sword, hardly two in a hundred escape it. The fields are covered with the bones of slaughtered people." "Since the beginning of time no barbarous people have ever been so mighty as the Mongols

are at present. They destroy empires as a man plucks out herbs by the roots, such is the power in their possession."

Just before the completion of this new conquest, however, Genghis Khan became ill and died. For reasons of state it was best that the fact be kept secret for a time, and to this end all persons were killed who met his funeral cortege as it passed in solemn state to his burial place in the north of his own country. And so ended, in the twenty-second year of his reign, the activity of a ruler who is regarded by one authority as "one of the greatest characters in history, perhaps the greatest that has appeared in the world to the present day. A man who, never hampered by conscience, advanced directly toward the one supreme object of his life,—power. His executive ability was wonderful as was also his utter disregard of human life. Beginning with a few huts on the Kerulon he drew in tribe after tribe, country after country, till at his death he was master of more territory than had ever been ruled by one sovereign. He stands forth also as the greatest manslayer the world has ever known. From 1211 to 1223 in China and Tangut alone, Genghis Khan and his assistants killed more than eighteen million five hundred thousand human beings."

Passing without question the assertion that a man whose work was almost wholly destructive was "perhaps the greatest character that has appeared in the world to the present day," let us turn from the deeds of the man,—the work he strove to do—to what he actually accomplished. He himself had declared as he added victory to victory, that Heaven had given him "the Empire of the Earth, both the East and the West of it," and so nearly did this prove true that the very magnitude of his success worked to its own undoing; the empire was too vast to have strength; genius for military organization had outstripped administrative ability. And when to this fact was added a lack of harmony among his successors, and the absence of any one truly great man, it became inevitable that the empire should fall to pieces, a disintegration which occurred not long after the death of the conqueror. Then became apparent the results of the upheaval upon the Mongols themselves; or perhaps we might equally well say the causes of the upheaval, for when the matter is viewed from a slightly different aspect it becomes evident that this people after centuries of barbarism had earned their opportunity and that those who were prepared took the next step forward. Many of them, it is true, returned after the invasion to the plains of Tartary where they are living today, in much the same state as in the time of the great Khan. A large number, however, adopted Mohammedanism, settled permanently in western Asia and soon came to hold an important place among the nations fighting under the Crescent. According to one historian—howbeit opinions differ radically on this point—such is the civilizing effect of Islam on her semi-barbarous adherents, that they were no longer the ferocious creatures they had been so short a time before,

though they lost none of their martial valor. Even a more marked advance in civilization was made by a third contingent who marched into India at a somewhat later date, adopted Buddhism, and established the splendid Moghul Empire, the rise and fall of which is a history in itself.

In the southeastern countries where the scourge fell most heavily, we find, instead of a people who were ready for the next step forward, a people who had abused every privilege, turned from or distorted the message which their prophet had given them, and evolved a civilization which, in proportion as it became outwardly more and more perfect, grew more and more rotten at the core. Within but a few generations after the death of the prophet a rapid degeneracy enfeebled the victorious Moslems; the vast wealth which they accumulated from their world-wide conquests was spent for the most part in sensual luxury, and inevitable loss of strength and energy resulted. Furthermore, in the course of their victories they had conquered and taken prisoner many Turks from tribes to the north of their own country. These men were distinguished for their strength and courage, and among a people grown effeminate from luxury it was but a step from the king's slave, to the king's favorite and thence to the power of the throne itself and the choice of its occupant. By the time of the Mongol invasion the state was a seething mass of corruption; treachery and party strife had reduced the power of the Caliph to a minimum; province after province had renounced its allegiance and the dominion of the Commander of the Faithful once stretching along the whole diameter of the civilized world had become limited to the city of Bagdad and the neighboring territory. The utter weakness of the state, and its vileness as well, are most apparent when we read that in its midst there arose and flourished the Kingdom of the Assassins. This so-called kingdom, named from the terrible work which it performed, was a secret order, impregnable established in mountain fastnesses, preaching outwardly to its thousands of innocent adherents a Mohammedanism which secretly it denounced; and proving, when eventually unmasked, to adhere to a code of lawlessness and license almost unheard of in the history of mankind. It had its agents in every court and center of power, practised assassination on high and low alike, sometimes for pay, sometimes for the accomplishment of its own evil ends, overturning kingdoms and shaping the destiny of almost the whole civilized world. That such a condition of affairs should precipitate a war—a scourge of Heaven sent to punish, as Genghis Khan styled himself—was naturally to be expected, and the work of purgation begun by the great Khan was ably carried on by his successors until a grandson, Hulagu, some years later destroyed the Kingdom of the Assassins and in 1258, with cruelty equal to any of his predecessors, accomplished the utter ruin of Bagdad and the extinction of the Caliphate.

This crushing blow to Islam, the downfall of her power and greatness, suggests the world-wide significance of the Mongol invasion, its place in the great plan of human evolution. For this was not the mere combat of tribe against tribe, or of kingdom against kingdom; it touched in its far-reaching results the entire known world of the time and the future of two continents was at stake. When, in the early days of Islam, the Moslems, filled with martial energy and religious zeal, had undertaken to convert the world to Mohammed, victory had been theirs, not only at home, but further and further afield, till their conquering banner floated over all the land from the banks of the Sihon to the farthest promontory of Portugal. Europe lay at her feet,— a Europe undeveloped and unformed and having as its incentive and inspiration, a religion of love, peace and submission. In the face of this menacing danger, a new order arose, Europe became welded together, her great national divisions gradually took shape, and most noteworthy of all, Christianity was transmuted into a religion of war, at first defensive and later on, during the Crusades, offensive. This was the work Islam was to do. Yet in the early XIII. century, Europe, now grown strong in her own conceit, lay torn and dismembered by internal strife, too absorbed in her own struggles even to heed the dread news of threatened destruction from without; and while Christendom lay thus at the mercy of the Saracen, the wave of conquest was by no means spent, Islam still carried her victorious banners. But, as it proved, Islam had accomplished her mission. It was not a part of the great plan that the eastern continent should overwhelm the western and efface its newly developing civilization; and at this juncture the Mongol host effected the deliverance which Europe was unable to accomplish for herself, striking blow after blow at the base of the Saracen power till it lay but a wreck of its former grandeur.

One other result of the work of the great Khan shows to an interesting degree the immense value of apparently small and unimportant details. As the Mongols advanced on their westward march, they displaced from their original home in western Asia, the present Ottoman Turks. This led to an invasion of Bithynia by the latter under Othman and ultimately to their advance into Europe under Amurath I. The resultant history is known to all: their conquest of Constantinople in 1453, the flight of the scholars gathered there, the scattering of the precious learning through all Europe, the consequent awakening or Renaissance and its effect on every element of our civilization even down to the present day. And these vast and far-reaching results came from the unrest of one obscure tribe among the Tartars and the dislodgement of another equally obscure among the Turks— from this, and from one other cause, namely, the fact that Genghis Khan gave, as but few great souls have given, his whole being in undivided allegiance and devoted service to what was doubtless the

highest, noblest and best principle of his life. And in the giving, he made of himself an instrument through which could be accomplished the destinies of two continents, the fate of millions of people.

To those who care to look behind so great a work in search of a correspondingly great source, it will be of interest to know that there is another view of Genghis Khan. In a volume of *Lucifer*, an unsigned article entitled *The Romantic Story of Genghis Khan*, identifies him with a Japanese hero, Yoshitsune, immortalized in many a poem and folk-tale. This warrior was of royal birth and during his early life in his native islands of Japan passed through the same vicissitudes as are elsewhere attributed to the boy-chieftain of Mongolia. As his power increased, jealousy and treachery on the part of his associates drove him to the northern island of Yezo whence he vanished, soon to reappear, under the name of Temujin (Temuchin), on the mainland of Asia, where he began the career of conquest well known to history. But the significant point of the narrative is that it declares him to have been, from his early years, an initiate of the mysteries, as were also a small but devoted band of followers who shared his every change of fortune. He was, we are told, "the son of a gifted race, the favored pupil of the all-knowing sages of the innermost recesses of the remote mountains . . . His connection with the priests of Thibet, and intercourse with the Lamas is matter of history. His antecedent training in the fastnesses of the mountains, whither he was miraculously conveyed nightly, for long distances, as it is related and credited in the land of his birth, prepared him for admission to the inner circles of the Ri-shi and communication with the Arhats of the age whom doubtless he sought and met in his travels and the regions he subdued. There is no doubt of the identity, and there can be no question of the special peculiar circumstances of his instruction, Yuen Ye Ki, of the Chinese, Genghis Khan, the conqueror, and Gen-ji-Kei, otherwise Minamoto Yoshitsune, are one and the same—Buddhist Acolyte, Japanese Prince, and student of the Occult, Magician, Conqueror, Hero, Revered Divinity of the North East of Asia." Reference is made to a number of histories on the subject—the majority of them Japanese. Among historians writing in our own tongue, Howorth makes mention of a similar view, referring to a *History of the Mongol Khans* written by a Mongol, Ssanang Setzen in 1662. In this work the Mongol royal stock is traced back to that of Thibet and thence to the royal line of Hindostan. Whether reference is also made to other of the points mentioned above, Howorth neglects to say; he dismisses the matter with the statement that Ssanang Setzen's account is a confusion of two legends neither of which rightfully belongs to the Mongols. But whichever be the accepted view, whether or not Genghis Khan be regarded as a specially instructed agent, working consciously and purposefully, nevertheless, in reviewing his life in the

light of subsequent history there comes to us with renewed force the truth of those words:

"That which lives when all else has passed away is the desire with which the man was working, not the results he accomplished. The good he loved and served endures forever; the good he strove to do more often dies. . . . that which lives in action is the motive and the desire. The form it took passes, as all form must, but the soul of it reincarnates and fills with power and radiance all other forms that spring therefrom."

JULIA CHICKERING

Perhaps if there were more of that intense distress of souls that leads to tears, we should more frequently see the results we desire. Sometimes it may be that while we are complaining of the hardness of the hearts of those we are seeking to benefit, the hardness of our own hearts and our own feeble apprehension of the solemn reality of eternal things may be the true cause of our want of success.—Hudson Taylor in Early Years.

ST. VINCENT DE PAUL

IN the concluding chapter of the *Key to Theosophy*, Madame Blavatsky sketches for us the possible future of the Theosophical Society, and its effect for good upon the world if the living truth it has in trust be kept clear of sectarianism, short-sightedness, and prejudice. She says, "It will gradually leaven and permeate the great mass of thinking and intelligent people with its large-minded and noble ideas of Religion, Duty, and Philanthropy." There has been no recent article in the QUARTERLY directly bearing on the last of these three spheres of human activity; so that a new book on Vincent de Paul, the "Father of Modern Philanthropy" as he is popularly called, suggested that a consideration of this man's life might help to clarify our own ideals on this important subject. Those of us who love the Theosophical Movement, and who desire to see its principles permeate the world, cannot fail of opportunity to apply those principles in so widespread and popular an occupation as our many modern charities and philanthropic undertakings. Never before in history, does it seem, has there been so universal a realization that "the poor ye have always with you." But while this realization springs in large measure from an impulse of brotherhood which in itself is a result achieved by the leaven of Theosophic truth, yet it has brought with it also many new problems and dangers. Socialism, with its perverted ideas of brotherhood, has subverted much of the original purity of this ideal and turned it towards purely materialistic ends. Organized charity has become mechanical; the motive back of it is too often merely the removal of an eye-sore and a blot, rather than the transmutation of an evil into good; the individual sacrifice and personal touch have given place to a systematic bureaucracy with paid employees and an almost arbitrary routine of "relief-work." We are all familiar with the man who feels that the regular sending of a cheque each year, with perhaps an extra gift or two during special times of stress or disaster, has entirely established his charity and fulfilled his obligations to his less fortunate neighbors. So familiar has this idea become that an actual divorce has occurred between the root-meaning of the word, charity or love, and its present connotation. It now means at the lowest money-giving; at the highest generosity; and more than one child has been teased and puzzled by St. Paul's famous passage.

What light, then, can an application of Theosophic principles throw on this peculiarly modern problem; and how can the undoubted good that lies back of this many-sided human enterprise be made even more effective than it now is?

At the time when Madame Blavatsky was writing there was no such "social self-consciousness" as exists today; and so comments on,

or advice directed towards the proper administration and application of philanthropy are not often found in the literature of that period, but exist rather potentially in the general ideal of Universal Brotherhood. It is here that the life and achievements of St. Vincent de Paul are of immediate and practical helpfulness; and an attempt will be made to illustrate the, what we might call, cardinal principles of philanthropy by a brief sketch of this great man's work. The interested reader will find very readable and sympathetic the recent biography of Vincent de Paul, by E. K. Sanders; while more detailed works by L'Abbé Maynard and Mgr. Bougard are to be found in translation in the New York Library. In the original French the priest Abelli's *Vie* still remains the basis for all recent research, being written but four years after the Saint's death. Collections of his letters (numbering over thirty thousand) have also been edited; as have his *Conférences* with his religious sons and daughters.

The key to the success of Vincent de Paul's life is to be found in the sureness and solidity of his foundation. Not until he was absolutely ready did he attempt any new work; and being ready for him meant not only careful preparation in the ordinary worldly sense, but a religious preparation, an absolute knowledge that God wanted him to do just that thing in just that way. In the acquirement of this spirit he had learnt the underlying lesson back of his earlier life; for his actual work did not begin until he was past fifty years of age, and it was in the faithful performance of his routine duties, and in the little obediences in unimportant affairs, that at last made him a fit instrument to reawaken the Church and people of France at a time of terrible corruption and degradation.

The popular view of Vincent de Paul recognizes his practical abilities, and credits him with a "combination of inspiration and experience" by which in the sixteenth century "he arrived at conclusions which are regarded as discoveries in the twentieth." But little more is known of him; and the fact that a humble peasant boy became a saint while living in an almost unbroken solitude as far as mystical or religious companionship or guidance is concerned, does not meet with any attention even amongst his biographers. But such is the fact, as his own letters bear witness. He was born in 1576 on a small farm near Dax, south of Bordeaux, and not far from the sea-coast. In a worldly sense he had no advantages of fortune, though his early life reads like a romance. Good birth was almost a prerequisite for any advancement in Church, State, or Army at that time; and one of the early struggles recorded of the boy Vincent at the College of Dax is his reluctance and shame when he had to acknowledge his thrifty peasant father before his more aristocratic schoolmates. In later years M. Vincent "never wearied of reminding those who treated him with reverence that he was a peasant, and the son of a peasant."

His education began at the Franciscan Convent at Dax when he was twelve, and at twenty he received the tonsure. He completed his

education at the Collège of Saragossa, and later at Toulouse. During this time he supported himself by tutoring. In 1600 he was ordained priest. We fail to understand the Saint unless in some degree we see the man who made himself a saint in spite of personal faults, and in spite, also, of the worldly currents which are always in conflict with those who set their hearts and wills heavenwards. The priesthood during the religious conflicts which centered around Henry of Navarre and the Guises had reached a degree of depravity which has perhaps no equal in the history of France. All the old abuses which had in such large measure precipitated the Reformation were still unremedied; and to these were added the inevitable disorganization and corruption that came from incessant civil war, and the gross materialism of the age. Later, under Cardinal Richelieu there commenced a great religious revival, and the spirit of Vincent de Paul, of St. François de Sales, of Cardinal de Bérulle the founder of the Oratorians, of the Ursulines, of Fénelon, and of the Port Royalists quickened anew the spiritual ideal amongst the mass of religious people, who respond with pathetic readiness to any genuine spiritual leadership. But even after this revival some of the most flagrant abuses went unchecked, such as the non-residence of bishops or priests in their cures; plurality of benefices, which necessitated non-residence; abbeys and priories in lay hands; the charging of lay pensions on ecclesiastical revenues; and the employment of rich and unscrupulous Cardinals and Archbishops in military commands. Richelieu became chief minister in 1624; so Vincent de Paul was ordained several years before any reform had started either within or outside of the Church, and when men were raised to the priesthood directly from the laity, without any preparation or qualification being required of them, and with all the prescribed intermediary steps dispensed by an arbitrary ruling. Further than this the actual immorality of living amongst the priests had become so shocking that for a time few respectable and decent men entered the Church. As a result hundreds of parishes were destitute of any religious observances; the peasantry in many large districts grew up practically in ignorance of any Church discipline; and even in the towns there were insufficient numbers to carry on the services or to administer the simplest rites.

As a young man we find Vincent de Paul struggling between a true ideal of devotion and loyalty to his Church, and the seemingly inevitable compromise necessary for the fulfilment of any of his ambitions. On the one hand we find him so awestruck at his own new privilege that he celebrated his first Mass in the solitude of a little mountain chapel, with only a priest and server as witnesses. On the other, we find him perpetually and deeply in debt, partly from a too ready generosity with other peoples' money, partly from the attempt to live beyond his means or station; we find him imprisoning a man for debt and exacting the last crown from him while in prison; and we find him also hoping, planning, and scheming for the appointment to a lucrative bishopric. In pursuit

of this last interest his own letters show that he eagerly sought to further its success by means neither kind to rivals nor scrupulously honest; yet even so his chief recommendation in the eyes of others was his piety and devotion.

But destiny, and it seems a real destiny, had planned otherwise. While sailing from Marseilles to Narbonne he was captured by Turkish pirates, wounded by an arrow, and in this miserable condition taken to Africa where he was sold to a fisherman, and by him to an aged alchemist—"a man of great gentleness and humanity . . . who had devoted fifty years to a search for the Philosopher's Stone. My duty was to keep up the heat of ten or twelve furnaces." He was sold again several times, and finally after two years captivity full of adventure, escaped in a skiff to France. During these years of very real suffering Vincent de Paul's faith and innate strength of character came to the fore, and he no longer drifted with the tide. Once home we find him seeking to pay off his old debts, and to obtain "some honest benefice in France." A diplomatic journey to Rome, and contact with the brazen licentiousness throughout the ecclesiastical hierarchy there, sowed the seed for his later idea of reforming the clergy as a first step towards any real improvement.

After a year's further study at the Dominican College of La Sapienza in Rome, he returned to France. But the prospect before him was very gloomy. The ordinary steps of advancement in his own parish had been estopped by his period of slavery, and his peasant origin left him unsupported by family interest. Though thirty-three years old, he was yet unrecognized, and had no opportunity to employ the fine abilities and gifts which he must by now have felt that he possessed. Perhaps the instinct which made of him finally the humble drudge and true minister to all the children of men made him at this critical time of vacillation offer his services to the Hospital of Charity in Paris, founded by Marie de Medici. Certain it is that from this point the course of events bore him steadily on towards the fulfilment of his great mission. Almost immediately he was chosen as almoner for the once profligate, now neglected Marguerite de Valois; and perhaps helped to salve the conscience of that unfortunate Queen by administering her charities to the greatest advantage.

This connection opened a new and important field to Vincent de Paul, for by no other ordinary means, except indeed by just such a happy chance, could a man of his position ever have touched that sphere of society. Today we have lost all of the distinction which existed then between royalty and the whole remaining portion of mankind. These ladies lived on a different plane from other human beings; and any consideration for, or even reference to, the lower orders of society was considered vulgar and disgusting. Peasants were beyond the pale, mere animals, devoid of moral sense, held of no more account than flies. Later, in his influence on Anne of Austria and on the ladies of her court, we can appreciate the marvellous inspiration and awakening which led

these same high-born women themselves to walk the streets of the slums, searching out and ministering to its wretched and filthy inhabitants. This was the invariable demand that the Saint made, and there were many who followed his compelling leadership. In the absence of a religious motive, how many philanthropic workers today could be made to do even this much in the way of personal charity?

