

THE THEOSOPHIST.

ON THE WATCH-TOWER.

JULY 2nd saw the opening meeting of the nineteenth Annual Convention of the Theosophical Society in Great Britain and Ireland. As President of the Theosophical Society I delivered a lecture in the large Queen's Hall on "The Place of Theosophy in the Coming Civilisation," and the great audience showed itself to be extraordinarily responsive to the ideas presented to it. It is always a thrilling moment as one stands silently before the crowd in that big hall, and lifts one's eyes from area to balcony, from balcony to gallery, and beholds the sea of expectant faces, alert and eager. And then the faces change like the sea, as wave after wave of thought, of emotion, sweeps over them, and the power of the Holy Ones is made manifest, and the atmosphere changes, and life grows full and strong.

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On the following day the Business Meeting and Conference was held in Essex Hall, and delegates from the Lodges in Great Britain crowded in, in full numbers. Representatives were also there from France, Belgium, Holland, Canada and Russia, and speeches were made on behalf of their countries by Mademoiselle Blech, Mrs. Windust, Professor Lazenby from Toronto and Madame Kamensky. The Annual Report and Balance Sheet were unanimously passed and some formal business done. Then Mr. Dunlop in an excellent speech moved:

'That the British Theosophical Society in Convention assembled hereby expresses its satisfaction with the declaration of principles embodied in the resolutions passed by the General Council of the Theosophical Society in December last, and desires, by fully endorsing them, to annul the resolution moved by Mr. Burrows and irregularly passed at the last Convention of the British Section of the Theosophical Society.

'The Convention takes this opportunity of expressing its fullest confidence in the President of the Theosophical Society, and desires to thank her, and through her the General Council, for the generous provision made for those who desire to be associated with the work of the Theosophical Society while differing in matters of detail and organisation.

'The Convention at the same time desires to express its good-will and fraternal greeting to all members of Theosophical and kindred societies, under whatever name they may be known, in the hope that (to use the words of our President) all "may labor together in the name of Theosophy for the peace of nations and the enlightenment of the world."

A brief and amicable discussion ensued, the delegates of three Lodges being against any revival of the past, but the general view was that it was imperative that the stain on the Section's honor should be wiped away before the past could be buried, and the first paragraph was passed by 43 votes to 2, and the other paragraphs unanimously. Other matters were discussed—the alteration of a rule, the work of the Art Circle, and methods of propaganda. The President proposed from the Chair a vote of sympathy with the widow and daughter of Dr. Pascal, which was passed in silence, the members all rising. The meeting was brought to an end by myself with a short speech.

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A very pleasant gathering took place in the Rooms of the Royal Society of British Artists on the evening of the same day. There was some good music and much pleasant talk in various tongues. On Sunday, July 4th, the usual Convention E. S. meeting was held in the Masonic Temple, Blomfield Road; in the afternoon the pleasant rooms forming the British Headquarters were crowded with a perambulating tea-party, and the Convention closed in S. James's Hall with a lecture from myself on "The Theosophical Student." This, in an excellent summary, and the Queen's Hall lecture *verbatim*, appeared in the *Christian Commonwealth* of July 7th. The Convention was a very happy one, and bright faces were seen in every direction, and many were the joyful remarks on the new life so strongly felt in the Theosophical

Society, now purged from the elements of hatred and persecution which had clogged it for so long.

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Many of the delegates and members went off on Monday to the Theosophical Summer School, meeting this year for the first time. Weybourne, in Norfolk, had been chosen for the gathering, and it appears to have been both pleasant and useful. These Summer Schools have become popular in England, and the New Theology people have been holding them for some years. Two important Co-Masonic meetings were held on July 5th and 6th, at which several brethren from the north and west were present. The Co-Masonic movement is spreading steadily, and some friends who came from South Africa will carry its seeds back with them to sow in the Transvaal.

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A Congress of the Friends of Animals was held in London on July 6th—10th, and has attracted much attention. It opened with a reception at the Westminster Palace Hotel, at which various gentle-hearted ladies, Princesses, Duchesses and other high-born personages acted as hostesses to the guests. Sectional meetings were held during the 7th, 8th, and 9th July, and a Queen's Hall public meeting in the evening of July 8th, presided over by Sir George Kekewich, K. C. B., M. P. A graceful ceremony was the presentation by the Viscountess Churchill of the Congress Colors to the Delegates. The announced speakers were: Mrs. Annie Besant, W. T. Stead Esq., Mrs. Despard, J. G. Swift MacNeill Esq., M. P., T. Davies Esq., M. P. and M. Lucien Millevoys, Député, supported by a large number of Members of Parliament; our Society took a prominent part, as represented by Lady Churchill, Mrs. Despard and myself, and the banner of the Theosophical Society's Order of Service was one of the handsomest displayed in the Hall. Three delegates, from France, Germany and Spain, spoke very ably, and Miss Lind-af-Hageby had a great ovation, due to the uphill work so admirably done still more than to the charm of her presence and her effective speech. On Saturday the Procession took place, and a mile and a half of people, carriages, motor-cars, brakes and banners filed slowly from the Thames embankment to Hyde Park, where speeches were

delivered, and the Congress was closed. Such efforts quicken the dawning of the day when our "little brothers and sisters" shall be redeemed from torture.

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The last of the London series of lectures was delivered on July 11th to a packed audience in S. James's Hall. The whole of these, together with the Queen's Hall lecture, and those under the auspices of the Blavatsky and H. P. B. Lodges, will be issued shortly in a single volume by the T. P. S. On Tuesday several of us started for Bath, where a pleasant Lodge meeting was held in the afternoon, and a lecture to a surprisingly large and appreciative audience in the Guildhall in the evening. On Wednesday some of us went by train, and others, including myself, by motor, to Cheltenham. Mr. and Mrs. Leo were kind enough to take us, and we had a delightful drive of over forty miles through lovely country. Cheltenham during the past year has had a theosophical reading-circle under the guidance of Dr. Wilkins, and we had a gathering of about forty students in his pleasant garden: a Lodge was organised, the eighth of the new series, and promises well. In the evening, there was a crowded meeting in the Town Hall, under the auspices of the Ethical Society, whose President, Dr. Callaway, took the chair. Thursday saw us flying across England to Bradford, and there a packed meeting in the Mechanics' Institute bore witness to the new interest in Theosophy which is everywhere to be seen. I am writing on Friday, the 16th, and we have a Masonic Lodge this afternoon, and then betake ourselves to faithful Harrogate, for a Theosophical Society Lodge Meeting this evening.

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In connexion with a project formed by three students in a French Lycée to commit suicide, and the carrying out of the project by one of them, a boy of fourteen, who blew out his brains in class, comments have been made on the relation between such a determination and the teaching now given in French schools. The anti-clericals have it all their own way in France, and they have "biffé Dieu des programmes scolaires." Does this, it is asked, rob the child of the support in childish troubles which religion gave, leaving him with his extreme sensitiveness and weak will at the mercy of a momentary despair? It is obvious from all that is passing that anti-clericals are as tyrannous as clericals;

will they cause social ruin? There are many signs that France, under her present rulers, is drifting rapidly on to the rocks of national destruction.

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The International Union of Ethical Societies, under the presidency of Dr. Felix Adler of Columbia University, proposes to hold a 'Universal Races Congress' in London, in October, 1910, in order "to discuss the larger racial issues in the light of modern knowledge and the modern conscience, with a view to encouraging a good understanding, friendly feelings and hearty co-operation among races and nations." The object is most praiseworthy, and the tendency among the best people of all nations is towards better understanding. All such efforts help in preparing the way for the coming of the great Teacher.

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It is interesting to note the number of exceptional children that are coming into the world. The latest is Irene Enere Gorainoff, a Russian composer and pianist of eleven years of age; she began to compose before she had received any instruction, and the musicians who have examined her work find no 'grammatical mistakes' in it, and state that it shows remarkable intellectual maturity, a maturity equally noticeable in her playing. She is said to write "like a grown-up person of keen sensibility, who has suffered and thought much." A grown up Ego may be in a child's body, or a child Ego in that of a grown-up person, and according to the Ego is the work.

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Lord Cromer, after such magnificent public service as he has done, is now unhappily staining his great career by presiding over the Research Defence Society—in plain English the Society for the Promotion of Cruelty to Animals. At a meeting over which he presided he said that he and his followers would not exaggerate, and Sir Conan Doyle said:

Which is better, that one should die, or that tens of thousands should find the means of life; that the one should perish painlessly under chloroform, or that the others should die in the agonies of a long-drawn-out disease?

Sir Lauder Brunton, who knows a good deal more about vivisection than does Sir Conan Doyle, in an account of his experiments relates the following:

Experiment V., 20th Dec.—A large dog—a kind of bloodhound, or a cross between that and a mastiff—was experimented on. It took about two ounces of chloroform, which was applied on a thick towel, before it was anæsthetised, though no doubt the greater part of this was lost in the application. . . . I cut down and cleaned about $1\frac{1}{4}$ or 2 inches of the jugular vein and tied it. . . . 2h. 59 min. 20sec. Dog quiet. . . . 3.3. Dog whines loudly. . . . 3.16. The dog struggling and crying. . . . 3h. 18min. 30sec. Still crying louder than ever. 3.20. Continuous crying. . . . 3.26. Dog crying. Iris is sensitive, slightly contracted. 3.29. Howling loudly as if suffering much. . . . 3h. 32min. 40sec. Dog struggles, howls loudly, shakes his tail. . . . 3.43. Deep groans. 3h. 48min. 20sec. Loud moans. . . . 3h. 52min. 55sec. Pupil less contracted. Seems normal, sensitive. 3h. 54min. 10sec. Dog groans. Long, deep howls. . . . 4. 15. Dog whines. 4h. 53min. 20sec. Dog dead.

Experiment VIII., 9th March.—A middle-sized dog was put under chloroform, and the hæmodynamometer applied to the carotid. . . 3.26. Dog appears to be free from chloroform, and seems to feel pain, as he groans. . . . 4.16. Animal shivers every minute, or even more frequently. . . . At 4.40 the dog was released from the table. It lay for a few minutes, and then began to try to get off the muzzle. When this was removed the dog rose and walked about. It seemed rather stiff at first.

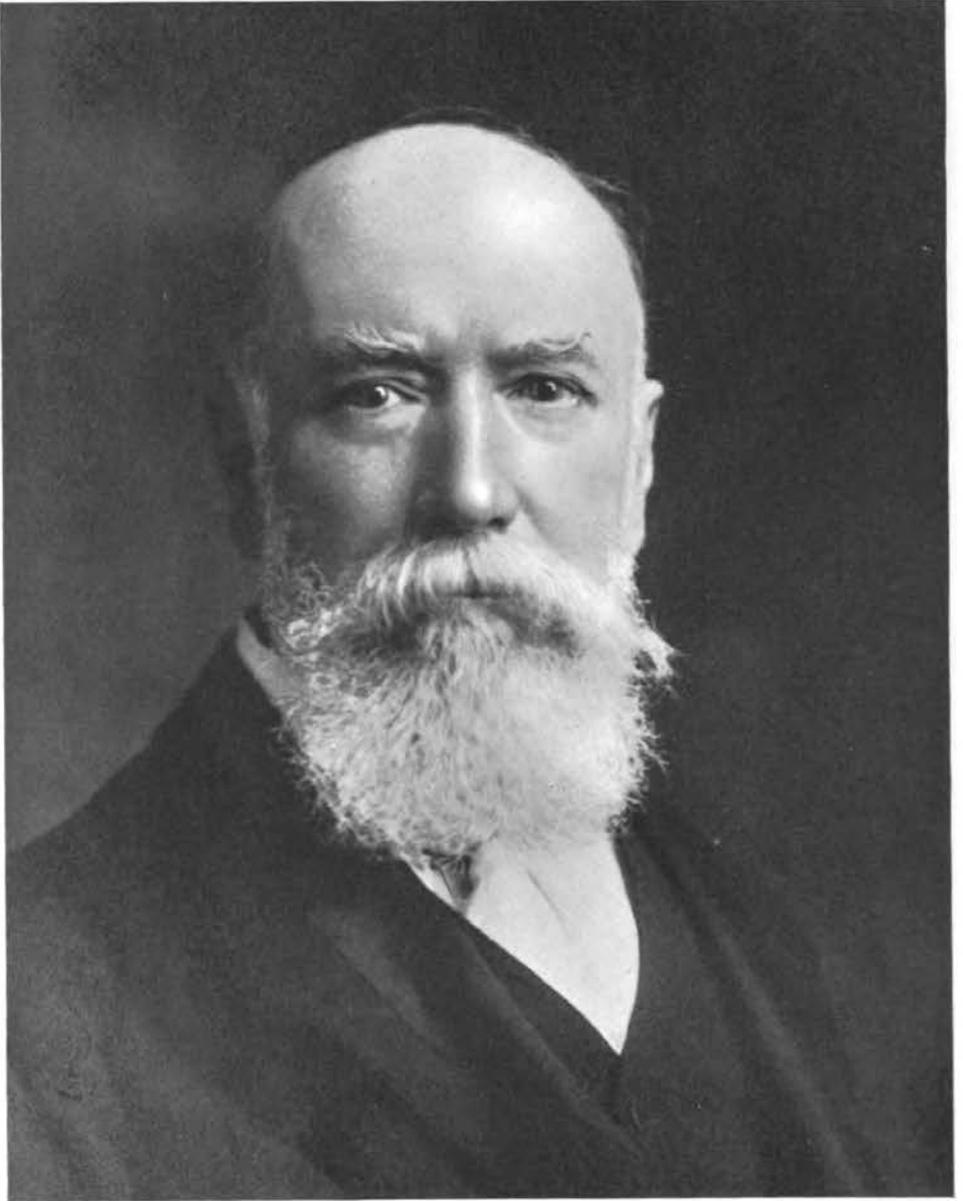
Experiment IX., 20th March.—The dog operated on on the 9th having recovered was put under chloroform and the carotid exposed. The dog was then allowed to come out from the chloroform, which it did at 2.15. . . . 3.2. Dog howling. . . . 3h. 27min. 5sec. A great struggle. 4h. 33min. 40sec. Dog struggling. . . . At 4.50 the experiment stopped, and the dog released from the table at five o'clock, the wound having been sewed up. It walked about, but was weak, stiff, and staggering, and almost immediately began to vomit, and did so several times. It died several days afterwards.

Comment is needless, when we put side by side Sir Conan Doyle's fiction, and Sir Lauder Brunton's facts. And what of the suffering between March 9th and 20th, and during the "several days afterwards"?

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Mr. G. S. Arundale's unflagging enthusiasm has brought about a promising piece of work at Almora, in the Himālayas, where he and a group of Theosophists were staying for the summer holidays. The whole control of education there was in the hands of the missionaries, and Christianity was forced on the people. Thanks to Mr. Arundale's exertions, aided by those of Rai Iqbāl Narain Gurtu, a school has been opened under Hindū control, and four gentlemen—one of them a medallist of Allahabad University—have volunteered their services as honorary teachers for a year; a

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notice has been given to the subject in the *Journal of the Asiatic Society of India* and in the *Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal*. The *Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal* would welcome any information from the School of Oriental Studies, Cambridge, for the purpose of furthering the study of the subject. The time of the year is now and India is in a state of great excitement for the coming of the new year. It is a time of great activity and a better knowledge of the spreading of the subject of the



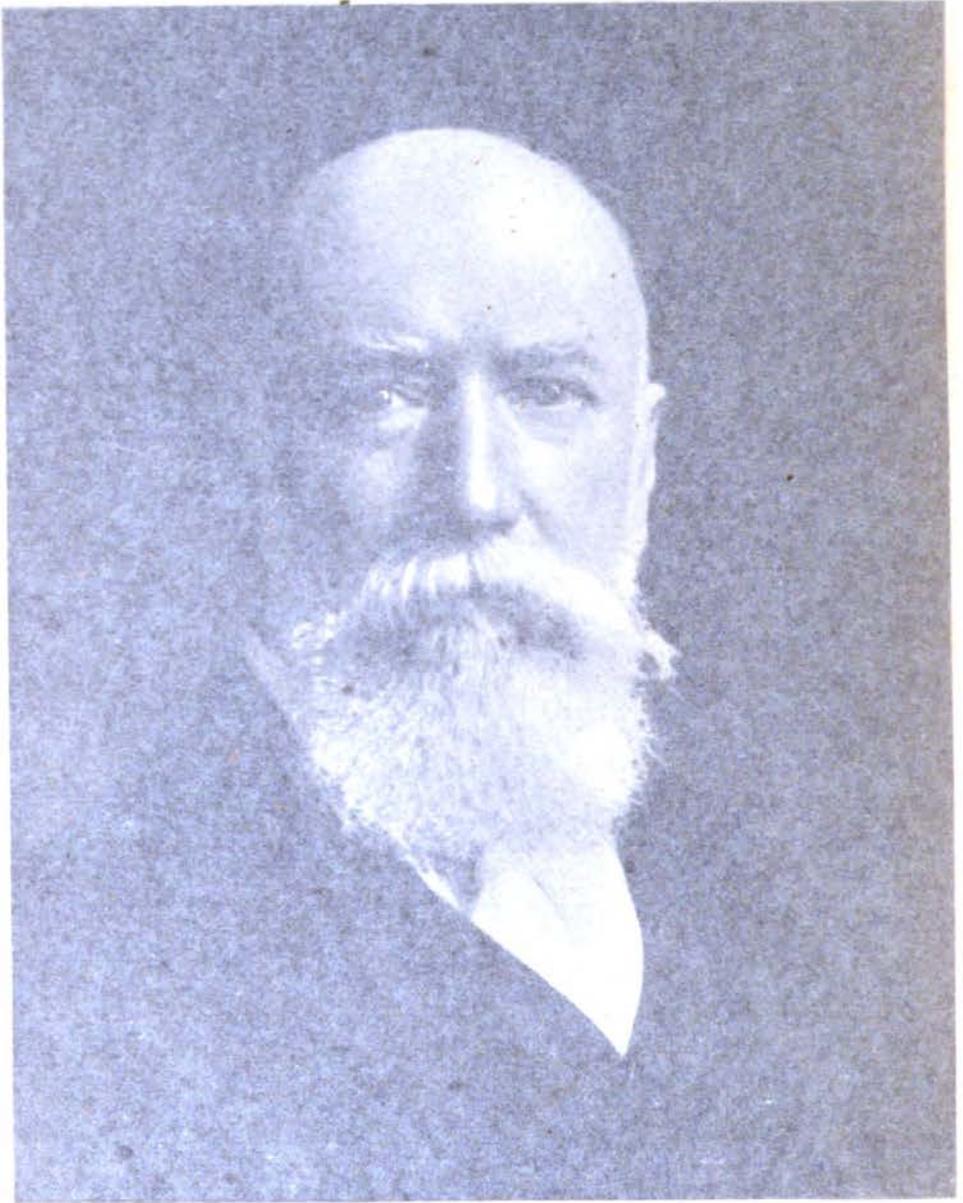
Mr. K. A. ... of Lahore sends the following note on *Bhagavad Gītā*, xviii. 61

यंत्र (yantra) commonly means a "machine" or a "contrivance" like a potter's wheel. Śrī Kṛṣṇa here speaks of a contrivance generally exhibited on the streets of the places of pilgrimage and especially at the fair of the class of devotees. The platform consists of a large wheel upon which small wooden figures of the female, begin to follow their dance. As the main turns the handle. Some of these figures are mounted on wheels or axles, or have a box or a drum mounted on wheels or axles, or have a box and all connected with the main wheel. The showman imparts their respective movement to the figures.

I remember to have seen in Vrīṇḍāvana a very similar contrivance of this kind on which the Kṛṣṇalīla was performed. It was pressed as many Kṛṣṇas and Gopas. The contrivance is thoroughly indigenous to India that there is no doubt that it existed in the days of Śrī Kṛṣṇa and was used by the young and the old alike.



As the Indian Art illustration from Dr. Coomaraswamy has not arrived this month up to the time of our issue we will publish instead of it a very fine portrait of our correspondent, Mr. A. P. Sinnett. This was to have appeared in our July number, but as it was delayed we had to use an earlier and less fine illustration. Our readers will be glad to possess a portrait of our great Theosophist as he appears at the time of his



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house has been rented and a small monthly income guaranteed. A Local Branch of the Sons of India has also been started, and that should work in with the School. Mr. Arundale is also trying to arrange for a Theosophical Educational Conference at Benares at the time of the Anniversary and Indian Convention. It is a great thing for the Central Hindū College to have a Principal who finds no better holiday than the spreading of its ideals.

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Mr. Kanhanyalal of Lahore sends the following very interesting note on *Bhagavad Gītā*, xviii. 61.

चक्र commonly means a "machine" and not a wheel, much less a potter's wheel." Shri Kṛṣṇa here seems to allude to a puppet-show contrivance generally exhibited on the occasion of fairs at the Hindū places of pilgrimage, and occasionally at other places also, by a certain class of devotees. The platform consists of a square flat hollow box of wood upon which small wooden painted and clothed figures, male and female, begin to follow their different avocations as soon as the showman turns the handle. Some of those figures comb the hair, some rinse the mouth, some draw water from a well, some weave, some cook, some pound, while others dance, jump and frolic. They are mounted on wheels or axles, or levers or pulleys fixed in the body of the box and all connected with the main wheel, by turning which the showman imparts their respective movements to the figures.

I remember to have seen in Vrindāvana a very beautiful machine of this kind on which the Kṛṣṇalīla was performed by the puppets dressed as many Kṛṣṇas and Gopis, etc. The machine seems to be so thoroughly indigenous to India that there is no difficulty in believing that it existed in the days of Shri Kṛṣṇa and was well-known to the young and the old alike.

A. B.

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As the Indian Art illustration from Dr. Coomaraswamy has not arrived this month up to the time of our going to press, we publish instead of it a very fine portrait of our late Vice-President, Mr. A. P. Sinnett. This was to have accompanied the notice of him in our July number, but as its arrival was unfortunately delayed we had to use an earlier and less satisfactory portrait. Our readers will be glad to possess this excellent likeness of the great Theosophist as he appears at the present day.

MYSTERIOUS TRIBES.¹

THREE MONTHS IN THE BLUE MOUNTAINS NEAR MADRAS

BY

RĀPHĀ BĀI. (H. P. B.)

(Continued from p. 544.)

IN order to show that this subject is worth the most careful investigation we will now add to Mr. Sullivan's report a passage taken from a book which was published in 1853 by order of the East India Company. It bears the title of *The States in India*, and it says about the Ṭoḍas :

This small tribe has aroused of late years the most vivid interest, not only of those who visited the Nilgiri, but even of London ethnologists. This interest is very noticeable. The Ṭoḍas have gained in no ordinary degree the sympathy of the Madras authorities. They are described as a handsomely built, athletic race of giants, who were found quite unexpectedly in the Ghats. All their movements are full of grace and dignity ; their features

Here follows the description given before. The chapter closes by stating a fact which is so important and helps so much in explaining occurrences I myself have witnessed, that I feel bound to emphasise it. At the same time I repeat once more that I know nothing of the history and origin of this curious tribe.

"The Ṭoḍas use no arms, *except a small bamboo wand which they always carry in their right hand.* Although scholars have for many years endeavored to learn something about their past, their language and their religion, they have hitherto utterly failed in doing so. The Ṭoḍas are the most mysterious of all the Indian tribes." (p. 692).

It soon became evident that Mr. Sullivan was quite captivated by these "Adonises of the Nilgiri"—this was the name given to the Ṭoḍas by the first settlers and planters in the Blue Mountains. The case of Mr. Sullivan is the first and perhaps the only instance of an English official, a Bara-Sāhab, openly fraternising with his Indian subordinates, and entering into the most intimate and friendly relations with them. As a reward for the extension of their Territory, the East India Company conferred upon Mr. Sullivan the title of Chief Administrator of the Blue Mountains. There he lived for thirty years and there he died.

¹ Translated from the German version published by Arthur Weber. Our German readers may obtain this book from the Jaeger'sche Verlagsbuchhandlung, Leipzig. *Ed.*

What had attracted Mr. Sullivan towards these people? What was there in common between a civilised European and these primal natural men? Alas, this question, like many others, has never yet been answered satisfactorily by any. May not the reason for this be that the unknown and mysterious attracts us as the whirlwind attracts bodies and sweeps them round and carries them away? For the ordinary eye the Toḍas are nothing but savages, unacquainted with the rudiments of civilisation; and, as far as appearance goes, they are, despite their beauty, rather dirty. But we are not concerned here with the physique of this tribe, but with its inner and spiritual world. *Anything of the nature of a lie is absolutely unknown to the Toḍas.* Words like 'untruth' or 'falsehood' do not exist in their language. Theft or appropriation of foreign property is equally unheard of. Those interested in the subject are advised to read what Captain Harkness says about the Toḍas in his book. *A Singular Aboriginal Race* in order to convince themselves that such rare qualities are not exclusively a product of our civilisation. This well-known traveller says on page 37 of the above-mentioned book:

"After having spent twelve years in Ootacamund, I am in a position to assert that I never met amongst either civilised or savage people a more religious awe for 'mine' and 'thine' than amongst the Toḍas. From the tenderest age they inspire this feeling in their children. We English have never as yet come across a single thief amongst them! . . . Deceit and falsehood are unknown to them and deemed impossible (pp. 18-36). . . . A lie is considered the most vulgar and unpardonable of sins by the Toḍas. As a proof of this inherent feeling in them stands their only temple on the summit of Mount Toḍḍabeta, which is consecrated to the abstract deity of truth (The Temple of Truth). . . . Often is the symbol and even the deity itself forgotten down in the plains, but the Toḍas, on their hills, worship both, and show the reverence they feel alike in theory and practice," (p. 31).

Mr. Sullivan was not alone in his love for the Toḍas. Many missionaries were attracted like him by their purity and rare moral qualities. Such praise gains in value in the mouth of people who are not wont to say much in favor of those on whom they themselves make no impression.¹ It is a fact, that the advent of the English and of the missionaries has impressed the Toḍas as little as if these savages were not human beings but

¹ Until now, i.e., until the year 1883, the missionaries had not succeeded, despite all their efforts, in converting a single Toda to Christianity.

statues of stone. We have known of missionaries, and even of a bishop, who did not hesitate to put the moral perfection of the Țođas as an example before his 'right honorable' flock, when preaching on Sundays in Church.

But the Țođas possess still another quality which is even more attractive, not perhaps for the general public nor for the statistician, but rather for those who are interested in the study of the more abstract side of human nature: it is that mysterious, intrinsic quality of theirs which everyone feels who comes in contact with them, and that psychical power to which we have already alluded in the first chapter. Of both these manifestations we have still much to say.

After the Collector had spent nearly ten days in the Nilgiri, he returned to Coimbat̃ur, and proceeded from there to Madras, in order to report personally and in detail, to the officials of the chief office, the result of his expedition. This duty fulfilled, Sullivan went back without delay into the mountains, which had bewitched him, and to the Țođas in whom he already felt a deep and vivid interest. He was the first to build himself a house in the Nilgiri, and the Țođas provided him with all the stones he required for it.

"Where they got these big and well-hewn stones from is as yet a riddle," General Morgan used to say.

From the very first day, the Collector became the friend and protector of the Țođas. For thirty years he heroically defended them and their interests against the greed and rapacity of the East India Company. In official documents he always called them "the legal Lords of the soil," and obliged the 'Worthy Fathers' to reckon with them. For many years they were paid rent for the woodlands and the fields they had ceded to the Company. As long as Mr. Sullivan lived no one dared to take liberties with the Țođas, or wrong them or seize the plots of land which from the first they had told the English were their holy grazing-places, and which they had kept for themselves by contract.