For the next fifteen years, until 1624, Vincent de Paul grew rapidly, and amongst a small circle his capacity in action and in judgment were held in the highest estimation. Outwardly his life was the commonplace, toilsome existence of the faithful priest. It is only in retrospect, in the light of what he became, that we can see how wise was the guidance that led him through so long an apprenticeship. That he was faithful to the light he had, that he made much if not the most of every opportunity that offered itself, can be illustrated by two striking incidents, which reveal also the zeal and temper of the man. But it must always be remembered that Vincent de Paul had many real faults, had done many wrong things, that he was in all ways a human man amongst men, and that no miracle accomplished either the canonization which officially proclaims him a saint, or the more objective achievements of his last years of fruitful service. It was the slow conquest of self, the daily obedience to duty, the hours of labor and the nights of prayer that through long years bit by bit brought him to a close communion, and to an effective co-operation, with his Master.

The first and earlier of these incidents illustrates the power over himself which Vincent de Paul was acquiring. He was, in 1610, sharing his lodgings near to the Hospital of Charity with a lawyer. One day while the latter was out and Vincent de Paul sick in bed, the doctor called, bringing with him a boy to carry his medicines. While the attention of doctor and patient were mutually engaged, this boy extracted from an unlocked drawer a large sum of money left there by the lawyer. It was not missed till some time later; and Vincent de Paul was held responsible. The impoverished lawyer had no proof of his guilt, and after one simple denial Vincent de Paul refused to make any further protestations of his innocence. The irritated and suspicious lawyer spread the story on all occasions, especially seeking out Vincent de Paul's friends and acquaintances, and treating him as the real culprit. Of insignificant origin, with the memory of past slackness in money matters behind him, and without the support that close and admiring friends can give, Vincent de Paul was indeed in a difficult position; and his calmness in the face of it is remarkable. "God knew the truth," he said; but not for six years, till the confession of the real culprit establish his innocence, did the stigma of dishonor leave him. Not once in this time did he attempt to defend himself. Years later in the "Conférences" at S. Lazare he illustrated a principle by reference to this incident, and closed with following words: "If the offence of which we are accused has not been committed, let us remember that we have committed many others, on account of which

we ought to welcome disgrace and accept it without justifying ourselves, and without the smallest resentment against our accusers. Let us acknowledge, my brothers, that in ourselves we have capacity for all evil, and let us leave to God the charge of declaring the secrets of guilt and of innocence."

Complete resignation, self-effacement and a virile humility—these are the qualities demanded of every Christian, but which few can produce to meet the exigency of an unexpected test—and these were the qualities which during many years Vincent de Paul had set himself to acquire. His failures are not recorded, his striking success is; but we can safely supply the failures, as we can also the patience and persistence which finally achieved so thorough a triumph that in maturer years the root of all his life and teaching was founded in just such principles of absolute self-surrender.

The second incident, occurring about seven years later, illustrates the power over others that this slow upbuilding process was surely developing. Vincent de Paul had for a short while stayed with de Bérulle, who had just received the Papal Bull sanctioning the establishment of the Oratorians, in Paris. De Bérulle had acted as his spiritual and temporal guide, and this is the only occasion that we hear of Vincent de Paul receiving any spiritual direction from one at all his equal, let alone his superior, in such matters. It is from this time that Vincent de Paul adopted a life of strict personal austerity. De Bérulle obtained for him first a cure in the little town of Clichy, and then the position of tutor in the household of Philippe de Gondi, General of the Galleys, and one of the richest and most influential families at court. De Gondi was devoid of real religion, though a youthful training in Catholicism had implanted the familiar superstitious attitude which is too often passed for religion. But his life was of a piece with the times and with the society in which he moved; "coarseness of speech matched depravity of morals;" and yet there were in addition all the dashing and noble touches that made the French aristocrat of those times the superb and often attractive person that he is in contemporary memoirs. Somehow the peasant priest had learned to meet these accomplished and flashing worldlings on their own plane. Already he was learning to be humble, and his clients may have seen that he would never presume to trespass on their sovereign rights. But gradually the strength of his personality, the authority that represented the Church,—and not merely the ecclesiastical hierarchy which was universally despised, but the traditional Mother who provided her children with spiritual energy,—above all the calm and steady purpose and example of his life, had their inevitable effect. A contemporary writes of him "*il demeurait dans cette grande Maison comme dans une Chartreuse*"; and his own maxims lay down the rule that he must choose silence and retirement whenever choice was possible, and that his room was to be to him as the cell of a Religious.

First he converted the servants of the household, assembling the

scoffing lackeys, and reminding them of their Catholic duties. Then Madame de Gondi was approached, converted, and became at last a true *dévoté*. De Gondi himself was a noted duellist; and though four years of pressure from wife and chaplain had drawn him to religious observances, his manner of life was in no way changed. With the "childlike inconsistency" which distinguished Catholics of that period, he went to Mass on a morning when he proposed to fight. M. Vincent, hearing of this in advance, approached his master at the rail, and admonished him that his act would bring upon himself and his family the judgment of the Saviour whom he pretended to worship. Here was the dependent rebuking the seigneur, whose imperious will could instantly dispossess and arbitrarily punish. Yet Vincent de Paul succeeded; M. de Gondi refused the duel; and not long afterwards he became a sincere and whole-hearted follower of the once insignificant peasant-priest.

Another conversion, still more striking, occurred but shortly after. The great seigneur of the district, the wealthy and magnificent Balthazar de Rougement, Baron de Chandès, chanced to hear Vincent de Paul preach. He was one of the most notable of duellists, and was celebrated far and wide for his wild life, his utter disregard of all principle, and for the brilliant daring of his enterprises. After the sermon he sought out the preacher, and little by little he was drawn away from the old life. The estates of Rougement were sold with characteristic recklessness, and given to charity; the festivities of the Chateau ceased, and the only guests were the needy. It is related, in the spirit of truth at any rate, that after he had deprived himself of all his possessions, he discovered that he was still deeply attached to his old and trusty sword, so without delay he went out and hacked it to pieces on a rock.

The man who could inspire such case-hardened sinners with repentance and the love of Christ must himself have felt the depth and genuineness of a true and complete conversion. No longer was he seeking self, or following the ways of the world. Life had become not merely a personal adventure, but the fitting of the personality into a larger whole, with Christ at the head, and the great mass of unredeemed sinners as the field for his labours. And thus putting himself consciously under Christ's leadership, his powers and sphere of influence grew rapidly, until literally he reconstructed the religious fabric of France, not only in its priesthood, but in all its types and assortment of people,—from court to peasant, and from hard-headed artizans to the criminally insane.

Events now began to shape themselves rapidly towards the commencement of his great charitable enterprises. Contact with the poor peasantry, and notably the dying confession of a man who all his life had shielded the grossest evils under the veil of the Sacraments, awakened Vincent de Paul to a realization at once of the great need of the common people and the equal immensity of his opportunity. He left the de Gondi household abruptly; and only returned for a short while at Mme. de Gondi's earnest entreaty. In fact the fuss made by that rather sensitive

lady at this sudden departure of her spiritual director only succeeded in calling the attention of his superiors to Vincent de Paul's abilities and determination; and M. de Bérulle among others did much to further his aim at establishing a mission. After some months of negotiation, the Collège des Bons Enfants was made over as the headquarters of a new congregation; Mme. de Gondi gave 16,000 livres; or a little over \$6,000 in our money, towards its upkeep; and on September 4, 1626, a formal Act of Association was drawn up between Vincent de Paul and his three first companions. They bound themselves to renounce ecclesiastical preferment (it must be remembered that men sought ecclesiastical positions at this time purely to obtain the accruing revenues); to devote their lives to preaching in villages, avoiding big towns; and to work nine months, from October to June, and to retire during three months as a preparation by prayer and fasting for their labours in the world. They lived in obedience under a superior, of whom Vincent de Paul was the first.

In 1632 the company had so far grown in numbers and reputation as to receive formal recognition from Pope Urban VIII, and was known as the Congregation of the Mission. The example which its devoted members set before the corrupt priesthood, then living in careless security and indifference, awoke the whole of whatever righteousness lay buried in the hearts of its individual members. A reform wave, a desire for a greater purity of living and honesty of intention, arose amongst the priests themselves. A Bishop wrote of his own diocese that "there are nearly 7,000 drunken and lewd priests who daily ascend the Altar, and who have not the least vocation." Monasteries, many of them ruled by married laymen, were "centers of license and disorder"; priests of gentle birth prospered in proportion as they entertained society with their wit and scandalous intrigues; the humbler men were excluded from the few schools, and were so ignorant that Mme. de Gondi records that one of her confessors did not even know the words of Absolution, and that he simply mumbled beneath his breath until she gave him a paper from which to read the real formulary.

Vincent de Paul responded to the appeals from all sides to spread somehow the spirit of his Mission Priests into the main body of the Church, by organizing Ordination Retreats. He realized quite clearly that spectacular and drastic reforms, even if successful in the face of an opposition sure to be aroused, would lead to no permanent good, and would inevitably bring about a reaction. His plan looked rather to the future; and he determined that any reform under his guidance would be founded on enduring principles. Drunkenness alone was so widespread that only a new generation could hope to maintain a proper standard. So his first endeavor was to arouse in those entering the priesthood some realization of their responsibility, and to sober them into a break with their old lives of vice, or else to win them to renounce the priesthood altogether. The Archbishop of Paris heartily seconded this effort, and ordered that every candidate should make a Retreat with the Company

of the Mission before his ordination. The Directions for Ordination Candidates require the strictest kind of life, and are of a most searching completeness. Entire consecration to the service of God was demanded, to be proved by a scrupulous ruling of every hour; obedience to the Bishop; and, further, submission to a Director, who was to be given knowledge of every spiritual difficulty. Thus the careless, indolent youth; the weak, who hopefully believed that the future would somehow be better than the past; and the calculating, for whom the priesthood was but a step in the realization of worldly ambition—all were tested by the power of M. Vincent's own depth of conviction, and either rejected or approved. To many it was more than a mere warning, as the letters and records show: it was a rending of the veil that hid the deep things of the inner life; it was the revelation of a real vocation. Amongst the 300 members enrolled in Vincent de Paul's lifetime were Jean Jacques Olier, Bossuet, and M. Tronson; each to become in his turn a center of inspiration. The Saint, for we now begin to think of him as one, also founded and organized the first Seminaries, which long before had been ordered by the Council of Trent, but which had never succeeded or lasted for any time in France. These had attempted to train boys from twelve years up; but the youngsters once grown, reflected the spirit of the age, revolting from any discipline; and the whole system had collapsed. St. Vincent separated the boys from those actually committed, and while providing the latter with every assistance from teaching, association, and influence, had insisted also on separating the steps of promotion, making them systematic and unabridged. Thus a candidate worked three months before being ordained sub-deacon; while six months and a year separated the deacon and priest respectively, from the sub-deacon.

St. Vincent himself referred to his results in this work as miraculous. Well it might be under such a leader. The letters and records of his talks, or conférences, with his Seminarians and Mission Priests, show the hold that St. Vincent himself had on the spiritual life. Nothing that he preached but was backed by the daily example of his life; and his humility, his capacity for work, his resourcefulness, merely grew with increased reputation and demand for his assistance.

We have entered thus with some detail into the early and less spectacular part of Vincent de Paul's career because in it we learn to see the man, with all his homely naturalness and weaknesses and wavering purpose. These years in the school of life, watched over, it would seem, by a masterhand, were but the preparation for the real accomplishments of his later years. And it is exactly this preparation which is so totally lacking in all our modern charitable and philanthropic work today. The utmost now asked of the volunteer is some technical knowledge of the laws of hygiene, of cooking, or of tenement regulations. St. Vincent de Paul demanded a very different preparation of his workers; because his own early life had taught him that only a truly good man and an absolutely unselfish man could raise the pauper from his wilful degrada-

tion, stir diseased wills by the force of a living example, or explain their suffering to the many inmates of his numerous hospitals and asylums. His reasoning was simple in expounding this principle. God the Father, when He wanted to redeem His children and save them from their misery and sin, sent a Perfect Man to do it. No better Example can be found anywhere in the world, nor any more entirely effective, both at that time and now. Christlikeness was to him the essential ideal; and until his children had grasped the need for this ideal, and had embraced it with their whole heart, devoting their lives utterly to the attempt, St. Vincent would not admit them to his orders. He found place, it is true, for lay-volunteers of various kinds and degrees; but they were never given responsibility, never relied upon, were a source of constant anxiety and disquietude to him, and never received the recognition which they themselves wished to receive. Often and often he told such half-hearted supporters that they did more harm than good; and that their charitable ministrations but palliated the ills of the body at the expense of the soul.

The record of the next thirty years is the statement of an endless round of activities connected with an ever increasing number of enterprises and of people. The court,—Richelieu, Mazarin, Anne of Austria;—hospitals, asylums, Missions; Retreats, “Conférences,” letter-writing;—out of this mass of activity rises the ever stronger figure of St. Vincent, humble, persistent, prayerful; now rebuking, now encouraging, now exhorting;—always labouring indefatigably till at eighty-four he passed peacefully to a well-earned rest with the Master he had known and loved so long. Details are full of interest, but they cannot further serve the purpose of this article. It was with ideals and a life such as these that St. Vincent’s work has lived; and his practical methods as well as his spiritual régime have come down to us through all the changes of the centuries. Can any of us think that the methods which are today practised by our Charitable Organizations will be the same three hundred years from now? Let us indeed hope not. Yet today the identical Rule that St. Vincent gave to his Mission Priests, and to his Sisters of Charity, is lived and put into daily operation by thousands of devoted men and women. The demands he made were unconditional, uncompromising, and in all particulars reached to the heart of the spiritual life. The secret of success lay in self-sacrifice; the source of strength lay in prayer, which meant direct communion with the Master. St. Vincent himself set the example. None worked harder than he. His Conférences are filled with revelations which could only spring from the heart of a disciple. At eighty-one years of age he wrote, “*Tout le mal qui se fait à la Mission, dites que c’est Vincent qui le fait.*” His constant reminder was that “because you are Sisters of Charity (or Mission Priests) you are bound to aim at perfection.” Servants of the Poor is the name he gave to those who set no limit to the extent of their vows, and it signified the ideal toward which they must work. “*Toujours se sacrifier?*” asked one weary postulant; and his simple reply “*Oui, toujours,*” never varied. He readily acknowledged that their task was a far harder one than that

of even the average religious; but this only called for a more heroic and complete self-sacrifice. Once this is thoroughly realized and acted upon, strength will be given; and there is no limit to the work that can be accomplished. "If you ever want to know why you have failed in any undertaking, you will find it is because you relied upon yourself. If a preacher or a Superior or a confessor trusts to his own wisdom and learning and capacity, you will see how God deals with him. He will leave him to himself, and, however much he works, there will be no real result until he sees his own uselessness and understands that all his experience and all his cleverness are nothing unless God is working with him" (*Lettres*, vol. 1, No. 272).

How this contrasts with our modern social workers' ideal, and how pitiful the latter seems in comparison. No wonder modern Charity has to organize a special bureau to advertise its results in order to raise funds. St. Vincent never had to waste money in any such machinery of organization. During the Fronde rebellion, when the country, already impoverished, was plunged in a new civil war, he raised in addition to the regular expenses of his previously established charities, 12,000,000 livres, or \$4,567,680 of our money. In one year, 1658, he raised \$456,768 additional to redeem Christian slaves from their Mohammedan captors. I quote from his own estimates which are much less than those of his biographers. Louis XIII gave him \$1,522.56 a year; Anne of Austria \$4,567.68, and sold jewels worth \$9,516.00; *Parlement* voted \$5,709.60 a year for the upkeep of Orphan Asylums and Hospitals; while individual ladies literally sold all their possessions before taking the vows—one lady, Anna-Maria Martinozzi, giving 200,000 francs, or \$36,600—a princely fortune for those times.

St. Vincent de Paul was a rare man for any age, and he makes an especial appeal to our own. He dealt with the whole range of human misery and suffering;—from the care of foundlings to poverty-stricken old age, from the instruction of children to the patient surveillance of the insane. He organized women of the highest class, of the middle, and of the lowest. His Rule is the model for the upper classes in their dealings with the poor. He was one of the chief reformers of the clergy; he initiated the visitation of captives and prisoners; and his organization of hospitals is still followed in many of its important details. But these achievements were all the outcome of his real aim and endeavor—the establishment, through the life of self-sacrificing discipleship, of the kingdom of Christ in the hearts of all mankind. He is a living witness of the superiority of religious over materialistic ways and methods of helping our fellow men; while at the same time his stalwart figure is not so great as to leave this generation utterly out of touch with his teaching and example. There is the bond of a mutual ideal and of a mutual interest, vital to ourselves as to him; and a study of his life reveals the source from which true charity springs—a charity not limited to the things of this world, but founded on the principles which underlie the life and destiny of the soul.

JOHN BLAKE, JR.

LETTERS TO FRIENDS

XIII

DEAR FRIEND:

BY all means, since you insist upon having it so, let us grant that you are an ass. But why announce it with such vigour of pained surprise? You are an ass. Good. But there is no need to be a mournful ass. And you are neither the first nor the last of the species. An ass is an extremely useful animal, and, in certain settings—though these are rarely those of his own choosing—may even be decorative. If his speaking and singing voice is not exactly musical, his floppy, furry ears are soft as silk; which suggests that in general he should listen and not try to talk back. But on occasion he may see angels to whom prophets are blind, and, even when dead, his jaw bone can be used to work great havoc among the Philistines. Moreover he possesses, if a well bred ass, a long and most edifying list of virtues. He is humble, patient, uncomplaining, faithful; spends his days bearing his master's burdens, and thrives upon nettles,—for which he has a most amazing relish. The more I contemplate his qualities the more I am at a loss to account for the tone of depression and melancholy that runs throughout your letter, after its first explosive statements of your discovery. Rather do I envy you your ability to take to yourself so high a title, your proud conviction that you are "*just* a thoroughgoing, unmitigated ass." Alas, most asininity among men is forever being compromised with the many-eyed peacock's tail of human wisdom and vanity. It is an awesome beast: an ass with a peacock's tail. Be thankful for the rope-like appendage with which you now switch your sore sides. It is far more becoming, as well as more effective in keeping away the flies.

You ask me what you can do. Surely you must see that you have answered your own question. You can be an ass, a "perfect" ass. Stop striving to strut around on your two hind legs. You were never meant to walk like a peacock, and the attempt can only lead to more falls and bruises. Thank God that you have four good, sturdy, and withal very shapely limbs on which to move surely and evenly on solid earth; and give over this foolish democratic notion of yours that an ass falls short of his birth-right if he does not become President. Be an ass for the love of God, who made you what you are, and not from ambition, which cannot make you other than you are.

Dear Friend, have you not even yet learned that humility is the source of all wisdom, "the virtue without which all virtues are spurious," and that the beginning of the Path lies in acceptance of ourselves? Your trouble is not that you are an ass, but that you are not content to be

an ass. Humility, patience, uncomplaining fidelity in daily drudgery and the bearing of homely burdens, the extraction of nourishment from nettles and the cultivation of a taste for them,—these things seem too low an aim for your flashing genius. Yet the reason that you despise them as beneath you is that they are above you; and the lack of them makes ineffective all you do.

You have yourself complained to me of this in past days. Indeed your present letter is just such a plaint. You feel you have brilliant gifts, valuable experience in many diverse directions, and an unusual record of achievement. But on the one hand you complain that all this has profited you nothing, that something has always occurred to rob you of the fruits of your accomplishments; or you confess, in moments of rarer intellectual honesty, that the very qualities that brought you your successes dissipated their rewards as soon as you had gained them. So I have watched a swirling November wind sweep dead leaves into great piles, only to scatter them the next instant far and wide over the ground from which they had been gathered. Where there is no constancy of purpose, no fixity of direction in accumulated labour, the end must be as the beginning. Yet on the other hand, and despite this intermittent and retrospective perception of the futility of your own undisciplined activities, you are mortified and surprised, and at times even somewhat resentful, that, in your new associations, the proffer of your services to the Master's cause has been met with so slight an apparent recognition of your abilities. Instead of the way being opened to you to contribute and to utilize what you consider your obvious gifts, you have been set at tasks which you deem any office boy could do as well.

It is true that you yourself have not done them very well; not, perhaps, even up to the standard of the office boy who hopes to keep his job. You have been late many times when he would have been constrained to punctuality. You have not infrequently absented yourself altogether, when matters of greater interest claimed your attention; whereas the office boy has at least to bury a grandmother in order to go to the baseball game. Again and again you have first postponed, and then forgotten all about, things that you had undertaken to do; and as a consequence someone else has had always to follow up whatever was assigned to you, and hold himself ready to step in whenever you fell, or stepped out. I doubt whether you have ever really been aware of these incessant failures, for they concerned things that you deemed trivial, and which you thought rather beneath the dignity of your capacities and zealous wish to serve. But in truth, dear man, they are not trivial at all, either in their effect upon the work or as indicative of your needs. Such irregular, unreliable service is no service at all, and would disrupt any organization less firm and elastic than that into which you have been admitted; and while you are dreaming of the great things you wish to do, and busying yourself with schemes for the reformation of everyone else's activity, and flying off first on one tangent and then on another,

you are spreading such confusion and litter of disorderly thought and fragmentary endeavour as require the full services of the proverbial "seven maids with seven mops" to clear away. Yet it is only when some one of your grandiose castles in the air comes tumbling down about your ears that you wake from your dreams and lament that you are an ass.

I have agreed not to dispute the term with you. Your use of it is but one of the many instances, which the philosopher or etymologist might find interest in examining, where our instinctive recognition of the wisdom of Providence and the beneficence of Karma leads us to ascribe to the disease the name of its cure. *Similia similibus curantur*. You may translate it: The cure for asininity is asshood. Meditate more assiduously upon the virtues of that excellent animal, and through emulation add them to your own. But in case you should be misled by what I wrote earlier in this letter, I beg that you will remember three things: First; it is only when ridden by a prophet that history assures us an ass may see angels. Second; it is not because of the ass, but because of the prophet that the angels are there to be seen. Third; there is a distinction to be observed between a live and a dead ass in the matter of the use of its jaw bone. This is one of the Greater Mysteries, with which St. Paul has dealt. But for the ass it means that while he lives to himself his jaw bone is for the munching of nettles, and that only when he has died to himself can it be, in the hands of one greater than he, an instrument for the slaying of enemies. Therefore, if you would see angels and slay enemies, cleave to your prophet, submit your fat sides and sturdy back to the bearing of his burden, learn to relish your daily mead of nettles, and die to yourself in cheerful, humble fidelity. So much, dear ass, for your asininity,—the divine gift of heaven's mercy that makes mere brilliance forever futile, and leads us back to the solid substance of patient labour and to the sure way all the saints have trod.

Now for the two other matters in your letter. Life and truth can only be described in terms of paradox. We no sooner make one statement than we are compelled, if we are to tell the truth and not mislead, to add its opposite. The reconciliation of these opposite and apparently contradictory statements, through which alone we can describe any spiritual principle or fact, lies in the fact or principle itself, and is found as we experience that fact or embody and put into practice that principle. It can not be found by any process of reasoning or any method of compromise; neither in choosing one horn of the dilemma, nor in endeavouring to pass between them, but rather by courageously impaling ourselves upon both do we arrive at the truth. Truth, whatever else it may be, is a very solid thing,—and the peculiarity of solids is that from whatever standpoint we view them we can see but a portion of their surface. We can, of course, by shifting our view point, see and describe first one aspect and then another, and by adding them all together gain some concept of the whole. But to touch all sides of a truth at the same time, we have to circumscribe it, and this is precisely to take it into ourselves,

to embody it and mould ourselves upon it. We think of the mind as the Knower, but it is not. It is the heart, the soul, the Self, alone that can know. The mind is but an instrument of vision, showing us aspects of things which it would be well for us to know, or guiding our will in the application of our knowledge to our daily tasks. We know, not by seeing, but by being; not by analyzing our perceptions, but by obeying them.

If you can understand and remember this, you will not be disturbed and puzzled, as you have been, by the apparent contradictions which you discover in your reading. It will be very rarely that you will find any opposition in the maxims given you to guide your action. Almost always, as is clearly the case in the instances you quote, the appearance of contradiction that so excites and troubles you is in the description of matters that really do not concern you at all, that can make no possible difference to your present life, and upon which your will cannot as yet act. Leave them alone therefore, until they do concern you,—until you have to do something about them. But, you say, what am I to believe? Believe both, if you can,—was it not the White King who practised himself in believing ten impossible things each morning before breakfast?—neither, if you cannot. Belief is only of value as a guide to action, as leading us to the experience from which knowledge is born. Where action is impossible, is it, therefore, of such tremendous moment that you should not know what to believe? Consider the vast, the infinite upon infinite extent of your ignorance. How does the addition or subtraction of this small item affect the whole?

But whatever else you do, do not let your mind fuss and fume the way it has been doing over these questions that are beyond you. When you fall into this "Kama-manasic stewing," shut up your books and put them away. It is simple vanity, and outrageously impertinent vanity, for your mind to assume that because it, forsooth, cannot reconcile these paradoxes, therefore there must be something wrong. If it could itself reconcile them there would indeed be something wrong, and you may be quite sure that whatever thing your mind believes, or can believe of itself, that thing has all the falseness of a partial truth. But it is of the essence of the mind to be presumptuous and impertinent,—as are all upstarts and usurpers until they are put back in their place,—and if you listen to it, you will end by believing nothing at all, or else entertain that most impossible and most false of contradictions: that the truth, which has nourished your life and sustained your heart and brought you unscathed through a thousand trials, is but a figment of your fancy. "The mind is the slayer of the real. Let the disciple slay the slayer."

The answer to your other question is brief. There is only one way in which we can help any of our fellows, and that way is by contagion from our own spirit. Love spreads this contagion. But it cannot spread what we have not got. Therefore we must be what we would give. If you would have another patient, be patient and love him. If you would

have another faithful, be faithful and love him. If you would have others know and love and serve the Master, know and love and serve him yourself, and, in his love, love them. There is no other way than this.

Faithfully yours,

JOHN GERARD.

Viewing the present crisis in the light of this Divine foreshadowing, problems otherwise inscrutable are readily resolved and events which apart from their Divine significance would have a most sinister meaning are seen as part of a great purpose of ultimate blessing. Moreover, the present unparalleled upheaval and overturning of world systems should bear to the Christian heart the most convincing testimony concerning the true source and ground of national greatness and Christian progress.

Foremost among these perhaps is the truth, made daily more evident, that true progress can have no other basis than that of Christian character. The much heralded social awakening with its ramifications in the spheres of politics, diplomacy, peace propaganda, etc., is so soon proved to be an iridescent dream. The attempt to establish world peace on a foundation of mere altruism has borne the same fruits as similar movements in the past and the sudden convulsion which has caused statesmen and social reformers of all nations to stand aghast with terrified amazement proves anew the futility of all advance in civilization and culture which is not grounded on individual righteousness.—Hugh R. Monro.

GEORGE MACDONALD, MYSTIC

ONE who looks back over 19th century literature finds an incident that is common in the lives of many writers. Brought up in what was accepted as Christian civilisation, many men and women of that century found themselves disputing the facts of Christian tradition. Many of them broke from the traditional teaching, and, led by the cravings of their own souls, worked out a form of belief that brought greater satisfaction. The new-found belief inspired their best writings. It has influenced for good thousands of readers, perhaps. The new convictions are, in most cases, deeply religious, and to a student of culture they give the impression of an earnest moral tone pervading the best life of the century. But in many cases those religious beliefs, though sincere and deep, did not come to expression in terms sufficiently conventional to be acceptable to the champions of established orthodoxy. There was thus throughout the century something of a breach between culture on one hand and orthodoxy on the other. Carlyle, Matthew Arnold, Ruskin and George Eliot in prose, Wordsworth and Shelley in verse, represent many who, though religious, are not recognised by average orthodox people in general as sound.

George Macdonald is one more of those who struggled to work out their own salvation. He succeeded. He succeeded also in expressing his new beliefs in old terms. Perhaps what he did was to discover the real meaning of the old formulas—the exhaustless truths protected within their words. The result is that he is less of an anathema to the average uncultivated clergyman and reader than many other literary men are. It is true that at the beginning of his career Macdonald was asked to resign his pulpit because his congregation thought he gave them an insufficient amount of “doctrine.” But there was no trial for heresy. Macdonald’s character was good enough to fill in the breach of “little doctrine.” There was no recrimination, and he has appeared with no unpleasant light about him.

Macdonald was born in 1824, a descendant from an old Highland family. He prepared himself for the dissenting ministry, but his career ended in 1853. Without an income, he had to provide a maintenance for his family. Delicate health increased the difficulty of his situation; he was unable to stand the English winters and had to recuperate in the Riviera. He gave lectures, public and private. He began to publish. His published writings won generous friends. The generosity of these friends and the proceeds of books and lectures were his sole provision. He died in 1905. After the resignation of his Congregational pulpit, he entered the Church of England. He was never ordained, but continued a lay preacher.

Besides sermons, essays and poems, Macdonald has written a dozen or more novels, and several books for children. The novels are, some, romances, others, plain tales of common life.

Macdonald's novels differ from what is generally understood as fiction in this respect: they concentrate interest upon the development of a soul. Ordinary fiction is concerned with external events, with the manipulation of certain given persons and incidents so as to bring about the "happy ever after." Fiction writers of talent often give accurate and fascinating psychological studies, but only rarely does fiction enter the spiritual realm. It does so with George Eliot, for one exception. Her personal life was one of religious postulancy. She longed for religious knowledge and sought it, but never quite found. Her ardent and genuine search makes itself felt in many of her characters, Maggie Tulliver, preëminently. We feel them as souls, more or less dimmed, nevertheless souls—not psychological subjects. In other novelists such as Miss Austin and Thackeray, the spiritual is felt as the substratum under the society that is depicted. The charm, the gay good sense of Elizabeth Bennett are graces and refinements that make themselves manifest on the surface of that society only which has in some measure been subjected to the discipline of the religious life. The mellow virtues which grace some of Thackeray's heroes, Colonel Newcome or Henry Esmond, represent a world code of honor and courtesy that has been drawn up by religion alone. Carlyle thinks that something of the same kind is true of Shakespeare: that in Shakespeare we have the body of which Dante is the heart. If that were true, it might explain the spiritual element that is so often read into Shakespeare's plays. Thus one actor of my acquaintance has long desired to stage Hamlet as a sort of Matthew Arnold-Cardinal Newman struggle between infidelity and Catholic doctrine. He would surround Hamlet with the emblems of the faith. He would represent him gazing on a Crucifix during the corridor scene with Ophelia—startled at first to the exclamation, "Nymph," then, in recollection, kneeling at her feet and beseeching that in the prayers she is reading from her Breviary his own misdeeds may be remembered. This actor would set the final tableau in a cathedral—the dead bodies sleeping peacefully under the compassionate arms of the Rood. That is an interesting conception. But did Shakespeare have it? Do his other plays warrant us in believing that Shakespeare was writing spiritual history? Is it not rather psychology? Lear, Coriolanus, Othello take no step forward. They learn, for the moment only, that in the set of circumstances by which they are surrounded, self-will means hell and destruction. They learn that lesson with great difficulty as the result of smashing blows from circumstances. But do they really learn the lesson permanently? What is the result of the incarnation to the spiritual Hamlet, Lear, Othello? Have they apprehended and assimilated any principle? Place them again in similar situations, would their course be much different?

Granted that they recognise the mistake made in the one instance. Have they recognised the fundamental flaws in character from which the mistake proceeded?

Macdonald's aim in his novels is to lead the soul to recognise itself as the agent that acts through the personality. The novels thus picture many grades of discipleship. The best of the novels are *Sir Gibbie* and *David Elginbrod*. Both are Scotch. In both the influence of Wordsworth is strong. Macdonald knew the justness of Wordsworth's position in regard to the peasant—that the soul can function as actively in an unbooked laborer as in a mentally trained scholar. Wordsworth did not of course discover that truth, but he stood so firmly for it against a world already committing itself to "progress of the race," "education," etc., that it is easy to connect it with him. Macdonald's peasants have two teachers—the Master Himself, and the Master's spirit vivifying the natural world. Janet, the shepherd-wife in the book *Sir Gibbie*, and David Elginbrod we may look upon perhaps as candidates for sanctification. Both pray fervently, passionately. Both have brooded over the Scripture story until, in process of meditation, it comes out of the past, and becomes present history. Janet went scrupulously through her round of duties, alive to the Master's humanity and friendship, expecting to see Him alive in His body there on the Scotch mountain. So simple and confident was her belief that, on the sunset evening when the tiny Sir Gibbie came running toward her cottage, his clothes torn off by his persecutors and his back crossed by the whip, she received him as the Divine Child scarred afresh by the sins of the world and appearing to her under that form as most likely to win entrance to her mother's heart.

David Elginbrod, the devout and wise farmer, dies soon after the novel of that name gets well launched. But Macdonald pictures David as living conscious of his soul; David had made the transfer of consciousness. Notwithstanding the death and disappearance of David's body and personality, his spirit is definite and vital; it presides over and guides the whole course of after events. I do not mean that David's spook intervenes. No such phantasm appears. The real spirit of the man directs, though invisible. David planted and waited for growth. He saw the ideal potential within the youth, Hugh. He pointed out the way. When reaction followed, and Hugh turned away forgetful, David waited in cheerful confidence of the end.

In the novel *David Elginbrod* there is a very dramatic scene that marks the conversion of a soul from evil to good—the girl Euphrasia. Her intense selfishness had made her a victim of black magic. The two pupils of the departed David see the divine possibilities in her and long for her deliverance. But they know that can result only from an act of her own will. A feverish and weakened bodily condition accompanies her paralysis of will. Their prayers at last lead the girl to pray for herself—to pray for deliverance from the selfish man who had

obtained power over her. To watch and assist the dying girl in her effort, David's daughter sleeps in the room with her, while Hugh, David's friend, knowing that the combat is drawing close, watches in the house porch. In the middle of the night the dying girl becomes aware of a concentrated effort of her evil master's will upon her. She creeps from bed to respond but, recalling her resolution, prays passionately for help. David's daughter, Margaret, is awakened. She hastens to the aid of the struggling lady and passes between her and the evil tormentor. As if conscious of Margaret's magnetism crossing and dominating his own the man runs off defeated. The victorious struggle wrecked the dying girl's body. But Margaret and Hugh had anticipated that result of their affectionate interest. They risked the death of the lady's body and personality for the sake of bringing her will, her soul, to birth.

There are some novels that describe the collision between complacent orthodoxy and persons who are truly seeking religion. These novels are interesting because we feel they are to some extent autobiographical. But they are far less satisfactory than *Sir Gibbie* or *The Marquis of Lossie*. *Robert Falconer* is the best known of this class. The early part of it, Robert's boyhood with his stern intense loving grandmother, promises well. But it is a shocking disappointment to have that poetic boy grow into nothing better than a settlement worker. Noble, unselfish, Falconer undoubtedly is. But he is the slave of a fallacy, the fallacy of the suffering poor. Most clear-headed people who spend any time with the poor and gain first-hand knowledge of them come to see that their conditions (poverty, physical hardship, disease, etc.) are providences of benign law. The conditions which seem unjust to a sentimental eye are paternal checks that in some measure restrain the headlong rush to destruction. Extravagant, reckless, unrestrained poor! What but iron necessity could even slightly rein in your wild licence and folly of self-indulgence? Falconer's conversation with the titled lady who has an emotional stirring to assist him in his slum labors is a very wise piece of counsel. It might well be studied by all who rush around with sentimental offers of their service.

In the novel *Robert Falconer* a mystery surrounds the boy's birth. This mystery of birth is such a frequent device in Macdonald's plots that I am inclined to accept it as symbolical—like Gneschen Teufelsdröckh's. Cumbermede, Malcolm, Sir Gibbie and others are nobles in exile, knights incogniti—lost sons. The spiritual divinity is in them; and it works out in splendid manifestation through all the layers of reputed vile birth, foul associations, and evil machinations. These novels are full of romance and adventure, thieves, villains, black magic and cataclysms of nature. It is notable however that Macdonald's heroes arrive by none of the horridly selfish and ludicrous designing that marks the romanticism of post-revolutionary France—Hernani and Ruy Blas. Macdonald's heroes are disguised gentlemen, not lawless bandits and

ambitious lackeys. They succeed because they esteem service an immense privilege. Their ambitions go no further than a faithful and excellent performance of their assigned duties. They have learned to a notable degree the meaning of obedience. Perhaps nothing is more misunderstood in the modern world than the old virtue of obedience. We hear so much talk of rendering obedience to those who are worthy of it. But one is tempted to ask in Scripture terms "If ye obey those who deserve, what reward have ye?" Modern objectors miss the point altogether. Obedience is a spiritual force. Its value is in no way connected with the rightness of the command or the merit of the one who gives the command. Some act quite bad from any standpoint of pure morals may be imposed by one in authority. According to present-day opinion, if the thing commanded seem wrong (or ill-judged) to the one whose duty it is to do it that one is thereby released. But that is taking one's own will and inclination as guide, whereas the principle of obedience is the surrender of one's own will and judgment to another. Obedience in the performance of a morally wrong act is a cleansing fire which purifies the doer from the consequences of the act. With him there lay no responsibility of rightness or wrongness. His sole responsibility was giving obedience where due. It is Macdonald's clear recognition of obedience as the divine method to knowledge that enables him to write with such authority about the spiritual life. He comments in one place: "In respect to great truths investigation goes for little, speculation for nothing; if a man would know them, he must obey them. Their nature is such that the only door into them is obedience."

It is obedience to the personal duties of their place in life that fits Sir Gibbie and Malcolm for the higher obedience that takes a man out of the worldly multitude and prepares him for discipleship. Think of a present-day Child Welfare Reformer with a case like Wee Sir Gibbie—the drunken father to lead home nightly—and the other drunkards similarly tended by the child in affectionate memory of his father. That filial respect to an unworthy father was the foundation of Sir Gibbie's success—in the world and in the Kingdom. So too, with Malcolm, the Marquis of Lossie. When Macdonald has to explain to average religious people the extraordinary spiritual wisdom of the Marquis who was born and bred a fisher lad, he writes: "Understanding is the reward of obedience. Peter says, 'the Holy Ghost whom God hath given to them that *obey* Him.' Obedience is the key to every door. I am perplexed at the stupidity of the ordinary religious being. In the most practical of all matters he will talk and speculate and try to feel, but he will not set himself to *do*. It is different with Malcolm. From the first he has been trying to obey. . . . If you had seen, as I have, the almost superhuman struggles of his will to master the fierce temper his ancestors gave him, you would marvel less at what he has so early become. I have seen him, white with passion, cast himself on his face on the shore and cling with his hands to the earth as if in a

paroxysm of bodily suffering: then after a few moments rise and do a service to the man who had wronged him. Were it any wonder if the light should have soon gone up in a soul like that?" When one contrasts the true spirituality of Malcolm and Gibbie, their radiant joy and victorious power, with the noble but sad philanthropy of Falconer, one cannot but trace the unhappy difference between joy and sadness to Falconer's boyish disobedience. Many readers will start at such a statement. His boyhood of manly sympathy and admiration is so poetic, his brave acceptance of his stern grandmother's Puritanical rule. But he did not wholly accept it. He resented it and slipped from the yoke—sought the consolations of wider life as represented by Mary St. John. That effort to widen his horizon, to make his life fuller of brightness and color, was an impulse of his mind and was opposed to obedience which is a thing of the heart. His later life in London was the harvest. He reaped a noble unselfishness, a wide sympathy with men and women. He had the moral virtues. But he did not reap the fruits of the spirit, "Joy," etc., which come from religion alone.