The report of Mr. Sullivan created an enormous sensation in Madras. Everyone who had to complain of the climate, who suffered from his liver, from fever or any other ailment (and the name of such amongst the Europeans in the tropics is legion)

everyone, provided he possessed the necessary cash, now made a rush for Coimbatūr. Within a few years this place changed from a poor little hamlet into a country town. Regular communication was set up between Metāpolam at the foot of the Nilgiri and Ootacamund¹, a garden-city founded in 1822, at an altitude of 7,500 feet. Ere long the whole of the official world of Madras moved there from March to November. Cottage after cottage, house after house, sprang up on the sloping hills like mushrooms after an autumnal shower.

After the death of Mr. Sullivan almost the whole land between Koṭchagiri and Ooty was seized by planters. Taking advantage of the circumstance that "the legal Lords of the soil" had reserved for themselves, as grazing-places for their holy buffaloes, only the most elevated meadows of the Nilgiri district, the English appropriated now nine-tenths of it. The missionaries, in their turn, seized the opportunity of ridiculing the people on account of their superstitious belief in Devas and mountain-spirits. But it was all futile. The Baḍagas stuck firmly to their own peculiar ideas about the Toḍas, despite the fact that these latter had presently to content themselves with the barren summits of rocks, which they shared with the monkeys. Although the 'Fathers' of the Company, and later the state officials, continued to call the Toḍas on paper "the legal Lords of the soil" they in fact very soon declared themselves, according to their usual wont, the "Lords and Barons" of it.

No one took any notice of the Kurumbas at that time. It was as if the earth had swallowed them up. During the first years after the discovery of the Nilgiri, one neither saw nor heard of them. Later on they gradually cropped up, and began to settle in marshes and under dank rocky slopes, and commenced to show themselves in their true light. 'How' they did it, will be seen in the further course of our narrative; for the present we will deal with the Toḍas and the Baḍagas.

As the worthy ethnologists began to study the new acquisition, and to collect data for the statistics of the Nilgiri tribes, they met with difficulties they had not anticipated. The question of

¹ Abbreviated into Ooty. We too will call it thus henceforth.

the origin of the Ṭoḍas was wrapped in impenetrable darkness, and after researches extending over twenty years our ethnologists had to confess that they knew nothing certain about them, and were at a loss to which other Indian tribe they were related. The missionary Metz states in this respect: "It is easier to reach the north pole than to penetrate into the soul of a Ṭoḍa." Colonel Hennesey also endeavors to answer the query about the origin of the Ṭoḍas. He says:

"The only information we could get after many years was this: the Ṭoḍas declare that they had lived on these mountains, and had never descended from their summits, ever since the 'King of the East' had made them a present of the Nilgiri. Now the question naturally arises: to what period did this unknown 'King of the East' belong? Again, we are told that the Ṭoḍas had lived for one hundred and ninety-seven generations in the Nilgiri. If we reckon three generations as one century (although the Ṭoḍas are long-living people) this statement would go to prove that they settled about seven thousand years ago in these mountains. They persist in saying that their forefathers came from the East, from the land of the Rising Sun to the isle of Laṅkā and served the ancestors of Rāvāṇa. (These names as well as the following permit no doubt as to the correctness of this information.) King Rāvāṇa was a mythical King and demon who was conquered by Rāma, as mythical as himself, some five and twenty generations before the Ṭoḍas settled in the Nilgiri. This last calculation yields one thousand years, which, if added to the previous seven thousand raises the genealogical table of the Ṭoḍas to eight thousand years. We have either to accept this fable, or else to admit that save these data we possess no other clue to their mysterious past."¹

But what people are they? It is difficult to answer this question if one realises that ever since 1822 no one has been able to solve it. Up to this day the efforts made by philologists, ethnologists, anthropologists and other "ists" who came from time to time from London or Paris, have all been in vain. On the contrary it almost seems as if the more one looked for explanations the less satisfactory was their result. Whatever one heard, the outcome was always the same and amounted to this, that the Ṭoḍas did not belong to the category of ordinary humanity. They apparently mysteriously come into existence and as mysteriously pass away. Their mission on earth is to protect their faithful servants, the Baḍagas, from the machinations of the Māla-Kurumbas.

As a matter of fact such data could not find any place in the *History of the Indian Nations*. In default of more precise informa-

¹ *The Nilgiri Todas.*

tion the scholars consoled themselves with hypotheses of their own making, some of which are given below.

The first theorist who enters the arena is the natural scientist Leshenault de la Tour, Botanist to the King of France. His letters with regard to this problem are very interesting on account of their originality. Owing to some combinations—possible to none but himself—this worthy savant saw in the Toḍas descendants of Crusaders from Brittany, who, once upon a time, had been shipwrecked on the Malabar coast. If one had discovered Crusaders in the Khevzurs and in the Tushins of the Caucasus why should there be none in the Malabar hills? At first this suggestion met with much approval.

Unfortunately a circumstance came presently to light which destroyed this poetical hypothesis. There exist neither in the language nor in the thought of the Toḍas words or ideas like: God, cross, prayer, religion, sin, or other similar expressions which could remind one of Monotheism, Deism or Christianity; they are even ignorant of the conceptions connected with these words. In fact, one cannot even call the Toḍas 'heathen,' as they worship nothing and no one but their buffaloes. They live only on milk and on berries and fruits from their own woods. They would rather die of hunger than touch any milk, cheese or butter from other buffalo-cows than their own holy food-givers. They never take meat. Neither do they sow or reap, as they consider any labor as dishonoring save the milking of their buffalo-cows and the looking after their herds.

Such a mode of life sufficiently proves that the Toḍas have very little in common with the mediæval Crusaders. Again, as has already been mentioned, they carry no arms and have a wholesome dread of all shedding of blood. The Caucasian mountain tribes to the north-east of Tiflis—the Pshaves, Khevzurs and Tushins, have retained many mediæval arms and implements; we also meet various Christian customs amongst them.¹ But amongst the Toḍas one finds no knives, either in the middle ages or in the present times. These circumstances, together with the above-

¹ These tribes further prove their German ancestry by brewing beer and making sausages. The militia, which they provide in case of war, was mail-clad and wore helmets; they even carried a sign of the cross on their right shoulder.

mentioned fact that the Todas have no conception of a deity, render untenable the hypothesis of Leshenault de la Tour.

Then the scholars flogged a dead horse by bringing forward the common-place but convenient Keltic-Scythian theory. It sometimes rescues them in difficult cases, but in this instance—as in many others—it failed utterly. *When a Toda dies, his body is cremated together with that of his favorite buffalo*, with various interesting ceremonies. In case the dead man was a priest, seven to seventeen buffaloes are sacrificed. Yet buffaloes are not horses; again, the features of the Todas are quite European and resemble those of the natives of South Italy and of Southern France. It would be difficult to trace a likeness between them and the Scythians, as far as we know this latter type. Leshenault de la Tour energetically defended his opinion against all opposition; he only gave it up when it met with ridicule. But the Scythian hypothesis lives unto this very day, despite its obvious absurdity.

Later still the theory of the ten “lost tribes of Israel” arose. Though refuted countless times, this theory ever reappears anew. The German missionary Metz, aided by some of his English colleagues, revelled in elaborating it and gave proof of a no less vivid imagination than his brethren of the Anglican Church. In order to refute this chimera, it suffices to repeat the above-mentioned fact that the Todas never possessed a God and possess none unto the present day; least of all the God of Israel.

For thirty weary years this good and God-fearing German missionary worked hard at the Todas. He shared their daily life, and wandered with them from place to place.¹ He washed himself only once a year, and took nothing but milk. Finally he became corpulent and fell ill with dropsy. He clung to them with every fibre of his loving nature and although he never baptised a Toda, he boasted of having apprised three generations of them of the religion of the Christ, and of having thoroughly learned their language. But alas! fresh information revealed different facts.

First of all it came to be known that, in reality, Metz had not been able to pick up a single word of their tongue, as the

¹ The Todas live in houses and are not nomads, but they have often to change their residence in order to find the best grazing-places for their buffaloes.

Ṭoḍas had merely acquainted him with the Canarese dialect which they use in intercourse with the Baḍagas, and with the women of their own tribe. He knew nothing of that mysterious language which the Elders speak when gathered together in Council or when performing those unknown rites inside the Tirjeri,¹ which no outsider has ever yet witnessed. Even the Ṭoḍa women are ignorant of this language, or maybe they are not allowed to use it. As to the dissemination of Christianity amongst the Ṭoḍas, poor old Metz confessed candidly, when brought to Ooty in a dying condition, that during the thirty years he had stayed in their midst, he had not succeeded in baptising a single one of them. All the same he "hoped to have spread the seed of a future civilisation".

But this also proved a disillusion. Some Jesuit Fathers who cherished the hope of finding in the Ṭoḍas a colony of old Assyrian Christians, or at least of Manicheans,² came from the Malabar coast and settled amongst them. With their usual skill and cunning they put themselves into touch with these quiet and serious people and, though unable to gain their confidence, they succeeded in establishing friendly relations. When they inquired about the result of poor Metz's missionary work they heard to their malicious joy—for they hate Protestants still more than Pagans—that he might have lived for centuries amongst the Ṭoḍas without making the slightest impression on them.

"The words of a white man are like the prattle of a Myna³ or the chatter of a monkey; we listen and smile," the old Ṭoḍas said to the Jesuit Fathers who, full of malign delight, did not notice the ambiguity of the compliment. "Why should we want your Devas, when we have our revered buffaloes?" they concluded, after having narrated how Metz had asked them to exchange their belief in the buffaloes for the belief of those who had taken away

¹ A Tirjeri is a Temple consecrated to a cult unknown to any but the Todas. It is a very sacred and secluded, sometimes a subterranean locality behind the buffalo-shed.

² For some time the Jesuits endeavored to prove that, like the Manicheans, the Todas worship the light of the sun and of the moon and even the light of a lantern. But even this would not make them Manicheans; besides, the assumption is incorrect. When speaking to Mrs. Morgan about this suggestion the Todas laughed; they dislike the moonlight.

³ Myna is the name of a speaking bird.

their grazing-places and who daily humiliated them.¹ Although the disciples of Loyala had no more success than Metz, they tried to turn the good-hearted German into ridicule, by spreading funny stories about him all over the South of India. We know of such Jesuits and could name them, who rather encourage a man to remain in his idolatry than consent to his becoming a Protestant.

This happened about ten years ago. Since then the missionaries of both religions have learnt to leave the Toḍas alone. They have realised that the endeavor to convert them is mere waste of time. Although it is impossible to detect any trace of religious feeling in this tribe, all authors who have written on the subject, as well as all residents of Ooty, bear witness to the fact that there is in the whole of India no tribe more moral, kind and honest than the Toḍas. This little group of patriarchal savages, without kinship, history or any trace of belief in anything holy save in their dirty buffaloes, bewitches everyone by their childlike simplicity. Again, the Toḍas are not dull; witness their marvellous capacity for mastering many languages while concealing their own. On the contrary, they are highly intelligent. Mr. Sullivan mentions in his memoirs that he often conversed with them for hours and hours, and that he was greatly astonished to hear how correctly they judged the English: "How quickly they had grasped our national characteristics and recognised our faults."

Having acquainted the reader with the Toḍas in general and with all, or nearly all, that is told about them in India, I shall now proceed to narrate my own adventures, and the observations I made on this tribe, as yet so little known and so mysterious.

(To be continued.)

We regret last month we omitted to make mention of Messrs. Higginbotham & Co., Madras, from whose picture post cards our illustrations of Toḍa men and women were reproduced.

¹ *(Œuvres et Travaux des missionnaires Pères Jésuites sur les côtes du Malabar. (p. 233.)*



A SCHOOL OF MUSIC IN MODERN RUSSIA.

We have made music and song into steps on which Souls may rise to the highest horizons.—*Baha-Ullah*.

IN 1879 a young girl, Alexandra Zaharyne, left the Conservatoire de Musique in S. Petersburg, with the gold medal for the violin (the class of the famous Professor Aver) and with the diploma of a B. A. She was a *fiancée* at that moment, and musical critics spoke frankly of their fears that so promising an artist would be lost to art in the shadow of home duties. But the young naval officer, her future husband, was himself a singer of no mean merit and, once married, the young couple of a sudden left their new home, the service, the capital, to disappear into the darkest corners of a province. They had felt that to them music was a sacred mission, a treasure to be brought to those who never had a chance of even sensing true art.

Monsieur and Madame Unkowsky gave concerts at first and attracted such flattering attention that they were asked to go abroad for a concert tour. But this also seemed too narrow an outlook for their minds ; they were seeking a Path of Service, not yet clear to themselves. They tried opera in Kazan, a large town, in 1885, the husband as baritone, the wife as teacher of anything that was needed—choir, stage management, even as orchestral chief. But still that was only good musical work, not the 'sacred mission' of which they dreamed.

They left the opera-house, and bought a small steamer. On its deck they assembled a full opera-company with all the necessary implements for a 'travelling mission of music,' and forth they set—Madame Unkowsky-Zaharyne, this time, acting as captain to the crew! Long, difficult, but nevertheless poetical was the slow voyage down the dreamy Oka, the mighty Volga, the Sheksna, the rapid Vologda, then through the Sonhon to the Northern Dvina, to Archangel. Through dark, century-old forests the rivers ran; for days the little steamer saw no human habitation. Then the pale sky of the extreme north shone, the curious ancient churches of old Russia began to gleam, brown with age, through the pines and the large silver waves of the beautiful Dvina. At last, one evening at sundown, in a vastness of pale green and soft violet tints they saw the golden crosses of Archangel.

The young couple felt like Columbus at the cry of 'Land'! Why? It was there that the first ray shone in the soul of the young wife. Amidst heavy work (they gave about forty operas of the great masters Russian, Italian, French, German—and all in 'wild parts'), she found the time to visit the ancient convent of Solooki, out on the isles of the White Sea. And there, near the pole, in a refectory turned into a concert hall for sacred music, she sang to the dark, immobile ranks of the monks. All at once both singer and audience burst into tears. She had found everywhere in Russia a thirst for harmony, but here she realised that indeed Art is for all, like light and air, and that the vibrations of sound and color awaken the Inner Man by the living Force that breathes in all nature, a Force that is an Idea. "It can raise the human thought into the higher Worlds, by teaching man concentration and arousing him from apathy and laziness. It is urgent to create art-teaching free to all. Art is the right of all, and those who are better gifted must help the beginners."

And so the couple Unkowsky went to a quiet town, Kalonga, in the heart of Russia—not far from Moscow—in ancient woods. There they worked as teachers till the death of Monsieur Unkowsky in 1904. Since her loss, the wife works doubly, bravely, to realise their ideal, to force on public notice the necessity for the compulsory teaching of music—free, of course.

But her method is a new one (perhaps it is the old method of Egypt). Quite by herself—she read long afterwards of science

supporting her sense of unity between color and sound—she created a system of ‘colored music’. This was nothing new, as in the eighteenth century a French priest had tried to make a clavecin of a particular system to give the color of each sound. Nor are the quadrangular notes she uses new—France knew them in the time of Charles d’Orleans. But the first result of training the pupils to catch the color of each note, by writing the music in colors and on colored strings, was that the teacher herself began more and more to sense all harmonies at once as sounds and as pictures. All nature became aglow with melodies and radiant vision—she tried to write it down—every warble of a bird, every effect of sunset, every shade of a lovely flower. Thus came charming bits of song, by and by came psychic pictures, glimpses of the astral, and so the beautiful romance ‘Stars,’ in which a visitor from Earth is pictured in his quest among spirits of Nature—gnomes in the caves (violet shades), elves, sylphs; then, through the darkness, man comes out to the free light of a moonlit sky; a wonderful peace comes from the gleaming Host above. This piece is played *à l’unisson* by twenty or thirty violins. It won the suffrage of some celebrated teachers of music, who had at first looked on the whole as futile.

Some musicians who admit the system of colored notes begin to use brown and black, which Madame Unkowsky resists, such colors being absent from the solar spectrum. She is very intent on developing the eye of her pupils at the same time and at the same rate as the ear. It means, she says, developing the inner sight and hearing and the power of abstract thinking. He who knows how to see, knows how to love. Art can preserve children from all evil, carrying their thoughts away from it.

In 1909 Madame Unkowsky ‘met’ Theosophy on her path. “It was a door opening,” she saw, “a thing never seen by her; the recognition of the power of Word and Rhythm, of Sound as Builder.” It gave her new energy, new hope to proclaim that ‘God offends no one,’ that all have talent—more or less—that those high up the Ladder of Harmony must help those below and so all work to receive the right impressions of God, and create, out of them, the Inner Divine Kingdom.

NINA DE GERNET.

THE WRITINGS OF JAMES G. COUSINS.

IT is with much pleasure that I say a few sympathetic and appreciative words on the writings of my friend Mr. James Cousins. I met him and his wife on a recent visit to Sandymount, a quiet little resort adjoining the city of Dublin, and there we exchanged confidences on much that we have in common. There also on some unforgotten evenings I listened to his poems read at my request by himself, for I am of opinion that one can feel the 'atmosphere' of the poem more intimately if the voice of him who conceived it speak its haunting music.

Afterwards it is no less a delight to read and recall the circumstances under which one first heard and admired. His earliest works I do not possess, those being for the present out of print, though I venture to hope they will some day be republished. For the present I quote from the books he has been good enough to send. Hard at work in the educational field during the day, Mr. Cousins yet finds time to sing to us who will listen, and to receive into his poet's heart any impression from the outside world which can be cradled and matured to the beauty the inner sense of such a singer instinctively perceives. Who shall say which is 'the best' as regards literary merit? I do not feel it my task to lay down any law on the point. I speak of what I care for most, and recommend those who are attracted to obtain the books and enjoy for themselves.

The songs (or for the matter of that the prose) of a writer who succeeds in crystalising in language the things he loves and dwells on, are to me bursts of real genius of whatever degree. It is the power of conveying the 'thing in itself' as much as that can ever be done in human language; and how far short of one's vision it falls only those who are visionaries, and at the same time can limit something in words, know. Listen then to his 'Slieve Cullen,' and *hear the mountain in it* :

The dusk fell grey on Cullen
When we climbed, my love and I.
Like a dream the dim world faded,
And the lonely stars drew nigh.

Here the 'motif' as one may call it, of the poem is developed gradually after an exquisite fashion, culminating in the triumph

song of the Irish patriot, who sees the promise for the future, but a future that is even now unfolding.

Oh! we sent three shouts to heaven,
And we snapped the chain of fears,
For the soul of Ireland rises
To possess the coming years,
Rises, triumphs, through the years!

Very fine too is the sonnet to Ireland, *God's Lure*:

God willed of old to lift thine ancient Name
That thou through suffering made most wise, most pure,
Shouldst bear before all men the Soul's white lure,
And lead them to and through the purging flame.

In fact, I think that it is in sonnet-building that Mr. Cousins' chief power lies, although without imparting any sense of constraint he appears able to give us his music in any poem, and to charm equally. *The going forth of Dana*—as we are on things Irish—has some of his most stately word-painting, albeit a longer and more ambitious effort than many. But it holds the spirit of ancient Erin, and one could fancy some long dead bard of these times had suddenly “flung his arm o'er vibrant space,” and in so doing evoked the song that thrills the harp of this modern Cairbre.

My harp is strung with seven strings,
And seven are the songs it sings.
And one, more cunning than the rest,
Tells me what secret things are done
From rising until set of Sun.

A fragment of tender charming music is here enshrined. It lingers at the gateway of the heart, steals in through the cool roselit silences, hushes the fever of living for a moment, not to pass away, but remaining as a welcome guest. *Bard Ænoraun* again has its own subtle elusive message.

The melody of ‘Shoheen Sholo,’ a most perfect cradle-song, rest-compelling, and full of the Divine Motherhood of the worlds. In it one beholds some wondrous-eyed Devi, blue-mantled, that mantle's border sown with stars, the heart a circle of white fire beating, and sending forth its shafts of diamond light.

Not less beautiful is the touch on the Christian chord:

Beyond the bounds of death and birth,
I move unmindful, unafraid!
I am the God and I the Earth,

And life and death myself have made.
 Then seek me not among the clay,
 But on each step from this my prison
 Read there in blood from day to day :
 " He is not here, for He is risen."

To return to the writer. One may say of him that it is not often one finds in the poetic temperament the sense of balance which gives deep insight and at the same time the calm of a dispassionate judgment of events when required. Yet James Cousins possesses this blend. Once at a gathering where the Celtic Strain threatened to be slightly tempestuous, and the old note of enmity to England was sounded, I have known him step in, and throw a very real element of peace into the midst. The discord was harmonised, and the meeting proceeded, realising its original purpose. Surely the mission of the true poet is thus twofold—to stimulate by vivid glowing word-shapes or to soothe with his melody the harsher notes around him.

But it is not only in poetry that his gift of description embodies itself. I have not the articles by me, but I remember seeing some prose from his pen—a series of essays on Irish Lore, which he was good enough to lend me to read. These are the fruits of careful and deep study inspired by the love of the old myths—using the term in the sense of Mrs. Besant. The above appeared, if I mistake not, some time ago in the *Theosophical Review*.

The author perhaps does not realise his own importance, not being of that nature which noisily asserts itself and its force in the crowd, and yet such a gift as his invests him with a definite mission, assigns him a part in the regeneration of the land he loves. Among the writers on Ireland of various types—each with his special post to keep, his individual note to sound forth in the coming age—The Countess of Cromartie, W. B. Yeats, A. E., Ella Young, and others—we unhesitatingly hail such a spontaneous unspoilt master as James Cousins.

EVELINE LAUDER.

THE IMMANENCE OF GOD.

I sat, at the confluence of two rivers, upon a huge slab of basalt, worn smooth by the floods of centuries. A weeping ti-tree, its roots fast anchored in the crevices of the rock, spread its graceful foliage above my head. No human being was within many miles of me; for these rivers, unpolluted by man, drew their waters from vast granite mountains and flowed through a region uninhabited save by a few wandering families of dark-skinned nomadic hunters. Before me rose two tremendous gorges of granite and basalt, their sides clothed with tropical vegetation. Over and among the rocks laughed and danced—leaping, sparkling, foaming, gliding—the pure element of the torrents. The sound of many waters was in my ears, praising God, hurrying ever onward to do His work. And I read, from *The Song Celestial*:

Never the Spirit was born; the Spirit shall cease to be never;
Never was time it was not; End and Beginning are dreams!
Birthless and deathless and changeless remaineth the Spirit for ever;
Death hath not touched it at all, dead though the house of it seems.

Yes! these rocks, these majestic mountains, shall pass away, like the shadow of a dream; but I shall pass onward, ever onward to a fuller, nobler life, fulfilling the purpose of God.

In a sky of spotless blue the great Sun, Creator, Preserver and Destroyer of all forms, radiant manifestation of Him who created all things, poured down His ardent beams, flooding all things with light and heat and life.

Two swallows circled in the clear air, twittering their joy.

Hanging from a bough, the scarlet blossoms of a wind-swung orchid slowly described graceful curves against the azure background. The smoke of the camp-fire, where the elemental spirits gradually changed the dry wood into food for living vegetation, rose in beautiful undulations upward; an ant toiled away to his nest with a crumb of bread; a snake slipped from the grass on the margin, paused at my feet to gaze at me with quiet eyes, and slid noiselessly into the water.

Around me, everywhere, was Life, inconceivable, immeasurable. Every blade of grass, every leaf of tree, every drop of water, every atom of my own body, thrilled with life, each perfect in itself; each upheld, carried onward in its wonderful process by one

tremendous Power—God. In Him each lived and moved and had its being. One moment's inattention on His part, and all would lapse.

And I knew that He was immanent in all. That this world—spiritual, physical, everything—was He Himself. And the thought troubled me. For then all we consider unlovely, mean and vile would be He. Long I pondered how this could be. At length the Voice of the Silence spake:

A man, an architect, conceives the idea of a majestic cathedral. By his instruments, the workmen, he embodies his Thought—which was first created in his mind—in form, by the substance of iron, marble and timber. This Idea, manifested now to the physical sight of men, is himself, the higher man, not the physical. Yet he is not the less by the emanation of his Thought, but the more by the sublime conception. It is possible to destroy the form of the Idea, to pollute it, to deface it. But the Idea, the Mind and the Thinker are unapproachable, unassailable, sitting apart.

So with God and His worlds. From out the Primal Vast He draws the substance and shades it to all we are capable of perceiving. This is His Thought; He Himself

Of forms and modes

Master, yet neither form nor mode hath He;

He is within all beings—and without—

. close

To all, to each; yet measurelessly far!

But He cannot be approached or touched, polluted or defaced. This Universal Life which you perceive around you works, passing onward, ever by change of form. The Life is indestructible. There are no mean or trivial things. God and His religion are woven into every act of every day. The weed rotting in slime, the decaying animal body, are beautiful and useful as the radiant Sun. God works ever by Law, eternal and immutable. That Law is benevolent. Work in accordance with that Law, and happiness to yourself and others is the result. Contravene it, and misery ensues. Avarice, sensualism, hatred, carry ever their own punishment. Love and self-abnegation ensure bliss.

God, by His scheme of Evolution, has so formed this planet that man, if he would, could make it a paradise for himself. There is

ample room on the globe, on the portions that are fertile and congenial to human life in its highest forms, to maintain the whole human race in comfort and happiness. But races of men, in their selfish greed, have appropriated these to the exclusion of others and thrust these into conditions of climate and position inimical to man. Government should not be parochial or provincial or national, but universal. Thus, when, owing to natural causes, scarcity of food obtained in any country, the resources of science should be used, not to raise prices, but to pour abundance into that country from others. Not one human life need ever be lost by famine.

So with the natural effects which man has termed catastrophes. He builds his towns on the slope of a volcano and when overwhelmed by the lava blames Providence, instead of his own stupidity. In a region affected by earth-tremors he piles up unstable buildings and is buried in their ruins. By excess, by greed, by filthy environment, by ignorance of the immutable natural laws—wilful ignorance—he brings on himself and others the inevitable results—disease and pain—and then accuses God and not his own folly.

In this Southern land there are vast areas where heavy rains and protracted periods of drought succeed each other. Nature has placed here a flora and fauna adapted to these conditions. Man, in his insatiable greed ousts the native fauna and replaces it by millions of helpless animals to subserve his purposes. When the inevitable drought comes and these poor creatures perish in myriads, he prays to God for rain and, his petition disregarded, accuses the Deity of cruelty. If his own ultimate purpose were the welfare of these animals there might be awarded to him only the blame due to imbecility. But what is his purpose? To torture and slay these beasts himself, often merely for the value of their hides! In effect he prays; "O God, alter Thy wise and immutable laws that I, in my lust for wealth, may torture myriads of thy helpless creatures!"

Two intellectual errors shut out from man the knowledge of the benevolent immanence of God. Firstly the idea that death is a calamity and not as beneficial a function as birth. Death is transition; the form changes but the Spirit goes onward for evermore and always in an ascending scale. Pain is not an evil but an educative process.