The novels are interesting. They leave one with memories of truly religious people. The lives of Malcolm and Gibbie and David are as inspiring as many biographies of actual men and women in the religious life. But Macdonald's books for children are better even than his best novels. Like many books for children they are appreciated most by mature men and women—most of all, perhaps, by those men and women who are little children of the new Kingdom. Macdonald himself admits that he wrote them not so much for children as for the child-like of all ages—whether of five, or fifty, or seventy-five. The best way to describe these books, *At the Back of the North Wind*, and the *Curdy* volumes is to call them fairy stories. Fairies do not come into all the stories, but elements of the marvellous and supernatural do. Usually there is allegory also. I do not mean that the books are allegories; they are full of allegorical touches. Thus one does not read as if the story were a picture puzzle, in search of adjoining parts; one reads and gets many deep suggestions as he reads. Macdonald explains a fairy-tale as a sort of bee or butterfly: "It helps itself on all sides, sips at every wholesome flower, and spoils not one." The aim of his tales, Macdonald wrote, when he was once asked to explain their significance, is not logical conviction but the awakening of conscience. They assail the soul as the wind assails an æolian harp. If music is in the soul it may awake to the magic breath. The tales are fire-flies that now flash, now are dark, then flash out again.

Many people who read the tales think they find the deepest truths of religion in them—not logically or sermon-wise set forth, but florally as it were, in the speech of birds and shells and blossoms. What a graphic picture of the *Ladder of Perfection* he gives us—the ladder of life up which we climb one duty at a time, the task of the moment: "He tried the key. It fitted. It turned. A great clang and clash, as of iron

bolts on huge brazen caldrons, echoed thunderously within. He drew out the key. The rock in front of him began to fall. He retreated from it as far as the breadth of the platform would allow. A great slab fell at his feet. In front was still the solid rock, with this one slab fallen forward out of it. But the moment he stepped upon it, a second fell, just short of the edge of the first, making the next step of a stair, which thus kept dropping itself before him as he ascended into the heart of the precipice."

There are still other people who find many occult teachings in these children's stories—even doctrines of the theosophical philosophy. Curdy's *real* hand is an example of what I mean. Curdy is told by the Fairy princess that what he looks upon as his hand is only a hairy-glove covering the real hand inside. And she tells him that as the result of his bravery, he will now use the real hand. The real hand will reveal to him the true individuality of every creature he meets—the individuality hidden within the disguise of personality and body. It is thus that he discovers the snake and fox-like egos of the King's courtiers. Another example is the "land of shadows." Where else does one find so suggestive a description of the psychic realm? "Looking down, they could not tell whether the valley below was a grassy plain or a great still lake. They had never seen any space look like it. The way to it was difficult and dangerous, but down the narrow path they went, and reached the bottom in safety. They found it composed of smooth, light-colored sandstone, undulating in parts, but mostly level. It was no wonder to them now that they had not been able to tell what it was, for this surface was everywhere crowded with shadows. It was a sea of shadows. The mass was chiefly made up of the shadows of leaves innumerable, of all lovely and imaginative forms, waving to and fro, floating and quivering in the breath of a breeze whose motion was unfelt, whose sound was unheard. No forests clothed the mountain-side, no trees were anywhere to be seen, and yet the shadows of the leaves, branches, and stems of all various trees covered the valley as far as the eyes could reach. They soon spied the shadows of flowers mingled with those of the leaves, and now and then the shadow of a bird with open beak, and throat distended with song. At times would appear the forms of strange, graceful creatures, running up and down the shadow-boles and along the branches, to disappear in the wind-tossed foliage. As they walked they waded knee-deep in the lovely lake. For the shadows were not merely lying on the surface of the ground, but heaped up above it like substantial forms of darkness, as if they had been cast upon a thousand different planes of air. Tangle and Mossy often lifted their heads and gazed upwards to descry whence the shadows came; but they could see nothing more than a bright mist spread above them, higher than the tops of the mountains, which stood clear against it. No forests, no leaves, no birds were visible.

"After a while, they reached more open spaces, where the shadows

were thinner, and came even to portions over which shadows only flitted, leaving them clear for such as might follow. Now a wonderful form, half bird-like, half human, would float across on out-spread sailing pinions. Anon, an exquisite shadow-group of gambolling children would be followed by the loveliest female form, and that again by the grand stride of a Titanic shape, each disappearing in the surrounding press of shadowy foliage. Sometimes a profile of unspeakable beauty or grandeur would appear for a moment and vanish. Sometimes they seemed lovers that passed linked arm in arm. Sometimes father and son, sometimes brothers in loving contest, sometimes sisters entwined in gracefulest community of complex form. Sometimes wild horses would tear across, free, or bestrode by noble shadows of ruling men. But some of the things which pleased them most they never knew how to describe.

“About the middle of the plain they sat down to rest in the heart of a heap of shadows. After sitting there for a while, each, looking up, saw the other in tears: they were each longing after the country whence the shadows fell.”

It might be equivocal praise to say that Macdonald's greatest success is that he arouses in us longing for the country whence the shadows fall. So many dreary novelists do that by driving us in reaction from the sordid world they reproduce in their books. Macdonald makes us wish for Heaven through the beauty and charm that grace it. Like Angelico he shows it as a flowery mead where saints and angels play in rosy ring.

ALFRED WILLISTON.

God is more anxious to bestow His blessings upon us than we are to receive them.—St. Augustine.

PATANJALI AND HIS DISCIPLES

DR. J. HAUGHTON WOODS prints, in the November number of the *Journal of the American Oriental Society*, a translation of the *Yoga Sutras of Patanjali*, as illustrated by the Commentary entitled *The Jewel's Lustre*. And we have to thank Dr. Woods for giving us, in this translation, a singularly excellent piece of work. At first sight, one would say that there is nothing of himself in it, that he completely conceals himself behind his author; neither introduction nor comment nor personal view of any kind; so that we cannot say, from any express declaration of his, whether he holds the philosophy of Patanjali to be good, bad or indifferent, of little value or of high worth. Yet, when one goes into his work a little further, one finds at every point the signs of most careful judgment, of a weighing and considering of the weights and values of words; a long and faithful preparation, admirably thorough, admirably comprehensive; and a very high standard of excellence, consistently lived up to, from the first page to the last; so that, in this, which is, perhaps, the best of all ways, Dr. Woods allows us to learn very much of him, of the high cultivation of his gifts, of the keen and penetrating quality of his mind.

In parenthesis, let us say that, for a worker with such high standards, there must be something peculiarly painful, excruciating even, in the accidents which, through no fault of his, have befallen this fine piece of work; accidents which no one could have foreseen, and which no care could have guarded against. As we interpret the signs, the matter fell out thus: Since the *American Oriental Society* contains many scholars learned in remote and difficult tongues, the type-setting of which presents peculiar difficulties, its *Journal* is, by an arrangement of long standing, set up and printed in a country of Europe esteemed most erudite. That country happened, during the course of the period when this number of the *Journal* was being printed, to enter a state of war. As a result, many things, including the mails, were thrown into confusion, and many documents came under unusual and in some cases, hostile scrutiny. It would appear, from internal evidence, that the revised proofs of this translation came under this category; they were either held as conditional contraband, or they were seized by the agents of the General Staff, as documents in cypher or in code. This is our conjecture. At least, it is certain that they did not reach the printer in time to be embodied in the text as we have it before us. As a result, we have a large number of very disconcerting misprints. For example, the third sutra of the third book reads thus:

“Concentration is the same (concentration) appearing as the object only, and, as it were, emptied of itself.” This is puzzling; but a careful

study of the Comment shows that the second "concentration" should be read "contemplation." The meaning, therefore is, that "Concentration (*samadhi*) is contemplation (*dhyana*) appearing as the object only, and, as it were, emptied of itself." Even then, we find the Comment describing how "concentration 'trobs' forth as the object and nothing more," where the revised proof, confiscated by the General Staff, as we infer, undoubtedly read "throbs."

Again, the eighteenth sutra of the first book is introduced by a sentence which, as printed, reads thus: (Patanjali) "now describes the (concentration) conscious (of an object) and the method (of attaining it)." But the translation of the sutra itself makes it clear that we are dealing, on the contrary, with "concentration *unconscious* of an object." In the Comment on the fifteenth sutra of the first book, we have a similarly confusing omission, "There are four forms of consciousness," when we ought to have "There are four forms of *passionless* consciousness," a wholly different idea. But the most heart-breaking blunder of all, perhaps, is the translation of the twenty-seventh sutra of the third book, which is made to read as follows:

"(As a result of constraint) upon the moon there arises (intuitive) knowledge of the arrangement of the stores." If one be sufficiently malicious, one may try to divine what meaning this would convey, let us say, to the hyper-ingenious mind of that member of the General Staff whom we suspect of holding up Dr. Woods' revised proofs. A knowledge of the arrangement of the stores, to be arrived at—how? As a result of constraint upon the moon! Surely, a disquieting sentence, in itself enough, perhaps, to account for the detention of the whole document. The solution is, that "stores" is a misprint for "stars." Patanjali has in mind the heavenly bodies, and not stores, whether military or departmental. **Again, if one were malicious, one might suggest that a yoga practice, which gave one an intuitive knowledge of the arrangement of department stores might, indeed, be a valuable possession, in these hurried days of ours.**

The truth is, these misprints are so exasperating, that one's only hope is to take them good-humoredly. In many cases, too, they can be corrected in virtue of that peculiar habit of Indian Commentators, who almost invariably repeat word for word, in the Commentary, the sentence which they are about to elucidate. So that we have a double chance of escaping the printer's machinations.

We spoke of these sutras as giving the impression of being in cypher, or in code. And, on reflection, it seems to us that there is a great deal of validity in the comparison. These sutras, like the even more famous Vedanta Sutras, were not meant to be generally intelligible. They are mnemonics, rather than literature. We must remember that, at the time when they were composed, as for very many centuries before and after, spiritual knowledge was not taught broadcast, was not democratized, as it is in our day. It is the great honour of the Buddha, that he tried to

make his teaching accessible to all. But, for most of India, spiritual teaching was as much a matter of divine right, as royalty was, in France before the Revolution. One was born with, or without, the right to certain teaching. Even then, for those born to knowledge, there were rigid qualifications, as well of moral character as of mental force. Nor did the matter end there. By a rule, which was eminently wise, the student, the disciple, was compelled to make good each step, before the following step was revealed to him. He must learn to say A, before B was disclosed. The teaching was uncovered step by step, one step at a time. And it was given to him, not in a written treatise, though writing seems to have been well known at a very remote period in India, but orally, the Teacher explaining the thought, or revealing the moral idea, or directing the action, which the pupil must then master, and carry out. It was, in a way, more like our practical training in physics or chemistry, than like modern schooling in philosophy. Now, the sutras, in our comparison, like the formulæ of chemistry or physics, are very difficult to understand without the accompanying oral teaching; intentionally obscure; therefore to be compared not inaptly to a cypher or a code.

And, in a code, everything lies in the exact interpretation of the words. In considering this, a few general considerations may be held in mind: The first is, that, in different schools, the same Sanskrit word may come to have very different, even seemingly contrary, shades of meaning; take for instance the word *buddhi*. It may mean almost anything from an opinion to spiritual illumination. Yet we shall always find, if we search closely, that the fundamental, etymological meaning remains. In Sanskrit, more, perhaps, than in any other language, words go straight back to their elements. And this is the more true, the further back we go in the sacred literature of India. Words, as they drift down the ages, become narrower, more technical, more the catchwords of this or another school or sect. They become, as it were, dried up, flattened out, desiccated. And so with philosophical thought. It is full and deep and rich in the great Upanishads; somewhat less rich, yet luminous and of high value, in the Bhagavad Gita; drier, more technical, more a matter of ingenious mental analysis, when we come to the Vedanta sutras, as expounded in the long commentary attributed to Shankaracharya.

It always seems to me that the Yoga Sutras went through a somewhat similar flattening and desiccating process, as they came down the centuries; that what began as moral and spiritual, tended to end as mental and analytical. And, from the present Commentary, The Jewel's Lustre, one gets, I think, the same impression; it has become so much a matter of mental analysis. One wonders whether the undoubtedly learned and really very able and lucid Commentator ever tried to put the system into practice; or, as has happened in other lands, was he satisfied with analyzing Grace and Works, without seeking grace to perform works. Patanjali composed the sutras, it would appear, about the time of the Buddha. It has even been said that much of Buddha's thought implies, if not the

Yoga Sutras, at any rate a system very similar to that expounded in the Sutras. And Patanjali did not create his system out of the blue, so to speak. It is not a new invention, but rather the development, the practical application to moral ends, of the so-called Sankhya, or Enumerative, System, which tradition attributes to the sage Kapila, who must have lived a good deal earlier than the Buddha, since the Buddha was born in Kapila's City, which was already of old renown. Perhaps we may say, then, that Patanjali was a contemporary of Plato and Confucius. But the present Commentary, *The Jewel's Lustre*, appears to date from the time of Shakespeare. And, in the ages between Plato and Shakespeare there is room for a great deal of that flattening and desiccating process which we have suggested; and, to speak frankly, we get the impression that the process has taken place. One feels the atmosphere to be mental rather than moral, analytical rather than spiritual; though, it is true, it is full of admirable lucidity,—a lucidity rather of the head than of the heart. And this analytical quality the translator has faithfully adhered to, and indeed he was bound to, by the canons he laid down for himself: a version of the Yoga Sutras, "as illustrated by the Comment entitled *The Jewel's Lustre*."

So that it seems to me that, in this admirably lucid and exact translation, something which was in the original teaching of Patanjali is missing; it has evaporated. Something of high value, very inspiring, speaking to the heart rather than the head; something able to move the will; something which, in translating and commenting on the Yoga Sutras, I have tried to preserve; reading the Sutras, not so much with the eyes of one or another Commentator, as in the light of the whole body of the spiritual thought of India, beginning with the Great Upanishads. For it seems to me that to this great body of spiritual thought Patanjali's teaching undoubtedly belongs. But at the same time, while suggesting this difference of standpoint and method, I must not fail to express my feeling of indebtedness to Dr. Woods, for a closer understanding of a number of technical points, which I hope to take advantage of, in revising the version of the Sutras I have alluded to.

In interpreting a cypher or a code, as has been said, much, nay, almost everything, depends on the exact values of words. And each of the systems of spiritual thought in India has its special, characteristic words, a right comprehension and a sound translation of which, are of the utmost moment. Of Buddhism, for instance, the characteristic words are Karma and Nirvana; how to free oneself from Karma, thereby attaining Nirvana. And we know what difficulties beset the translation of Nirvana; so much so, that it is almost always left untranslated. Of the Vedanta, the characteristic word is Atma; the whole system is bent toward the discovery of Atma in oneself, and the final identification of that Atma with Brahma: the Self with the Eternal. Of the Sankhya and Yoga systems, the characteristic words are Purusha and Prakriti, which mean, in their simplest form, Man and Nature, as standing face

to face with each other. But in a deeper sense Purusha means Spirit, or, perhaps the Heavenly Man, as in the great Vedic Hymn to Purusha: "The Heavenly Man has a thousand heads, a thousand eyes, a thousand feet," the Hymn which goes on to tell how the gods immolated the Heavenly Man, binding Him to a stake, and how, from that universal sacrifice, the worlds and the races of men came into being.

The word Purusha occurs again and again in the Great Upanishads, in meanings varying between man and the Heavenly Man, or Universal Spirit. For example, in a famous passage in the Brihad-aranyaka Upanishad, King Janaka asks Yajnavalkya, "What is the light of the spirit of man?" The word here used is Purusha, and it is clear that, at first, it means little more than "man," since it is a question of the man being guided by sound, when it is so dark that he cannot see his hand before his face. But there is one very celebrated passage in the Katha Upanishad, almost at the end, where the word Purusha has decidedly a cosmic, a macrocosmic, meaning. The passage is this:

"Higher than the powers (indriya) is manas; higher than manas is the most excellent sattva. The Atma which is great is higher than sattva; than the Great, the most excellent Unmanifest is higher. Higher than the Unmanifest is Purusha, far-reaching, formless; knowing Whom a being is set free and goes to immortality."

Here is the kernel of the Sankhya and Yoga systems, which have as their aim just that liberation and immortality, to be gained by a knowledge of Purusha. The Sankhya system seeks to bring about a knowledge of Purusha through analysis; the Yoga system seeks the same end through practices. It is, if you wish, the conflict between Faith and Works.

Purusha, then, is the central word of the Sankhya and Yoga systems, just as Atma is the central word of the Vedanta system. And I must confess that I doubt the expediency of translating the Sankhya-Yoga word as though it were the Vedanta word; the expediency of translating Purusha by "Self," as Dr. Woods does throughout this version. This is, perhaps, to lose a valuable distinction, a distinction of colour, if nothing else. And its use almost leads one into heresy; for example, in the twenty-fourth sutra of the first book, where it is said that "Ishvara (the Lord, or Master) is a special kind of Self," this is undoubtedly unorthodox from a Vedantin standpoint, as there can be no such thing as "a special kind of Self," seeing that the Self is universal. And one may go further, and question whether Purusha, in the Sankhya-Yoga system, covers the same ground as Atma does in the Vedanta system. Here is a fundamental difference: According to the thought of the Sankhyas, there are innumerable Purushas; as many men, so many Purushas; nor does there seem to be any necessary union or unity underlying this infinite diversity. But while, in the Vedanta, one may, perhaps, say that there are as many selves as there are men, yet the whole purpose of the Vedanta is, to show, and to bring to practical consciousness, that all these selves

are but the one Self, just as the images in bubbles are reflections of the one Sun. So that it seems to me that it would be safer and clearer not to translate the great Sankhya-Yoga word as though it were the great Vedanta word, as Dr. Woods does, throughout this translation.

The little text we quoted from the Katha Upanishad shows the attainment of liberation through the knowledge of Purusha. The Sankhya system postulates a fall into bondage through an inverse process. Purusha, face to face with Prakriti, Man face to face with Nature, sees himself reflected in Nature, and takes the image for the original; by identifying himself with this image in the substance of Nature, he becomes subject to the mutations of nature, falls into bondage to mutability, to change and pain and death. It is the Sankhya version of the Fall of Man, and the Sankhya tells man how to work out his salvation, not so much with fear and trembling, as with detachment and wisdom, finally recognizing himself as that Purusha which is free and immortal.

But there is, perhaps, a further objection to translating Purusha by the word Self. It is this: There is good reason for believing that, throughout the Yoga Sutras, we are not considering the ultimate Self, the infinite, unconditioned One, but rather something much more individual and personal; something much lower and earlier, if one may use the expression; something, in fact, which is described by Paul, in his first letter to Corinth, as "the celestial body," a term which did not, for Paul, mean the last and highest reality, the Logos, but a degree of spiritual life to be attained by men individually, by men remaining in a certain definite sense personal, though of a higher and purer personality than that which is experienced in ordinary worldly life.

So that, having in view this much more individual being, this personal, though celestial life, I have translated Purusha by the phrase "the spiritual man," which is, indeed, rather Paul's than mine, and which, I believe, rightly suggests a close analogy between the teaching of Paul and certain sides of the Indian teaching. For example, when Paul insists on salvation by Faith, that is, by a certain state of spiritual consciousness, he comes very close to the Indian schools which, opposing the Vedic way of Works, declare that salvation is to be attained through spiritual discernment, or illumination.

In the choice of another word, I think Dr. Woods might, perhaps, have fallen on a happier equivalent of the Sanskrit. It is the word which expresses the final goal, the liberation attained, when Purusha, self-recognized, stands forth free and perfect. The Sanskrit word is Kaivalya, a noun derived from the adjective kevala, the simplest meaning of which is "alone." Dr. Woods has chosen the word Isolation, to represent the noun, and Isolation is, therefore, held up, as the supreme goal of spiritual effort. But I must confess that, as a goal of effort—effort to be carried on, perhaps, through many lives,—Isolation leaves me cold. After all, it means, does it not, being "left on an island," which suggests rather loneliness than attainment. There

is, in the word, no suggestion that, among the rewards of the supreme spiritual attainment, there may be communion with the Divine, communion with the souls of those we love. Yet both these ideas are undoubtedly in the mind of Patanjali. On the other hand, it is true that the word Isolation does echo what Emerson has so beautifully expressed :

“The soul gives itself, alone, original and pure, to the Lonely, Original and Pure, who, on that condition, gladly inhabits, leads, and speaks through it. . . .”

But for the most part Dr. Woods is as happy as he is thoughtful in his choice of words. Take, for example, the definition of Yoga, in the second sutra of the first book :

“Yoga is the restriction of the fluctuations of the mind-stuff;” the word translated “mind-stuff” being *chitta*. In what is, I think, the earliest, or one of the earliest versions of Patanjali, this sutra was rendered thus: “Yoga is the suppression of the transformations of the thinking principle.” But, for English readers, the thinking principle is hardly distinguishable from pure consciousness; and to suppress its transformations looks very like deadness, sheer unconsciousness. But Patanjali has in view, not pure consciousness, but that part of Nature, as distinguished from Spirit, which, under the illumining and warming rays of Spirit, forms the personal man, the field of emotion, passion, analytical reasoning,—all that mental and emotional activity which makes up the personal life. This part or fragment of nature is the personal *sattva*, or being, a word probably taken from the text we quoted from the Katha Upanishad. The *sattva* is not spirit. It is rather thought of as material, though in a finer sense. It is inflamed by passion, or rendered inert by darkness; and these phases form the misery of ordinary life. But the darkness is to be driven away, the passion is to be stilled, and then the *sattva* will reflect the pure light of Spirit, and that alone. This is the first step towards recognition of oneself as pure Spirit, as Purusha, that recognition being final liberation,—what Dr. Woods translates Isolation. Therefore the choice of the phrase “mind-stuff” seems singularly happy; it is at once sufficiently material, to show that we are not dealing with Spirit; sufficiently immaterial, to show we are not dealing with sheer materialism.

The *sattva* is conceived of as filled with the impresses of past experiences, thoughts, emotions. The Sanskrit word used is *Sanskara*, the history of which is somewhat as follows: Literally, it means an adornment, an ornament, and especially the ornaments which the potters make on the wet clay of their water-jars, before they fire them. These are rough patterns, roughly cut or pressed in the clay, when it is still soft, so that “impress,” or “impression” comes very close to the original thought. The name Sanskrit, the “adorned” language, is another form of the same word. *Sanskara*, then, Dr. Woods courageously translates “subliminal-impression,” a rendering which, for the most part, seems admirable, though it may be questionable whether the *sanskaras* are

always subliminal, always "below the threshold" of consciousness. In one case, however, that of the eighteenth sutra of the third book, the use of the phrase is nothing short of illuminating: "As the result of direct-experience of subliminal impressions there is the (intuitive) knowledge of previous births." Here is a singularly suggestive bringing together of ancient and modern psychology.

The word *tapas*, which Dr. Woods translates "self-castigation," I am not so sure of. *Tapas* does, it is true, mean penance, but that is not, I think, its original, its fundamental meaning. It comes from a root meaning "burn," or "warm," and is used, in the oldest Upanishads, to indicate the power of the Spirit which "dove-like, sat brooding o'er the vast abyss;" the power which, in so many symbolic cosmogonies, warms the world-egg into life. I have quoted Milton's word, "brooding," which he himself took from Genesis, because, like the Sanskrit word *tapas*, "brooding" means both physical heat and a mood of the mind, the purpose of which is, to hatch new ideas. And I believe that *tapas*, the warming and enkindling fire of the mind, very often means "aspiration," or "fervour,"—the heat of the spirit, which brings forth new life.

But *tapas* has its penitential meaning too,—the burning and purifying power of self-sacrifice; typified, in India, by that very severe penance, still practised by ascetics, of standing in the midst of a group of four fires, with the tropical sun beating down on one's head. But it seems to me that to translate *tapas* always by "self-castigation," which suggests a bodily scourging in the most literal sense, is, perhaps, to limit its meaning too much. The idea is, without doubt, that of Paul, "I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection:" perhaps "mortification" would be a good rendering. Yet this penitential meaning is not the primary one; "fervour," some word suggesting creative spiritual heat, seems to be the primary meaning.

One more verbal criticism. Dr. Woods translates the thirty-second sutra of the third book thus: "(As a result of constraint) upon the radiance in the head (there follows) the sight of the Siddhas;" and renders the Comment thus: "As a result of constraint upon that aperture which is in the skull, the so-called opening of Brahma, and which—after there is a conjunction (of this light) with the Sushumna and after there is a conjunction of the jewel's lustre of the mind-stuff resident in the heart—becomes resplendent as the radiance in the head—(as a result of this) he beholds the Siddhas, although they are invisible." Now that leaves one who is unacquainted with the Sanskrit term very much in the dark. Who or what are the Siddhas? They are the possessors of Siddhis, or magical powers; or, better still, they are those who have "attained,"—to use another of Paul's phrases. They are those spirits of just men made perfect, who have been called Adepts or Masters. It is the vision of the Masters that at this stage rewards the disciple. It is, perhaps, too weighty a word to leave untranslated, as Dr. Woods

leaves it; the more so, as the word "adept" is exactly parallel to it etymologically.

But these are verbal matters about which it is possible to hold very divergent views. One translation appeals to one student, another to another. And it is always quite manifest that Dr. Woods has chosen thoughtfully and carefully, seeing very clearly the difficulties which arise from the fact that none of our words fit exactly the words we are trying to translate. It is like fitting a pentagon over a square; we can get most of it covered, but the corners will never match.

But the value of Dr. Woods' work lies in its faithfulness and its lucidity, and in the thorough-going way in which it has been done. Perhaps this sutra, with its commentary, will illustrate these qualities as well as any other :

"The yogin's karma is neither-white-nor-black ; (the karma) of others is of three kinds:"—"White karma is to be attained by voice and by central-organ and its sole result is pleasure ; it is found among those who are disposed to study and self-castigation. Black karma has its sole result in pain ; it is found among the base. White-and-black-(karma) has a mixed result in pleasure and in pain and it is to be affected by outer means ; it is found among the devotees of the *soma* sacrifice. In these (three) cases, because it is connected with the crushing of ants and similar (creatures)—in so far as rice or other grains are destroyed—and with aid to others, such as the giving of fees, there is this karma of three kinds in the case of 'others,' (that is) those who are not yogins. But the karma of yogins (that is) of ascetics, because they have cast off the karma which is to be effected by outer means, is not white-or-black. Because the hindrances have dwindled it is not black ; because the result of the right-living is committed to the Ishvara without desiring any result it is not white karma. Consequently by means of the discriminative discernment into the purity of the mind-stuff the karma which is neither-white-nor-black has as its sole result release."

One more example of the excellent workmanship of Dr. Woods, and we have done. It is a part of the Comment on the fiftieth sutra of the third book, which Dr. Woods translates as follows :

"In case of solicitations from those in high places, these should arouse no attachment or pride, for undesirable consequences recur." The Commentator first asks to which class of yogins this danger, solicitation from those in high places, is likely to occur, and, after describing four classes of yogins, declares : "So, by elimination, it is the second yogin, the *Madhubhumika*, who is solicited, (that is,) invited by 'those in high places,' (that is,) those who are masters of this or that high place, for instance, Mahendra. "Sir! will you sit here? Will you rest in this heavenly place? This maiden might prove attractive. This enjoyment is supernormal. This elixir wards off age and death. This chariot goes as you will." When he is thus invited, an attachment, (that is,) a lust arises in him so that he feels with pride, 'How great is the power

of this yoga of mine!' This should not be done. Rather let him reflect upon the defects in it thus, 'Baked on the pitiless coals of the round-of-rebirths and mounted upon the wheel of successive births and deaths, I have hardly found the lamp of yoga which dispels the darkness of the hindrances. And of this (lamp) the lust-born gusts of sensual things are enemies. How could it be that I who have seen its light could be led astray by sensual things, a mere mirage, and throw myself as fuel into that same blaze of the round-of-rebirths as it flares up again? Fare ye well! Sensual things (deceitful) as dreams and to be craved by vile folk.' His purpose thus determined let him cultivate concentration. If attached, he falls from his position. Thinking of himself in pride as having done all, he is not perfected in yoga. Accordingly because one whose yoga is broken is involved again in the round-of-rebirths, which is not desired, not being attached and not being proud are the means of throwing off the obstacles to Isolation."

CHARLES JOHNSTON

Everything is founded on the Law of Sacrifice. God set the example when he created the Universe.

D. R. T.

The path of discipleship is the only road to spiritual power.—Hudson Taylor in Early Years.

THEOSOPHY AND BUSINESS

I.

IT IS UNPROFITABLE TO DISREGARD RELIGIOUS PRINCIPLES.

"And he said, Woe unto you also, ye lawyers! for ye lade men with burdens grievous to be borne, and ye yourselves touch not the burdens with one of your fingers."—St. Luke XI:46.

*". . . they find a PRACTICAL METHOD for its accomplishment. It is the method of free discussion in the spirit of sympathy, courtesy and tolerance, . . . following as the logical consequence of the theosophic attitude that all truth is valuable, and that every view has some significance. It presupposes that the essential element of inquiry and discussion is not the relative importance of this or that individual view or fragment of the truth, but the whole which is revealed as these views are synthesized and the fragments placed together. Therefore the discussions seek unities and not differences."**

Professor Mitchell says that "the discussions (should) seek unities and not differences." We may try the "theosophic method," as he calls it, by beginning with a consideration of the title: "Theosophy and business." The conjunction "and" may be used "disjunctively" or "conjunctively." We were taught this in the days when we studied syntax and rhetoric. It is important that we should recall this distinction. The present day attitude of mind would consider "theosophy and business" under the influence of the disjunctive "and"—as things separated; apart; and, even opposed. Yet, if we are looking for the truth, it would seem necessary to consider them under the influence of the conjunctive "and" and, therefore, as related and inseparable—even as eternally united.

Unquestionably, the popular attitude is that religion and business are in eternal opposition. This is an attitude that must be analyzed and considered if we are to obtain the whole truth. The tendency to divorce religion and business is growing. The attitude of the press, the platform, the pulpit in general, and the public, is that religion and business cannot exist together.

This is an opinion seemingly shared by many business men, who act as if religion could not be the basis of business. It is true that there is an ethical code underlying business. But this is not always observed. Furthermore, under its provisions things are permitted which, frankly, are not ethical and, naturally, not religious. But, if religion be the under-

* *The Theosophical Society and Theosophy*, by Henry Bedinger Mitchell (pp. 12-13), Quarterly Book Dept., 159 Warren Street, Brooklyn, New York.

lying fabric of life, the manifestation of the principle (and Principal) of the Universe, as so many of us believe it to be, it is not merely wrong to be irreligious in business but it will not pay! The converse of this, then, would be—that if a business pays it must be that it is governed by religious principles, however they may be concealed, ignored or perverted. Furthermore, that if this be true, and may be proven, then, by making business more consciously religious, it will become more effective and more profitable “for the labourer is worthy of his hire.”

What is the truth in regard to business? If a man engaged in business regard his occupation as something apart from his religious ideals inevitably he will separate his religion and business. He will divide his forces, fail to utilize to the utmost his resources of energy, and will achieve only a partial success—in other words, he will be deformed. This would seem to apply, which ever way he followed separateness—which ever way he wasted his energies—whether by thinking that in his own case he could be religious without being businesslike, or businesslike without being religious. As the world thinks—the opposite of either of these propositions is a paradox, impossible of practical expression, yet it may be that the paradox will contain a spiritual truth—most spiritual truths are, we find, set forth in paradoxes.

Let us consider first the business man who acts (for perhaps he does not tell himself why he so acts) as if there were no place for religion in business. Why is he in business? Such a man would offer a variety of reasons, which might be found to lie within two classifications: he is in business because he so determined his lot or because he could not help himself. Whatever his theory, his practice would be that God had nothing to do with it. Disregarding the religious element, disassociating business from his spiritual nature; he would reason, perhaps characteristically, in this materialistic fashion. But suppose that, instead, he were to accept the idea of a Divine Conspiracy between his soul and God to give his soul the fullest, freest opportunity for development, would he not regard his business occupation as his “vocation,” that in engaging in business he had answered a “Divine call”? And, if he were to regard his business occupation as, for him, his religious vocation would he not seek to find in it opportunity for putting religious ideals into practice and would he not gauge his religious progress by the thoroughness of this application?

The business “separatist” or follower of the “disjunctive,” would say, probably: “If I listened to that sort of thing I’d fail. But would he? The theory must stand test: One of the things that such a man would consider he could not do, if he “became religious,” would be to pay illegitimate commissions. But, if the premise that religion is an expression of the immutable truth be true, paying illegitimate commissions will be foolish, as well as wrong.

There are two aspects of such commissions—where they are tacitly recognized, and where they are entirely hidden. In certain industries

they have been established as "perquisites" to be considered as part of the wage of those receiving them. One great railroad allowed its officials to receive such perquisites on the ground that they came out of the sellers and thus the money of the stockholders was saved by lower salaries. It was a principle honestly held and honestly and openly applied. Yet it did not pay because it offended the public taste. Irrespective of the right or wrong involved it hurt the road and had to be abandoned, because it bred in the public a distrust inimical to the stockholders' interests. Today, since its "house-cleaning," that railroad is in a stronger and more profitable position. As a matter of fact, as is now seen, the stockholders should pay adequately for services rendered and officials should serve with an eye-single to the interests of the stockholders. Divided remuneration meant divided allegiance—something inherently impossible.

Years ago a young man in one of the great Eastern cities obtained a sales agency for a new source of fuel supply. The new fuel saved its users money in many ways. Not even a change in grates was required. All that was asked was a slight difference in the method of "firing" or placing the fuel on the grates. Very soon it developed that all but a very few of the men responsible for the "firing" methods—janitors, engineers or firemen—demanded commissions. The young man thought this immoral and refused to pay them. He was removed and laughed at. His successor paid them and the new fuel was widely used—for a time! Then the older concerns, with greater financial resources, met the competition—either by paying larger commissions or by so cutting prices that their fuel had to be used. The new concern failed because every time its fuel was discarded it was taken as a further proof of its uselessness. The honest method applied in another city led to a slow start, but as the fuel proved its real value it held its trade and today is in profitable and creditable use. In the first city every attempt to revive the fuel's use has brought up its record of seeming failure.

It may be asked: What about the older concerns that paid bigger commissions and so helped to kill the new concern? Let us follow them for a moment. As the custom of paying commissions grew it changed from a semi-legitimate "perquisite" into secret "graft." The expense grew higher as the recipients grew greedier and, finally, bills would be approved for fuel never delivered, or of an inferior grade. The owners waked up and began employing supervising engineers and superintendents of a class above dishonesty. They threw out the dishonest contractors, as well as the dishonest employees. The fuel concerns which reformed have lived—those which could not or would not reform have failed. While this does not mean that the fuel business in that city is absolutely clean, for human nature is human nature, still, it does mean, that it is much better than the average and that out of the failure of questionable methods has come profit from right methods—in other words the irreligious method did not pay.

Few industries, considered as class units, today pay or receive commissions that are not open and legitimate. Few people take life, yet there are murderers. Most people are honest and sober, yet there are thieves and drunkards. So, similarly, there are houses which pay "graft." The number of them is annually decreasing, because it does not pay. A "necessity" for paying "graft" is an admission of a weakness which sooner or later leads to failure. One rather curious injustice should be pointed out: There is public outcry against such practices, and there is an increasing flood of legislation against such practices, but both public and legislators ignore the fact that both outcry and legislation have resulted from and have not been the cause of failure, and consequent general abandonment of the practice. Business men who have found the right thing—the religious practice—profitable and have made it the customary thing are now denounced as if they were themselves all thieves!

But the unconsciously religious and consciously irreligious-in-business followers of the right in regard to commissions might still say: "But that is only common sense and common honesty (as if religion were anything else!) but if I were religious I could not sell at a profit, for I could not make good bargains." If this be true then, indeed, religion has no place in commerce, for business must be done at a profit—or capital will go elsewhere. But if religion be truth then irreligious practices in trading or bargaining won't pay. There are men who tell you that no great business, no great fortune, can be built up honestly. For a moment that point may be held in abeyance and the discussion limited to present day bargaining.

There is a business man in one of our large cities who is a "student of theosophy"—to use his own phrase. He is a power in one of the great denominations. At a gathering of his men he once told them that his business, all business, exists simply to make better men; as a training for disciples. He declares that, the Golden Rule is the essence of all business and that it will only be by following it that the business may be made to pay. Contrary to the popular ideal he insists that business must be profitable to give final proof that its standards are spiritual. It may be helpful to cite his experience in regard to this particular matter of driving "hard bargains." He lays down the dictum that "no bargain or contract can be profitable that is not advantageous to both parties." To those who know him he is Olympian, but as he is modest, a compromise in nomenclature may be reached by calling him "Jove Minor."

Mr. J. Minor was conducting a vital and huge negotiation with a syndicate notorious for its ruthlessness and hard bargaining and even for unscrupulousness. There was a conference where he was attended by an assistant and an attorney. At its close the three went out together. Mr. Minor said: "Why didn't either of you say something to help me.?"

The attorney replied: "How could we, when you were conceding

everything. Every time Mr. Bargainer brought up a point in favor of the Syndicate you agreed to it. What could we say?"

Jove Minor answered gently yet positively: "Don't you see that fairness is our only chance, our only hope. We can not expect to receive fairness if we are not absolutely fair in turn. We must keep the negotiations solely on that basis."

Did this pay? Later Mr. Bargainer said: "Jove Minor is the hardest man to 'trade with' I have ever come across. He is so absolutely fair and honest and plays with all his cards on the table and so evidently expects you to do the same thing that you just have to!"

The same idea is expressed in the phrase: "Don't try to make a sale; make a customer," or, as once set forth in the *QUARTERLY* itself,* a sale should not be made for the moment but with the idea of what will happen in five years from now.

Let a concern get a reputation for hard bargaining, unscrupulousness, and it will lose opportunities. Its growth and prosperity will be limited to such business as it will receive because there is no one else to take it.

In time this means damage—either in loss of business or by an aroused public attitude expressed in unwise and dangerous legislation, which with all its folly and injustice is the logical reaction from wrong methods.

When the question of folly and injustice in unthinking legislation is raised the business man who disbelieves in the power of religion in business will say: "There's a situation where you can not be practical and religious—suppose you have to choose between the interests of your stockholders and bribing a legislator—especially when what you want is right and the legislation is wrong and immoral!" It is a difficult situation. Too often the purpose for which such a bribe is given is morally right. Here again is a test of religion in business. If to achieve a right a wrong may be committed then indeed has religion no place in the board room. At one stage of business development the doctrine of "render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's" might be held to have applied. That is to say, that if the people permit political blackmail it is permissible to pay—the responsibility being upon the public and not upon either payer or payee. But this is not satisfactory.

Like all blackmail political blackmail is more difficult to meet after payment has been begun. The time to fight it is in advance. Suppose an honorable man to be appointed to a high position. The corporation he becomes responsible for is in a situation where blackmail has been permitted—yes, and even made necessary—by the public's vote and action; positively in keeping a "ring" in power; negatively by refusing a fair hearing to any corporation under attack. What is such a man to do when the first question of blackmail comes up? One man met it by saying to his legislative attorney: "I shall never consent to paying a bribe,

* *Saintliness and Business*. THE THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, October, 1912 (p. 118), Quarterly Book Dept., 159 Warren Street, Brooklyn, New York.

I will not have it. But that bill must be killed. It is your job. You must do it. You have unlimited power—and I will approve any blanket voucher for legal expenses you put in, for I want you to feel we put no obstacles of any kind in your way. But I won't bribe."

All will agree that such a man was a hypocrite. Perhaps so was another attorney who told his clients that a bribe must be paid but that he could not do it and suggested that a "ring attorney" be retained for that particular matter. The ring attorney was retained, the bribe was paid, and the virtuous attorney resumed the conduct of the legal affairs of the company. One may respect the management that followed his advice where we cannot even like him!

But still there is the question of what the high-minded new manager is to do when he finds the customary, recognized, traditional blackmail payment confronting him. To anyone who has paid such blackmail under circumstances that seemed to have involved an actually moral compulsion to pay the answer must be "It did not pay. I did it and I felt it was right to do it and if I had no more light now than I had then I suppose I would do it again but I see now it was more than wrong—it was doubly wrong—it did not pay. We fed the beast of injustice in legislation when he was young instead of fighting him and now he is so big and strong he feeds on us openly and is difficult to slay."