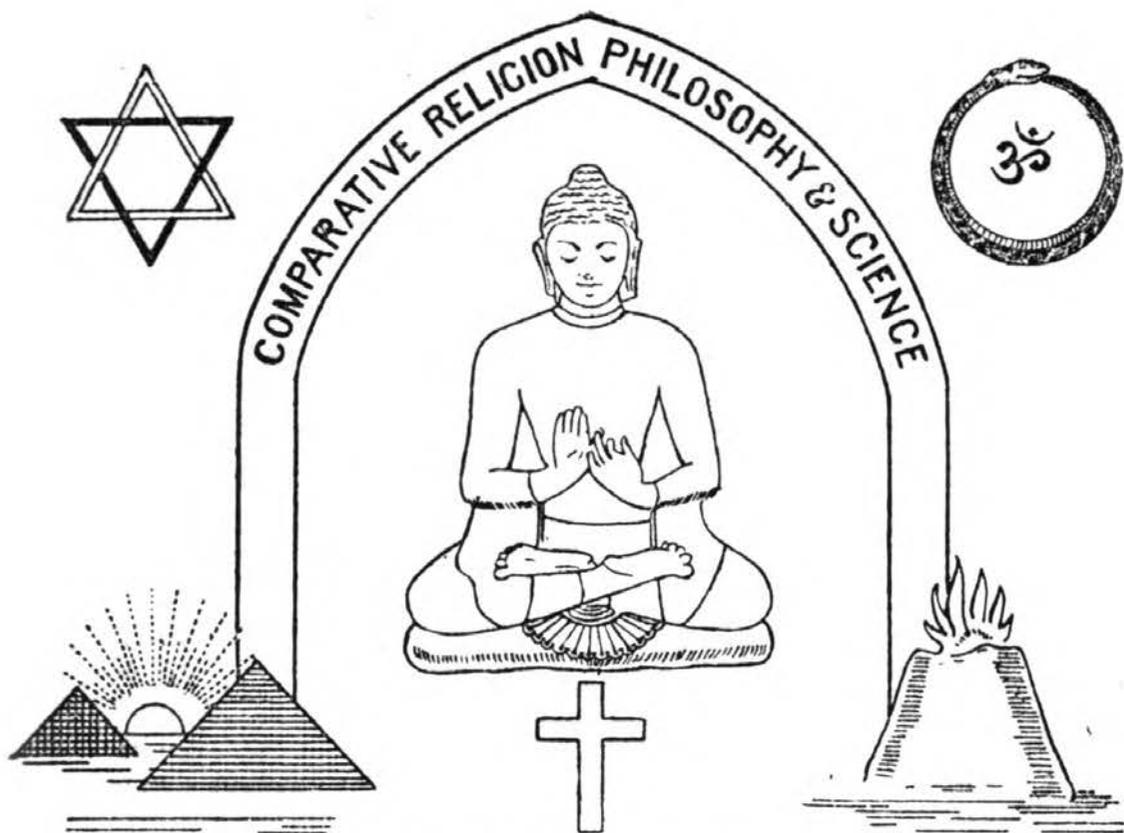
Secondly, the idea that God who has created the Universe is not capable of governing it wisely and well. In an universe of Law chance and accident are impossible. Whatever is, is necessary under existing circumstances for the tuition of humanity.

A man has a well-beloved child who has arrived at an age when obedience and disobedience are thoroughly understood, but who has not attained to the self-control to choose the wiser course. This child has been repeatedly warned not to play with fire, but he persists in disobedience. Now, the father, himself unseen, watches the child approach the fire with the certainty of being burned. There are two ways to avoid this result. The child may be removed from the fire or the fire from the child. But either of these courses is but a temporary expedient. The child and the fire will inevitably come together again. Therefore the father allows the wilful child to be burnt. Now, if the burn, the pain or its physical effect were to be everlasting, this course would be malignant cruelty worthy of a fiend. But the father knows that in a few hours or days at most, the pain will cease, that even the scar will be in course of time obliterated: but the lesson, the perfect knowledge, that fire will burn, that disobedience to wise counsel will result in personal suffering, is branded indelibly into the consciousness of that child, never to be forgotten.

So with crime and sin. Given free-will—and without it what were man?—these lessons *must* be mastered.

The Voice of the Silence ceased. The glorious Sun bathed the sparkling waters in radiance; the swallows twittered joyously; the foliage, rustled by the balmy breeze, danced with glee; the smouldering fire broke into exultant flame. And through Earth and Air, through Fire and Water alike gleamed forth the immanence of the Godhead; in all their voices alike rang out triumphantly the Sacred Word—the OM that lasts for aye.

O.



THE SCIENCE OF PEACE.¹

V. THE BODIES.

WHEN we study the thought of antiquity we are inevitably struck with the difference of the standpoint from which every thing is surveyed. The viewpoint of the ancient thinkers is at the opposite pole from that occupied by the modern. The scientific thinker of to-day examines objects, collects facts, groups them together, frames a hypothesis by careful study of his groupings, seeks new facts for its testing, and thus finally establishes a principle which underlies and synthesises the group. Thus he climbs upwards through biology and physiology to psychology, and studies consciousness as revealed through matter. He reaches unity through the study of diversity, and not unworthily to him may be applied Plato's saying that he who sees the One in the Many is as a God.

¹ These articles are an exposition of one of the most valuable books issued under the inspiration of Theosophy, *The Science of Peace*, by Bhagavan Das. Those who seek a lasting intellectual foundation for their thinking will find much help from this valuable and original book.

In antiquity, the thinker started from the other end, beginning with the One and tracing its multiplication outwards. He worked from generals to particulars, not from particulars to generals. He built his knowledge of nature downwards, from metaphysics to physics, by deduction not induction, and he saw in 'facts' only the manifestations of 'principles.'

We are going now to follow the ancient way.

Every atom is the Self united with the Not-Self, working in the Not-Self. This is true of every universe, and the 'must be' of any particular universe depends on the particular kind of time, space and motion imposed on that universe by its Logos.

What is an atom metaphysically? We have hitherto merely spoken of an appropriation of matter by the Self, of a 'film' of matter, of an 'envelope.' We speak sometimes of a fragment of consciousness enveloped in a film of matter. But consciousness is not a material thing, and how can the immaterial be enveloped in material? We are using a physical phrase in a region of metaphysical concepts, and it is therefore no wonder that our language is inaccurate. We must enquire what matter is from the standpoint of metaphysic.

Thus regarded, matter is extension and limitation, *per se* abstract extension and limitation. These concreted with an addition will appear as atoms. Matter *per se*, the Root of Matter, as it is called in the East, is first nothing more than these. The Universal Self thinks Space and Time as conditions for manifestation, and extension and limitation, the Root of Matter, come into being by that thought. Into that thought He enters, breathes into it is the ancient phrase, and that breath gives it motion. Extension, limitation, motion, these are the Root of Matter, the bases of all universes; when these are concreted, when the Root flowers, we have inertia, rhythm, mobility, the essentials of all concrete matter, the *gunas*, qualities of matter, called by the Hindūs *ṭamas*, *saṭṭva*, *rajas*. This concrete matter with which Solar Logoi work, is the bubbles caused by the breath, the life of the Logos, in the koilon of later theosophical investigation.

As, metaphysically, Root-Matter is extension, limitation and motion, so, when we come into the region of concrete manifestation, and study a solar system, we find a physical reflexion of the

metaphysical truths. Root-Matter is the Self-limitation of the Universal Self. Matter, as we know it, is the Self-limitation of the Oversoul of our system, of our Solar Logos. It has no separate, independent existence; His Self-limitations give it being, as He enters into it; when He withdraws Himself, by ceasing to think limitations, it will vanish; without Him it is naught.

When He begins the building of His system and shapes its higher atoms, we can see nothing of His working, though analogy and calculation suggest that the Āḍi atoms are the bubbles in the space of our universe. Nor may we ken aught of the working on the next plane, the Anupāḍaka—these being, to us as yet, the unmanifested part of our system, the planes of the Logoi. When the building of the third—first manifested—plane begins, the first thing is not a film, an envelope, an atom; it is a ṭanmāṭra, a “measure of That,” a thought-limit set by the Logos. Then His thought lays down the lines along which within this limit His force may play, the ṭaṭṭva; these are the ‘airy nothings’ which form the atom of the Ākāshic or Nirvāṇic world, and of each world downwards. Within this measure, along these lines, play the bubbles of His force—drawn from the Āḍi through the Anupāḍaka worlds—and their ceaseless motion of inconceivable rapidity traces the apparent wall or surface of the Ākāshic and, in turn, of every lower atom—apparent, because it represents only the limits of the expansion as conditioned by the lines of His force. An atom, then, physically, however subtle or however gross—the concrete atoms of a system—is a fragment of the life of the Logos, limited by His thought, shaped by the play of His force along lines thought by Him. Otherwise put, it is a thought-form of the Logos.

How perfectly this idea of an atom—equally true of each of the five fundamental atoms found in our manifested system and of the two above these—fits and grows out of the basic truths already reached! (1) The ṭanmāṭra belongs to extension, it is a measured space, and it gives to the atom a *size*; the thought of the Logos in relation to Space gives size. (2) The thought of the Logos in relation to Time gives to the atom a *duration*, its essence or ‘thatness’ (ṭaṭṭva), the duration throughout the life of the system, during which its essence, or characteristic quality, remains unchanged. (3) The thought of the Logos in relation to motion gives to the

atom its *mobility*. Thus by deduction we find that the atom has the three necessary qualities of Size, Duration and Mobility, reflexions of Space, Time and Motion. We are in more familiar regions of thought when we translate Size into Resistance or Stability, the inertia of matter, the Samskr̥ṭ Ṭamas. Mobility remains Mobility, the tendency to move, the Samskr̥ṭ Rajas. Duration imposed on motion gives vibration, Rhythm, the Samskr̥ṭ Saṭṭva, the essence, as it may well be called, for according to the rhythm of an atom is its nature.

These are the fundamental attributes of the Not-Self, as of each of its atoms, the atoms each reflecting the triple characteristics of the Not-Self, as the Jivāṭmā reflects the triple characteristics of the Self. Nor can it be surprising to find, when we look at a system as a thought of a Logos, and therefore orderly in all its details, that the three qualities in the Jivāṭmā respond perfectly to the three qualities of the atom, each to each, even as the trinity of the Self is reflected in the Not-Self. For the cognition of the Jivāṭmā, the Spirit, finds its answer and instrument in the rhythm which makes the atom cognisable, giving to each its difference from others. The Activity of the Spirit finds its answer and its instrument in the mobility of the atom. The Will of the Spirit finds its answer and instrument in the inertia of the atom. From these correspondences we may deduce the practical lesson that combinations of atoms in which Saṭṭva dominates will best serve Cognition; those in which Rajas dominates will best serve Activity; those in which Ṭamas dominates will best serve Will. We shall return to this in dealing with combinations.

We may find other English words to express these three qualities of matter, and thus approach the facts set forth by western science.

Inertia, related to size and connoting resistance, may be otherwise expressed as Mass. This implies form, limitation, and may serve as a useful equivalent tentatively.

Mobility implies Action, and every movement possible by a mass in space is its karma. Karma is not only the particular result of a particular action, but all actions, or movements, imposed on an atom by its fundamental attribute of mobility. Hence is karma eternal, including all possibilities of action everywhere.

Rhythm is equivalent to vibration, to regularised mobility, and to this is due, as just said, the qualities which distinguish one thing from another. And see, it is said: "All comes from vibration, is built up by vibration, is destroyed by vibration."

Science in investigating sense-organs and sensations finds that all are questions of vibrations. We see by the group of vibrations we call light, from red to violet, the vibrations below the red and above the violet leaving us in darkness. We hear by another group, and vibrations which are longer or shorter than those which form this group do not appear in consciousness as sound. Truly did ancient science declare that matter was cognisable through rhythm. That which modern science has discovered slowly and painfully by the observation of facts, ancient science deduced by the exercise of the Pure Reason on principles.

Again, Mobility is related to Being, to the consciousness of existence. Consciousness becomes Self-consciousness by changes, nay awakens to awareness of existence, to Am-ness, by changes. Consciousness of existence and mobility go hand in hand. Naturalists tell us that wild animals efface themselves by remaining motionless. If they wish to vanish from the consciousness of an enemy, to become to him non-existent, they remain utterly still. The first thing a young animal learns from its mother is not to move in the presence of danger. When an enemy appears they lie still. Even the trained observer finds that he does not see many things because they are motionless. By the absence of motion they disappear from the consciousness of the observer, lose their being for him. This exactness of detailed working out shows how life works by law, how form follows life, and tells us how luminous is metaphysic when used to explain the physical facts discovered by science.

In every individual atom are the possibilities of response to every change of consciousness in the Jīvātmā. When the atom begins its course all its potentialities are latent; when it completes its course all its powers are patent.

Hence, in *The Secret Doctrine*, God and atom are used as equivalents, for all things active in the God are latent in the atom. Hence it is written in the *Bhagavad Gītā*: "Without sense-organs enjoying sense-objects," for the atom perfected responds to all

sensations, and sense-organs are only temporary means to an end. Evolution is the bringing out into actuality of all the possibilities of the divine atom, the Self-atom. It is the working out of all the involved potentialities, for as the atoms of every plane are formed from recombinations of the constituents of the atoms of the previous plane, and these have been through the experiences of all planes above, thus involving all qualities, so in the upward arc are all these qualities unfolded, and garments of the lower planes are cast aside when all their qualities have been assimilated by the higher.

We may now pass to combinations of atoms, for atoms will be attracted to each other, since the Self within one will seek to unite with the Self within another, attraction not being due to mass but to life. When two atoms unite, the twain will act as a unit, and such duads, again, uniting with others, will act as units, and thus will arise many combinations, more or less complicated, forming a world, or plane, each fundamental type of atom forming its own set of combinations, and hence its own world, or plane, five in all, from that of the ākāsha downwards to the earth-world. One type of atom never unites with another type, and hence the combinations remain apart, and the worlds intermingle with and interpenetrate each other, yet never unite. These combinations are geometrical and assume characteristic forms governed by number, as Pythagoras taught. The student who would assure himself that the principles of number and geometrical form govern combinations of atoms may study the diagrams and pictures of chemical atoms and their disassociations in *Occult Chemistry*, and learn therefrom how metaphysical truths manifest themselves as concrete facts.

How shall varieties of combinations arise from the unions of similar atoms, each of which possesses equally inertia, mobility and rhythm? By the neutralisation of any two qualities by the opposite qualities in adjacent atoms, and the consequent setting free of the third in both for outward manifestation. Thus if the inertia and mobility in one atom are, in the combination, opposed, neutralised, by the mobility and inertia in another atom, the rhythm in each is alone manifest, and the combination is called rhythmic or harmonious (sāttvic). The principle is familiar to

every scientific student in dealing with electricity and magnetism ; *i.e.*, a magnet shows positive and negative magnetism at the poles and is neutral in the middle. The isomeric compounds of organic chemistry, again, show how qualities depend on the arrangement of similar chemical atoms.

Thus all combinations of atoms may be classed under one or other of the three qualities of matter, as inert, mobile and rhythmic (*tāmasic*, *rājasic*, *sāt̄tvic*). The application of this in daily life, like the application of all true principles, increases the power of the Self over the Not-Self, of intelligence over non-intelligence. Thus, in the East, food-stuffs have been classified, so that a man may use such food as will build up his body to the purposes for which he needs it.

1. The inert will make the body resistant, enduring, ponderous, difficult to move—in excess slothful.
2. The mobile, or stimulating, will make the body active, strong—in excess restless, irritable.
3. The rhythmic will make the body balanced, quiet, sensitive, regular, harmonious.

Combinations lead us naturally to the question of the successive bodies into which they enter ; bodies are built up of atoms, each of which is pursuing its own evolution, and yet which subserve the unfolding of the Spirits of higher grades which utilise these bodies for their own purposes. These in their turn subserve yet loftier evolutions, and so on in a series that human imagination cannot sum.

Here, again, light is thrown on astrological science, and we see why certain planets should 'rule' certain organs of human bodies, since all form a series of correspondences, and the Heavenly Man and the earthly man cannot be disjoined. They err who consider that Astrology is visionary ; it is one of the keys to Nature's secrets, however fragmentary it may be to-day. That the Planetary Logoi, themselves organs in the body of the Solar Logos, should in turn 'govern,' be related to, the corresponding organs in human bodies is not fantastic but inevitable.

These numerous bodies form parts of one another, and interpenetrate one another, held together in some way which is analogous to that in which our bodies are held together and in which

our blood, our life-fluid, is the habitat for countless living creatures. We are similarly in the life-fluid of the Sun, circulating in His body, the solar system.

As organs are differentiated for the purpose of definition, as we have seen, on the path of forthgoing, so also are they integrated on the path of return, the one becoming many here also, in the sinking into grosser matter, the many becoming one in the ascent into subtler. The five senses of the physical plane begin interchanging functions on the astral, and unify on the mental; even on the physical plane organs, under the pressure of need, interchange functions; thus are the powers of the Jīvātmā unfolded, and matter becomes his more and more plastic instrument. We may speculate that on the seventh round of this fourth chain, our humanity's seventh race will no longer need a variety of separate organs, but will accomplish, with a simple physical sheathing, a millionfold more than we can accomplish with our complicated physical machinery. That complexity is a sign of our imperfection, not of our completeness. At the end, one atom will serve the unfolded Jīvātmā, which once needed uncounted myriads for its incomplete expression.

ANNIE BESANT.

[VI will be entitled "The Answer."]

HIDDEN JOYS.

Pleasures lie thickest where no pleasures seem;
 There's not a leaf that falls upon the ground
 But holds some joy, of silence or of sound,
 Some sprite begotten of a summer dream.
 The very meanest things are made supreme
 With innate ecstasy. No grain of sand
 But moves a bright and million-peopled land,
 And hath its Eden, and its Eves, I deem.
 For Love, though blind himself, a curious eye
 Hath lent me to behold the hearts of things,
 And touched mine ear with power. Thus far or nigh
 Minute or mighty, fixed, or free with wings,
 Delight from many a nameless covert sly
 Peeps sparkling, and in tones familiar sings.

LAMAN BLANCHARD.

TUKĀRĀM'S ABHAṄGAS.

SELECTIONS.

(Continued from p. 454.)

176. The reciters of the Vedas know not what they import ; the rest are not allowed to read them. Viṭṭhoba's name is so easy to repeat : it enables all to cross the ocean of life together. Even the well-versed cannot completely practise Tantra worship : they blunder in Mantras or in time, while the rest are fools. Tukā says : The law of directions and prohibitions has ceased to operate. That path has become obliterated.

177. Enjoyment in obedience to Law is tantamount to renunciation of objects. The material point in religious practices is to make your heart a perpetual Temple for God to live in, now and for ever. Excess in observances is wrong. False logic only leads by bye-paths. Tukā says : Faith makes God show mercy.

178. Such earthly flowers suffice not for His true worship. Let us tread the paths of Vaikuntha—the store-house of all. Why should we delude the poor with perishing things from here? Tukā says : My dear Vaiṣṇavas, who flock to us.

180. Voice forth the Right with open eyes. Why mince matters? To eat the dust is to ask the people to spit at you. No compromise. Is there one stronger than you that can this Fire consume? Tukā says : The valiant takes the field, the coward mutters to himself.

181. Thank God, He made me a Kunbi, hypocrisy else had crushed me to death ; thanks, well done, I seize God's feet. A little learning if I had, it would have marred me quite ; Saint's service I should have missed, an out-and-out robbery of life for nothing. Pride would have swelled me and paved the way to Yama. Greatness and Pride, says Tukā, are but Hell's Procureses.

188. Have mercy on me, O Lord, and show the Truth, "How merciful art Thou"—such fame rings through the world. Thy very look will make Death shrink from the sight at once. Tukā says : Take me under the folds of Thy garment.

184. Eternal Friendship wouldst thou forsake? Forsake it, and Thy honor will be forfeit ; though I be damned, wouldst Thou covet my trust and betray him who in faith confided in Thee?

Tukā says : Does not this thought, O Generous One, weigh with Thee ?

188. Wouldst thou be God ? Keep company with Him. Wouldst thou fall ? Follow the world. 'The two paths diverge—each has its goal. He who seeks it shall attain it. One can but point. One cannot force, each must follow the path he chooses. Choice needs strength, while advice, says Tukā, may prove a seed.

192. Some are marred by ignorance, some are with knowledge drunk. The mute's lips are sealed ; the loquacious are fools. Both are in straits, a large well this side, a deep shaft on the other. Tukā says : Our sins cast darkness on Thy path.

193. I call myself Thy slave, and herein lies my hope. I know not the secret, the way to serve Thee. Do Thou Thy will. I only babble with my lips, a big empty vessel without faith. Tukā says : I know well how to make a show.

198. I was not on my guard ; I missed my weal ; God's name I forgot, while the world's affairs grew large. The flood unreal drifted me away, but, says Tukā, I found a craft, and it was Faith.

199. If the smell of food satisfied hunger, why should food be cooked at each home ? If the sight of water satisfied thirst, why need you fill your reservoirs ? A mere look at a shade affords no relief, you must go and sit underneath it. Mind you each his interest, think and repeat Rāma's name, sing yourself and listen, but more ; arm yourself with Faith, says Tukā, Faith alone will save you. Of what avail are the tricks of learning ?

204. Who calls the oppressed and the grieved his own, in him you find a Saint. God loves to dwell with him. A Sage's heart you find like a lump of butter, all soft through and through. He holds to his heart whom others spurn. He bears the same love to his slaves as the love he bears to his son. What more is there to say ? Tukā says : Verily he is God on earth.

205. We do His service but to spread His glory. Of what else can we sing here ? The test of loyalty is glory spread. Tukā says : The Bhakṭa proves on earth an ornament of God.

217. He is a true Vaiṣṇava whose love finds its centre in God. To him all other things are naught, health, wealth, and men are straw. Calamity may overtake him, yet finds him true in word, in deed, Tukā says, however low may be his caste.

219. If God befriends, the whole world befriends. All find it so, yet fondly vex themselves. Whom God protects, Fire cannot harm, Tukā says, even as Hari exerted His power to save Prahlāḍa.

222. Kṛṣṇa is my mother, Kṛṣṇa is my father, my sister, brother and uncle too; Kṛṣṇa is my Guru, Kṛṣṇa is my raft to take me across the sea of this world. Kṛṣṇa is my mind, Kṛṣṇa is my friend, my relation and patron too. Tukā says: Kṛṣṇa is my comfort, to part from Him will wring my soul.

224. I go to Kāshī, my cows, buffalo, ponies I bestow, I go for good, rest assured. Open not my stores; you may live on chaff and straw. If a beggar comes, pursue him with a staff. If you feast a Brāhmaṇa, you will be cutting my throat. Curd's milk you may use, but store for me butter and ghee. But no, I do not wish my children and the sluts should leave me naked stark. Tukā says: The wretch speaks out his heart for once.

225. I have tucked up the ends of the Dhoṭar and fought with Death a hard fight; I have laid a footpath over the world-main. Come all, ye small and great, of lowly caste and women too, and do not hesitate, stop not to think, come gay, busy, and idle, name-utterers and penance-givers, crowd all, breast-works have I thrown up for seekers and the saved; a seal for all I bear; on this world below I am come, says Tukā, a bearer of God's name.

226. From our Home of Vaikuntha, we came on purpose here to prove true in faith what the Ṛshis of yore foretold. We will sweep the paths of Saints; the world has taken to bye-paths. Of the feast those Saints enjoyed, we will gladly eat the crumbs. None understands the Purāṇas; word-lore has made a sad havoc. Greedy appetite has leapt over the rules laid down by discipline. Strike we Faith's sonorous drum, let Kali shake through all his limbs; God's victory let us proclaim, with exulting joy and love.

227. Slaves of the Almighty, how strong we have become; we have spurned the world, have subdued the six passions. Health, wealth and people we deem light as straw, Tukā says, and now we dwell on heights above Mukṭi.

235. What we seek thou hast not; why art thou afraid, Pânduraṅg? Think well. Thou knowest it. Content we are to take thy name. Thy rich treasures, R̥ḍḍhis and Sidḍhis, weigh light in our eyes. Our bhakṭi is heavier far, Tukā says: we shall walk on foot to Vaikuntha and taste eternal bliss secure.

236. I do not crave Thy Brahma-jñāna; Thy lovely Saguṇa form is enough. Why laggest Thou, O Savior of the fallen? Thou hast forgot Thy given word; I have burnt my Samsāra and sat in the open. Thou takest it lightly. Thou heedest it not. Tukā says: Be not angry; rise, give me a close embrace.

237. The lotus knows not its honey sweet, it is the bee that knows its taste; Thou knowest not the charm Thy name possesses, we Bhaktās feel it, full of love. The cow eats grass which gives the calf the milk it likes, but which the cow is destined never to taste. The pearl, says Tukā, borne by shell, once reft, the mother never sees.

247. Why pitiest Thou not my state, O Thou who art so near at heart? O Nārāyaṇa, O cruel one, O Nārāyaṇa, my sorrow wild, my heart's laments, Thou deemest light. Why has my heart not found its rest? Why do my senses run so wild? Why art Thou wrathful? Tukā asks; my sins are not run out, I fear.

249. To sing Thy greatness I lack words, Thy Excellence in sooth cannot be described. This corporeal frame of old I have laid at Thy feet. What more can I wave round Thy head and offer Thee? My faith is weak—I cannot serve Thee well. My life too I cannot offer, for it is Thine. Nothing I see is mine that I can offer to Thee, Infinite. Tukā says: I see no way to repay Thy obligations.

250. It pleases me not. I seek not this honor. The people will not be let. What can I do? These ministrations set the body on fire. This savory food is poison indeed. I cannot bear when people praise my greatness. Deeply it vexes me. Tell me some art to reach Thee by. To flounder in this mirage long I do not wish. Says Tukā now: O snatch me from the burning flames.

(To be continued.)

V. M. MAHĀJANI.



THE VOICE OF THE SILENCE.

NOTES ON THE PREFACE.

(Concluded from p. 598.)

THE Great White Brotherhood is an organisation unlike any other in the world, and for that reason it has often been misunderstood. It has sometimes been described as the Himalayan or the Tibetan Brotherhood, and the idea has been conveyed of a body of Indian ascetics residing together in a monastery in some inaccessible mountain fastness. Perhaps this has arisen largely from the knowledge of the fact that the two Brothers principally concerned in the foundation and work of the Theosophical Society happen at the moment to be living in Tibet and to be wearing Indian bodies.

To comprehend the facts of the case it may be better to approach its consideration from another point of view. Most Theosophists are familiar with the thought of the Four Stages of the Path, and are aware that a man who has passed through them and attained to the level of the Asekha has achieved the task

set before humanity during this chain-period, and is consequently free from the necessity of reincarnation. Before him then open seven ways, among which he must choose. Most of them take him away from this earth into wider spheres of activity probably connected with the solar system as a whole, so that the great majority of those members of our humanity who have already reached the goal have passed entirely out of our ken. A limited number are still working directly for us as *Nirmānakāyas*; a still more limited number remain in even closer touch with us in order to fill certain offices and to do certain work necessary for our evolution, and it is to these latter that the names of 'The Great White Brotherhood' and 'The Occult Hierarchy' have sometimes been given.

They are, then, a very small number of highly advanced men, belonging not to any one nation but to the world as a whole. On the physical plane They do not live together, though They are of course in continual communication on higher planes. Since They are beyond the necessity of rebirth, when one body wears out They can choose another wherever it may be most convenient for the work that They wish to do, so that we need not attach any special importance to the nationality of the bodies which They happen to be wearing at any particular time. Just now several of those bodies are Indian, one is Tibetan, one is Chinese, two at least are English, one is Italian, one Hungarian and one Syrian, while one was born in the island of Cyprus. As I have said, the nationality of these bodies is not a matter of importance, but I mention these in order to show that it would be a mistake to think of the ruling Hierarchy as belonging exclusively to one race.