Honorable, right-minded men did bribe and bribe freely. It seems unfair now to sit in judgment and to blame them. Yet it did not pay. Do we not see now that a blind adherence to what was morally right, *i. e.*, religious, would have been the profitable course? And do we not see that only by adhering to an absolutely right course will there be any chance for business in the face of the rising attack through aroused, unthinking, illogical agitation? The responsibility of the public in this matter needs to be taken up. At this point, however, may we not agree that it is more profitable to apply religious fundamentals in business and that departure from them has not and will not pay?

It would seem to become axiomatic as traditional business wrongdoing (however permissible) is analyzed, that it is unprofitable and, furthermore, is not necessary. It is not necessary to cater to a low popular ideal in any business. To be truly and permanently successful the business man must refuse uncompromisingly to cater to anything that is of lower standard—whether it be the payment of a "commission on secret account" or be the remaining silent in the face of political clamor or action—neither will pay—nothing dishonest or cowardly can breed prosperity that shall abide.

On the positive side it may be shown that all success in business is based, consciously or unconsciously, upon right principles, however much they seemingly be obscured or ignored. This will be taken up in the next article on "Theosophy and business," which will consider them "conjunctively," and endeavor to show that, like the National Union, they are "one and inseparable."

G. M. McKLEMM.

ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

THE experience of Mrs. S., published in this department of the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY some months ago, proved helpful to so many of our readers that the Recorder tried and has been able to obtain other extracts from letters of advice written by Cavé, not, in this case, to Mrs. S., but to students whose needs were just as typical.

The first of these letters was written in 1906 to a man whose mind, at that time, had the habit of "grinding" over hypothetical and therefore unnecessary problems.

"I am glad to hear you speak as you do of an opening of a life of opportunity and service seeming to stretch before you, because, first, that in some measure is the way we always should feel, and we are more truly alive and in touch with realities when we do feel it. Second, because I feel that it is peculiarly true of you at present. Your life has indeed been given back to you by *those* to whose service you long ago dedicated it, and so in a particular way it is *theirs* and for their *work*. I know that you feel thus of it and so can speak frankly. The first thing I would tell you therefore is, do not be too analytical; do not try so much to satisfy the brain. What right has it to be satisfied? You are to remember the 'day of small things,' that is, *to-day*, in its wonderful aspect of small tasks and duties following one after the other each moment. That is what concerns you. While looking ahead, while puzzling over this aspect of the question or that, how many of these little immediate duties slip away, undone? There is only one question you need ever ask yourself; that is, What is the duty of *this* moment? That is the Master's task for you; this moment and its proper employment. Until we have learned how to do that, we cannot be entrusted with greater tasks, since those greater ones are only properly performed when done in that spirit of perfect recollection; for, really, recollection is what we are talking of here—that, and its twin brother detachment.

"If you will model your life on this plan you will find numberless chances of service ahead of you, and you will find that you can perform them all easily and well. We speak of life as complicated, but we are mistaken: life is extremely simple. We are complicated; because, partaking of two natures and of divided will, we grasp in all directions, determined to serve *both* God and Mammon, to have *both* heaven and earth and the fulness of them. And we tangle ourselves in mixed motives, mixed emotions, apprehensions and regrets, until the only wonder is that we are not all quite mad. If you consider this deeply you will see that it is the secret of true living, for it is an aspect—the first—of continuous meditation. It rids life of all complexity and difficulty (puts

them where they belong, in ourselves), and shows us the 'small, old path,' 'narrow and straight,' that we have learned to call '*the path.*' By this method also we are rid of the complexities and hindrances in ourselves—since we must ignore them to follow it. Our attention is immovably fixed on one point. Do not then look ahead so much; while planning the future you lose the present. This is where I should say you had been careless,—careless of so many 'little things' because you were pondering over bigger ones. Until these arrived they were not yours. The future does not belong to us—may never be ours: this moment is all we really possess. Each one is a special gift—how will you use it? You wish to give your life and service to the Master; there is but one way in which to do this: give it moment by moment as it comes to you. In this way the life of an ascetic can be lived in the midst of luxuries and splendour; the life of a saint in a world steeped to the lips in folly and sin.

"We must remember for our consolation, in view of our many failures and backslidings, that we are attempting a work of much difficulty, indeed one which has not been ventured upon previously, but which, as you know, was made possible by the unprecedented success in the Movement this last century. Whatever may come, we have at least been in some humble fashion instrumental in pushing so far forward, and by earnest effort and abiding faith may hope to accomplish yet a few paces more before our time is up. Each year we carry this on is so much clear gain—think of that! For so long as the nucleus exists, the work must exist on this plane. And we must strengthen that nucleus by all means in our power; and no means can be more effective than the raising of ourselves, thus bringing down more of the divine force and light to this plane, increasing our ability and sphere of usefulness, and, by treading down this new path in the wilderness, making it easier for others to follow on after and to find the way.

"That quality which carries one through when tested is what we *are*—the accumulation of aspirations, devoted efforts, high motives, sacrifices, which form a living force that *pushes* us through. Even our sins, thank God! cannot withstand it. For the rest, I say again, do not analyse; they are brain questions and, however good in themselves, do not really concern us nor the tasks we have in hand. This is not to discourage further questions, however; far from it. But I like best those 'springing from the heart,' in the words of the old Chinese aphorism. Your mind is wanting to know many things. Yes, of course; that is the way with minds. But hush, hush, oh! mind, lest in the midst of your ceaseless chatter I fail to hear the voice of the Master which speaks to me in the Silence.

"May the Master bless and keep you, and cause his light to shine upon you, and give you peace. Amen."

* * * * *

Then I have been given these extracts from letters written by Cavé

to another student whose needs and difficulties will find a responsive echo in many who read them today.

"You must not think it hard or unfeeling that I do not grieve more for those who make such sad errors, and so become their own hindrances, as well as stumbling blocks to others. I do grieve for them in genuine sorrow. But one dare not dwell on that aspect of it. Many come to us. Many, alas! go. None understand completely; few really understand at all; they see 'through a glass, darkly.' We can but hope that they glimpse enough of the truth to hunger for it forever, and, haunted by this divine nostalgia, to seek, and seek and *seek*; until finally, after innumerable failures, mistakes, misconceptions, they reach that point where enough of the heavenly vision opens to them, to guide and steady the remainder of their course. In fact, owing to their blindness now, not much responsibility is theirs. They really know so little, after all these years of study and work! Occult knowledge comes, oh! so slowly. What a blessing that this is the case; for the responsibility of seeing and knowing the truth is tremendous, and the danger of ignoring or misinterpreting it, beyond words to tell. So the study and the effort expended, lay up a wondrous store of strength, of endurance, of perseverance, of courage, all to be used later when the critical times arise. So I say to myself. It is the stumbling and staggering of a blind man. His eyes are still tight closed. He will not walk with me nor heed me, but wherever or however he may go, he can never wander beyond the confines of the law, nor out of the reach of its compassion. Therefore to that law we must leave him,—and meanwhile labour with all our might for the other stragglers and stumblers who are with us and who need our constant watchfulness and care. * * * This is my philosophy, my religion; but sometimes my heart, which is nearly breaking over some one who *will* not, *cannot* see, would seem in its weakness to give the lie almost to what my faith and knowledge tell me. * * * I say this that I may not be a hypocrite. I tell you the truth; the truth I know, and long ardently that you should always reach, and moreover the truth towards which I always turn my face, for though I know my own weakness and folly as only my scathing contempt for them can reveal them, I refuse to regard them, keeping my eyes immovably fixed on the Light and the goal it shows. What was it St. Paul said? * * * "I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." How deeply one can understand that cry! Conscious of his own weakness, his faults, his shortcomings of every description, he turns with exaltation to the contemplation of his Master and *his* perfection, and realizing their union, he is filled with confidence and joy. My friend, we are all sinners and stumblers; not one of us is clean, not a single one. But to contemplate these things is time and force wasted. As the Master once told me: 'Accept these things, then disregard them, and keep your eyes fixed on *me*.'" "

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"If you do not 'hear,' or do not seem to hear, I would not worry

about it, or feel impatient with yourself, or as if you were not doing as you should. I believe it is wiser to accept our faults and failings as part of the general plan, and to cultivate a sweet patience regarding them, as we do regarding the trials and difficulties of life outside ourselves. I mean we should strive for the same patience with ourselves that we would wish to possess for some tiresome, irritating person with whom we are forced to live; and the impersonal attitude thus engendered helps more than any other in divorcing the personality from our true part, and thus ridding ourselves of the burden of it. So about work. * * * Be ready, eager even to do it, but wait the word and *his* good time in patience and serenity. Surely you cannot doubt that when the time comes you will know. If you always keep your face turned towards his, you *must* know. If he cannot make you understand in one way, he will in another. He knows your disabilities and weaknesses better than any one else, since to aid you he makes them his especial study. And when it is best and needful that you should understand, he will never leave you in the dark. If you do not understand, then it is best that you should not understand. This is *always the case*, so long as we keep our faces turned towards him. If we turn away, oh! then it may be different. But only by our own act, never by his."

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"Those who cannot march, must perforce fall behind. It is always sad to see. But remember it does not always mean that they have gone backwards; merely that the Movement has gone on past them. Another time it will come by and pick them up again, when they may be strong enough to go a few steps further. No one is ever forgotten. He who has once entered the great, invisible Brotherhood, in even the smallest way, has a claim that is never disregarded. Guardian spirits hover about him always; he cannot escape them no matter where he flees, and in time, even if it take ages (for their patience has no limit), he will be recovered, 'brought home rejoicing.' We must keep our faith sweet with these thoughts in the dark hours when our brothers seem to be slipping from us, and our faith shall have its reward. After all, we must not ask too much of them. Each doubtless did what he could."

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"Do not be troubled about me and my load. It is not lighter; surely not; nor will be if I go on, but heavier. You must not mind that, but expect it. What must alter will be the way I carry it. I shall understand and manage it better, grow into it, have more self-confidence and courage—endurance also. Then as one understands, one sees the joy *in* the sorrow, the peace *in* the pain; not *from*, as most of us can now, but *in*, which is another thing altogether. I shall strive not to fail in bringing you these comforts. * * *

"Meanwhile keep up your courage and cultivate a stout heart.

Remember that physical conditions at the present time cannot be other than bad, and wrest from them the added force for work and progress. When you look upon all these many trials in this light, you will find them much easier. We are never called upon to bear a feather's weight more than we are able; thus we can always rally our lagging energies, saying, I *can* do this thing, therefore, in the name of the Master, I will. From that step we may take a further one. I will not perform my task like the slave whipped into fearful obedience, but, like the child of God I am, I will do it freely, cheerfully, *joyfully*. When we have taken this step, we shall have discovered the mystery of pain.

"Trials and burdens of all kinds are nothing more nor less than *opportunities*. We call on the heavens and they answer our prayers. Then we clamour loudly, often throwing back their gifts, and then, sob and wail that we are neglected. Surely, of all the strange creatures and beasts of all the many worlds, there is none so strange as man! But to discover the mystery of pain and to take the second step in that direction, we must have learnt the renunciation of the heart and will. We must have shed that *blood of the heart* which, washing the 'feet' (symbol of material existence on all planes), alone enables the soul to 'stand in the presence of the Masters.' For, paradoxical as it may seem (and life being dual with us must necessarily be all paradox), the inmost secret of pain is joy, and through those two gates we enter into the divine worlds, and commune with the great souls who dwell there. Pain, the gate of the lower self, who in its purgatorial fires is purified and illumined; joy, the gate of the higher nature, which, freed from its dark prison-house, flies enraptured to the bosom of the Father. This is the true death, the true resurrection from the dead. The man who through obedience has learnt the secret of life, shall never taste of death; pain as a personal experience has no more power over him. What is known as occult training, is often spoken of as a 'short cut.' The disciple becomes, with his Master's aid, his own executioner, rather than awaiting the slow processes of time; and in awakening the fires of devotion, lights for himself his own purgatorial fires."

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"Have you ever thought of this: what *makes* the Silence and Darkness? Listen, and let me whisper something to you—a wonderful secret.

"It is the approach of the Master's footsteps that makes all else sink into silence. It is the unheard yet heard tones of his voice that make other sounds discordant. It is the light falling from his face that plunges the outer world in darkness. It is the vision of his spiritual excellence that empties our hearts of their treasures and makes them seem vacant and cold. So the Silence becomes eloquent, the discords harmonious, the shadows luminous, and, best of all, the vacant heart is prophetic of overflowing abundance.

"We need not fear to enter such a Darkness, since it is the vestibule

to such a Light, nor complain of the Silence and its burdens since by their means we enter into closer communion with him. It is rest to our souls that is promised, if only we will take upon us the yoke.

“The mysteries of the path are unfathomable, save in the light of love—the love of the Master, as the ray to our darkened souls from the light divine. ‘And in thy light shall we see light.’”

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“Year by year I approve more of some simple uniform—but that is only one side of me. A wiser, calmer side knows better, understands the present human need of convention; the necessity, as a point of *spiritual policy*, for compliance—as far as principle permits—with the ways of the world; a careful avoidance of all that would make one ‘peculiar.’ I see the good breeding of this course: over and beyond that, the sympathetic consideration of it. The Masters must to a large extent live apart to accomplish their purposes, but we, disciples, in our humble way, must show how these things can be *used* without being abused; how one can be *in* the world though not *of* it, and how the life of the saint and the ascetic can be led here and now in all the turmoil of material existence. The Master has shown me that for our work to succeed it must at all costs be given this force of our personal holiness and elevation. There are many things to be done, of course, but all are secondary to this, since *all* depend upon it for success. And this must be our great and absorbing aim: as individuals and as a body of individuals living in the world, to shine forth by the elevation and spirituality of our lives. It is not enough that we should be as good as the best; we must be *better* than the best, since more is given to us. We shall not conquer by the sword, nor by intellectual power, nor by mere sympathetic kindness—for even this can work vast harm unless rare wisdom guide it. But we shall conquer (if we do) by the power of holiness, the great power that the saints and disciples have wielded. This power we must gain. It is the fruit of perfect renunciation,—when the Master looking in the heart shall find it ‘clean utterly.’ Then our light shall ‘shine before men,’ that seeing our good deeds they shall glorify,—not us—but the ‘Father in heaven.’ (Incidentally, the Master is always spoken of as the disciple’s ‘Father,’ since he gives the disciple birth in the spiritual world.)

“ . . . You see we must be purged of *all* our faults; but the Law requires that we do this for ourselves. The Master puts us in the best way of doing this, so that the circumstances and events of our lives are his gifts to us, as it were, for accomplishing these results. This is difficult for us to understand; it usually takes us many lives of hard work to get even the first glimmers. So he waits patiently, sending trial after trial, both of joy and pain, as we call them. And little by little these accumulated experiences have their fruit.

“Remember this great difference in point of view which is always illuminating . . . He works in Eternity. We think and reason and too

often feel, in time. This perhaps contains the principle involved in your lack of self-confidence. Too much (in that sense) you consider a faulty instrument (as all our instruments are faulty at this time); too little you lean upon,—*insist* upon, I would rather say,—the soul within. What do the faults matter? Here is a work to be done. In the fact that this work is given to me is the proof that I can do it! You see all this clearly enough in outer affairs. What complicates it is that it is a work in yourself—your own training and regeneration. But try to view it with equal impersonality as if you were thinking: ‘Here is somebody I must teach and train. As far as I can see, there are such and such virtues, such and such faults.’ Take stock of yourself in this impersonal way; and so, disassociated from yourself by this attitude of mind, begin a regular system of planning and training, as you would begin a new portion of your garden, say, preparing the soil, taking out stones, removing this, adding that: or, to use the Master’s simile, the training of a child entrusted to your care by the Master. Well, he entrusts *yourself* to you, and that is the trust you must keep,—the especial bit of garden you must cultivate.”

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“I have been thinking much today of something Christina Rossetti said,—who said many penetrating things,—that ‘Sins are worse than their consequences.’ If only we realized the truth of this! He who does, has crossed over to the other shore and sees things in their true relation. It is usually the consequences that we dread and would escape; the sins without them trouble us but little. And so we must have this lash of events to whip us on the road to salvation. In our acts we prove this daily, committing how many sins of lack of recollection, lack of detachment, lack of charity, in an effort to escape some consequence! This, often in what we call our ‘better moments,’ so fixed is our gaze on the result, so little do we heed causes. When a man has loosed himself from the bonds of Karma, he has learned to reverse this *attention*. This is another way of applying the admonition about ‘looking for results,’ and a profounder one than the more usual and obvious.”

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“Do you know what I have been thinking of today? It is the Master’s acceptance of our weakness and inadequacy. As Jesus held the reed thrust upon him for a sceptre, which has made them forever sacred to me as symbols of his ‘invincible patience,’ so he consents to hold us, and govern and work by means of us. If we but make our weakness the measure of our patience, to what strength may we not attain?”

Enough has been given for one instalment. But how have these extracts been read? It would be helpful at this point if the reader were

to ask himself that question. Has he read as he might skim the morning paper, or some story in a magazine? Has he read with an eye to his neighbor's faults and with the thought that this or the other point would make good medicine for others? Has he rejected the spirit of whole paragraphs because some phrase or term has displeased him? Or has he, in case of need, translated the language into his own, seeking the spirit and not the letter? Has he paused to ask himself what his own attitude has been in the past, and how he should change it in the future? Has he made definite, specific resolutions about his conduct today, tomorrow? For that is the way to read and the only way to read unless we would weaken our moral fibre and lose what little taste we have for spiritual reading. To read meditatively is almost a lost art. To *do* the things that we read while we are reading; to pause long enough between sentences or paragraphs to make interior action possible—this seems impossible both to the reading glutton who bolts his food habitually, and to the harassed time-waster who dawdles without method or system and who finds himself too busy to read except as he swallows his luncheon, standing.

Spiritual reading is an art that can be acquired, like any other art. The first step is—to do it! Read slowly; read a sentence and stop. Think about it. Brood over it. See how it applies to your personal peculiarities, needs, problems. See how your manners, inner or outer, can be amended in the light of what you have read. Use what you have read to fill in the detail of your own ideal; turn it instantly into aspiration—into interior “acts” of love, of praise, of thanksgiving, of penitence, of hope; weave what you have read into the fibre of your will by resolutions adhered to faithfully. Discriminate always, but see to it that, through mental sloth or impatience, you do not throw away wheat with chaff. Insist that you must find and preserve the wheat. Take pains (how much is hidden in that common phrase!); ‘Fletcherize’; bear fruit! For truly the kingdom of heaven is taken by violence, and not until we do violence to our bad habits and inclinations, in this as in other ways, can we hope to find the joy which comes to those who challenge the Gates of Gold.

T.

Sorrow is a sanctuary, so long as self is kept outside. Self is the desecrating principle. If a time of sorrow is not the harvest time of grace, it is sure to be the harvest time of self.—Father Faber.



ELEMENTARY ARTICLE

A RULE OF LIFE.

(Continued)

VI

IN Section IV of this series of Elementary Articles it was pointed out that the Art of Living consists in getting rid of our limitations, and that to pursue effectively the Art of Living, we must have a Rule of Life. In the last section we endeavored to describe the laws and principles which govern a Rule of Life. The subject is of fundamental importance. The Rule bears the same relation to the Spiritual Life that our education bears to our outer life. It should be the inspiration by which all subsequent effort and action is guided.

Let us see if we cannot get some further light on our theme by using the analogy of education. First of all, it is now pretty well recognized by professional pedagogues that it does not so much matter what a child studies as that he studies, and so trains his mind and other faculties. So we get confirmation of our statement that it does not so much matter what our Rule of Life is, as that we keep our Rule whatever it is. It is the keeping of it that counts; it is the exercise of the will, the stern suppression of the lower impulses of the nature in all its manifestations that counts. Indeed it is a law of the lower nature that it will throw its whole power into the fight at any point along the entire line. Therefore the wise man selects his battle ground where the advantage is on his side; but the lower nature can be beaten anywhere.