Reverence restrains us from speaking of the great Head of this Hierarchy, in Whose hands is the fate of the continents; but under Him are various Heads of Departments, the broad outlines of whose work are more within our comprehension than His would be. Though the details are far beyond us, we can form some slight idea of what must be the manifold responsibilities and activities of the Manu of a Root-race; and perhaps we can to some extent image to ourselves the duties of Him who is Minister of Religion in this world-kingdom—who sends forth religion after religion, suiting each to the needs of a particular type of people,

and to the period of the world's history in which it is launched—sometimes deputing one of His subordinates to found it, sometimes even incarnating Himself for that purpose, as He may see fit. The present holder of that high office is the Lord Maitreya, whom Western people call the Christ—who took the body of the disciple Jesus during the last three years of its life on the physical plane; and those who know tell us that it may not be very long before He descends among us once again to found another faith. Any one whose mind is broad enough to grasp the splendid reality will see instantly how worse than futile it is to set one religion up in one's mind as in opposition to another, to try to convert any person from one to another, or to compare depreciatingly the Founder of one with the Founder of another. In the latter case, indeed, it is especially ridiculous, because the two Founders are either two pupils of the same school or two incarnations of the same person, and so are entirely in accord as to principles, though they may for the time be putting forward different aspects of the truth to suit the needs of those to whom they speak. The teaching is fundamentally always the same, but its presentation may vary widely, and to a certain extent this is true in occultism as well as in outer religion.

Madame Blavatsky indeed tells us in this preface that if the systems of instruction differ on this side of the Himalayas in the esoteric schools, on the other side they are all the same. We must emphasise here the word esoteric, for we know that in the exoteric religion the corruptions and evil magical practices are rather worse on the other side of the mountains than on this. We may perhaps even understand the expression "beyond the Himalayas" rather in a symbolical than in a strictly geographical sense, and may suppose that it is in the schools owing allegiance to our Masters that "the teaching does not differ". This is very true in a certain sense—the most important of all senses; but capable of misleading the reader if not carefully explained. The sense in which all are the same is that all recognise the virtuous life as the only path leading to occult development, and the conquest of desire as the only way of getting rid of it. There are schools of occult knowledge which hold that the virtuous life imposes unnecessary limitations. They teach certain forms of psychic development, but

they care nothing for the use which their pupils may afterwards make of the information given to them. There are others who hold that desire of all sorts should be indulged to the utmost, in order that through satiety indifference may be attained. But no school holding either of these doctrines is under the direction of the Great White Brotherhood ; in every establishment even remotely connected with it, purity of life and nobleness of aim are indispensable pre-requisites.

To attain psychic development is to enable the Ego to utilise to a greater or less extent some of his higher vehicles. There are a number of ways in which this result can be obtained, but they all fall under two heads : (a) the system of strengthening the Ego, so that he may operate upon the vehicles from above ; (b) the system of working upon the vehicles from below. The latter plan is out of all proportion easier than the former, but its results are never so clear or so certain, and what is gained is won for this life only. A rough analogy may be drawn from the art of riding. If a man who cannot ride has a lively and unmanageable horse, it is conceivable that by the administration of some drug he might so weaken the animal and deaden its faculties, that with only a little practice he might learn to hold himself on its back ; but of course that would not be good for the horse, nor would it enable the man to ride any other animal than this which he had drugged. To learn to ride properly would cost him very much more trouble, but when he had acquired the art it would be a permanent possession, and would enable him to ride any horse without injury to the animal.

In much the same way, by the use of drugs or by various forms of self-hypnotisation a man may so far inhibit the functions of the physical body that he may to some extent be able to utilise those of the astral, and in that way he may gain certain psychic powers. Such a plan however is distinctly bad for the vehicles, and it does not develop in the Ego the power to control the quite different set of vehicles which he will have in his next incarnation. What is obtained by this lower method, therefore, is not a permanent possession, but lasts for this life only, whereas if the man is willing to undertake the far more serious task of strengthening the Ego so that he may train the vehicles,

the power acquired will last through all the lives that are to come. The lower method makes the medium and what we commonly call the untrained psychic, though it carries people further along both these lines than any specimens that we are accustomed to see in the West; the higher method makes the carefully-trained clairvoyant, who knows exactly what he is doing and has his powers always available. The labor required to attain the permanent power is enormously greater and very much more prolonged, but it is the only method adopted in any school of training which is recognised by the White Lodge. Here then is another sense in which "the methods are all the same."

It must not, however, be supposed that differences of temperament are ignored, and that all pupils are forced into the same mould. Though all must in the end gain the same knowledge and the same powers, some move most readily along the line of knowledge, others along that of devotion, and yet others along that of action. Since there are seven great Planetary Logoi, and men come forth through each of Them, it is evident that there must be seven great primary types of men, and that each type must again be subdivided into seven, according to the preponderating secondary influences. (See the table in *The Secret Doctrine*, iii., 483.) For each of these types and sub-types the way of Occultism is different in certain important details, even though the general outline be the same, for those who work under the Great Brotherhood are far too wise to ignore fundamental differences. It has happened to me to enter into confidential relations with several of those who are happy enough to come under the direct training of the Masters, and to hear something of their inner life; and nothing has struck me more than the radical differences of method employed, even by the same Master, in dealing with the various types of pupils. None need fear that in the course of occult training he will lose his individuality. The Path cannot be without its difficulties, for it is an endeavor to compress into a few short lives the evolution which for the majority of mankind will occupy uncounted æons; but it will assuredly be made as easy for him as it can be. He himself must raise the weight, he himself must develop strength for the ascent, but at least he will be shown how to do it with the minimum of strain, he will be conducted by what is for him the

shortest path, so we must not misunderstand the saying that the methods do not differ.

The next paragraph in the preface happens to contain two of the trifling inaccuracies to which I referred last month. Our author mentions "the great mystic work called *Paramārtha*, supposed to have been delivered to Nāgārjuna by the Nāgas." Nāgārjuna's great book was not called *Paramārtha*, but *Prajña Paramitā*, (the Wisdom which brings to the Further Shore); but it is very true that the subject treated in that book is the *Paramārtha Satya*, that consciousness of the sage which vanquishes illusion. Nāgārjuna, as already mentioned, was one of the three great Buddhist teachers of the earlier centuries of the Christian era; he is supposed to have died 180 A. D. He is now known to Theosophists under the name of the Master K. H. Exoteric writers sometimes describe Āryasaṅga as his rival, but, knowing as we do their intimate relation in an earlier birth in Greece, and now again in this present life, we see at once that this cannot have been so. It is quite possible that, after their death, their pupils may have tried to set up the teaching of one against that of the other, as pupils in their indiscriminating zeal so often do; but that they themselves were in perfect accord is shown by the fact that Āryasaṅga treasured much of Nāgārjuna's work and copied it into his book of extracts for the use of his disciples.

It is not, however, certain that the *Prajña Paramitā* was the work of Nāgārjuna, for the legend seems to be to the effect that the book was delivered to him by the Nāgas or serpents. Madame Blavatsky interprets this as a name given to the ancient Initiates, and that may well be so, though there is another very interesting possibility. I have found that the name of Nāgas or serpents was given by the Āryans to one of the great tribes or clans of the Toltec sub-race of the Atlanteans, because they carried before them as a standard when going into battle a golden snake coiled round a staff. This may well have been some totem or tribal symbol, or perhaps merely the crest of a great family. This tribe or family must have taken a prominent part in the original Atlantean colonisation of India and the lands which then existed to the south-east of it. We find the Nāgas mentioned as among the original inhabitants of Ceylon found when Vijaya and his com-

panions landed there. So a possible interpretation of this legend might be that Nāgārjuna received this book from an earlier race—in other words, that it is an Atlantean scripture; and if, as has been suspected, certain of the Upaniṣhaṭs came from the same source, there would be little reason to wonder at the identity of teaching to which Madame Blavatsky refers on the same page.

The *Jñāneshwarī* (transliterated Dnyaneshwari in the first edition) is not a Samskr̥t work, but was written in Mahrāṭhi in the thirteenth century of our era.

On page vii we find a reference to the Yogāchārya (or more accurately Yogāchāra) school of the Mahāyāna. I have already mentioned the attempt made by Āryasaṅga, but a few words should perhaps be said as to the vexed question of the Yānas. The Buddhist Church presents itself to us to-day in two great divisions, the Northern and the Southern. The former includes China, Japan and Tibet; the latter reigns in Ceylon, Siam, Burma and Cambodia. It is usually stated that the Northern Church adopts the Mahāyāna and the Southern Church the Hinayāna, but whether even this much may be safely said depends upon the shade of meaning which we attach to a much-disputed word. Yāna means vehicle, and it is agreed that it is to be applied to the Dhamma or Law as the vessel which conveys us across the sea of life to Nirvāṇa, but there are at least five theories as to the exact sense in which it is to be taken.

1. That it refers simply to the language in which the Law is written, the Greater Vehicle being by this hypothesis Samskr̥t, and the Lesser Vehicle Pāli—a theory which seems to me untenable.

2. Hīna may apparently be taken as signifying mean or easy, as well as small. One interpretation therefore considers the Hīnayāna as the meaner or easier road to liberation—the irreducible minimum of knowledge and conduct required to attain it, while the Mahāyāna is the fuller and more philosophical doctrine which includes much additional knowledge about higher realms of nature. Needless to say, this interpretation comes from a Māhāyāna source!

3. That Buddhism, in its unfailing courtesy towards other religions, accepts them all as ways of liberation, though it regards the method taught by its Founder as offering the shortest and surest route. According to this view, Buddhism is the Mahāyāna,

and the Hīnayāna includes Brāhmanism, Zoroastrianism, Jainism and any other religions which were existing at the time when the definition was formulated.

4. That the two doctrines are simply two stages of one doctrine—the Hīnayāna for the Shrāvakas or hearers, and the Mahāyāna for more advanced students.

5. That the word Yāna is to be understood not exactly in its primary sense of 'vehicle,' but rather in a secondary sense nearly equivalent to the English word 'career.' According to this interpretation the Mahāyāna puts before a man the 'grand career' of becoming a Bodhisattva and devoting himself to the welfare of the world, while the Hīnayāna shows him only the 'smaller career' of so living as to attain Nirvāṇa for himself. The reader should refer to a learned article on this subject by Dr. Schröder which appeared in our issue for last month.

Madame Blavatsky devotes a couple of pages to the question of the various forms of writing adopted in the Himālayan monasteries. In Europe and America the Roman alphabet is so widely spread, so almost universally employed, that it is perhaps well, for the sake of our western readers, to explain that in the East a very different condition of affairs prevails. Each of the numerous Oriental languages—Tamil, Telugu, Sinhalese, Malayālam, Hindī, Gujarāṭī, Cānarese, Beṅgālī, Burmese, Nepālese, Tibetan, Siamese, and many others—has its own alphabet and method of writing, and a writer in one of them, when quoting a foreign language, expresses that language in his own characters, just as an English writer, if he had to quote a German or Russian sentence, would probably write it not in German or Russian type, but in Roman. So that in dealing with an oriental manuscript we have always two points to consider—the language and the script, and these two are by no means always the same. If I take up a palm-leaf book in Ceylon, it is almost certain to be written in the beautiful Sinhalese script, but it does not at all follow that it is in the Sinhalese *language*. It is quite as likely to be in Pāli, Samskr̥t or Elu. The same is true of any of the other scripts. So that when Madame Blavatsky says that the Precepts are sometimes written in Tibetan, she may very likely mean only in Tibetan characters, and not necessarily in the Tibetan language. I have

not seen any instances of the curious cryptographs which she describes, in which colors and animals are made to represent letters. She speaks in the same paragraph of the thirty simple letters of the Tibetan alphabet. These are universally recognised, but it is not clear what is meant by the reference a little later to thirty-three simple letters, since if she takes them without the four vowels there are but thirty, while if the vowels are included we should of course have not thirty-three but thirty-four. As to the compound letters, their number may be variously stated; a grammar which is before me gives over a hundred, but probably Madame Blavatsky refers only to those in general use.

I remember an interesting illustration of her statement as to one of the Chinese modes of writing. When I was in Ceylon there came one day to visit us two Buddhist monks from the interior of China—men who could speak no language with which any of us were acquainted. But fortunately we had some young Japanese students staying with us, in pursuance of Colonel Olcott's splendid scheme that each Church, the Northern and the Southern, should send some of its neophytes to learn the ways and the teaching of the other. These young men could not understand a word of what these Chinese monks said, but they were able to exchange ideas with them by means of writing. The written symbols meant the same to them, though they called them by quite different names, just as a Frenchman and an Englishman would each perfectly understand a line of figures, although one would call them 'un, deux, trois,' and the other 'one, two, three'. The same is true of notes of music. So I had a very curious and interesting interview with these monks, at which every question which I put was first translated into Sinhalese by one of our members, so that the Japanese student might understand it; then the latter wrote it down with a paint-brush in the form of writing common to Chinese and Japanese; the Chinese monk read it and wrote his reply in the same character, which the Japanese student then translated into Sinhalese, and our member into English. Under these circumstances conversation was slow and a little uncertain, but still it was a very interesting experience.

C. W. LEADBEATER.

THE CADUCEUS IN AMERICA.

A STUDY IN THE LESSER MYSTERIES.

(Concluded from p. 604).

THE child is afterwards ceremonially touched with water, 'cleansed and prepared for its future life thereby,' also with a bunch of grass; then he is anointed ceremonially, and painted with red paint, the color of the "vigor of life, the power of the touch of the Sun".

He is then marked on the forehead and face with the symbol of Tiráwa traced in blue paint. This is considered a very sacred act. The symbol or "caste-mark" consists of a semi-circle or crescent, with a centre line, making a form like the Greek "E," but with the lines proceeding downwards, thus "∩". This hieroglyph may well be taken to mean exoterically the dome of the sky with the influence of the powers pouring downwards, and it was explained that the "middle line, from the middle of the forehead down the ridge of the nose, is the breath of Tiráwa. It descends from the zenith, passing down the nose to the heart, giving life to the child." But it is quite likely that there was a deeper or more philosophical meaning to this sign, which shows a similarity to the so-called "trident" of the Vaiṣṇavas, one of the most usual "caste-marks" of India. The mark, with the downy white feather now fixed on the head of the little child, appears to be the badge or sign of initiation. An explanation by the Kúrahus is :

"There is a group of stars which forms a circle. (Corona Borealis). This is a circle of chiefs. Tiráwa placed them there and directed them to paint their faces with the same lines, and all who are to be leaders must be so painted. From this circle came a Society called 'Raristesharu'. The members of the Society are chiefs, and these men are permitted by the star chiefs to paint their faces with the blue lines, and to wear the downy feather on the head. The members do not dance and sing, they talk quietly and try to be like the stars."

The foregoing gives distinct hints of another connexion with Hindū traditions, which place the Saptarṣhis, the seven primitive Rṣhis or Hierarchies of Dhyan Chohans, as Regents of a northern constellation, Ursa Major. (See *S. D.* II. 332, 580 and 668; also an article in vol. xxvii of the *Theosophical Review*, on the "Wise Men" of the Chilkat tribe of Indians, and their mysterious

“Guides” in the North). It is interesting to notice that another constellation is regarded both by the American Indians and the Hindūs as having a guiding influence upon man, namely the Pleiades, which according to the *S. D.* i. 712, “have a very occult meaning in the Hindū Esoteric Philosophy, and are connected with *Sound* and other mystic principles in Nature”.

It is stated that during the course of the Hako ceremony, “when the Pleiades appear, a special song is sung to remind the people that Tiráwa has appointed the stars to guide their steps. It is very old and belongs to the time when this ceremony was being made.” A story given with reference to this, runs as follows:

“A man set out on a journey. He travelled far and then he thought he would return to his own country, so he turned about. He travelled long, yet at night was always in the same place. He lay down and slept, and a vision came. A man spoke to him; he was leader of the seven stars. He said Tiráwa made these seven stars to remain together, and he fixed a path from East to West. . . . If the people will look at these stars they will be guided aright. When the man awoke he saw the Pleiades rising; he was glad; he watched the stars travel. Then he turned to the North and reached his own country.”

There is much significance to be seen in this allegory—a version of the universal myth, universal because true, of the prodigal son, the “man who journeyed into a far country,” the planes of manifestation, and who, under the “sweet influence of the Pleiades,” returned to his own country in the North, the direction usually symbolical of the Unmanifest. In Hindū occult traditions the seven visible stars of the Pleiades are the wives of the Saptarṣhis, those Hierarchies of Dhyan Chohans, through the active, masculine aspect of which the streams of Monads emanate, and through the reverse, receptive feminine aspect of which they must repass on the return journey to the undifferentiated white Glory.

The ceremony concludes after a ritual of returning of thanks, the exchange of gifts, and blessing the little child, the meaning of the accompanying song of invocation being simply explained by the Kúrahus as—“All that I have been doing to you, little child, has been a prayer to call down the breath of Tiráwa to give you long life and strength, and to teach you that belong to Him, that you are His child and not mine”.

The purport of the foregoing ceremony with its attendant sacred objects, and their importance to the student of comparative religion and mystery traditions, will now have been gathered.

The ceremony was exoterically explained as being a prayer or offering to the powers, for the increase of the numbers and welfare of a tribe. It may well bear this meaning to the untaught and uninitiated members of the tribe performing it, and in days when the self-preservation of the dwindling numbers of the tribe was a pressing need. But the ceremony shows unmistakable signs of a great antiquity, of descending from a time when its possessors were not simply a collection of decadent tribes maintaining the old traditional forms, but a great nation of the Atlantean civilisation, influenced by their guardians and Gurus, the primitive Nāgas and the Lords of the Dazzling Face.

Miss Fletcher remarks that "among the Pawnees there is evidence that it is not only old, but built upon still older foundations, and modified to changed conditions".

The ritual is well defined and elaborate, and there is steady progression throughout, no changes, however slight, being allowed; at the same time this was "constructed without the steadying force of the written record," which also argues for its antiquity and its inception by some powerful organising intellect.

The tradition appears to be wholly oral. Whatever philosophy or instruction may have attended the ceremony in its early days has either not descended to the few who now, or lately, maintained it, or has not been given out by them. The former appears the more likely. On this point it should be remembered, however, that of all the philosophy and the Gnosis of Ancient Egypt, that cousin of our Red Indian stock, little or none would have been known to us but for the tabulating genius and influence of Greek thought, manifested in the Trismegistic literature. The same service appears to have been done for the Chaldæan or Assyrian traditions, in the body of literature of which the teachings known as the "Chaldæan Oracles" survive. America has not had its Greeks.

It is stated that a name for the ceremonies attendant on the calumet signifies "to make a sacred kinship". "The one for

whom the dance of the calumet was performed, became thereby the adopted son of the performer." Thus has descended the tradition of the true relation formed between the central figures of the ceremony, the relation of Guru and Chelā. The new initiate was, as ever, the 'little child,' but above him were the two grades of Initiates, the Son and his party, and the Father with his equals. The Guruparampara chain must have been considered to extend from the 'little child' upward through the higher degrees to those Forces and Intelligences beyond the visible, who in reality gave the 'second birth,' possibly to those 'Ancients' who were invoked during the night immediately preceding the secret ceremonies.

The value of these remnants of old time will be apparent as some evidence of the unity of all systems of Mysteries in a common source and directing influence, though perhaps widely separated in time and locality.

Truly, as Mr. Mead says in *Orpheus*: "The Eleusinian, Orphic, Bacchic, Samothracian, Phrygian, Egyptian, Chaldæan and other Mysteries all came from a common source. . . The truth of the matter is that the Mystic Rites of both the Greeks and the Indians (Hindūs) came from the same archaic source."

To these we may add the Mystery traditions of the American Indians and especially the foregoing, a tradition which is at any rate a brother, probably an elder brother, of all the others; beginning perhaps earlier, continuing certainly centuries later than any other, though in degenerate form.

For, as stated in *The Secret Doctrine* (iii. 262. n.): "The Mysteries, says Ragon, were the gift of India. In this he is mistaken, for the Aryan race had brought the Mysteries of Initiation from Atlantis."

It is therefore often possible to interpret the symbolism of one line of Mystery tradition by means of another. Hence in this old, old survival upon Atlantean soil, we can see certain details illuminated by means of our knowledge (fragmentary though it be) of the Mysteries of India, Greece, Early Christianity, Mithra, The Rosicrucians, and others, by reason of all of these being inspired by the same wise source, the great body of Divine Teachers who gave the nations their various forms of the One Wisdom.

To give a further example of this, in addition to what is previously stated, a quotation may be taken from *A Mithriac Ritual* (pp. 22 and 52) showing a mystical symbol, cognate in meaning to the calumet, and of a certain similarity of form. Mr. Mead's comments thereon would apply with considerable appropriateness to the American Mysteries. "For thou shalt see as though it were a Pipe depending from His Disk ; and toward the region Westward, as though it were an infinite East wind. But if the other wind, toward the regions of the East, should be in service, in the like fashion shalt thou see toward the regions of that (side)the converse of the sight". To this Mr. Mead comments ; . . . "Mystically, the Pipe" (calumet) "is the Central tube of life, whether we regard the great body as a great atom in-breathing and out-breathing, or each small atom as of a similar nature, the whole system being polarised by the relation of these tubes or pipes to one another. It is through this Pipe that the true Cosmic currents of Fire, Air, Water and Earth can pass without killing the man. As they pass through this Pipe the man who is initiated becomes possessed of the power of whichever Cosmic Element" (bird of the Hako) "is playing through him. This Pipe is also a Pole or Axis or Pivot, and is connected with his Great Person, or Higher Self".

These Mysteries of the calumet have played their part, it is safe to assume, in the earlier ages in the great civilisation of Atlantis, and have existed as the treasured possession of a people who, as to their physical, racial existence, have fulfilled their mission in providing bodies and conditions of a particular type, and are rapidly passing away. From one point of view, not of course the true one, there is much pathos in this passing away of the remnants of the elder days, as there is in the words of the old Indian Kúrahus : "I have done what has never been done before. I have given you all the songs of this ceremony and explained them to you. I never thought that I, of all my people, should be the one to give this ancient ceremony to be preserved, and I wonder over it."

Some of its form has thus been preserved upon that land which has passed into the hands of a newly-forming sub-race of the Fifth Root-Race, and has been handed to a member of that race to be recorded.

ARNOLD S. BANKS.

AN ALLEGORY.

(Concluded from p. 350.)

BUT when I arose, and after I had prayed, I saw the clothes of the virgin lying on the floor by the side of my bed. She herself however was nowhere to be seen, and I began to tremble with fear. My hair stood erect upon my head and a cold sweat commenced to cover my skin ; but I attempted to take courage. I recalled the dream in my memory, but my mind was not able to understand the meaning of what I had seen. I therefore did not take the trouble to examine the filthy clothes, neither did I dare to take them away, but I left them undisturbed and moved my bed into another room. Moreover the stench that arose from these clothes was so strong that during my sleep my eyes had become poisoned and inflamed¹ and I was therefore unable to see the time of grace, neither could my understanding realise the great wisdom of Solomon.

But after these clothes had been lying in my chamber for over five years, and as I did not think that they ever could be of any use to me, I at last resolved to burn them, so as to get rid of their presence, and to put them out of my way. I made up my mind to do this on the very next day ; but in the following night the old woman again appeared to me, looked at me very scornfully and said : “ Ungrateful wretch ! did I not for the last five years entrust to you the clothes of my daughter, together with her most precious jewels, and you never attempted to clean them, neither did you expose them to the sun, so that the moths and worms might be removed ? And what is still worse and still more to be regretted, you even think of throwing them into the fire ! Is it not enough that you are the cause of my daughter’s death, and that she has perished through you ? ”

When I heard these words I became very angry and answered : “ I do not understand what you mean. Do you wish to insinuate that I am a murderer ? I never saw your daughter again, nor have I heard of her for the past five years. How could I be the cause of her death ? ”

But the old woman would not listen to me and said : “ My words are true. You have sinned against God and therefore you

¹ They had become almost blind to the truth, having been influenced by misconceptions and popular creeds.

could not obtain my daughter, neither could I give you the philosophical fluid¹ I promised to you, with which you could have cleaned her clothes. Solomon gave you my daughter voluntarily and willingly, but you detested her dress, and therefore the Planet Saturn,² who is her grandfather, became angry and changed her again into that which she was before she was born. It is you who have made Saturn angry by your disrespect, and you are therefore the cause of her death, putrefaction and final decomposition; for she is the one of whom the Senior says: "My body was invisible and small, while I had never become a mother, until I had been born a second time,³ and then I gave birth to the powers and virtues of all the roots and herbs, and I became victorious in my essence."

These and other heart-rending complaints fell from her lips, and they appeared to me very strange and unjust. I attempted to suppress my anger as much as possible, but I could not keep from protesting solemnly against her accusations. I told her that I knew absolutely nothing about her daughter, much less of her death and putrefaction. I said that although I had kept her clothes in my room for over five years, nevertheless I had never perceived that they could possibly be of any use, and that I was therefore perfectly innocent before God and Man.

My excuses seemed to please the old woman; she looked at me more kindly and said: "I see by the sincerity of your manner that you are really innocent of any wilful crime, and your innocence shall now be rewarded. I will therefore tell you honestly and in great secrecy, that in consideration of the extraordinary love and affection which my daughter felt for you, she left among her laid-off clothes a grey marble casket for your inheritance. This casket is surrounded with a covering of rough, dirty and black cloth. Clean it of all the filth and evil odor which still adheres to it on account of its contact with the clothes, and after it is well cleaned you will require no key, for it will easily open, and you will find in it the two following things: First a silver case full of splendid and polished diamonds that have been ground

¹ Enlightened Reason.

² The Life-principle.

³ Until I had become manifest in the soul.

with lead, and second, a golden jewel adorned with rubies. These are all the relics of my deceased daughter, and all this she made over to you by her last will and testament before she died, as your inheritance. Take that treasure, treat it according to the rules taught by the Hermetic Art, purify it secretly but silently and with great patience, and preserve it in a warm, moist, vaporous and transparent secret vault, where it will be protected against cold, wind, hail, lightning, thunder, and other injurious influences, until the time of the wheat-harvest arrives, when you will perceive its great and sublime splendor and rejoice in its possession."

While the old woman spoke she gave me a bottle containing the liquid lye. I then awoke and prayed to God earnestly and fervently that he might open my understanding, so that I might find the treasure-box which I had seen when it was pointed out to me in my dream. After I had finished my prayer I began to search in the pile of old clothes and found the casket, but the cloth that surrounded it was covered with a hard crust that had grown all round it, which I vainly attempted to remove, for it would neither be softened by the liquid lye nor could it be scratched away with iron or steel, and the cleaning fluid did not affect it at all. I finally lost my patience and left it alone, not knowing what else I could do. I suspected that it was bewitched, and I remembered the saying of the prophet: "If you were to clean it with lye and to use a great deal of soap, still your vices would be only all the more visible to me."¹

Again a year passed away in vain speculation. I frequently racked my brain in thinking how I might remove that crust from the casket, but I could find no answer. One day however I took a walk in my garden² for the purpose of driving away my gloomy thoughts, and I sat down upon a square stone, and fell asleep. My body slept, but my heart was awake³. Then the old woman appeared to me again and asked: "Did you obtain my daughter's

¹ It cannot be efficiently eradicated, unless they are replaced by virtues. As long as the inclinations exist, the results will be evil, but if the *will* is changed the desires and inclinations will change. Evil acts are only the outward expressions of evil desires, and the desire is more permanent than the act.