A young aspirant was once told that if she would brush her hair for half an hour every morning it would not only be very good for her hair, but would help her to conquer her lower nature; the point being that the absolutely faithful and conscientious performance of such a simple duty as that will sooner or later exercise every virtue and will be opposed by every weakness in her. The morning will soon come when she will be late. If she cuts even a minute off the half hour it means that she has failed. In order to have the full half hour she must rise in time, whether tired or not, whether sleepy or not, whether sick or not. If she oversleeps, then she was not prudent, for she should

have anticipated this likelihood and provided for it by having some one call her. If she has no one to do this service, then other means must be found to make her oversleeping impossible. If she is tired and likely to fail because of fatigue, then she must begin days in advance to forestall the condition that might result in failure.

It can be seen how readily even such a simple task as brushing our hair can be the battle-ground between the forces of good and evil that exist in each one of us. If our stock of virtue, our strength of will, our spirit of obedience, our faith, our courage, our devotion, our energy, our patience, our prudence, our fervor are sufficient to overcome our sloth, our inertia, our laziness, our weakness, our cowardice, our self-indulgence, then we may win the fight on the lowest plane; but that will only be a partial victory. The lower nature, defeated when using the cruder weapons, will return with more subtle weapons; it will endeavor to undermine our resolution by means of our vanity and self-will.

Our mind will endeavor to persuade us that the whole thing is nonsense, that it is undignified for a sensible human being to make such a fuss over such a silly trifle, that it is a waste of time and energy to concentrate our attention on a matter of no real importance, that we are capable of much bigger things, that it is self-centered and selfish to use up our force in so useless a manner; that if we really want to be good and to grow in grace and virtue, it were much better to let such trivialities go and to devote our efforts to self-sacrificing work for others; and it will suggest many useful things which we could do and do well if we were to give the same amount of time and energy to them that we are giving to the brushing of our hair. And these and similar things will be said not once, but many times and in many ways. We shall find in our reading, sentences and paragraphs which appear to oppose our plan and to discountenance our resolution. We will read how many of the saints turned away from ascetic practices and warned others that they were a snare. We will hear remarks from others in whom we have confidence which seem to bear out this view.

If we stand firm and go on quietly and serenely brushing our hair half an hour every morning, then the scene of combat will change and the attack will come from a different quarter. Be watchful for you do not know from whence it will come or the form it will take. Perhaps the person in whom we have most confidence, whose advice and assistance in spiritual matters have been our greatest comfort and support, will suggest that we have reached a point where some specific practice would be desirable and will recommend that for the time being we concentrate our time and attention on, let us say, brushing our hair half an hour every evening before going to bed. Now this is dangerous in many ways. In the first place we are so tired of brushing our hair in the morning that it would be a great relief to do it in the evening instead, and as it would still be done, each day, for the full half hour, it would really make no difference, etc., etc., etc. Then there

is the question of obedience. We know we ought to obey the suggestions of this older and wiser friend if ever we hope to get him or any one else for a spiritual director. We know that we must not set up our own opinion and will against the advice of superiors—that that would be a most reprehensible exhibition of self-will. The situation is full of perplexities and difficulties and apparent contradictions. We are in such a mess that we do not see how we can go on without violating some spiritual law somewhere.

The solution is simple. Tell the older and wiser friend about your resolution and of the fight it has been to keep it, and ask him what to do. He may advise a change. If so, it would mean that you had pushed your powers to the limit, that relaxation was foreseen, and that you were relieved of some of the evil of defeat, by making surrender a question of obedience. We can hardly hope to win the great fight at the first engagement, but must return to the arena again and again and again after each battle, whether it was a defeat, or a draw, or a partial victory. Complete victory is a question of ages, for it would mean the complete conquest of self, and only the Master has done that. In time we must do even that for we must be perfect even as the Father in Heaven is perfect.

This prosaic and commonplace duty, however, illustrates how necessary it is to keep rigorously any resolution we make, and therefore how vital and important it is to be very careful what resolutions we do make. It shows how the whole power of the lower nature may be thrown against any specific thing we try to do, for self conquest anywhere along the line means self-conquest all along the line. Because of the unity which underlies the manifested universe, we cannot strengthen any one virtue or any one fault without strengthening all other virtues or all other faults. We cannot weaken or defeat the lower nature at one point without weakening or defeating it at all points. But there is a wider application of the law than this. Because of the fundamental unity which is the basis of the universe, the individual is but a part of the whole, his virtues are a part of the universal stock of virtue, his powers are tiny rivulets of the great rivers of force, and his faults are facets of the dark side of nature, are linked to the world's evil. Each soul, therefore, becomes a miniature battle-ground between the forces of good and evil, and each soul can draw upon the unlimited reservoirs of good with which to combat the limited forces of evil. The ultimate victory, therefore, is sure, for each one of us is backed by all the power of the Universe, and the good always triumphs over evil in the end.

When Jesus conquered evil it means literally that the whole accumulated power of evil existing in the world was hurled against Him and that He won the fight, and therefore, for all time, is the master of evil. Each one of us must win this same fight, point by point, plane by plane, beginning with the cruder sins of the flesh and ending with the subtlest forms of vanity, ambition and self-will until we too have

"overcome the world" and are perfect even as the Father in Heaven is perfect.

If we have to engage a dangerous and numerous enemy, it is common sense for us to exercise all our intelligence and experience, and to get all the expert advice available as to the best way to meet him. If possible we select the battle ground instead of letting him select it, for that gives us obvious advantages; we are closer to our lines of communication where we can get supplies and reinforcements. In the warfare between the higher and lower nature we must follow the same policy, which, fortunately, may be done quite simply and easily. Instead of selecting a fault to conquer and having the fight around that, let us select a virtue to acquire, and center the fight around that. If we fight about a fault, we fight in the enemy's country, where it is on its own ground and familiar with every detail and with every weapon. If we fight about acquiring a virtue we remove the battlefield from the land of evil to the country of the soul where we have all our other powers and virtues available. This is so obviously wise that it does not seem to require much elaboration or explanation. The devotional books have always advised aspirants to maintain a positive attitude in the warfare between their two natures. Do not spend your strength and energies trying to conquer faults so much as to acquire virtues; and even when you want to get rid of a specific fault, the best way to do it is not to fight it directly so much as to work at the acquirement of the opposite virtue.

In this connection it is well to remember that every virtue has a negative aspect and a positive opposite. Love, for instance, has as its negative aspect,—no-love—indifference—coldness; and as its positive opposite,—hatred. Purity,—sensuality; lust. Loyalty,—neutrality; treachery. Patience,—impatience; anger. Faith,—suspicion; doubt. Hope,—discouragement; fear. Charity,—miserliness; cruelty. Let the middle qualities go and make straight for the highest expression of the virtue we want, or the fault we wish to eradicate, and work at that. Every fault or evil quality is a distorted virtue. The power in it is the power of the virtue which has struck against the self-will and selfishness of man and has been turned from its true purpose and true function. The spiritual impulse to give comes down from the pure realms of the soul, strikes our egotism and becomes a desire to give to ourselves,—selfishness. Instead of trying to conquer selfishness, it is obviously much more fruitful to try to express the spiritual impulse to give. We are then going directly to original causes instead of dealing with effects lower down.

We may get other hints from using secular education as an analogy. For instance it is obvious that in learning anything we must begin at the beginning. A child would be foolish to try to study algebra before it knew arithmetic, or to plunge into literature before knowing how to read. We must learn our letters before we can hope to spell. So in

the spiritual world. There are regular stages and established customs. We must be content to do the elementary work before going on to advanced degrees. And we must remember that the average man or woman is just as untrained in the spiritual life as the average child before he goes to school. We must begin at the beginning, and the beginning of the spiritual life requires very much the same training as the beginning of school life. Both the child and the neophyte must acquire habits of regularity, of self-control, of obedience, and of faith. We learn all these things—whether we be children or aspirants for discipleship, by doing promptly and cheerfully what we do not want to do, because it is our duty or because we are told to do it.

In the spiritual life, in learning the Art of Living, our Rule takes the place of teacher, although, as was pointed out in the last section, any real Rule should always have the sanction of a spiritual director, or endless difficulties and dangers will ensue. We may impose our own restraint and discipline, and set ourselves our various tasks in the elementary stages, but a director is essential for all advanced progress. The purpose of both education and our Rule is the same in either case. It is to train our wills; to make our will subject to God or our teacher instead of subject to self-will. It is true that in the process of training the will we learn many valuable things, whether at the school of our childhood or at the school of Life, but the main lesson we learn is not what we study, so much as the lesson of self-conquest and self-control. To use the old phrase of the devotional books, we learn to mortify the senses, to suppress the impulses of the lower nature, to control and dominate the natural man, whether we be school children or students of the Art of Living. There is no other way.

It is not, however, a soggy and unrelieved prospect of gloom as might at first sight seem to be the case. The child as a rule hates the restraint of school until his affections and interest are excited; and afterwards he usually accepts the mental, moral and physical discipline without noticing them or considering them as special hardships. So on the higher plane. The prospect of a perpetual struggle against our natural inclinations seems to us cheerless and unstimulating, to say the least, but that is only at the beginning. We soon become interested, our affections are aroused, and before very long we begin to enjoy the fruits of our efforts, the joy and strength and satisfaction which come from successful accomplishment. Above all we enjoy a growing sense of freedom, of freedom from the chains of our sins, as the Book of Common Prayer has it. Every fault dropped is a fetter removed, every sin conquered is a burden laid down.

We spoke above of the affections becoming engaged, and this phase will repay consideration. There are several motives which actuate the scholar. The commonest is fear—fear of punishment for failure. The next commonest is the hope of reward; another is pride; competition; the desire to shine, or not to be outdone. But the best is love, either

love of his studies for their own sake or love of his teacher. One or another, or a combination of these same motives control the student of Life. His efforts to live righteously may arise from fear. It was, perhaps it still is, the dominating motive of the majority of Christians. If not that, then he tried to be good in order to get to Heaven. Neither of these motives will carry him very far, for they both arise from and influence only the lower self. They are better than nothing, for any restraint is better than license. The driving power of competition is a slightly higher motive, less ignoble, but also arises from the lower nature and has its roots in self. It will carry no one very far. But when our affections are aroused it is a different story, for we begin to deal with a higher range of motives however mixed with self they still may be. To study a subject because we love the subject, is the beginning of true scholarship, just as the practice of virtue from the love of virtue is the beginning of the spiritual life. There is, however, a still higher path and that is when we are good and try hard to be better for no other reason than because we love our Master, and know that it will please Him and that it is the road to Him.

C. A. G.

Giving up is inevitably receiving when one is dealing heart to heart with God.—Hudson Taylor in Early Years.



REVIEWS

The Manhood of the Master, by Harry Emerson Fosdick, Minister at the First Baptist Church, Montclair, N. J. Mr. Fosdick has a gift, the gift of a clear, creative imagination. He has used it in his book to make first vital and real, then personally applicable, the qualities of the Master Jesus. It is at once an appeal to common sense in the way we should avail ourselves of the example Christ has set us, and a call to examine our own lives in the light of a comparison with this great life. For beginners in the path of meditation we have seen among modern writers no book that compares with this in simplicity, directness, and homely, native strength. The author has filled his pages with the contagion of his own enthusiasm for the beauty, nobility, and loftiness of the Master's character. The teaching of Christ is not emphasized; rather is the book "an endeavor to get back behind the thoughts of centuries about him, and to see the Man Christ Jesus himself as he lives in the pages of the gospels." There are daily readings, at most a few verses, illustrative of some particular attribute of the Master—beginning with his joy, magnanimity, indignation, loyalty, self-restraint, and so forth; together with a suggestive comment, brief, striking, provocative of thought. The selections made are admirable, never strained; and are so arranged that their very familiarity, instead of acting as a barrier, becomes a force to carry on our thought. At the end of each week is a more lengthy comment, which synthesizes each preceding day's contribution, adds new descriptive touches, and enriches the whole by a personal application which cannot fail to reach every reader. The book can be used in this daily way, and can also be read consecutively, there being no break in the continuity of thought from day to day. It is addressed chiefly to men, and has the advantage so much needed today of bringing out and emphasizing the virile and warrior qualities of our great Captain and King. Joy is not just a pious hallelujah, and love a tasteless sentiment, but the flame of a living passion possessed only by the strong. We believe no one could read this book meditatively and not close it with a truer, richer, deeper appreciation of the Master as he was and is than before. And there is very little to criticize in the details of execution; perhaps the only one being the somewhat free translations from the text of the New Testament itself. But we had rather that our readers would find out any defects for themselves by using the book.

A. G.

Practical Mysticism: A Little Book For Normal People, by Evelyn Underhill. This ably written and very sincere attempt to render in untechnical terms some answer to the demand of the many lay thinkers as to what mysticism is, commands our respect and admiration. The task is exceedingly difficult; it is the task which confronted every great saint and mystic whose biography has come down to us. Miss Underhill by her wide, sympathetic study of all these writings,—and she seems recently to have added the Upanishads and other Indian literatures to her field,—has been able to choose the best from each; and in the clearing-house of her own mind to sort, tabulate, and synthesize these many-sided expressions of the same fundamental theme for our benefit. But here lies at

once her excellence and her limitation. Miss Underhill is attracted to mysticism, to the mystic life, but she has not yet experienced herself the heights of the contemplative state, nor felt the fire of divine love in the communion of the "unitive way." She is, therefore, writing at second hand about much of her subject; she is but repeating in terms of modern philosophy and psychology (not of modern religion) what the saints and mystics themselves have said of actual, personal, intimate experience. Therefore from the point of view of *becoming* oneself a mystic, or of *being* oneself a saint, her book is of little help or encouragement. It lacks the conviction born only of knowledge, the inspiration that comes only with suffering, with joying, with *living* the life itself. As a truly "practical" treatise it has, therefore, a very limited value. Miss Underhill's mind has also a certain prejudice or bias that refuses to recognize the, to us, seemingly clear and explicit testimony of the Christian saints about the Master. Union with her, is oneness with Reality, with the Absolute; at best it is only a "melting," a "dying into" the "Whole." "For union with Reality can only be a union of love, a glad and humble self-mergence in the universal life";—but it is union always with an impersonal, ineffable God, never with a Master or a Christ. We are reminded of Bergson and his "élan vitale"! The visions of the saints, their conversations with the Master and His replies, are reluctantly quoted, more or less set aside, and explained or excused on complicated psychological grounds. This lack of understanding and vision at once sets a limit to a full interpretation of mystical literature.

But Miss Underhill has written for another audience, in their own way the hardest to approach. "Normal people" are generally very ignorant and therefore full of prejudice. Miss Underhill's new book, more easily read than her larger works, will overcome many of these prejudices and misconceptions about mysticism. She has made a common-sense appeal, she has succeeded in making readable a subject usually too advanced, too technical, or too one-sided to obtain any consideration at all from the busy, worldly men and women of today. Her very limitations have made her speak with the same "impartial" voice of science that dominates our society. And as the science that is taken by society as its intellectual standard becomes first interested in, then moulded, finally inspired and used by the Divine Wisdom of Religion, it will lead these same normal members of society by easy, natural stages back to a mindfulness and respectful sympathy for religion which they now lack. The worldly man will soon find that science is no longer on his side, but that her love and loyalty to truth have again left him the outcast and denier of the light that is in him.

Several of the misconceptions of mysticism are clearly stated and as clearly disposed of. The fact that meditation is not an unnatural activity, but the normal operation of the mind, only of a low and narrowing kind, is ably presented. The fifth chapter, on "Self-Adjustment" answers many of the questions popularly asked, notably that on the need for asceticism and mortification. The last chapter, on the "Mystical Life," is an appeal to the practical worth of mystical achievement, in that we become better instruments, of greater capacity for intelligent co-operation with the life-forces about us, more able to help and to love our neighbor. "The mystics are artists; and the stuff in which they work is most often human life." . . . "So, what is being offered to you is not merely a choice amongst new states of consciousness, new emotional experiences—though these are indeed involved in it—but, above all else, a larger and intenser life, a career, a total consecration to the interests of the Real."

We recommend this book as well worth reading.

A. G.

The Practice of Christianity, by the Author of *Absente Reo*, and *Pro Christo Et Ecclesia*. On the whole distinctly disappointing, this book has still

its good points. The Author's purpose seems to be a vindication of the practical, working possibility and efficiency of the Christian ideal, especially as set forth in the Sermon on the Mount and in the discourses on the Kingdom. This ideal, our ideal as a Christian people, is ignored, disregarded, declared impracticable by the world as a whole. Something is manifestly wrong with such a situation, so the Author appeals with renewed enthusiasm to these ideals, shows the correspondence between our present Church attitude and that of the Pharisees centuries ago, and outlines a "practical Christianity" that would fulfil our ideal and yet not jar too violently with the current easy-going habit of compromise. Special attention is given to the iniquity of our "Penal System," to "Warfare," to "Thrift and Competition," and to "Material Welfare." There is fertility of thought under all these, and other, headings; and taken by themselves many ideas have excellence and are helpfully suggestive. But we disagree with the fundamental purpose and theme of the Author, so long as he insists upon confusing motive with action. When he says that our Penal System is wrong because "Social outlawry is a sin against the Spirit of Christ. Our criminal procedure is degrading. . . . A vindictive attitude towards criminals is essentially unchristian" . . . and similar statements showing but a one-sided understanding of this modern problem, we feel almost helpless; because if so manifestly able and sincere a thinker cannot keep clear the principles involved, how can the truth of Christ ever obtain the recognition it has yet to receive from the world as a whole? A further illustration of this confusion is found in the Author's discussion of punishment. "But, it is urged, punishment, because effective, may be kind. Is punishment an effective deterrent?" and the answer is, decidedly not! Again in the chapter on War we read, "The spirit of war is only better than servility. . . . Belligerence is ineffective because it is infectious. Illustration: the lynching of American negroes."

These quotations, chiefly from the marginal paragraph summaries, show the all too characteristic lack of any standard up to which the complexities of modern life can be held. The Christian teachings, we are told, offer an heroic but sure way out of this situation; but ordinary common-sense is not applied to the understanding or interpretation of these teachings—which, by the way, were addressed to *disciples*, not to the *multitude*, who were instructed by means of simple parables, but from whom were expressly withheld the "mysteries of the kingdom of heaven." The ideal of returning to the first principles of Christianity is an unquestioned necessity; but the doing of this by legislation; by the crude abolition of institutions full of social evil; the unthinking and sentimental appeal for the abolition of war; by the demand that "health of body and mind is the privilege [?] of the child of the Kingdom;" these are not the means, nor are they the method, nor in the spirit, of Christ himself. "Seek ye first the Kingdom"; then, and then only, can all these things be added unto us, can "the pilgrim soul be vindicated," can he "build everlasting rooms in the temple of humanity."

The book is not well integrated, is therefore unconvincing; and lacks the power of earlier works from the same pen.

JOHN NEWCOMB.

Songs of Kabir, translated by Robindrañath Tagore, with the assistance of Evelyn Underhill. Without at all knowing the originals, and therefore unable to form a comparison, these poems are rendered with fine feeling and a most sympathetic understanding into exquisite English; and will be read for their poetic beauty if not for their theosophy. The preface by Miss Underhill, while it shows real appreciation for Kabir's mysticism and for his appeal to spiritual freedom as against the formalisms of Brahmanism and Mahomedanism, is but a partial appreciation. Kabir is not only a mystical philosopher who "belongs to that small group of supreme mystics—amongst whom St. Augustine, Ruysbroeck,

and the Sufi poet Jelálu'ddin Rûmi are perhaps the chief—who have achieved that which we might call the synthetic vision of God"; his poems show that he knew and loved the Master. His poems impress us, therefore, not as philosophical, but as rich and passionate devotional expressions of a heart overflowing with love. The first poem gives this key-note, which runs throughout them all.

"O Servant, where dost thou seek Me?