² In the interior mind.

³ My external senses and the perceptions of the astral body were asleep, but the inner *spiritual* perceptions were awake.

inheritance?" I felt very melancholy and said: "No, I have found the casket, but I cannot remove the crust, for the liquid which you gave me does not appear to soften it."

When the old woman heard me say such a foolish thing, she began to smile and said: "Do you expect to eat oysters and crawfishes with the shell? Is it not always necessary to have them first prepared by Vulcan, the ancient and honored cook? I did not tell you to attempt to clean the external crust that surrounds the box, but to purify the casket itself with the cleaning fluid I gave to you, which originated in that casket. Burn the crust away in the philosophical fire, and you will succeed better in your work." She then gave me a few glowing coals tied up in white tinder, and taught me how to kindle an artificial philosophical fire, to burn away the crust from the casket. I followed her advice, and immediately there began to blow a wind from the North and a wind from the South, and they both blew at the same time through the garden.

I awoke, and after rubbing my eyes I found the glowing coals wrapped up in white tinder lying at my feet. I took them up in great haste and with great joy, and praying often, called upon the Lord. I studied and practised day and night and thought of the true and excellent motto of the philosopher who said: *Ignis et Azoth tibi sufficient*,¹ a truth which is also referred to by Esdras in his fourth book, where he says: "He gave me a goblet full of fire and his form was like fire; I grew and wisdom grew in me." And God gave me the fifth state of perception and my spirit entered the eternal memory. My mouth was opened and closed no more, and after the fortieth night was over, the two hundred and four books were finished; seventy of them were written for the most wise; they were worthy to be read and I wrote them upon a box-tree.

I worked silently and hopefully according to the instructions that had been revealed to me by the little old woman, until after a long time my intellect became of silver and my memory of gold, as it had been predicted to me by Solomon the King; and after I had very carefully and prudently locked up the treasure-box and

¹ The (spiritual), *Fire* and the *Life-principle* are sufficient material to work with.

secured it according to the directions received, I found the splendid and glorious lunar diamonds and solar rubies, all of which had originated from one casket and from one country, and I heard the voice of Solomon saying: "My friend is white and red and elected among many thousand. His locks are curled and black as the wings of a raven. His eyes are like the eyes of doves washed with milk by the side of the river. His cheeks are like gardens filled with sanative herbs. His lips are like roses, dripping with flowing myrrh, his hands are like turquoises; his body is pure as ebony, adorned with sapphires; his legs are like marble pillars based upon golden feet. His stature is like that of the cedars of Lebanon; his throat is sweet and delicious. Such is my friend, my friend! Hold fast to him, ye daughters of Jerusalem and do not loose him until you have taken him home into your mother's house and brought him into her chamber."

When Solomon finished speaking, I did not know what to answer him and therefore kept silent; but I thought of opening the locked-up treasure again, so that I might enjoy peace and remain without molestation. Just then however I heard another voice which said: "I conjure you, O daughters of Jerusalem, by the rose upon the field, not to awaken my lady-love until she herself chooses to awaken; because she is like a closed garden, a hidden spring, a sealed fountain. She is the vineyard of Baalhamon, the garden of Engeddi, the mountain of myrrh and incense, the bed, the arm-chair, the crown, the palm and apple-tree, the flower of Sharon, the sapphire, the turquoise, the wall, the parapet, the well of living water, the princess and the love of Solomon, she is the best beloved of her mother and has been selected by her. Her head is covered with dew and her locks with the rain that fell during the night."

When I heard this speech and revelation, I began to understand the purpose of the Sages, and I resolved to leave the hidden treasure untouched until by the mercy of God, by the action of Nature's nobility, and by the work of my hands everything should be happily finished.

Shortly after this day and on the day of the new moon a solar eclipse¹ took place, which produced a terrible effect on all who

¹ In the realm of the mind, caused by a wave of material thought; by an overshadowing of the sun of intuition by intellectual and superficial reasoning, false logic and sophistry.

beheld it. At first the sun appeared with dark green and somewhat mixed colors, but at last he turned black as coal and the heaven as well as the earth became dark. Then the people were very much alarmed, but I was glad in my heart and thought of the great mercy of God and of the new birth to which Christ's fable of the kernel of wheat refers, and how the seed is decomposed and absorbed by the germ that grows out of it, and that if this did not take place it could not grow and bear fruit. And an arm reached out through the clouds, and my body began to tremble, for that arm held a letter in its hand, to which were attached four hanging seals, and in that letter was written: "I am black, but I am lovely, O daughters of Jerusalem. I am like the houses of Kedar and like the curtains of Solomon. Do not despise me because I am black, for the sun has burned my face."

But as soon as that which was fixed began to act in the fluid, a rainbow appeared, and I thought of the covenant which the Supreme had made, and of the fidelity of my guide who had instructed me, and the result was that by the assistance of the planets and fixed stars the sun overcame the darkness and a bright day appeared over the mountains and valleys. Then all fear and terror was over, and all who had lived to see that day were glad and rejoiced. They praised the Lord and said: "The winter is gone, the rain has disappeared, the flowers have come forth all over the country; the spring has arrived and the cry of the turtle-dove is heard in the forest. The fig-tree and the grape-vine have sprouted and send out their fragrance. Therefore let us hasten and catch the foxes, the little foxes which are despoiling our vineyard, so that we may gather ripe grapes, and obtain milk and honey and feast and be filled."

And when the day was on the decline and the evening appeared, the entire sky became discolored and the constellation of the Seven Stars arose and emitted yellow rays. The night ran through its regular course, until in the morning it was dispersed by the red rays of the sun. Then the wise men of the country awoke from their sleep, looked toward the sky and said: "Who is she that comes forth like the glory of the morning, beautiful as the moon, excellent like the sun, and without a blemish? The glow of her cheeks is fiery and a flame of the Lord, and many waters cannot

extinguish her love, nor would the contents of all the rivers be sufficient to drown her. Therefore we will not desert her, for she is our sister, and although she has become little we will take her again into her mother's house, into the crystal-chamber in which she has dwelled before, so that she may be nourished by the breasts of her mother. Then will she grow and go forth like the tower of David with its parapets and battlements, on which are hanging a thousand shields and weapons for the strong."

And as she came out of her palace, the daughters praised her and the queens and concubines admired her and extolled her virtue, but I fell down upon my face, thanked God and praised His holy name.

Thus, O followers of the truth, the great mystery of the Sages and the revelation of the Spirit has now been accomplished in all its power and glory. Theophrastus Paracelsus, the great monarch in the kingdom of mind, in his *Apocalypsis Hermetica* says that this mysterious essence is contained in the beginning and the end of the world. In its power rest the elements and the Fifth Substance¹; it adapts the elements and the Spirit to each other, and truly overcomes the resistance of the former. It is the sole Noumen, a unity, a divine and wonderful activity. In this mystery alone is the truth, and it has therefore been called the Voice of the truth. It is the power out of which Adam and the old patriarchs, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, have obtained the Elixir of Life and great riches. By the power of this Spirit the ancient philosophers have discovered the seven free arts and filled their treasuries with gold. By the power of this Spirit did Noah build his ark, Moses his tabernacle, Solomon his temple and mould the golden vessels that were used therein. This Spirit was universally used among the ancient prophets; it is an universal panacea for all diseases of body and mind, the last and the highest mystery of Nature. It is the spirit of Good, that fills the infinite universe and that moved upon the face of the waters in the beginning. The world cannot conceive of it without the mysterious and gracious inspiration of the Holy Ghost, or without the secret instruction of those to whom it is known; but the whole world needs it and desires it and cannot exist without it; its value cannot

¹ Mercury, the Universal mind-essence.

be overestimated by man, and the saints of all ages and of all nations ever since the beginning of the world have earnestly desired to obtain it. It gives to all things their light and transforms everything it touches into silver and gold. It is the mystery of all mysteries, the secret of all secrets, the strength and the life of everything. Its quality is inscrutable, its power infinite, its action invisible, its magnificence greater than all.

It is above all earthly and heavenly things, a spirit of spirits, a select essence, which gives health, happiness, joy, gladness, peace and love. It destroys poverty, ignorance and misery. It changes men into beings who can neither think nor speak evil, nor act wrongly, but who are all-powerful for good. It gives to every one that which *his heart* desires. To the good it gives honor and long life, but to the bad who misuse it, eternal punishment.

And now, in the name of the Holy Trinity, and in the following words, we will close that which we had to say about this great mystery, the secret of the Philosopher's Stone, and we now thereby most solemnly celebrate and conclude the highest feast of the Sages:

Praise, honor and thanks be given forever to the most high and all powerful Good, who has created this art, and whom it has pleased to reveal it to me through a sacred covenant. I pray to him with all the aspirations of my heart and in great humility of mind, that he may rule and guide my soul, my sense and my understanding by the power of his spirit of sanctity, so that I may not speak of this secret before the world, much less communicate it to the unworthy or reveal it to any creature, and thus break my oath, tear the seal of divinity and become a perjured brother of the Golden Cross; as by doing so I should heap the blackest of insults upon the majesty of the Supreme and should knowingly and infallibly commit the sin against the Holy Ghost¹, an evil from which may God as Father, Son and Spirit, the Adorable Trinity in Unity protect me forever and ever. Amen! Amen! Amen!

LUX.

¹ The Sin against the Holy Ghost is the wilful rejection of the Truth, after it has once been fully recognised and understood.

CONCERNING THE "OCCULT CHEMISTRY" RESEARCHES.

FROM different sides the question has been raised what is the exact value of the Occult Chemistry researches with regard to pure science. The pre-requisites for an answer to such a question are threefold. First of all we need a full description of the results of the researches. These have been published in the book and subsequent article in *The Theosophist* (p. 455, July number 1909). Secondly we need a careful description of the general and special conditions of occult enquiry of a similar nature, including the pre-imposed restrictions which the researchers postulate for themselves. Thirdly we need a detailed description of the genesis of, and mode of procedure followed for, the special researches referred to.

Herewith I append a few notes concerning the second division of the subject as mentioned above.

PRE-IMPOSED RESTRICTIONS.

Our observers make two restrictions at the very outset.

In the first place they frankly tell us that they do not divorce their scientific researches from their ethics and their theology. They say that they are connected with a hierarchy of spiritual teachers who impose upon them certain restrictions. We need not say any more about this general point. But one specific restriction must be mentioned separately.

This second point is the restriction forbidding strictly anything in the nature of a 'test,' any material proof or phenomenal demonstration.¹

Whether this restriction is wise or not, desirable or undesirable, is no business of ours to determine; we may only note that this restriction is not new or confined to our latter-day investigators, but is already discussed in full in one of our earliest theosophical works, Mr. Sinnett's *The Occult World* (1st edition, 1881, p. 93, *et seq.*)

It is explained that Madame Blavatsky had petitioned for and obtained from her instructors a suspension of this rule with regard to herself—hence the many phenomena she produced.

¹ C. W. Leadbeater. *Clairvoyance*, second edition p. 173.

PRACTICAL CONDITIONS.

Still a few other considerations must be taken into account.

The first is that we have at present only two¹ generally and publicly known 'revealers' as witnesses amongst us, those who have written *Occult Chemistry*.

We find that each of these has a personal and distinctly typical way of expression and a different mode of exposition.

Secondly, that both have scientific investigation as only a small part of a great and public work, including lecturing, inspiring, teaching, propaganda, correspondence, administrative duties and much travelling—in short great practical activity.

Thirdly, that they are often separated by great distances, so that there are considerable difficulties in the way of their co-operation.

Fourthly, that they very rarely have expert help on the spot when working out results of investigations or seeking advice concerning them.

Fifthly, that Mr. Leadbeater, anyhow, says that his ordinary chemical education was very limited.

Lastly, that both investigations and recording of results have often to be done 'as best one may under the circumstances,' not despising any rule-of-thumb method.

WHY THE POWER HAS BEEN DEVELOPED.

Concerning their clairvoyant powers in general and those exercised in our present researches specially, our seers make the following statements.

In the course of their preparation for the various stages of the path of discipleship which has been referred to above, certain 'powers' have to be evolved² at a certain stage.

The use of these powers has, according to our authority, to do with practical 'magic'³, or in other words, the practical work of the man on that stage of evolution.

¹ Mr. Sinnett being more a recorder.

² See *Invisible Helpers*, second edition, p. 117. These powers are common to both Hindu and Buddhist teachings. They may be best studied, perhaps, in Patanjali's *Yoga-aphorisms*.

³ 'Magic' means here merely the production of objective results through other means than the objective organs, and this definition may be applied to any plane.

One of them is the power of magnification in all degrees of intensity. It has to be learned specially, and is as it were a separate branch of the science of psychic development.

It is necessary for the evolving occultist in order to deal with many of the practical problems which he has to encounter. The occultist will, either out of the body in sleep, or in the body when awake, have much to do with occult philanthropy. He has to deal with the helping and adjusting to their new life of the recently dead. He will often have to deal with cases of nervous disease, of voluntary or involuntary mediumship, with cases of obsession, and also with the study and further unfolding of his own latent psychic powers. Now there is a side of occult study, practically untouched as yet in our literature, dealing with various 'chakrams' or vital centres in our physical and higher bodies, but also with the minor subdivisions of these, which may be called the vortices in the bodies, which are caused by the minute vital and nervous currents in the organs. The study of these and a thorough mastering of their intricacies is imposed on the occult student. They have to do with the power to recognise, and to deal with, the difference between the astral bodies of dead and living people (when the latter are out of the body) and with the operation of 'magic' of all sorts.¹ Such a study of these minute organs or still smaller fractions of them and their currents is one which can only be pursued by the help of this power of magnification, and so the development of this power comes naturally in the way of the occult student when progressing on his path. The underlying theory of all this will be more clear to the reader if he compares the description of the structure of the physical ultimate atom and its spirillae, together with the part it plays in letting through magnetic and other currents, as will be found partially on pages 5-8 of *Occult Chemistry*. A somewhat fuller description, however, occurs on pages 554-557 of *The Theosophical Review* (vol. xxiii, February 1899) and also on pages 283-286 of the Dutch Magazine *Theosophia* for September 1900 (vol. ix.). The latter description forms a passage of a stenographic report of a lecture delivered in Holland by Mr. Leadbeater on 'The Planetary Chains'. Mrs. Besant's *A Study in*

¹ See Chapters viii and ix in Leadbeater's *Some Glimpses of Occultism*.

Consciousness pp. 17–31 may also be compared, though there the description is not given in such objective compactness. Compare however the index under ‘spirillæ’¹. See also her *Thought Power*, p. 103.

For the above reasons then, the practical student of occultism along certain lines has to undergo a systematic training in the manipulation of this power of magnification, at an earlier or later stage of his development. And thus our seers explain that they happened to possess that power at the time that the first *Occult Chemistry* researches were undertaken in the summer of 1895.

HOW THE POWER IS EXERCISED.

If we ask our seers how this process of magnification is to be understood they explain it as follows.²

Magnification may be attained in two ways: first through the instrumentality of magnification proper, a power pertaining to the causal body, and secondly by physical sight.

The latter method consists of focussing the consciousness, through sheer will, in the etheric part of the eye and *willing* to see through that. By sympathetic vibration the impressions are then transmitted either to the rods and cones of the denser physical part and thus things are seen, or it may be that not only the etheric part of the *eye*, but also the etheric part of the *brain* is stimulated into activity, so that the ego can receive impressions from it. The impacts made upon the grey matter of the brain in ordinary life must be conveyed from that dense matter to etheric, from etheric to astral, and from astral to mental, before they can reach the true man within. When impressions are made directly upon the etheric or astral or mental matter we are merely tapping this telegraph-wire at an intermediate point.

Then again by sheer will the attention is limited to only a few atoms of this etheric matter, whereby an equal relation of size between object observed and observing organ is attained. I cannot extract any further details from data furnished to me as far as this method goes. But Mrs. Besant seems to allude to the

¹ In referring to these passages, the later rectifications, contained in “On Revelations” by A. B. and C. W. L. in *The Theosophist* for June, 1909, should not be overlooked.

² Compare the excellent and most valuable paper by Mrs. Besant on “The Conditions of Occult Research” in *The Transactions of the Second Annual Congress of the Federation of European Sections of the T. S.* p. 435.

same thing, though in quite other terms, on page 441 (bottom lines) and 442 of the *Transactions* cited. If the description be thought vague it should not be forgotten that occultists may sometimes be able to produce an action without knowing in full detail and in all minutiae the instrumentation of such activity.

We may remember Colonel Olcott's apt simile¹ that anyone may know how to whistle, yet scientifically be ignorant of the physiological and muscular processes by which the whistling sound is produced and accurately manipulated.

This physical method was mostly used in the early investigations of 1895, but has of late been to a great extent abandoned.

The other method of magnification is described by Mr. Leadbeater more in detail.² He says that he uses this method by preference, especially of late years.

It should be understood that the occult observer not only grows constantly more familiar, by experience, with the wielding of these powers and their varieties, but also that he is all the while making steady progress and adds new knowledge and powers to earlier conquests. So our seers declare that they can now do things which even a few years ago would have been totally impossible to them.

The description of this second method is as follows.

The chakram of the causal body corresponding to the place between the eyebrows in the physical, is when in a state of rest a mere vortex, but when magnification is desired a special sort of current is directed through it so that part of it can be projected outwards, and under such conditions it spatially resembles a tiny snake projecting from between the eyebrows—invisible of course to physical eyes. This snake-like arrangement narrows down to a mere point and acts as an organ of transmission for visual impressions, and at the same time as a sort of holder, able to grasp and contain a minute lens. Occultists are taught to construct such a lens from a single ultimate atom of any of the lower planes—physical, astral or mental (causal) planes, or from a mental unit (on the fourth sub-plane of the mental). This is done by opening

¹ *Old Diary Leaves.*

² See also some brief allusions in his *Clairvoyance*, p. 47.

up all spirillae of such an atom (as if making it ready for a seventh-round body), by then inserting it in the living snake-like holder and by letting the vibrations it receives in that way be recorded and translated in the causal body.

The power itself belongs to the causal body, and therefore if the inset be an astral or physical atom there must be a telescopic system of reflexions from the lower (say physical) into a higher (astral) atom, from that into the next (a mental unit) and lastly into the causal body, which then records the sight. This lens can be further adjusted to the various sub-planes of any plane by other processes. So that one may obtain any degree of proportion of size between the instrument of observation and the object observed. It should also be noted that the observer centres for the moment—however strange it may sound—a portion of his own self-consciousness in his temporary lens, whereby he practically diminishes his own size to any desired extent. Carrying back his observation to his ordinary notions of proportion, and comparing the two, he can only compare the size of the minute things seen to a size as many times *greater* than his own body as the temporary lens was *smaller* than his body. So that in fact this power of magnification (of the object) is rather in reality a power of diminution (of the subject).

It has been found that a special atom, thus prepared for the work of acting as a lens by having all its spirillae opened for action, very soon clogs up again and loses its special qualities when left alone. Nevertheless, next time such an atom is used for the same work its preparation is easier, and so experience has taught that during a set of observations it is preferable to store away the atom so treated for future use—which accordingly is done. How and where the thing is kept meanwhile is a matter into which we will not enter for the moment. The variants of this strange power I will not discuss here; be it enough to say that it may be exercised at a distance, and in the waking state. The experiment was made of examining in this way from Adyar some atoms in Utah, with success. It may be mentioned that in that case the 'snake' was projected from a sort of distance-flash-line and that the lens atom was picked up in Utah and not brought over from Adyar.

[A curious side-light on this particular experiment was that the investigator first crept round amongst the molecules of a table which he found somewhere, and next among the molecules of a letter lying on that table. Suddenly his cosmos was upheaved by tremendous earthquakes and cyclones, rushings through space at incredible velocities, ending with the more or less definite damaging of his world. Suddenly there was again a change and the paper molecules formed a surging island on an immense ocean of water molecules. Tracing all this tumult back to its origin (by other methods) he found that the owner of the letter had snatched it up, and torn it to pieces and thrown it into the running water of a gutter !]

It should be added that, after all, there are properly speaking a front and a back to the lens. The snake can wriggle itself in all directions and put its point at any required spot.

It is explained that the serpent above the eyebrows so common on the crowns and heads of Egyptian representations is a direct allusion to this power and to the snake-like protuberance through which it is exercised. It is also explained that a similar snake with a spread hood, under which are six smaller ones, three at each side, alludes to the sevenfold division of this power as applied either to sub-planes or to planes proper.

There is also another aspect to this power, though we have not to deal with it here. By the insertion of an inverted cone or trumpet at its extremity the snake may record on its lens a diminution instead of magnification. This trumpet may have any angle and take in practically any size, reducing it to a single point. This reduction may also be of any proportion desired. It may be conveyed to the causal body in its actual diminished size, or may again be magnified in part or as a whole. So, for instance, one might compress the view of a whole gigantic city, like London, into a single microscopic point. Then again one might magnify a single street, a single house, or a single person, leaving the rest in its latent state of smallness. Or one might magnify the whole to a convenient size for the purposes of the enquiry on hand, though it would be simpler not to do this, but to reduce the whole picture directly to the desired size.

The above exhausts the description of the mechanism of this magnifying power as given by Mr. Leadbeater. A word may be added about the expression 'distance-flash-line', used above. Our modes of perception receive an expansion in each higher body in which the perceptions become awakened. Vision on each higher plane is not only more complete and fuller in quantity but also more accurate and intensified in quality. This applies also to the instrumentation of vision, which on each higher plane becomes more comprehensive and as it were more elastic. In the physical body we have a localised, one-sided organ of sight, the eye, and an opaque wall behind it. In the astral body there is no such localised organ: the whole surface of the body sees, becomes all eye. In the mental and causal bodies a still further expanded visual power is exercised. It might be said that there the power is added to stretch out the visual power as we stretch out an arm in the physical body. The causal body is able to stretch out its visual organ along the line of its power of vision.

In the physical body we are able to see a star, but we cannot send forth the eye along the rays of light emitted by that star and striking our retina. The trained seer using his causal body, on the contrary, can do this, though only within the limits of our world. But it should be remembered that the eye of this body is no eye at all in the physical sense, and that *organ* of sight and *power* of sight have become almost identical. This ray emitted by the causal body and sent to an object of observation at a distance must, however, not be thought of as a mere thread of causal matter stretching out from body to object; it is rather in the nature of a unit of the matter flashing with incredible rapidity between these two and keeping them in touch by its seemingly unintermittent presence at both places simultaneously through this constant and inconceivably rapid vibration.

This has been called the distance-flash-line.

JOHAN VAN MANEN.

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BERTRAM KEIGHTLEY.

THEOSOPHICAL WORTHIES.

BERTRAM KEIGHTLEY.

MR. Bertram Keightley is one of the comparatively early English members of the Theosophical Society, and has done it many great and valuable services in the past. His name is known all over the theosophical world, and he is yet of an age to render it many further services should he emerge from his present seclusion and share with the world the knowledge that he may have gained during these quiet years. He is a member of the Indian Section, and has been so since he organised it in 1890, though retaining his membership also in Great Britain.

Mr. Keightley was born on April 4th, 1860, at Birkenhead, England. His father was a Liverpool solicitor, and the owner of much land which has since largely increased in value. His parents were both influenced to some extent by the mystical Christianity of Swedenborg, so that he escaped in his youth the harsher teachings of the more orthodox forms of the faith. He received a most admirable education, first at Charterhouse, then in Germany and France, and then at Cambridge, where he graduated in mathematics from Trinity College. Dowered with a strong brain and eager intelligence, his college reading was only a preparation for wider and deeper studies, philosophy and science being the branches of learning that most attracted him; of these his knowledge is large and sound, and he combines the critical acumen of the student with a genuine love and intuition for mysticism.

He studied mesmerism while still in Cambridge, and showed the bent of his mind by devouring Eliphas Lévi. He was thus prepared to be attracted to Theosophy when Mr. Sinnett's *Esoteric Buddhism* fell into his hands; he quickly made acquaintance with the author, and was admitted into the Theosophical Society in 1884 by the President-Founder, with Mr. and Mrs. Oakley, and his own nephew Dr. Archibald Keightley. In that memorable year he met H. P. Blavatsky, who burst like a whirlwind into Mr. Hood's rooms at Lincoln's Inn, where a meeting was being held in which Mr. C. W. Leadbeater was also taking part. The stormy circumstances under which the teacher and the pupil met

for the first time in their then incarnations did not prevent the renewing of the tie between them, and he became one of her most devoted disciples, placing himself and all he had at her service. He and Dr. Keightley divided between them the laborious work of copying out much of *The Secret Doctrine* for the press, of helping her in the correction of its proofs, and in persuading the printers to reduce to order her voluminous corrections and additions. He placed his purse at her disposal as freely as his time, and made up all deficiencies in the subscriptions which enabled the *magnum opus* to be placed before the world.

He was again one of those who set up the household in 27, Lansdowne Road in 1887, making it possible to Madame Blavatsky to reside in England, and he helped her constantly in her literary work, in founding *Lucifer* in 1888, and in seeing it through the press in the days of its infancy. In her E. S. also he was a diligent worker, typing and duplicating her *Instructions* to her pupils.

In 1890 Madame Blavatsky sent him as her special messenger to America, and later in the same year sent him to India, to found there the Indian Section, chartered January 1st, 1891, and he became its first General Secretary, organising also the Indian E. S. A few years later, his much loved friend Bābū Upenḍranāṭh Bāsu joined him as Joint General Secretary, and the latter succeeded him when, recalled to England by his mother's illness, he worked as General Secretary in Great Britain, and took part in the founding of the International European Theosophical Federation. He did much lecturing work in England during these years, for he is a good and, at times, a very effective speaker. On his mother's death, he broke up his English home and returned to his Indian one, with his loved and much revered friend, Rai Bahāḍur G. N. Chakravartī. He is much opposed to the presidential policy, but preferring principles to personalities, he has, while publicly expressing his dissent, remained in the Theosophical Society. It is permissible to express a hope that he will utilise his wide knowledge by giving to our literature some weighty and philosophical contribution, which will keep his memory green among future generations of Theosophists.

A. B.



ROUND THE VILLAGE TREE.

THE WANDERING JEW.

A LEGEND.

THE sun was blazing down on the dusty streets of Jerusalem, and the air was quivering with heat. It was so hot that the pavement seemed to scorch the feet of the passers-by, and the gaunt hungry dogs, which were an abomination to the Jews, had not energy enough left to quarrel over the dried-up bones scattered over the arid Golgotha. It was as yet but eight in the morning; what would be the mid-day glow?

Despite the heat, groups of people were standing about the road, arguing and discussing vehemently among themselves, and amid these groups was one of six persons, whose voices rose aloud and sharp. A young and handsome man, dark-eyed and dark-bearded, was apparently pleading against the sharp denunciations of the others: "Low impostor!" "A mere juggler, deceiving the people!" "A King of madmen!" such were some of the epithets flung into the air by his opponents. "Come, Ahasuerus," at last said the eldest of the group, "admit that you no more believe in this madman's claim than we do."

"Believe?" laughed he whom they addressed as Ahasuerus; "I believe? no, verily, but I regret that the poor madman should suffer death for his folly. The cross is an over-hard throne for so harmless a King as he."

As he spoke, yells and shouts were heard in the distance, and presently sounded the heavy tramp of the Roman soldiery, guarding three prisoners who were evidently being led to execution. Two of them walked doggedly along, stolid and indifferent, carrying the cross-bar to which they would presently be bound. The third, pale and slender, with wan face and pitiful tortured eyes, bleeding and weak, was half supported by his guard, as he tottered onward amid the curses and yells of the crowd. As the procession

reached the group of which Ahasuerus was one, the elder man who had addressed him pushed in front to gaze at the suffering Jesus, and the surge of the crowd pushed the twain forward somewhat roughly, so that the arm of Ahasuerus struck against the cross-bar carried by the prisoner, and the already half-fainting sufferer, overbalanced by the shock, fell heavily to the ground.

An ill-mannered burst of jeering laughter broke from the rough crowd as Jesus fell, and the proud young Pharisee, who had started forward to repair the mischief he had done, weakly shrank back, ashamed of his generous impulse towards an outcast and a blasphemer. A sad look of reproach spoke from the eyes of the prostrate Jesus, as he marked the gesture of the withdrawal, and he spoke: "O thou who wilt not have mercy on the helpless, going to his death, thou shalt seek death, and shalt not find it; a fugitive and a vagabond shalt thou be upon the earth."

Then the guard closed again round the prisoners, and the crowd surged onwards, till Golgotha, which was close at hand, was reached, and the three were raised on the cruel crosses to await the coming of King Death.

Now to the suffering and the weary death is sweet, and welcome is the touch that puts an end to pain; but to the young and the happy death is hateful, and Ahasuerus laughed as he wished lightly that the words of Jesus could come true, knowing not that, indeed, he was marked out from all men to be untouched by the grim King of Terrors, as the ignorant name Death.

Years passed on, and Ahasuerus had taken to himself a wife, and four fair children had been born to him—two sons, comely as Saul and David, and two daughters, beautiful as the rose of Sharon and the lily of the valley. A good man was Ahasuerus, and beloved exceedingly of his family and of his neighbors, and his momentary shrinking back from aiding the fallen Jesus had been but the weakness of a young man's proud and foolish shyness.

For a long while the Jews, ever a stiff-necked and riotous people, had been chafing against the yoke of the Roman rule, and at last, having broken into open rebellion, they found their city beleaguered by the Roman legions under Titus, and the engines of war trained against the citadel, on which stood their holy Temple. Then the famine, awful and weird, stalked through the city, and

men grew gaunt and women wasted under the pressure of the terrible want. If any morsel of food were by chance found concealed, "the dearest friends fell fighting one with another about it, snatching from each other the most miserable supports of life. Moreover, their hunger was so intolerable that it obliged them to chew everything while they gathered such things as the most sordid animals would not touch, and endured to eat them; nor did they at length abstain from girdles and shoes; and the very leather which belonged to their shields they pulled off and gnawed; the very wisps of old hay became food to some." Then the sweet daughters of Ahasuerus slowly pined away, uncomplaining and smiling on their father to the last, and of his sons one was slain on the third wall by a stone slung by the Romans, and the other perished under the dagger of a zealot in the outer court of the Temple. And his wife, his beloved, could now scarcely lift her head from her pillow, so weak was she with want and anguish of mind. At last one day, as he knelt beside her bed, his head bowed in agony over her in her dying struggles, the door was burst open, and in rushed robbers seeking for food like dogs: "Ho!", shrieked one, "we shall find food here; a woman feigns to be dying, and doubtless food is concealed in her bosom for secret feasting." And they hurled Ahasuerus aside, and flung themselves on his dying wife, and tore open her linen robe and searched her bed, and, as he fainted, he heard her death-rattle, and the last sight that met her eyes was the glare of the brutal robber, and not the face of her husband, the beloved of her youth. Yet was she better off than he, for whom Death would not call; for "those that were thus distressed by the famine were very desirous to die; and those already dead were esteemed happy, because they had not lived long enough either to hear or see such miseries."

Years passed on, and Ahasuerus, white-headed, lonely, and miserable, prayed in vain for death. Jerusalem was in ashes, and his race was scattered. All his friends were dead, and no living face greeted his with friendship. All that made his life was in the grave, and he, a wreck and a skeleton, wandered ghost-like over the tombs of his family and his nation. The curse of Jesus had fallen, and Ahasuerus was alone in a world of strangers.

Then he wandered into the deserts of Arabia, and made his abode in the wild mountains of that arid land. And one day as he walked he found on his path a zebra-colt but two days old,

deserted by its mother, and since the gentle heart of mercy in him was not dead, he raised it in his arms and bore it to his cave, and fed it with warm milk from the ass which daily yielded him his food. And he made him a fenced-in plot of pasturage for his captured prize, and fondled it and fed it with his own hands, and at night he led it within his cave and it slept beside his couch ; for he said : " The wild thing will learn to love me, and will look at me with eyes that are not strange." Thus for months he tended it, till he believed it tame and faithful, and it would come at his call, and arch its glossy neck under his gentle hand. Then Ahasuerus would almost smile, and his weary, lonely heart found pleasure even in the brute he had saved from death and tended as a child. But one day, in the far distance, rang the trample of wild hoofs, and Simon, his zebra, threw up his head and listened, and trotted forward a little way and listened yet again. Then Ahasuerus, fearful of losing his pet, ran swiftly to catch and hold it, blaming himself that he had forgotten the wild untameable nature of the zebra type, and had left his pet unloosed. But Simon sniffed the air, and he heard the tramp of his kindred, and the smell of the desert steeds was borne to him on the wind ; then the inherited instincts of his race awoke in him, and he forgot his master's tendance and his master's love, and with a plunge he turned, and, flinging up his heels, he smote Ahasuerus to the ground and galloped wildly away, leaving the Jew senseless on the sand, to awake once more, to loneliness, unbroken even by the caress of a brute friend.

Years passed on, and generations of men had lived and died, and still Ahasuerus lived, forgotten by Death, until at last a weary numbness lapped him, and neither pain nor joy seemed to touch him into real life. He had wandered far and wide over the earth, and with dull indifferent eyes he watched the loves and hates, the fears and hopes of men ; but they seemed so far away from him in their beautiful common lives and peaceful deaths that he could have no brotherhood with them, nor find in aught of theirs anything that could melt his frozen heart. For Ahasuerus had not yet learned that by losing his life in that of others he might win back something of joy into his own, and that the curse which had been launched at him could only be overcome by love.

During these long years, these long centuries of travel, Ahasuerus had passed through many a peril, and through many an adventure that would have ended in death, could death have touched him. He had been whelmed under a sand-storm in the desert, and had swooned under the stifling red-hot sand; but alas! he came back painfully to life, and the life stretched out before him as endless as the dry sand all around. He had been wrecked, and had seen his fellows sink down into the green waves to slumber, but he had been cast up, buffeted, bruised, and broken, but still living, on a desert-island in the midst of the wild Atlantic waves. He had been lost on the vast steppes of Tartary, and had been left for dead by a horde of Tatars, who had swept by him on their small white steeds, and who had flung their javelins at him in answer to his cry for water, and had galloped on laughing, as they saw him fall pierced by a light sharp spear.

And now he had found his weary way to England and there had met with but ill welcome and scanty comfort, for the Jews were hated exceedingly by the Christian populace, and small mercy was shown to any who called Abraham their father. Yet when the cruel decree was issued which drove every Jew off English soil, Ahasuerus would not depart; for he said: "What skills it whether I go or stay, since for me all lands are full of weariness, and there is no end to my sorrow?" So he stayed and abode in England, living chiefly in the wild forest lands, afar from the homes of men. Now it came to the time when Henry IV. was King of England, and when for the first time stakes were lighted on English soil at which they burned men's bodies living, that they might save their souls when dead. And Ahasuerus stood in the midst of the crowd in London town, and saw poor William Sautre burned alive, while Christian priests stood around him and a Christian mob shouted and jeered. Then a look of grief and painful memory came over the worn face of the deathless man, and he murmured as he turned away: "Verily, times are changed, but men remain the same; I bethink me when crowds like these jeered and yelled at the very man in whose name they burn this to-day."

And then, because he was weary and thirsty, he sat him down by a well, and by-and-by a maiden came singing to draw water,

and gazed timidly and curiously, as a fawn gazes, longing to draw near, yet fearing peril in the approach. And as he lifted on her his eyes, behind which an everlasting sadness dwelt, he started, and he thought: "Surely the eyes of my Salome look at me from the sweet face of this young girl." And back upon him like a torrent swept the memory of his youth, and of the days when he walked with his beloved beneath the whispering grey leaves of the olive-trees near Bethany, and the leaves chanted to them low of the eternity of love, and never a word of the eternity of life; while lo! to him love had been so fleeting, while life, like a sluggard, would not move from his tired heart. And as he remembered the wife of his youth, Ahasuerus bowed over the wall of the silent well, and he shook as shakes an oak of Lebanon when the storm-wind sweeps across the Syrian sea.

Then all fear left the girl's sweet heart, for here was one who was sad, and whom she might comfort, and she drew near, and laid her little hand on the bowed-down head.

"Stranger," she said, and her voice was as the sound of a Syrian viol, sweet and full and clear, "you are in trouble. Can I do aught for your relief?"

And she drew the cool pure water, and bathed his throbbing head and his tired arid eyes. And afterwards, each day she would come to the woodland well, and Ahasuerus would meet her there, and would tell her stories of far-off lands, and of wondrous adventures and perilous escapes, and would bring her from time to time strange jewel or curious web of eastern lands, to please her girlish pride. Now this sweet Editha was orphaned, and lived in a lonely cottage near at hand, with her grandfather, who was old and blind. And it chanced that one day she failed in her trust, and on a second and third she was not there.

And on the fourth, as Ahasuerus sat there, feeling for the first time for many a hundred years a chill aching pain that cramped his heart, and thinking: "She is gone, like all the rest," Editha was seen coming down the glade, not blithely, as was her wont, but full sadly, for she was weeping as she came. Yet Ahasuerus felt at the sight of her a throb that he would have thought was one of joy, had not joy and he so long been strangers that he scarcely remembered how it felt. And Editha told him how,

two days since, in the evening-tide, her grandfather had suddenly fallen, and when she ran to lift him he was dead, and now she was alone, "all alone in this wide world".

Alone?—the word went to his heart like a stab. And now from the pain he knew his heart had awaked, though he doubted of the joy and the pain grew keener, as he contrasted his awful age and this fair bright youth, though he knew she dreamed not of the years that lay behind him. And when Editha moaned amid her sobs: "I have none to care for me but you," he clasped his arms round her, and whispered he would care for her and guard her life if she would join with it her own. And so they two were wed, and Editha wist not that her husband was other than he seemed, a somewhat stern and elderly man.

But to him she had brought back life, and he felt with a strange sweet delight that now again he could feel both joy and pain, and that some share of the common lot was again at last his own. Alas! the new delight lasted for brief space, for, having been drawn back to the abodes of men, one day the eye of the village priest knew him not, and he spoke to him with angry suspicion. And he, carelessly, forgetting the cruel laws that men had made, answered that he worshipped not in the Christian Church. Then the angry priest bade them seize the infidel, and clap him into the village stocks, while he sent to the neighboring town to give warning of the heretic he had found.

Then they flung him on the ground, and, raising his feet above his head, thrust them through the holes, and left him there, with three others who shared his punishment, but in lighter form, for one was a murderer, and one was a thief, and one had forged his father's name, but he was a vile infidel, who had blasphemed the Christian faith. And in those days it was deemed worse to think differently from one's neighbor, than to kill, or rob or forge. For ever has the bigoted Christian punished heresy as worse than crime.

From the stocks Ahasuerus was carried into prison, and after trial and torture he was sentenced to death. And oh! what was his agony and despair when they led him out to die, and he found that he was not alone in the rough cart, but there was lifted in beside him his Editha, who was marked, as a convicted witch, to

death by flames. And she, instead of weeping, was joyous, in that, as she whispered, death should not part them; but he shuddered, for he feared that his darling would die *alone*.

As they went, the cruel priest who had brought them to this pass urged on them ceaselessly to kiss the cross and to believe in Christ. And Ahasuerus smiled mockingly at the priest and his emblem, and at last grimly bade him leave in peace the burnt offerings he was carrying to his God.

And so they fared forward to the stake, and bound them side by side to the central post and heaped the faggots round them. Then Ahasuerus, who had stealthily loosed one hand, slipped it into his bosom as the smoke rolled thickly around them, and drawing out a tiny ball placed it in Editha's mouth, and bidding her bite it, breathed a passionate farewell. And in that ball was a subtle eastern poison, and with a shiver she was dead, and spared the agony of the flames. But they rolled up round her husband, scorching, soaring, till he swooned with agony and hung as dead. Then burst over the common where the stake had been raised a fearful storm. And the fierce lightning and the pouring rain drove away both guards and people, and mist and fog swept across the plain. And Ahasuerus awoke again, to find himself lying on the half-burned faggots, awoke to agony of pain, and, worse than pain, to life; while beside him lay the scorched body of his beloved, whom merciful Death had taken, while he was left again alone.

Years passed on, and again generations of men lived and died, and still Ahasuerus lived, forgotten by death; but since the old weary numbness had been healed by Editha's love, he had never fallen back into that death-in-life which had passed away for ever when love had touched him into self-forgetfulness, and he had placed in Editha's mouth the poison that would have saved him from the agony of the flames, had he thought of himself first, ere shielding his beloved. And indeed, since he had roused himself to love of a woman, the old dull weariness had passed out of life, for love is the true savior of men, and those who love loyally enter the 'earthly paradise'.

But even yet in this love of Ahasuerus for Editha was there touch of selfishness, as in all save the noblest human love. One stage higher yet had this man to climb, ere he touched the sacred

portal on the other side of which was rest. And it came on this wise :

One day Ahasuerus wandered along the streets of London, no longer with dull intelligence, but with eyes soft with sympathy for human grief, and in their depths a sorrow which none might share. And he wandered on till the evening darkened around him, and still onwards, until at last the hour came at which the gin-palaces and the public-houses were closed, and the narrow streets in which he found himself were filled with a tossing crowd of half-drunken men and women. Ahasuerus looked at these poor unfortunates with eyes luminous with pity and with sorrow, and both deepened as the eyes rested on a group of man, woman, and child, a father, mother, and daughter. The father was mad with drink, the mother helpless, and the little child, with its violet eyes terror-widened, its sweet curled mouth down-drawn in grief, clung sobbing to the ragged skirt of the miserable mother, shrinking from the voice and gesture of the poor wretch whom she called "daddy," in broken babyish appeal. There was a delay, a brawl, a sudden heavy blow, a falling woman, a child crushed in the falling, a confusion of crowding sight-seers, a policeman seizing a maddened man, some rough but kindly hands lifting a fainting woman—and Ahasuerus had gently raised the broken blossom of a child and had quietly carried away the helpless waif, unknowing whether it were alive or dead. None cared ; none noticed. A few weeks later, and the mother was dead, the father suffering a sentence of penal servitude, and the poor little child, orphaned and alone, remained in the gentle hands that had rescued her, and there was none to say : "Yield her to me, for she is mine." And in good sooth—though this was known to none save to the dead and the felon—this sweet child was none of theirs, but was a baby stolen from a pure and honest home, where mourning had been worn for five years for a babe that had vanished and had left no trace.

So Ahasuerus kept the little one, and he named her Editha Salome, remembering in his faithful heart the two fair women whom he had loved in the bygone time. And the child grew, and became sweet as a violet, pure as a snow-drop, and she grew into fairest womanhood, unsullied by an evil thought, unawed by fear. Thus she developed into womanhood, and her violet eyes were as frank

and innocent as when she had numbered but seven years, and the broad white brow and square lines of chin told of brain to think and firmness to endure.

And slowly in the heart of Ahasuerus there grew up a love for this peerless maiden that was love of father and brother and lover in one, and his whole heart fixed itself on this child he had saved, this maiden he had trained, this woman he worshipped. And the time came when he told the sweet lassie of his love, and innocently, trustfully, she put her hand in his and promised, unknowing, a faith and love of whose meaning she had not dreamed.

And now the spring months, ripening into summer, brought with them in their ending a youth, fair and strong, into the village in which dwelt Ahasuerus and the maiden he had reared. And one morning, very early, ere yet the dew-drops had stolen all the fairy seven colors from the grass-blades and had left them only green for adornment—Editha wandered over the daisy-starred meadows, and met this youth, Reginald, on his morning stroll. Little worth to trace how meeting led to acquaintance, and acquaintance to love, until the hour came when the sweet violet eyes grew dull with pain, and the soft round cheeks were feverish with the passion that adored and the resolution that denied. Little worth to trace the slow agony of Ahasuerus, who saw his love won from him, and knew that the pallid cheeks and the sweet wistful eyes told him of the loyalty of years struggling against the passion of a month, and of the resolute honor that kept pure its faith though the gentle heart should break in the determination to be true.

He saw. And for awhile he wrapped himself up in sore grief and pain, and wrestled with his own heart for mastery. Then at length the strife was over, and with the victory that gave Editha to her lover and accepted loneliness for himself, a strange languor crept over frame and thought.

Ahasuerus had conquered in his final struggle. In renunciation he had triumphed, and the fair grave face of Death shone on him out of the darkness. Love at its noblest brought him rest, and the lesson of the Nazarene was learned.

He called to him his darling; he told her of her discovered secret, of his grateful recognition of her loyal struggle, of his approval of her choice, of his blessing on her love. The wondering violet eyes were raised dew-laden, and flashed into glorious beauty, as though the sun-rays had touched them. Ahasuerus raised his voice, and at the call Reginald entered, pure-faced, upright, strong—fit mate for the maiden he loved.

There was a pause. Ahasuerus seemed to have grown very old; his eyes were dim, but on his face rested a strange, silent, massive calm. His voice sounded out for the last time on earth, as he clasped together the hands of the woman he loved and surrendered and of the man, his rival, whom he crowned; the last words were words of blessing, and they slew the words of the curse that had pursued him.

The wandering Jew was dead.

A. B.

STORIES FROM THE HISTORY OF CEYLON.

THE INTRODUCTION OF BUDDHISM INTO CEYLON.

THE CONSECRATION OF LAŪKĀ TO BUDDHISM.

(Continued from p. 626.)

THREE days later, after Mahinḍa had preached to King Tissa and his people the most heart-stirring sermons, the King approached him, seated himself near him and asked whether now the religion of the Buddha was established in Laṅkā.

But Mahinḍa answered: "No, Ruler of men, not yet. When for the purpose of performing the *Upisatha*¹ and other rites the ground has been duly consecrated according to the rules prescribed by the Vanquisher, *then* His religion will have been established."

King Tissa promised to have the consecration performed as soon as possible, and now he made preparations for a festival such as had never been celebrated before and as most probably will never be celebrated again in Laṅkā.

King Tissa had given notice by beat of drums that the capital, the roads leading to Mahinḍa's residence and the residence itself should be gorgeously decorated. Then he himself, attired

¹ This means the ceremonies which are performed on the Poya days (on the four phases of the moon).

in all the splendor of his royal garments, mounted his state chariot. Accompanied by the ladies of his household and his army, he drove to the residence of the Theras, bowed down to them reverently and asked them to accompany him to the upper ferry of the river. Here thousands of people had gathered and King Tissa, greeted by shouts of joy from his subjects, took the shafts of his magnificent golden plough, had his two splendid state elephants attached to it and began to plough a circle to mark the boundary of the ground which was to be consecrated to Buḍḍhism. He enclosed thus Anūrāḍhapura and the Mahamegha gardens in this holy circle. The procession walked slowly following Tissa with his golden plough. Thousands of kerchiefs and banners were being waved, women with umbrellas shading the heads of the accompanying Theras. Others with baskets full of fragrant flowers dropped them into the furrows which the golden plough had made. Hundreds of drums and tom-toms were beaten and the shouts of "Sāḍhu" filled the air. The procession moved on, solemnly and grandly. Now no other sounds were heard but the murmuring of prayers and blessings. When this procession led by King Tissa, who was still guiding the golden plough, returned to the upper ferry, the two ends of the holy circle were united and Mahinḍa blessed it. King Tissa and his happy people prostrated themselves at this moment and the shout of "Sāḍhu" was heard miles away, and found its echo in the mountains and filled the valleys with solemn gladness. Then the earth trembled in acknowledgment of this consecration of the ground to the religion of the Buḍḍha.

This is the ground thus consecrated, where later on the Holy City of Anūrāḍhapura was built. 2200 years ago this consecration took place, and although the Holy City has gone through many a storm, though the holy buildings are in ruins and only some single columns testify to the grandeur of its former temples and palaces, it is yet the Holy City of Ceylon, whither thousands of pilgrims resort every year, especially at Vaisākh (Wesāk), to offer their devotion with flowers. Here they gather and speak of the old glorious times when Buḍḍhism was introduced into Lanḱā, and when Anūrāḍhapura was the grandest and the holiest of all the cities in the island.

Mahinḍa now indicated the position of the thirty-three holy buildings which were to be built in this sacred circle. He preached every day in the Nandana Pleasure Garden, and resided with his Ṭheras in the Mahāmegha Garden in a Vihāra, which had been temporarily built of dried mud which was blackened through being dried by fire and was therefore called Kālapāsaḍa Parivena (college of black mud). Ṭissa also constructed preaching halls, Vihāras and bathing tanks for the use of those who had been ordained as monks by Mahinḍa and his Ṭheras, and then he commenced to build the Mahā-Vihāra, the first permanent Vihāra in Laṅkā, for the special use of Mahinḍa and his priests in the Mahā-mega Gardens.

At this time also the Dighasanda Senapaṭi-Parivena (the college of the chief captain Dighasanda) was built on eight lofty pillars; it became a great seat of learning and the home of great men¹.

THE DEDICATION OF THE MIHINTALE MOUNTAIN.

Twenty-six days did Mahinḍa and his Ṭheras stay near Anūrāḍhapura teaching the King and the people, and the wisdom that flowed from the mouth of this saintly preacher was like a stream of pure water which entered into the hearts of the listeners, purifying and strengthening them. After this, Mahinḍa left Anūrāḍhapura for the Mihintale mountain, where he had first stayed, and where he met King Ṭissa. When Ṭissa heard that he had left, he at once mounted his chariot, and took the two princesses Anula and Sihali with him. The Ṭheras had come to Mihintale for the Vassa.² Ṭissa was then present at the ordination of many priests, and on that same day he began the construction of sixty-eight rock-cells, which, when they were completed, were given over to Mahinḍa and the Ṭheras for their own use during Vassa. Mahinḍa accepted them and blessed them, and thus the Mihintale mountain was also consecrated to the religion of the Buddha. He remained there for the time of Vassa, going over to Anūrāḍhapura sometimes in the day time for teaching.

¹ This was the place where more than 700 years later the great history of Ceylon, the *Mahavamsa*, was compiled, from which most of these stories are taken.

² Vassa means rainy months. During the rainy months the priests stay in the Viharas.

The newly ordained priests became the first inhabitants of these famous rock-cells, some of which are even at the present time visited by the pilgrims. At this time it was also that the first stone slabs were laid which were to make the ascent to the mountain easier (it is about a thousand feet high) and which when completed many years later by the pious pilgrims, made the wonderful stairs (in four flights) of 1840 steps, partly of granite slabs, partly hewn out into the rock itself.

M. MUSÆUS HIGGINS.

A WESĀK CAROL.

Glory to BUDDHA our Leader we sing ;
 All through the wide world His praises shall ring.
 Great be the festival, joyous the morn
 When from Queen Māyā our Master was born.
 Sing we the praises of BUDDHA our Lord,
 Through all earth's trials stand firm by His word.

This is the feast-day—O day of high fame !
 When Prince Siddārtha Lord BUDDHA became.
 Pure as the sunlight, as lily unstained,
 On this full-moon-day Nirvāṇa He gained.
 Glory to BUDDHA our Leader we sing ;
 All through the wide world His praises shall ring.

Keep we His Precepts—obey we His Law ;
 Well let us study the Truths that He saw.
 Strain we each nerve, as we love our great King,
 Into the light of truth others to bring.
 Sing we the praises of BUDDHA our Lord ;
 Through all earth's trials stand firm by His word.

Thus then our gratitude best can we show—
 This our endeavor be—like Him to grow.
 So—and so only—earth's best joys we gain ;
 So—and so only—Nirvāṇa attain.
 Glory to BUDDHA our Leader we sing ;
 All through the wide world His praises shall ring.

THE HOUSE OF STRANGE WORK.

III

THE POWER OF THOUGHT.

I dreamt that in the room of the house encircled by snowy mountains, far from the haunts of men, a man sat alone, deeply thinking. He was thinking, moreover, with his will set to accomplish the purpose of his thought. He was intent, I could see by the employment of the special faculty of dreamland, on helping the world, and strong currents of right thinking, to reinforce the feebler thoughts of average thinkers, flowed from that silent room. Thoughts which the more receptive souls incorporated and imagined were of their own conception, not dreaming of the alien origin of their brilliant flashes of inspiration. Thoughts of divine beauty and of tender compassion came also from this solitary thinker; thoughts resulting in discoveries that made the so-called inventor famous and helped the progress of the world's becoming—such had here their birth-place.

To none however did such thoughts filter save to those who had fitted themselves for their reception, albeit unconsciously, by constant right thinking and right living and earnest endeavor to achieve, so that the reinforcement of their native power would lead them to use their increased capacity for the help of all and not for greed and self-advancement only.

Through the wide world these swift thought-messages penetrated, and many profited thereby and found not only help and beauty in the thoughts but strength and endurance and renewed desire to serve. Some who were beginning to despair, as the thought touched them took heart again and renewed with stronger courage that constant conflict with the world and with themselves which most men must fight.

Some found words wherewith to clothe the thought that came to them, found words winged with eloquence to pierce the hearts of men and show them the reality that underlies appearances, dispelling the mists of ignorance, pointing the way to knowledge and security and peace. Such lifted men, by the life that vitalised the words which they spoke, to regions fairer than those of earth, in which those they thus helped could see Love and Beauty and the Joy of Service, and aspire to reach these divine realities. Some

clothed the thought that came to them in glowing pictures and beautiful color, or in musical sound of charm and harmony that soothed the hearts and minds of those who listened to it, relaxing for a time the conscious strain of life, enabling some who could do so by no other means "to see visions and dream dreams," inspiring each as each needed inspiration. In some the thought from that far-off land took form in stately Art, in lines flowing in the majesty of marble or in the grave seriousness of bronze, that all who had eyes to see might behold the thought imprisoned in material, but still showing by its outline its high origin.

In others, and it was the most general medium, the thought was transcribed as a symbol, in little crooked letters differing with the race to which the transmitter belonged, which carried their message to all who could interpret the writing. To all who could receive it (and that was the only test) the thoughts of the solitary thinker penetrated, and each translated what he received in his own medium of expression to the best of his ability, working only for pure love of the work, or for conscious desire to help humanity, but never for personal gain.

None knew, though perhaps one or two here and there half guessed, the cause of their inspiration or whence the thought came, but all treasured it and hastened to transmit it as each saw best, knowing instinctively that the thought was to be expressed so that all who had eyes to see, or ears to hear, or intuition—that faculty which savors of the divine—could grasp its meaning.

The original fashioner of the thought sat in his silent room in the neighborhood of the snow-clad mountains, clad himself like them in the purity and serenity of his soul, bending all his energies to the work, giving to it himself and all his power, rejoicing only that he had so much to give, not counting or grudging the cost, heavy as that had been. Such work can only be accomplished by those who are willing to pay the price of lives and years of strenuous effort, to achieve by self-sacrifice and patient learning. It appeared to me in my dream that the cost of the work paid in the past was shown by the quality of the work achieved to-day.