Lo! I am beside thee.

I am neither in temple nor in mosque:

I am neither in Koaba nor in Kailash:

Neither am I in rites and ceremonies, nor in Yoga and renunciation.

If thou art a true seeker, thou shalt at once see Me: thou shalt meet Me in a moment of time.

Kabir says, "O Sadhu! God is the breath of all breath."

Our literature is enriched by this acquisition of the mind and heart of so little known an Indian mystic, and our thanks are due to the collaborators for their successful labour of love.

A. G.

The last three numbers of *Dharma* complete the second year of this excellent and growing magazine. It is marked by a friendliness of atmosphere (which bespeaks a truly theosophic attitude and understanding), and by a warm loyalty to the spirit of its older brother the QUARTERLY. The editors are earning present and future gratitude by their translation of such standard theosophic authors as Madame Blavatsky, Mr. Judge, and Mr. Johnston into Spanish. Mr. Johnston's *Song of Life* has been completed, and his *Yoga Sutras* are well under way. There are two or three reprints from the QUARTERLY in each number, well-selected, and smoothly rendered in the Spanish idiom. The July number contains an interesting article based on the *Notes and Comments* in the April QUARTERLY,—and also on the articles on Bergson—called "The Ethics of Psychological Research." Wm. H. Lyons writes on how he heard of Theosophy. There are three reprints, amongst them Mr. Judge's "Adepts and Modern Science." There are also Editorials, Book-reviews, and Questions and Answers. The October number gives prominence to the last Convention, quoting the addresses at length. There is an interesting article on the development of "Intellectual Mysticism" by Román Grim. The January number is especially rich. The leading article is entitled "The Spiritual Value of War," and is an interpretation of the "Notes and Comments" in the QUARTERLY under the same caption. It is heartily in accord with the principles set forth in the latter, and has done full justice to its firm yet tolerant spirit. This is also by Román Grim. There follows a sketch of the life and ideals of Mr. Judge, marked by its grasp of the bigness of his personality. There are four reprints, and the usual excellent Editorials and Book-reviews.

Altogether our Spanish brothers are to be heartily congratulated for their admirable work in the cause of Theosophy.

A. G.



QUESTIONS

THE THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY

ANSWERS

Readers of THE THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY are invited to send questions to be answered in this Department, or to submit other answers to questions already printed where their point of view differs from or supplements the answers that have been given.

QUESTION 182.—*Is the inspiration of the poet the same as the inspiration of the Saint? If not, how do they differ?*

ANSWER.—A difference would seem to be, that the inspiration of the poet works chiefly through imagination and expresses itself in images and the music of words, in harmonies for the eye and ear of the mind. The inspiration of the saint works chiefly through the ethical nature, and expresses itself in harmonies of act. But the source of both inspirations is the same, since the spiritual world is one.

C. J.

ANSWER.—As a power inspiration is the same whether used by a poet or a Saint. The difference lies in the man that is using it. Both the poet and the Saint have the power of drawing from the eternal Source of Wisdom; but their wants are widely different, and the power of inspiration brings them only what they want, and according to their skill.

T. H. K.

ANSWER.—Presumably all inspiration is drawn from the same source. Call it Over-Soul, Higher Self or the Master, as seems best to you. The poet expresses it in feeling and word. The Saint lives it. The Poet gives rein to his emotion and, with lay poets, too often thinks he has done enough, and so does not try to live out what he perceives and is driven to express. The Saint puts into action his or her perception and sacrifices himself or herself—that is what makes a Saint. A Saint suffers. A Poet enjoys. A Poet-Saint is the most fortunate of poets—What it means to the Saint side only a Saint can tell!

G. V. S. M.

ANSWER.—The inspiration coming from the same source is the same. But the inspiration coming down to the Poet is colored by self. The Saint reaches up through selfless aspiration to the plane from which the inspiration comes. The Poets, though their vision soar to great heights, are by their own accounts not happy—the Saints, living their vision, are by their own accounts marvellously happy.

T. J.

ANSWER.—It depends on the poet: they may be the same. But to be so, the poet must be a Saint. The Saint has attained to a state of consciousness akin to the divine and his inspiration comes from the contemplation of the divine. The poet, on the other hand, touches on the higher, intellectual consciousness. The poet translates his inspiration into words: the Saint cannot so translate his inspiration, but he translates it into deeds and lives the life from the inspiration which he perceives.

A. K.

ANSWER.—In one sense, speaking broadly, the inspiration is the same. It seems to be a question of degree, however, and the inspiration of the saint, if he be really a saint, infinitely transcends the inspiration of the poet. The Master, working as much for the Beautiful and True as for Good, is the source of all inspiration. The poets, consciously or unconsciously, draw from him;—more often unconsciously, as their own statements demonstrate. The saints, on the contrary, one and all of them, assert again and again that they know the Master, derive light, life, and love from him direct; and in their efforts to describe these ineffable experiences, have risen to unsurpassed heights of poetry or have written the finest prose.

We perforce judge these things from the outside; though potentially, it has been said, we are all poets and saints. Can we get some hint as to the relative values of the inspirations in question by considering two things:—first, that the poets are more popularly understood and admired than the mystical writings of the saints; and second, that the poet interprets to us our own highest and best moods and thoughts, while the saint leads us beyond these to planes of spiritual activity that leave us utterly behind? In some measure we have lived what the poet has written, and we can understand him and follow his lead. But few of us have lived at all what the saint has written about, and we are unable to rise with him as we could with the poet. Some have used this to repudiate the inspiration of the saints, or to brand it as hallucination and senseless dreaming. But we feel that a study, at first hand, of the lives of the saints will show that their inspiration had an effectiveness and dynamic power on their own and contemporary lives that no poets can claim ever to have accomplished as a result of their inspiration. Blessed Jeanne d'Arc's Voices won, for her, battles, confounded lawyers and theologians, and triumphed over torture and death. Has a single poet such a record,—and Jeanne is not even an official saint as yet? Nor, in all probability, could she read or write. But the record of her life is a poem, and, indeed, has been the inspiration of many a poem. A life carries a power of inspiration that no words can approach. Is not the supreme proof of this to be found in the life of the Master in Galilee? We are not only taught by books, by recorded visions of prophets and seers, but we are given an example of how the Good, the Beautiful, and the True may be combined and *lived* here on earth. The poet, it seems, *has* a vision; the saint *is* a seer, and in a sense *is* a vision of the life of the Kingdom of Heaven. A. G.

QUESTION 183.—*If the articles in the QUARTERLY carry only the authority of the particular author where can one find something definite and authoritative about Theosophy?*

ANSWER.—Theosophy has really definite assertions resting, not on authority, but on reasons given, partly confirmed through our own experience. Every student has to judge for himself whether for him the reason is convincing or not. However definitely anything is expressed, it can be differently interpreted. No one has authority to interpret for all or to form dogmas common to all. Can we not think or hope that our understanding will grow higher and higher in future times? Is it wise to hamper such growth with fixed dogmas? HJ. J.

ANSWER.—I believe the word Theosophy is made up of two Greek words "Divine Wisdom." I understand the meaning of the words "Divine Wisdom" to be "the Wisdom of God." Is it likely that any individual or editor would be presumptuous enough to write as for God? I should think that one way to find out something about Theosophy would be to get it from God in prayer. One who received such information might perhaps feel very diffident about proclaiming it as authoritative for others. For even God's answers to prayer

are colored and distorted by our mental prejudices. When we start to make authoritative proclamations we are in great danger of asserting merely our own prejudices.

A. W.

ANSWER.—The very fluidity of Theosophy and the free exchange of all opinions prevents the discovery of “something definite and authoritative about Theosophy.” Anything else would inevitably tend to dogmatic assertion and we should have the spectacle of the birth of all creeds. “I am of Paul: I am of Apollos” began early in the Christian effort; and in my thirty years of the T. S. I have seen the same attempts frequently, attempts to dogmatize against which H. P. B. and W. Q. J. fought with all their strength. Suggestive expositions of Theosophy can be found in the *Key to Theosophy* and the *Ocean of Theosophy*, the truth and the truth about Theosophy can only be found within oneself. A. K.

ANSWER.—This question might be taken to imply that, under the circumstances, there must be something wrong with Theosophy; that the student of it is in a puzzling position. At least he is in good company. And it is not the habit of his companions to give up the search because something “definite and authoritative” is not to be come at in their particular line of work. He has with him the student of biology who was warned before he opened the best books on his subject that the most recent are admittedly inaccurate or incomplete, because authors and printing presses cannot keep abreast of the discoveries of eager investigators. He is accompanied by the student of the practice of medicine, whose textbook itself contains an appalling list of the “subjects” that have been entirely rewritten since the previous edition of three years before, because so much new light and new practice had come in that time. All three, the student of biology, the student of medicine, the student of “divine wisdom,” must search for the “definite and authoritative”; but in this search the student of Theosophy has one immense advantage, if he chooses to take it. There is “authority” to be found in his subject, but it is not the authority of the lecture room or the library shelf; it is the authority of the battlefield; obedience must follow quick on recognition. And since men do not go into battle without training, he might count himself fortunate that “authority” does not at first claim him; that he is given a chance to learn something about real authority by being allowed to search for it, and something about obedience by the necessity of following the voice within his own heart, all others being silent; testing by that the validity, for him, of what he reads about Theosophy, and, when his truth is presented, *following it*, with eager heart.

P.

ANSWER.—Theosophy means “Divine Wisdom.” He only who has acquired such Wisdom can say anything “definite and authoritative” about it, if he will. But I feel sure that he won’t say more on this head than what has, at any time, already been given out in the teachings at hand, because if he did, we should in our present state of development misunderstand him and be worse off for it.

The power to understand Divine Wisdom can only be gained by further development of the higher powers in our nature, of our intelligence and intuition, using them wisely for the proper cultivation of the theosophical field, which is our daily life. It is only by trying to live a theosophic life that we can hope gradually to come to know something “definite and authoritative” about Theosophy, viz. by ourselves becoming authorities in these matters. T. H. K.

ANSWER.—“Definite” information other than that contained in the *QUARTERLY* may be found by reading the books written by various expounders of Theosophy, such as Madame Blavatsky or Mr. Judge, listed on the cover page. But these will not be “definite” either, because they make no claims to be more than an

effort to interpret the body of Theosophic Truth which exists, not in mental concepts and verbal settings, but in the life of the spirit itself. The querent must learn to seek for authority within himself, where he can most easily contact the spiritual world. He can read all that has been written under the auspices of the present Theosophical Movement, and never believe or accept any of it. If he be already in sympathy with the Theosophic trend of thought, he will discover ample material in the Bible or the Bhagavad Gita. He cannot find authority separate from the Master; when he sees Truth he sees the Master; and if he would know all the Truth he must become one with the Master. Each writer on Theosophic themes expresses, with greater or less clearness and accuracy, his particular facet of Divine Wisdom, of the teaching which the Master, either directly, or indirectly through worldly agencies, has implanted in his heart. In so far as his work is pure, he is authoritative. Do we suppose that our souls are deceived by the untruths which our foolish or wilful minds are constantly entertaining? Let the first effort of the querent be directed towards establishing clearer, purer, and simpler relations with the spiritual world and its inhabitants; he will then find that all cravings after authority will disappear, and that his own certainty of knowledge will depend only on his attainments.

JOHN BLAKE, JR.

QUESTION 184.—*Have we no rights at all? "Light on the Path" seems to say that we have none.*

ANSWER.—This question has been answered before in the QUARTERLY, but it seems to me that we really have some rights. For instance: We have the right to use our free will and judgment to choose one thing or another. We have the right to do as good work as we can (but not to its result); and I have heard that a student, who strives to become a disciple, has the right to be tried.

HJ. J.

ANSWER.—The amount of rights a man claims corresponds exactly to the degree of anarchism in his nature. The more the anarchic tendencies overrule him, the more rights does he claim for himself.

Man is not his own creator. He is part of the universe and partakes in its evolutionary course. He is subject to life, change and death; he doesn't enter life as a right, but according to law. And he has no right to leave this life, if he gets tired of it. He must wait till circumstances take it, or till his time to go comes according to natural law. If he has any rights, someone must have conferred them on him. And, in that case, who else can have done so except his Creator, the Governor of the universe and of man, who is his heavenly Father, his God.

In order to understand the nature of such rights as God might have bestowed on us, we ought to consider well this saying of Christ: "Ye, therefore, shall be perfect as your heavenly Father is perfect." But if we are to be perfect, we must strive for it, must always be intent on doing every thing according to the will of God, be intent on adjusting our lives for this higher purpose. And if so doing, where and when can any personal or private rights differing from the will of God, come in? What room will there be for other rights than the holy right to do what is right in the sight of God, or—following the example of Christ—to do the will of Him that has sent us to this world?

Truly, all claims of man of having his own special rights are but the sad witnesses of his strong self-will, his awful longing for self-assertion and his undisciplined and anarchic mind.

T. H. K.

ANSWER.—Have we no rights at all? It depends on what we want: on what

we desire or aspire to. Most people are bent on asserting their rights. *Light on the Path* says "These Rules are written for all Disciples": not for those who claim rights. The personal man claims rights: man as he rises to the life of the soul and lives it, claims no rights, has no possessions save those which belong to the pure soul only. "As a man thinks, so is he": and the rules of *Light on the Path* do not apply to the man who thinks he has "rights." A. K.

ANSWER.—Who are the "we"? *Light on the Path* is explicitly addressed to disciples; and "the only right of the disciple is to be tried." Rights are expressions, formulations of self-will. I buy property; I want it; it is mine "by right"; the law will protect me and help me to keep it. As a working principle among non-disciples this is necessary because just. But the disciple, who looks to a spiritual law deeper than the surface, artificial, human law, realizes that he has nothing but what the Master gives him. Who gave him the money to buy the property; who created the earth itself, and gold, and even mankind? So Christ in his sermon addressed to disciples only, gave those commands about rendering our cloak also and about turning the other cheek, which have been a stumbling-block to generations of professing Christians. Whether we follow the teachings of the wonderful little book quoted, or of the Master in Palestine, we cannot escape the fact that the ideal set before us is discipleship, the renunciation of *all* rights, the complete destruction of personal, selfish desires. As long as we claim any rights, with the sole exception of the one mentioned above, as long as we *wish* that we had any rights, or could have any rights at all, so long we may be sure that we fall short of the ideal, of the goal we must some day reach, of being truly disciples. JOHN NEWCOME.

ANSWER.—What does "rights" mean? As generally used, it would seem to mean something pleasant or useful, which someone else has, and which we desire for ourselves, power, freedom, definite possession of money, things, or conditions. What we desire, and therefore consider our "right," would depend largely upon the plane upon which we live, that is, the stage of our development. We do not concern ourselves about our "rights," when the thing or condition is something which we do not wish, or have outgrown.

On external or lower planes, our "rights" separate us either individually, or as a class. I am limiting my brothers in so far as I am claiming for myself, so if I believe in brotherhood can I claim special rights?

All planes below the spiritual, including the mental, are planes or worlds of limitation. We cannot define without limiting. We do not seem to comprehend that "rights," while they give something to us, also limit us.

The spiritual world has no limitations, no mine and thine, therefore there can be no "rights" there. There is only the universal right to remain in the spiritual world, by dwelling in the consciousness of the spirit and growing in spiritual grace. Our ability to do that depends upon the strength of our desire to do it, our faith in the power of the spirit and our persistence in the effort to live what we believe. But it must be unselfish effort, for selfish desire drags us instantly from the spiritual plane into the psychic plane where division and lack of unity exist.

A. F.

ANSWER.—Not a single one! That is if we believe in God. G. V. S. M.

ANSWER.—Broadly speaking, we all have one right: "To live and let live." This may be interpreted in a physical sense; and also, according to a spiritual significance.

Does the man who has lost his balance in the mad whirl of material life ask if he has rights? Does the woman who calls herself a suffragist fully appreciate

her rights? Does the child cry out for his rights? The question of rights seems often to be asked by the disgruntled ones or by those who are too busy or too young to have given much thought to the meaning of life.

"The revealment of the infinite in the finite, which is the motive of all creation, is not seen in its perfection in the starry heaven, in the beauty of the flowers. It is in the soul of man. For there will seeks its manifestation in will, and freedom turns to win its final prize in the freedom of surrender.

Therefore, it is the self of man which the great King of the universe has not shadowed with his throne—he has left it free.

For this self of ours has to attain its ultimate meaning, which is the soul, not through the compulsion of God's power but through love, and thus become united with God in freedom."—*Sadhana*, Rabindranath Tagore, p. 41-42.

"A Collect for Peace." O God, who art the author of peace and lover of concord, in knowledge of whom standeth our eternal life, *whose service is perfect freedom*; defend us thy humble servants in all assaults of our enemies; etc."

These things being true; what if we have no rights at all?

L. C.

NOTICE

THE ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

Notice is hereby given that the Executive Committee of The Theosophical Society has called the annual Convention for Saturday, April 24th, 1915. It will be held in New York City, at 21 Macdougall Alley (reached from Macdougall Street, on West Eighth Street, between Fifth and Sixth Avenues). The morning session will begin at ten thirty; the afternoon session at half past two o'clock.

Branches are urged to send personal delegates; those which are unable to do so are requested to forward proxies, for the number of votes to which their membership entitles them under the Constitution, to the Chairman of the Executive Committee, Mr. Charles Johnston, in care of the Secretary T. S. Last year there were a number of Branches which sent neither delegates nor proxies; it is desired that every Branch should be represented this year.

Members expecting to attend the Convention are requested to inform the Secretary T. S., 159 Warren Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

ADA GREGG,
Secretary T. S.

March 15th, 1915.

BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

ABRIDGMENT OF THE SECRET DOCTRINE, (Hilliard).....	\$2.16
A PRIMER OF THEOSOPHY, by Katherine Hilliard.....	.10
BHAGAVAD GITA, translated by Charles Johnston, with Commentary, cloth, \$1.00; limp leather.....	1.15
BHAGAVAD GITA, Edited by W. Q. Judge, leather.....	.75
CABINET SIZE PHOTO, H. P. BLAVATSKY or W. Q. JUDGE.....	.50
CULTURE OF CONCENTRATION, by W. Q. Judge, paper.....	.10
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LETTERS THAT HAVE HELPED ME, by W. Q. Judge	
Vol. I, compiled by Jasper Niemand, cloth.....	.50
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The Theosophical Society

Founded by H. P. Blavatsky at New York in 1875



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The organization is wholly unsectarian, with no creed, dogma, nor personal authority to enforce or impose; neither is it to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who are expected to accord to the beliefs of others that tolerance which they desire for their own.

The following proclamation was adopted at the Convention of the Society, held at Boston, April, 1895:

"The Theosophical Society in America by its delegates and members in Convention assembled, does hereby proclaim fraternal good will and kindly feeling toward all students of Theosophy and members of Theosophical Societies wherever and however situated. It further proclaims and avers its hearty sympathy and association with such persons and organizations in all theosophical matters except those of government and administration, and invites their correspondence and co-operation.

"To all men and women of whatever caste, creed, race, or religious belief, who aim at the fostering of peace, gentleness, and unselfish regard one for another, and the acquisition of such knowledge of men and nature as shall tend to the elevation and advancement of the human race, it sends most friendly greeting and freely proffers its services.

"It joins hands with all religions and religious bodies whose efforts are directed to the purification of men's thoughts and the bettering of their ways, and it avows its harmony therewith. To all scientific societies and individual searchers after wisdom upon whatever plane, and by whatever righteous means pursued, it is and will be grateful for such discovery and unfoldment of Truth as shall serve to announce and confirm a *scientific basis for ethics*.

"And lastly, it invites to its membership those who, seeking a higher life hereafter, would learn to know the *path* to tread in this."

Applications for membership should be addressed to the Secretary T. S., 159 Warren Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.



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THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The principal aim and object of this Society is to form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or color. The subsidiary objects are: The study of ancient and modern religions, philosophies and sciences, and the demonstration of the importance of such study; and the investigation of the unexplained laws of nature and the psychical powers latent in man.

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