.....:.....

I dream perpetually of that silent scene, those snow-clad mountains. I dream that many I do not know work in like fashion

for humanity, concealed as their work is from the eyes of all but dreamers. I dream that they will work until humanity needs their help no longer, and they will take—not rest—but some other sphere of work under conditions which even dreamers cannot grasp. I dream that until that far-off day arrives they work their hardest for us and are joyful in the work, and the knowledge helps my waking hours.

IV.

In a room of the house situated in a far-off Eastern land. I dreamt I was present while a strange scene was being enacted. The usual occupant of the room, a dark-skinned, tall, majestic Oriental, was surrounded by a group of men to whom he seemed to be imparting instruction. These students, men of different ages and nationalities, were sitting on the floor around him. They indisputably were men of the human race, yet they differed strangely from the ordinary man. Clad in white, their bodies seemed almost transparent, and round each man hovered an enveloping light composed of various hues and shades of color, which was perpetually in motion, continually also changing shape and color. This light culminated in brilliance round the head, where it was usually a blue or violet shade, or sometimes yellow predominated; in any case it was of soft yet brilliant appearance, a lovely object.

The manner in which these men were being taught was as singular as their appearance. Their teacher was speaking, it is true, articulate words, which fell musically from his lips in no language that is known to-day, but as he pronounced each sentence it seemed to take visible form and color. The room was in consequence full while he was speaking of flashes of color constantly changing form; the colors were clear and brilliant, the forms strangely symmetrical in shape. The pupils from their composure were evidently accustomed to this strange phenomenon; they listened with attention, looked with interest at the changing forms before their eyes, but themselves never spoke a word. Suddenly the teacher ceased to speak, the shapes and colors vanished; he lifted his hand after a moment's pause and a pall of intense blackness formed itself within the

room. It fell like a curtain before the students' watchful eyes, and from the gloom gradually emerged light—light hardly perceptible at first, yet it gradually gained in extent and brilliance until the darkness disappeared and the room was full of light, white and intensely cold. Gradually this light changed in hue to one softer, more yellow in color, which gave forth heat as fire does and filled the room with warmth. From this light burst forth "a very whirlwind of sparks" which completely filled the room, yet behind it the light could be discerned steadily burning, and each spark seemed connected with it by a tiny thread of light.

From the succeeding scenes it was plain that the progress of the sparks and their subsequent career on earth were being followed up. The materials in which they were embedded were portrayed, and the presence of the sparks in the mineral, vegetable and animal kingdoms through many thousand years of evolution was described, as scene quickly followed scene. Strange pictures of this world's early framing were seen; strange and repulsive forms of animal as well of human life followed. In those early periods of the world's history the forms of men were huge, uncouth, unfamiliar, three-eyed, but in each the spark was visible. The history of the sparks was pursued up to the present-day conditions, for the concluding scene of the series portrayed was very familiar. As if looking on from an upper window the spectators saw the life of a street in a busy western town, presenting the familiar everyday life of man, only they saw present in it the inner life which, while ruling the outer life, is invisible to most eyes. They saw men and women walking listlessly or hurriedly along the street, the road being full of the usual signs of traffic, cabs and carts passing perpetually. Some men looked prosperous, some looked poverty-stricken, ragged, hungry. But light was visible in everything that was pictured in the scene; in the pavement beneath the feet it glowed with a faint yet steady glow; in the animals, in the horses dragging the cabs and omnibuses, the dogs following their masters, the cat sitting demurely at a shop-door, a spark could clearly be discerned, tiny though it was, and their entire bodies were outlined in light. In men and women a spot of fire glowed within each heart, and their entire bodies were also pervaded with a faint glimmer of light, each physical atom having, as it were, a

back-ground of light. The central light in the heart of the passers-by differed largely both in quality and in quantity, according apparently to the temperament and appearance of the vehicle of flesh in which it was harbored. In some it burned steadily if faintly; in others it seemed to droop as if oppressed or insufficiently nurtured; in one man, short, stout, with a sensual face and forbidding expression, the spark seemed almost extinct; only by the most careful observation could its presence be discerned at all. In one shabby woman, patiently selling penny toys, standing in the road, the light burned brilliantly, and though she looked ill and poor her face was peaceful.

In one man alone who passed along the street while the students were watching the scene the light had developed into a veritable flame, which enveloped him from head to foot in shining gold, and as he walked along men turned and looked after him, and the spark in their hearts as he passed them by seemed to be reinforced in power and vitality by his great light, and to burn more brightly for a time.

Again the teacher waved his hand; the scene vanished; no other took its place. The men sitting on the floor rose simultaneously to their feet and stood facing their instructor; he made a swift curious sign of dismissal; they returned it with one accord, and then the room was empty, the pupils had vanished, their Teacher was left alone.

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I awoke and pondered over my dream. As I walked the streets that day I felt more closely drawn to the passers-by as I realised that I had seen with my own eyes how the one Light, one Life, one Love burns in the hearts of all, so that in verity no one can be called common or unclean.

ELISABETH SEVERS.

IN THE TWILIGHT.

“**H**ERE is a letter from our Vagrant,” said the Shepherd, “with one of the best authenticated records of a warning from the other side and the accident which followed. She says: ‘You know about Julia’s Bureau, established by Mr. Stead under the direction of his other-world friend, Miss Julia Ames. On Whit-Monday evening a lady connected with it, staying in the country with her mother, received a message from a gentleman whom we will call Lionel, warning a lady well-known in society, whose name is in my possession, of an impending motor-car accident, and asking her to put off her intended journey. The lady sent on the message to Mr. Stead, who received it on Tuesday morning. He at once dictated a letter to the person concerned, giving the message, and the letter was posted to Dunmore, and arrived on the same day, about 6 p.m. Three people knew of the letter—Mr. Stead, the stenographer and Mr. King, a Bureau official; the letter-book also shows its posting. The letter duly arrived, but the lady concerned had left. In consequence of a strong presentiment she cut short her journey, but returning through London on the following day a motor-bus skidded and crashed into her car, slightly injuring the occupants. On her arrival at Dunmore Mr. Stead’s letter was handed to her, too late to be useful, but offering an unassailable testimony to the accuracy of the Bureau information. Lionel states that he succeeded in slightly turning the omnibus, thus preventing a fatal accident, but was unable to stop it altogether. It is interesting to compare the efficient and direct communications obtained in the Bureau, where proper conditions are afforded, with the clumsy and laborious cross-correspondences loved by the out-of-date S. P. R. That society promised well, but it seems as though what Calvinists called “judicial blindness” had fallen on it since its wicked treatment of our H. P. B.’ A good story,” concluded the Shepherd.

“We were speaking last time,” said the Scholar, “of the reappearance in one life of characteristics that had been prominent in a previous one. It seems to me that a very good instance of this is to be found in the later incarnations of our late President-Founder. Remember how he repeated in this life in his Presidential proclamations and in parts of *Old Diary Leaves* the very style of his

rock-cut inscriptions when he was King Asoka; and even those were equally repetitions of certain edicts which he issued as Gustasp in favor of the Zoroastrian religion. His first book in this life was upon the value of the plant sorghum, which he was instrumental in introducing to the notice of the authorities in the United States; but he had done the very same thing with the very same plant thousands of years before, when he was employed by the Government of Peru."

"Yes," assented the Shepherd, "I think the Colonel may fairly be quoted as an example of the permanence of certain characteristics. You may recollect, too, how in another of our series of lives the artistic tendency of the man showed itself again and again, varying its expression according to surrounding conditions, but always there in some form. But, turning to the business of the evening, has any one a story to contribute?"

"I have something that I think will be new to you," said the Inspector. "My daughter was once attacked by a disease known in Samskr̥t as *Dhanurvāyu* (a disease which makes the body bend like a drawn bow). This disease is commonly pronounced incurable; in this case it first manifested itself, oddly enough, in a slight swelling on the big toe. She felt, at times, quite excruciating pain, and skilful treatment by expert European as well as Indian doctors was of no avail. In compliance with the wishes of my mother, I took her to a temple dedicated to Hanūmān at Kasāpūr, near Guntakal, to which persons suffering from fell diseases resort in the pious belief that they will be cured by the favor of the presiding Deity. For three days her mother worshipped the Deity in various ways on her behalf, as she could not do it herself, being physically weak. On the night of the fourth day, she dreamt that some one came and stood beside her and told her that she would be cured, if a certain leaf called *uṭṭareṇi* was crushed and mixed with turmeric powder and applied to the part where the disease originated. On the same night a servant of the temple dreamt a dream quite identical with the patient's, in which he was told to go and fetch the leaf himself. Accordingly, he got up and went into the fields in the neighborhood, plucked some leaves and brought them home and, after crushing them, asked my wife for the turmeric powder, relating his dream parenthetically. My wife was surprised

at the remarkable identity of the dreams and applied the leaf herself to the patient's foot. The application took effect almost instantly and in less than ten minutes the patient felt indescribable relief and recovered perfectly soon afterwards."

"I suppose it must have been a case of some sort of convulsions, probably produced by the bite of some poisonous creature. Anyhow, the facts are interesting," said the Shepherd, "and they remind me of the giving of prescriptions at spiritualistic séances. Sir John Forbes, for example, was one who frequently gave them in that way. But is a cure always effected at these Temples?"

"Not invariably," replied the Inspector; "but sooner or later a dream always comes to the patient, either telling him how his disease can be cured or informing him that it is incurable and that it is useless for him to stay any longer. Viḍurāswaṭham and Nañjangod are two other places in this Presidency where similar cures are said to be effected. I myself suffered for several years with a pain that recurred at intervals of from one to six months. I went with my wife to the Kasāpūr Temple, where after three days she dreamed of a prescription which proved effective, curing me entirely, although the doctors had failed. Then, again, a relative of mine, who was a white leper, went for two years to a Temple at Viḍurāshwaṭha, and was completely cured, no trace of the disease remaining, nor has it since returned."

"I was never exactly cured by a prescription given in a dream," said Chitra, "but I have received very curious warnings in that way. When quite a young girl I heard one day of the serious illness of a girl-friend, and that night I dreamed that I was standing on a path looking towards slightly rising ground. I then noticed that there were three mounds or very small hillocks on this rise, and that the grass covering the whole place was unusually long and juicy in appearance, and of a very vivid green. Suddenly on the farthest side of the first hillock to my right I saw my sick friend, looking very pale. She appeared to be climbing the hillock on the side hidden from me. When she reached the top she stood for a second looking towards the third, then walked steadily, seriously forward, stooping to gather great handfuls of the luscious, green grass as she walked. She climbed

the second hillock, and by that time had quite a large sheaf of grass—an armful. She descended the further side, and then I noticed that between the second and third hillocks there was a small round pool of intensely black water. Reaching the edge of this pool she looked at it as if measuring the width, then stepped over it, climbed to the top of the third hillock and disappeared suddenly, as if she had dissolved. My friend died soon after.

“Ten or twelve years afterwards during my school-holidays—greatly lengthened that year, because of an outbreak of typhoid fever in the school—I was lying awake one night wondering how many of the children would die. Some, we knew, must; and thinking how thankful the Manager of the Institution and his wife would be that their son, lately a school-master there, had been transferred before the fever broke out, I also found myself wondering where he would spend his holidays, as he was rather weak from overstudy and I felt sure his parents would not allow him to come home. Thus thinking, I fell sound asleep, but was awakened by hearing his voice distinctly call my name three times. I sat up startled, and listened, but not a sound was to be heard. I woke my sister and told her, but she was too sleepy to listen and said it must have been a dream. I at once went to sleep again, but was roused again by the same call, this time louder, so I rose, went down stairs and opened the door. No one was about, so, feeling very uneasy, I returned to bed, only to be once more roused by the same call. Then I again awoke my sister and said ‘I am sure so-and-so is ill, but why is he calling me?’ ‘Well, you can find out in the morning, but not now,’ replied my sister. In spite of my anxiety I slept directly my head touched the pillow, and I found myself looking at those same three green mounds which I had seen years before, so I was not surprised to see my teacher-friend climbing the first one just as my girl-friend had done. He went through exactly the same movements, walked steadily along, gathered grass till he had a great sheaf, crossed the black pool, climbed the third hillock, and disappeared. I awoke feeling sure he was dying or dead, and wondering if his people knew. Directly after breakfast I saw his brother entering a chemist’s shop, so turned and asked him if John were ill.

‘What made you think of that?’ he asked.

‘Oh, I dreamed of him.’

‘Yes,’ he replied, ‘I am afraid he is dying. He would come home for his holidays. He took the fever, but recovered; but he caught a chill and now has a relapse and we have very little hope; come and see him this afternoon if you wish.’

‘I went and, while sitting in the room next his with his mother, was greatly startled by three loud raps made upon the wall near the ceiling, as if by a very heavy stick.

‘Won’t that startle him dreadfully?’ I said.

‘His mother, looking at me strangely, said ‘Come and see.’ We entered the sick room on tip-toe, and there, lying quite unconscious on a low bed against the opposite wall from that on which the knocks sounded was the invalid. His mother and I looked at each other and tip-toed out again.

‘That has been happening at intervals ever since the relapse,’ she said, ‘that is why we have taken everything off that wall. Did you notice it was bare?’ Suddenly I heard the servants noisily rolling up the oilcloth from the front door, down the passage to the door of the sick room, and said:

‘Why do you let them do that? won’t it startle him?’

‘Again she gave me that strange look, and said ‘Come and see’. Then I remembered that I had noticed before that the floor was bare; the oilcloth had been taken up a week before.

‘That noise too,’ she said, ‘comes every day, and sometimes several times a day. None of my girls will come to work in this passage, they are so afraid.’ I asked his mother if he had called me and she told me that at three o’clock that morning he had repeated my name in a whisper three times. The noises may have been caused by entities who followed his father home from spiritualistic séances which he attended.

‘Still later on, I dreamed that I saw the baby of a visitor to the school at the same three mounds and doing as the other two had done; this baby also died, but not of typhoid.

‘A few years ago, when very weak and ill myself, I dreamed I once more faced the three mounds and the black pool and said to myself as I looked ‘I wonder who is going to die now!’ No one came, so I myself climbed the first and second mound and

gathered an armful of grass, but when I came to the pool I stopped and looked at it, not feeling any impulse to go on; then I awoke. I cannot understand why, even after relating this dream to others and catching the look which passed between them, I did not apply it to myself, but the fact remains that I did not; and when a few months later I had to undergo a very serious surgical operation because of a hurt I had accidentally received, and was warned by my doctor that I had but one chance of recovery out of ten, my dream never crossed my mind. Not until months afterwards when a friend reminded me, saying 'I knew you would not die because you did not cross the pool,' did I think of it."

"One night," said the Doctor's daughter, "in a dream, a threatening skeleton appeared to me, saying he was 'Death,' but I told him he should take no one from our house, and broke him up. Two days later the coachman's mother died. Another time I dreamt I leaned too far over a pool and fell into it and was drowned; and the next day a housemaid in the next compound fell into the well in the same manner and was drowned."

"I had a curious dream," put in the Fakir, "when I first came into touch with Theosophy. I was very deeply interested in a French movement of a semi-occult nature when one night I dreamt that I was seated in a carriage bearing its name. I waited a long time, but the carriage did not move, no horse having being harnessed to it. I was becoming very impatient, so, another carriage coming swiftly past, I jumped into it—and found that it bore the name 'Theosophical Society.' The first Society still exists, but apparently has not yet found a horse."

"I knew a lady-member who had a similar experience, but she was awake, not dreaming," said the Scholar. "She was in the office of a semi-magical Hermetic Society, actually waiting to fill up her form of application, when she distinctly saw a face and heard a voice say: 'This is not your place.' She excused herself from joining, and shortly afterwards came across an advertisement of a theosophical lecture, which she attended. Afterwards, seeing the portrait of H. P. B., she recognised in it the face she had seen at the time of the warning voice."

"Another incident of the nature of a death-warning was related by my mother. She awoke one night to find the astral counterpart

of my father leaning half out of bed with an expression of horror upon its features. They had news the next day of his brother's death, which took place at the very time when my father was leaning out of bed. There seems to me to be some sort of communication in this—telepathic we might call it, in the widest sense of the term."

"One hears so much about the telepathy of sight and hearing," remarked the Fakir, "that the other senses seem to be left out in the cold, which isn't fair to them. A curious incident happened to a dear old lady-friend of mine in whose hospitable home I have spent many a holiday. No dreamer of dreams was she, but a stout American matron, a sorely tried mother, a model of housewifely perfection. She usually spent the season in Paris, but had a seaside villa in Brittany, which was, at the time of my story, in the charge of a single housemaid named Irma. One afternoon my friend startled the household by suddenly bustling all over her Paris flat with a handkerchief to her nose and a much-aggrieved expression, poking under sofas and behind cupboards, and taking everybody to task. 'Had they no noses?' They sniffed their best, but all protested they could smell nothing. There certainly could be no dead rats about. They had not seen as much as a live mouse. That awful smell haunted my friend for half an hour or so, and then subsided. A couple of hours later a telegram came, from a friend in Brittany 'Irma found dead in room—letter follows.' The letter came next day, and made everything clear: the servant not seen for several days; the house found locked from inside; the breaking, first into the hall, then into the servant's bedroom upstairs; the rush of putrid air making the whole party recoil a moment; and finally the finding of the neglected corpse—all at the very time when my old friend, three hundred miles away in Paris, was haunted by that fearful smell."

"Well," remarked the Scholar, "it seems to have been a case of telæsthesia, but it certainly was not telæsthetic."

THEOSOPHY IN MANY LANDS.

GREAT BRITAIN.

These lines are written during the last few days of the President's visit to our British Society. Time was when we counted her "at home" when she stayed in England, but, as our General Secretary has recently pointed out, we have forced upon us the realisation "that the President belongs to the world and that if we should share her life, as all of us who love her gropingly desire to do, we must train ourselves to feel that we too belong to the world. And while regretting in a human way her almost continual journeyings, as being human we can scarcely fail to do, we can practise the renunciation which finally brings peace; not merely on this physical plane where our liberty is always restricted and often only imaginary, but mentally, where we are free." And so we rejoice heartily that our brethren in America will so shortly feel the inspiration which has breathed amongst us during these weeks, quickening, refreshing, stimulating, touching us to crimson shame and yet firing us anew with hopes that cannot die.

In spite of determined efforts behind the scenes to hinder it, nothing has marred the splendid success of the public work during these weeks. The S. James's Hall audiences have steadily rolled up and invariably dozens have been turned away. The Lectures on the "Coming Race" and the "Coming Christ" were listened to with almost breathless interest; nothing could have excelled the measured dignity of utterance with which the President spoke of the Great One who is Teacher of Gods and men; she gave a luminously clear account of the work of this World Teacher and told how the One who last held this High Office had incarnated time after time in the elder days, and was even now revered under many names in different parts of the world of which He was Teacher, and how His work culminated in His Incarnation as Gautama the Buddha. Another then took up this High Office of World Teacher and dwelt for a while in the body of Jesus, and now the message is given from the Occult world that the Day of His Coming to the World, which indeed He has never left, is at hand.

Events have been wonderfully shaped to spread this message widely through many of the most earnest and thoughtful. It is not only that the actual audiences have been splendid, but the publication in the *Christian Commonwealth* ensures a great company of readers in this English land, and perhaps among them many will be found who will labor to prepare the way of the Lord and to make his path straight.

The British Convention was marked by three outstanding features. A resolution was passed to annul the resolution moved by Mr. Burrows and irregularly passed at the last Convention of the British Section. This officially was the slander upon Mr. Leadbeater deleted and a weapon broken which had been used against the President. Many evidences were given by different speakers of a determination to spread the movement by well considered schemes of propaganda; the Activities Bureau is already busy with plans and the Executive Committee is giving strong help and has already decided to appoint a travelling lecturer to go about enlivening existing centres and breaking new ground. Finally the Convention was made memorable by an address of

tremendous power by the President, reviewing the work and turmoil of the past, the wonderful quickening of the present, which no efforts have availed to frustrate, and the shining splendor of the days to come. Several opportunities were given at Headquarters and in a pleasant art Gallery for the intercourse and refreshment which should mark such gatherings. Sunday, July 4th, was a very full day, brought to a close by a very practical Lecture by our President on "The Theosophical Student."

A feature of the month has been the holding of two Congresses for arousing sympathy and interest on behalf of the animals. In both these Congresses members of the Theosophical Society took part. At a large public meeting in the Queen's Hall our President delivered a stirring address on the subject of Vivisection, which was received with loud and prolonged applause. About fifty members and friends of the Order of Service League for abolition of Vivisection, Vaccination, and Inoculation marched under a banner specially designed by an F. T. S., in the procession to Hyde Park, preceding a carriage in which were Mrs. Besant, the British General Secretary and the Corresponding Secretary of the E. S. for Great Britain. A noteworthy fact was that in at least one Section of the Congress papers were read by several well-known humanitarian writers and speakers which dealt with our relations to animals regarded from the theosophical standpoint. The spread of theosophical conceptions and views of life amongst persons engaged in what, for want of a better name, we must call "the animal movement" is very marked; and although the promoters of the first Congress encountered some difficulty (we understand) from old-fashioned supporters of their cause who objected to appear on a public platform with our President, it was clear that the majority of their supporters very greatly appreciated the view of the question which she put before them.

The Second Congress is in progress at the time of writing, and again a representative of the Theosophical Society's Order of Service, in the person of Dr. Louise Appel, will bring before a humanely disposed audience some of the theosophical arguments in support of their views.

The British Society therefore goes forward hopefully into the opening era. We have heard a little of the plan of the days to come, we have learned something of the qualifications required from those who would join in the Great Work, and there are many who will strive, undeterred by frequent failure, to win their right to a place in the ranks of the Great Army. In Mrs. Sharpe, our General Secretary, returned unopposed, we have a leader in whom we have the fullest confidence; fearless, sympathetic, loyal, inspiring, she won our love and reverence in the dark days and there is no one so worthy, and so fairly welcome, to lead us into the brighter day.

H. W.

HOLLAND.

Some time has elapsed since under this heading appeared news from Holland, but as nothing out of the common happened, I have kept different items of some interest over until now.

We have just had our annual Convention, which was very well attended and went off very smoothly, Dr. Hallo presiding. As Mr. Fricke

had written that he did not desire to be re-elected, it being very uncertain when and for how long he will return to Holland, in face of this fact it was very natural that Dr. Cnoop Koopmans, who has during Mr. Fricke's absence acted as his substitute, was almost unanimously elected as General Secretary (43 out of 45 votes). But the Convention desired that the link between this Section and Mr. Fricke should not altogether be broken and that some honor should be rendered to him. First it was proposed to nominate him Honorary President for life, but eventually it was decided that he should be permanent honorary member of the Executive Council. A telegram arrived from Johannesburg with best wishes from W. B. Fricke, and a telegram from the Convention was sent to advise him of his honorary nomination.

A commission was nominated to look into the possibility of erecting a Sectional building in the grounds owned by the P. C. Meuleman Institution. As the members in the Dutch East-Indies have now founded a sub-section with its own rules, it was also decided to lower the contributions from the members in the colonies to the mother Section. The Dutch Section now numbers about 1200 members (850 in Holland, 350 in the Indies). The three monthly extra conventions for the discussion of theosophical and kindred subjects having proved successful, it was of course determined to continue the same and try to make them even more useful.

The Convention was concluded by a public lecture by Mrs. Ros-Vrijman on "Theosophy and Christendom," which was very well attended. In this lecture a great many of Mrs. Besant's lecture on "The Nature of the Christ" were sold and a steady demand was the result of this first sale.

The literary activity of our Section has been great as usual. The Dutch T. P. S. issued a great many books, also some other publishers began publishing theosophical works. The Dutch edition of *The Secret Doctrine* is now complete and the Index will appear next year. A beginning was made with the publication of *Isis Unveiled* and the first part has appeared, the second being in the press.

A success was also the publication of Rev. J. Campbell's book *The New Theology* by the T. P. S.; a great many outsiders took to this book and thereafter to theosophical books. The book seems to be a good stepping stone for serious thinkers to special theosophical ideas. It is also a good thing that through our movement these new ideas are brought into Holland, as it shows to outsiders that we see the good in all these other movements and lines of thought.

The outside public just now is quite taken up with the parliamentary elections, which resulted in a strong majority for the clerical coalition—the hybrid coalition as an English newspaper called it—Calvinists and Catholics. It is to be feared that this strong party-government will set in a strong tide of reaction; but on the other hand it will be useful in so far as it will set almost every intelligent Dutchman thinking about religious questions, especially as to the difference between real Christendom and political pharisaical Christendom; and who knows but our movement here may have much profit from this increased activity in religious life?

We are now most of us taking holidays, in so far as gathering of new force and study for the next season may be called holidays. Any way we shall have to prepare the Dutch public for a good reception of Mrs. Besant, when she visits us in October next, as everyone of her visits ought to mark a fresh step forward in our numerical, but specially in our spiritual progress.

H. J. v G.

FRANCE.

In this country the movement of thought continues to be progressive and is apparent on all sides. The number of Societies with spiritualistic tendencies (spiritualistic being here taken in the general sense) is ever on the increase. The Society now in process of formation (for the study of Spiritualism) adds to its programme the study of philosophy and of comparative religion. It is significant that upon the basis of one or the other of the three objects of the Theosophical Society many groups have been formed. The founders of the Theosophical Society seem in truth to have discovered the formula characteristic of the beginning of the 20th century and indicative of the birth of the sixth sub-race. The Headquarters of the Theosophical Society in France will be closed on the 1st of July, to re-open the 15th of October in the happy anticipation of welcoming our revered President shortly after that date. We have reason on the whole to be satisfied with the last session—October 1908 to July 1909. The public lectures have perhaps not been quite so well attended owing to the refusal of the newspapers to announce them, but nevertheless a great wave of interest and sympathy has brought to the Theosophical Society many fresh adherents, and many inquirers who have afterwards attended the lectures regularly, or have joined the library. The last meeting, open to members of the Society only, was held on the afternoon of Sunday, June 20, when the General Secretary gave a detailed report of the Congress at Budapest. M. Chevrier then spoke on the part the Society should play in the future. The literary department is doing well as always. A translation of Dr. Steiner's *Way of Initiation* has lately been issued. *First steps in Occultism* by H. P. B., with her letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury, is in the press, and in the course of the summer *A Study in Consciousness* by Annie Besant and a new translation of *Esoteric Buddhism* by A. P. Sinnett will be forthcoming.

A.

NEW ZEALAND.

There are signs of renewed activity throughout the Section. The various activities go on regularly, and the attendance at public meetings shows, on the whole, a steady increase. The Organiser, Mr. J. K. Thomson, is still at work in the North Island, awakening half-dormant centres to life—and starting new centres into activity. Lotus work continues to be a feature of the Section's activities. In Dunedin an innovation in the shape of a Magic Lantern has been introduced. As the slides are shown, the lotus buds in turn are called upon to give in their own words an account of the scene displayed, or to tell the story attached to a series of slides. This practice is intended to train the children to express themselves freely in their own words—and

later to relieve them of the difficulty experienced by so many of our workers—in putting their thoughts into words for the benefit of others.

H. H.

CEYLON.

As announced in my last, Mr. Woodward delivered a most luminous lecture on the "Chain of Causation," bearing on Buddhist metaphysics, before a very appreciative audience. He is a deep student of Buddhism and it goes without saying that he knew what he talked about. The next lecture comes off on the first Sunday in August. Mr. Davis will speak on that occasion on "Thought Power." These lectures are delivered under the auspices of the Hope Lodge at the Musæus School on the first Sunday of each month. The members study the *Ancient Wisdom* during the other three Sundays, and thus the Hope Lodge is quickly pushing forward the mission of the Theosophical Society in Ceylon. We have a most interesting visitor just now in our midst in the person of Mr. Spurgeon Medhurst. At one time he was a Baptist Missionary in China, and having worked as such for several years there Mr. Medhurst is entitled to speak with authority on China, the Chinese and their religious systems. He is much interested in Buddhism and he is very much in sympathy with the Buddhists; of course he is a member of the Theosophical Society and a very devoted one too. He is *en route* to Adyar. Being so much in sympathy with the Buddhists of Ceylon, he is putting in a few weeks of very useful work among local Buddhists which is very much appreciated by them. The Rev. Mr. Spurgeon Medhurst's visit to Ceylon and his association with the Theosophical Society and the local Buddhists have naturally made a flutter in the dovecot of the local Baptists. Friendly visits were exchanged with the *Padres* and their relationship is all that could be desired. Mr. Medhurst will however not let the grass grow under his feet. He preaches to the *Padres* Theosophy in pyjamas! During his short stay in Colombo he gave about half a dozen public lectures, the first being on "People I met" at the Musæus School. It was a beautiful interpretation of Karma, Bhakti and Gñana Yoga. Mr. Medhurst and Mr. P. D. Khan have some very important business in hand just now in connexion with the Buddhist Theosophical Society, and as soon as this is over Mr. Medhurst will leave for Adyar. Our Dutch friends will remember their fellow-worker, Mr. Huidekooper. This earnest student of Theosophy called on Mrs. Higgins at the Musæus School during the early part of this year on his way to Holland from Java on furlough. He returned during the latter part of last month to Java. He touched at Colombo and looked up his friends of the Hope Lodge for a few words of greeting before the steamer resumed her journey to Java. He was present at the Convention at Budapest and gave us a glowing account of the most successful Convention ever held in Europe. According to him our dear President's presence was the key-note of its success.

On August 2nd Reuter telegraphed to Ceylon the following message: "In the House of Commons, Colonel Seely, replying to Mr. Percy Alden, said it was a mistake to suppose that the Buddhist Theosophical Society of Colombo represented the whole Buddhist community of Ceylon. The Registrar had been removed from the Hall of the Society because his presence there tended to identify the Registrar too closely with this particular Society."

With reference to the above message the *Times of Ceylon* of August 3rd, made the following reference :

With reference to Reuter's message and the question in the House of Commons concerning the Buddhist Theosophical Society, Colonel Seely, the Under-Secretary for the Colonies, would seem to have been incorrectly informed of the facts. The Buddhist Theosophical Society was founded about 29 years ago by Colonel Olcott, and the large net-work of Buddhist schools which is in existence to-day is the result of the work of this Society. In the last census report Mr. P. Arunachellam said : "A better day appears to have dawned for Ceylon Buddhism. Thanks to Col. Olcott and Madame Blavatsky, the founders of the Theosophical Society, established in Ceylon in 1880, truer ideas of Buddha's teaching have been spread, and a remarkable revival has occurred under leaders of high character." About 1885 the Buddhist Theosophical Society, in consultation with Colonel Olcott, appealed to Government to secure the services of a Registrar to solemnise marriages amongst Buddhists. His office was located in the rooms of the B. T. S., in Maliban Street. The Registrar was nominated by the B. T. S., and his name on being submitted to Government was approved by Government. The first Buddhist Registrar appointed was Pandit Batuwantudawe. After his death the Society nominated Pandit Kaviratne. At the next appointment the Government Agent appointed his own nominee instead of carrying out the recommendation of the B. T. S. The G. A. appointed a Vidane Aratchy, a petty headman, and at his death another petty headman was appointed to the post, and, curiously enough, all these officers were members of the B. T. S. The last headman is now holding his office at a rival Buddhist Society founded a few years ago by Mr. Dharmapala, who was connected with the Mahabodhi temple case in India. After thus tracing the history of the Registrar and coming now to the first portion of the message, it may be stated that, as a matter of fact, all prominent Buddhists of Ceylon in the maritime provinces are members of the B. T. S., and, therefore, it is open to doubt if Colonel Seely is quite correct. With regard to the second portion of the telegram, when the last Registrar was appointed he did hold his office at the Maliban Street quarters of the B. T. S., but, as the man was not the nominee of the B. T. S., the Government ordered that he should hold his office somewhere else. He has moved into the rival Society's rooms, where he is still known as the Buddhist Registrar.

H.

The varieties of circumstance which influence [men's] reciprocal interests are so endless, that all endeavor to deduce rules of action from balance of expediency is in vain. And it is meant to be in vain. For no human actions ever were intended by the Maker of men to be guided by balances of expediency, but by balances of justice. He has therefore rendered all endeavors to determine expediency futile for evermore. No man ever knew, or can know, what will be the ultimate result to himself, or to others, of any given line of conduct. But every man may know, and most of us do know, what is a just and unjust act. And all of us may know also, that the consequences of justice will be ultimately the best possible, both to others and ourselves, though we can neither say what *is* best, or how it is likely to come to pass.

RUSKIN.

CONCERNING THE ORIGIN OF LINGA WORSHIP.

Though there is much in favor of the theory of the non-Āryan origin of Liṅga worship, we are, as yet, not obliged to regard this theory as anything more than a hypothesis. Liṅga worship having arisen in several parts of the world and being evidently something quite natural to primitive and even to more cultured man seeking for a symbol of the mysterious power of the creator of the universe, it is rather hard and, at any rate, not necessary to believe that the Āryans should *not* have conceived this idea before it was offered to them by some foreign nation: to the Greeks by the Phœnicians or Egyptians, and to the Āryan Indians by the Dravidians. A perusal of Professor Geldner's recent dissertation on the cosmogony of the *Ṛgveda*¹ shows that there was a current of thought in the *Ṛgveda*, and a strong one, which directly tended towards Liṅga worship.

Professor Geldner calls attention to the fact that the verb *jan* 'to generate' was for a long time the only expression for 'create,' "until the theory of emanation found its way into cosmology and *jan* was replaced by the more expressive verb *srj*." "The creation of the world," he says, "is generation and birth. This poetical, naïve idea dominates the ancient cosmogony and renders it possible to represent the mysterious process as a natural act and picture it to the mind by concrete symbols such as embryo, egg, liquor amnii."² There was from the beginning a strong tendency towards monism, as is evident from the repeated attempts to understand creation as mutual generation or as self-generation, but 'father' and 'mother' of the world always remained, be it as original potencies³, be it as the first outcome of some enigmatical One. As might be expected, the couple are designated differently. In X, 72, *e.g.*, they are Dakṣha and Aḍiṭi; in X, 90, Puruṣha and Virāj (mutual generation); in X, 54, Heaven and Earth. The latter is the oldest idea and the most popular one (I, 164, 185, etc.). Now it is certainly surprising and significant that the most philosophical hymn of the *Ṛgveda*, the wonderful Nāsadāsiya-Sūkṭa (X, 129), is just the one in which the act of creation is more drastically than anywhere else figured by the process of generation, and that in the fifth verse, which is so unmistakable that no interpretation, however forced, could ever efface its purport.

¹ *Zur Kosmogonie des Rigveda, mit besonderer Berücksichtigung des Liedes 10, 129* von Karl F. Geldner, Universitätsprogramm, Marburg, 1908.

² Quite distinct in *Chandogya Upanishat* 3, 19, 2.

³ Foreshadowing the two *avikṛti* (non-products) of classical Sankhya. (F. O. S.)

Was it not a very small step, under such circumstances, to proceed to a material symbolisation of the two potencies, or, if not of both at once, at least of the male principle which was, after all, the more important one in the general opinion ?¹

It is, however, quite possible that this step was favored and accelerated by some phallus cult already in existence among the original inhabitants of India when the Āryans appeared. For, though the interpretation of the Vedic *shishna-devāh* as 'phallus worshippers' is not certain, the existence of Liṅga worship among the ancient Dravidians is very probable.

DR. F. OTTO SCHRÄDER.

THE ETERNAL PILGRIM.

I walk the earth, "with graves below
And stars above me"; in my breast
I carry, wheresoe'er I go,
The burden of a deep unrest.

For never sordid lusts that move,
Nor dreams that light, the house of clay,
Fires of the hearth, nor breasts of love,
Shall give the immortal pilgrim stay.

And when earth's richest feast is spread
To lure the spirit to its clod,
My soul is hungry for the Bread
And thirsty for the Wine of God.

Yet traffic I with merchants here
While o'er my head the stars grow dim,
Nor mark the heavenly dawn appear
'Mid whispers of the Seraphim.

MARGARET L. LEE.

So also Sayana according to whom "the world of the enjoyable *below*," in our fifth verse of X, 129, was "the lower, inferior part; *prayati*, the active, the enjoyer above was the higher, better one".

SIVAN AS NATARĀJA.

Some readers who are specially interested in the picture of Natarāja or Sivan, given in our July number (p. 525) have sent some additional notes on that deity which we publish here.

First of all, Dr. Coomāraswamy, whose note on the Natarāja picture came too late for insertion in the number asks us to add to our explanation the following :

The concrete symbols carried in the hands are respectively a drum and a flame. The former represents creative sound, the latter destructive fire.

The dance represents the activity of the Lord in the Universe. "He is the dancer, who like the heat latent in firewood, diffuses his power in mind and matter, and makes them dance in their turn." He is one with that Eros Protogonos of whom Lucian wrote when he said: "It would seem that dancing came into being at the beginning of all things, and was brought to light together with Eros, that Ancient One, for we see this primeval dancing clearly set forth in the choral dance of the constellations, and in the planets and fixed stars, their interweaving and orderly harmony." I think that the example in the Madras Museum, which we illustrated, is finer than the examples in Paris, Copenhagen and Colombo. There are many such images in South Indian temples, but close access is usually impossible. One feature of interest may be noted in these figures—the presence of a woman's earring in the left ear. This is an indication, and the only indication, of the feminine side of the divine nature. Such 'double' images are rarer than those in which the half-feminine form is more fully indicated (ardha-nārīshvara).

Another reader sends us the following shloka, especially sacred to Natarāja :

लोकाणाहूय सर्वान्धमरुकनिन्दैः घोरसंसारमग्नान्
 द्वाऽभीतिं दयालुः प्रणतभयहरं कुञ्चितम्पादपद्मं ।
 उद्धृत्येदं विमुक्तेरयनमिति कराद्दर्शयन्प्रत्ययार्थं
 विभ्रहृष्टिं सभायां कलयति नटनं यः स पायाद्दटेशः ॥

Translated :

"He who calls forth all the worlds plunged in woeful Samsāra with the sounds of his little drum ; who, out of compassion, grants freedom from fear ; who raises his bent lotus-like foot ; the destroyer of fear in those that seek refuge ; signifying with his hand 'This is the way to liberation,' inspiring confidence ; who dances on the stage, bearing fire. May he, the Lord of Dance, protect (us) !"

A third reader says that an occult explanation of the symbolic dance is that Natarāja symbolises the rising and falling flame of pure Chiṭ or Intelligence dancing in Ākāsha, in an inner cavity of the heart (or, according to others, the centre between the eyebrows), in deep meditation. It manifests in 'Chidambara' which is variously translated as 'the envelope of mind' or as 'Mind-Ākāsha' with reference to one of the meanings of Ambara=Ākāsha. (hṛdy ākāsha-mayam kosham ; *Maṭrūyaṇa Up* VI. 27). Another draws attention to the great temple sacred to Natarāja, in the town called Chidambaram.

Yet another explanation is given by some one of the 'dance'. Natarāja is the God of dancers and actors because he is the Lord of the Great Stage called the World. According to this explanation the dancing aspect is only secondary and limited.

Lastly we draw the attention of our readers to Dr. Schröder's remarks on p. 641 of our August number on the subject.

We gladly make a note of these various opinions and data which prove that many of our readers take a real interest in the matter. In fact, all over South India Sivan as Natarāja is a living reality in the hearts of the people and most fervently worshipped by great numbers.

It would be easy to supplement and multiply opinions and references to the deity from books and texts ; that however is beyond our scope. A complete essay on Natarāja would be indeed valuable but just now we have no opportunity of doing more than merely drawing attention to this interesting figure in symbology and mythology and at the same time living power in the religious thought of South India.

J. v. M.

HOW TO BECOME A FUTURE BUDDHA.

A human being, male of sex,
 Who Saintship gains, a Teacher meets,
 As hermit lives, and virtue loves,
 Nor lacks resolve, nor fiery zeal,
 Can by these eight conditions joined,
 Make his most earnest wish succeed.

NOTES.

The following letter has been received from a trustworthy member of the Theosophical Society :

In a village S., there is a Zamindar, B., who has a nephew about ten years old. About a year and a half ago he got the boy to look into a mirror (such black mirrors as are used in mesmerism). After the appearance of many Devas, there appeared the figure of Svāmi Rām Tīraṭh, who said that he came to teach B. as he is of intense devotional character and has accepted none but Ishvara as his Guru. [B. is really a good man, religious from his very boyhood]. Since then B. used to get teachings through the mirror for a few months, which he has noted down. [I have seen the teachings. They are similar to our Sh. O. teachings]. After this, he (B.) used to get teachings orally through the boy *who seems to hear astrally* now. Still the boy repeats the teachings and answers the religious questions when asked earnestly. The boy daily sees Shri Rām Chandra, and Svāmi Tīraṭh Rām, at night in sleep. Whenever the boy sits quietly and shuts his eyes, the figure of Svāmi Rām comes before him and talks to him.

Last Dassara (October 1st, 1908), a boy of twelve years got the above sort of mirror and gazed at it. After the appearance of many Devas and Rākshasas, there appeared Rāvaṇa in it, who talked very fluently in English and found in the boy his friend, a mighty warrior of Shri Rāma's time. [The boy knows too little English to be able to talk in this language.] Rāvaṇa after talking a little nonsense, gave very good teachings, resembling our Ancient Samskr̥t teachings and described the boy as a master of fourteen languages and of immense power, which he said, will be unfolded later on. Again he said that the boy will be protected by him and the two Ṛṣhis who are the founders of our Theosophical Society etc. He will meet the Ṛṣhis the very midnight, with whom he will go to higher planes. The very midnight the boy met Them and describes Their features, names, etc., truly. The boy can go to higher planes at will and talks miraculous things. He says he saw Mrs. Besant and H. P. B. both in Svarga Loka, one night, when he was sitting with the Masters there. You went then to ask them something. He also says that an avatāra of Christ will come, or has come, though not known to us, his apostles born in India, in America etc., and also H. P. B. born in the Punjab. The boy says that he is Dvārpālaka (gate-keeper) to Lord Viṣṇu and Lakṣhmiji and has come for a special work in the world. He shall have to take birth in Shamballa with the avatāra. He says my father was a Ṛṣhi and so was my wife (now dead) who has got one disciple at Moradabad or Murshidabad, known as Shrārangrava. He says he knew you when you were in Shri Rāma's time. Similar things he talks always.

The following editorial note in one of America's leading newspapers is still another example of a significant trend in modern thought, and is the more noteworthy because of the leading position which Professor Ladd occupies among American psychologists :

In *The Popular Science Monthly* for June appears a fascinating article written by Professor GEORGE T. LADD of Yale, called " Suggestions

From Two Cases of Cerebral Surgery Without Anesthetics." One of these cases, which Professor Ladd mentions in detail, was that of a severe operation on the brain for the removal of a subcortical cystic tumor growing there, which was causing the patient no end of trouble, such as severe epileptiform fits, involving the whole body and often resulting in loss of consciousness. After some unsuccessful attempts of a milder sort, because of the danger in operating, the patient's constant and urgent request for relief at all risks induced the doctors to make the further attempt. It is described as follows:

The bone flap was for the fifth time reflected; the dura was incised some distance outside the largest previous incision; an incision was made into the gyrus centralis posterior, which appeared somewhat flattened and yellowish in color; and about one centimeter below the surface the top of a thin-walled cyst came into view. By enlarging the incision until it measured five centimeters this cyst was removed; but below it a still larger cyst was disclosed, which was "in turn shelled out of its bed by pushing the brain away from it, and was in this way removed unruptured." The entire procedure lasted about three hours.

But what was the mental condition of the patient during this cutting and pulling of his brain? We are informed that he was "interested," asking questions and conversing, that he "experienced no sensory impressions whatever, even when the dura was incised." That is, he did not feel it. Dr. Ladd's "suggestions" on this remarkable case are worthy of being printed in full. He says:

There is one thought which I bring forward, not as a matter of argument, much less of proof; but, the rather, as a personal impression amounting almost to a conviction. In stating this impression I will take the liberty to employ the language of an 'old-fashioned,' but by no means altogether discredited psychology. Here is an intelligent human soul; he remains perfectly conscious, free from pain, and taking a lively interest in a surgical operation which explores, incises, pulls about, and otherwise manipulates, and finally drags two large abnormal growths out from what is known to be the most important part, for the life of conscious sensation and voluntary motion, of his own brain. From the anatomical and physiological points of view, this picture is sufficiently startling. But when I take the more purely psychological point of view, I am impressed with the conviction that we are here dealing with the reality of a soul, as a spiritual agent, which, while it is confessedly dependent for its development upon the development and normal functioning of the nervous centres, is, nevertheless, capable of attaining in the exercise of its higher and more complex forms of self-consciousness, and relative independence of those nervous centers. And if we ask ourselves whether this independence *may* perchance become absolute, after the destructive forces of nature have completely disintegrated the cerebral substance, we cannot, indeed, answer "Yes," with the certainty of positive science. But upon my mind the impression made by such experiences as these is favorable to the affirmative answer. And so far as positive science can answer the inquiry at all, or even throw much light upon it, I prefer to follow along the lines of the seen and tangible and universally verifiable, rather than take the leap involved in a premature interpretation of doubtful phenomena by hypotheses touching the wholly unseen and intangible. Here, at any rate, is this conscious soul, manifesting itself as a partially "disembodied spirit." Its voice I can hear and interpret as one of my own kind. This manifestation appeals to me at present, and in accordance with scientific methods, much more strongly than any alleged communications from wholly disembodied spirits. Perhaps, however, at some time in the future of the physical and psychological sciences, the two voices may speak with one accord.



REVIEWS.

MYSTICAL TRADITIONS.¹

This is the first of the publications of the International Committee for Research into Mystical Traditions, and is dedicated "To the beloved memory of Helena Petrovna Blavatsky by one of her grateful pupils." Gratitude is a rare virtue in these days, when so many of those who owe more than life to Madame Blavatsky are seeking to destroy the Society she founded. Mrs. Cooper-Oakley traces the history of the forms in which mystic tradition has been embodied, and shows how the colleges and corporations of Paganism were continued from the fourth century onwards in the associations and heresies of Europe; Mithraism and Manichæism with the remnants of Gnosticism gave rise to the Albigenses, the Troubadours, and all their subdivisions. A mass of profoundly interesting information is gathered together on these points, and it is shown how Masonry plays its part in the same line of tradition, and how architecture manifests the knowledge of the mysteries.

The second part of the book deals with secret writings and ciphers, and throws much light on the use of these. It will be remembered what a great part ciphers play in the controversies which rage round the great Lord Bacon. The book concludes with a large number of notes and references most useful to the student.

A. B.

THE ARCANES SCHOOLS.²

The name of John Yarker is familiar to all Masons, and his reputation as an authentic writer on Masonic and kindred subjects is well established. His labor of long years once again manifests in this new volume, which is a review of the origin and antiquity of the arcane schools with a general history of Free-masonry and its relation to the theosophic, scientific and philosophic mysteries. An octavo volume of over five hundred pages dealing with controverted matter is not an easy book to review. It is a very fine accumulation of material, well arranged and systematised, which in itself makes the book very useful. Of course there are details thrown in which to the student of the occult lore are not quite genuine, and even bits of information about recent events are not wholly correct. Thus the little information given about the origin of Universal Co-Masonry is inaccurate. The writer shows familiarity with the works of H. P. Blavatsky, and the theosophic student will see how the author's expositions are tinged by *The Secret Doctrine*. It is a consolation to note that, unlike many modern Masons, Mr. Yarker does not trace the origin of Free-masonry to the Operative Masons of Europe, but right back to Atlantean times. While perusing the work one feels that the writer would have rendered yet better service to Masonry had he been more familiar with the theosophic teaching as regards the earlier races. Though Mr. Yarker seems to believe in the Lemurian and the Atlantean

¹ By Isabel Cooper-Oakley. Ars Regia, Milan.

² By John Yarker. William Tait, 3, Wellington Park Avenue, Belfast.

Races, his knowledge of them is not very deep, and apparently this has been an hindrance in his work of reaching the origin of Free-masonry and tracing its history unbroken. The work is divided into four parts: I. The Arcane Schools. II. Operative and speculative. III. Speculative Revival. IV. Ancient MSS. In addition to these there is a preface, an introduction and an index which might with advantage have been made fuller and richer. The book is worth perusing, and ought to be in every Masonic Library.

B. P. W.

THE THREEFOLD LIFE OF MAN.¹

All those who study mysticism in the broader sense, as a universal phenomenon instead of as the special and unique revelation of any individual writer or teacher, have to treat the subject as a comparative science. In the field of such a comparative study of mysticism the name and works of Jacob Boehme stand out in most conspicuous magnitude. We are glad therefore to announce the reprint of one of Boehme's chief works, at a cheap price and of excellent execution—in a form acceptable and useful to the modern reader. The full title of the work is "The high and deep searching out of the threefold life of man through [or according to] the three principles; by Jacob Boehme *alias* Teutonicus Philosophus; written in the German language Anno 1620; Englished by J. Sparrow, Barrister at Law of the Inner Temple, London." This book was published in 1650.

In a Publisher's Note Mr. C. J. Barker announces his intention to issue a reprint of the whole of Jacob Boehme's works in a complete edition, uniform with this first volume. He also intends to reissue various English publications *on* Boehme. If Mr. Barker succeeds in executing his plan he will certainly be rewarded with the gratitude of all English-reading students of mysticism.

This present volume contains besides the reprint itself (covering 547 pages) and a full index to the same (of some 65 pages) an interesting introduction of forty pages by the Rev. George W. Allen, and a brief synopsis of the contents and appendices giving complete lists of Boehme's works and their English translations, as also of the MSS. left by D. A. Freher, "Boehme's greatest, though but little known, expositor."

We wish every success to the important undertaking commenced with this volume. Short of a direct, new and modern translation of Boehme into English this is the best and most practical method of making him easily accessible to the general Anglo-Saxon public, and as far as the material side of the reproduction is concerned the work has been done exceedingly well.

J. v. M.

TRUE HINḌŪISM.²

This is a nice book well printed at our Vasanta Press and is the first part (entitled "First steps in the Yoga of Action") of a series named *True Hindūism*. The author, Mr. Rāma Prasad, is a member of the

¹ John M. Watkins, London, 21, Cecil Court, Charing Cross Road. (12s. 6d. net)

² By Rama Prasad, The *Theosophist* Office Adyar, Madras.

Theosophical Society and well known as a scholarly writer on Hindū metaphysics and kindred subjects. The book is divided into sixteen chapters and the earlier ones form very interesting and instructive reading. The later ones will appeal more to the metaphysical student. A book without a table of contents is an unusual thing in our days, but such is the case with the one under review. It is a good book worthy of perusal by all Hindūs.

B. P. W.

IDEALS OF PURITY.¹

From the Anglo-American Book Company we have received a set of four well-printed and neatly produced little books on personal purity. They are all by the same author—Ernest Edwards—and are addressed respectively to girls, boys, young women and young men. They are excellent little books for the purpose intended, which is to place before young people truths in relation to sex matters, and health generally, which they ought to know and of which a false modesty frequently leaves them in ignorance, to their great peril. They are written in simple and direct language but with excellent restraint, and give sound advice as to the proper methods of preserving purity, and emphatic warning against practices injurious alike to body and soul. Laying stress on the importance of thought as the pre-requisite to control of action, these little books should be particularly welcome to the theosophical parent who desires to help sons or daughters through the period of youth and early manhood or womanhood.

E. W.

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION.²

We have received the *Annual Report of the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institution*, for the year ending June 30th, 1907. It contains 57 pages of preliminary official matter and 94 pages taken up by the Report proper while the 'General Appendix' runs from page 95 to page 726, a full index included. This 'Appendix' which is profusely illustrated contains as usual a selection of highly important papers and essays on the most different scientific subjects, mostly as popular in form as they are thorough in quality. It is mainly with this 'Appendix' that our interest lies, though the specialist will find much valuable matter in the preliminary matter also. Of the twenty-nine papers included, written by the most competent writers of different nations, we quote the following tantalising titles: 'On the properties and natures of various Electric radiations,' 'Geology of the inner earth,' 'Prehistoric Japan,' 'The origin of Egyptian civilisation,' 'The fire piston,' 'The origin of the Canaanite Alphabet,' 'The Problem of Color Vision' and 'Marcelin Berthelot.' Every time a new volume comes from the Institution we are filled anew with admiration for the magnificent way in which it fulfils its task of 'advancing human knowledge'.

J. v. M.

¹ By Ernest Edwards. Anglo-American Book Company. Personal Purity Publications 1/- net.

² Washington, Government Printing Office, 1906.

THE GRADES OF LIFE.

Under this title under which Mr. Sopote of Oxford has produced a pamphlet of thirty-seven pages on Immortality. It takes the form of letters exchanged between student-friends and is, in effect, an argument for re-incarnation based on Pascal's theory of this life as a dream from which we awaken at death. The term re-incarnation is not used throughout and the writer calls his theory Medialism, and builds it up very cleverly; so, remembering that "the rose by any other name would smell as sweet" we can commend Mr. Sopote's effort to our readers who may wish to interest a friend in the doctrine of rebirth under a new name.

X. Y. Z.

A FRAGMENT ON EDUCATION.¹

Though the author quotes as a motto for his book "His subject was the bore of all bores, Education, a subject without beginning, middle or end" his own work proves that epigram very unreliable. In fact we find many a fascinating page and many a brilliant phrase in this little work. A judicious philosophical spirit pervades the whole, the spirit that balances evenly and examines a problem from many a point of view—but that is not always, not often even, able to give definite conclusions and crystallised verdicts. Reading the various chapters one starts oneself musing on these vital topics and looks back on one's own younger years. One might even mischievously suggest that in the hands of younger people this is an excellent 'manual for the criticism of parents and teachers.' The book contains twenty-three chapters of which we quote as samples the following titles: 'Theory and Practice,' 'The Ideals of Manhood,' 'The Training of the Intellect,' 'Guilt and Punishment,' 'Education and the Individual'. We should like to transcribe the whole list of them, but as space forbids that, we conclude this notice by quoting the opening passage from the chapter on 'The Unsolved Problems of Education', giving a good example of the writer's way of dealing with his subject and the broadness of mind with which he approaches it.

"Throughout all this treatment of educational topics it has many times come to light how little finality there is in the treatment of educational problems. Whether we shall make education liberal or practical; whether we rely on love or fear as a motive; how far we shall leave boys to themselves; how far we shall trust them or watch them; whether we shall keep in view the cleverest boy in a class or the most stupid; these and a hundred similar questions have been raised but have not been finally answered. It appears to me there is no final answer to them. Our books on educational theory treat education far too much as an exact art; but it is only exact within narrow limits. Given certain ends, we can say how to reach them. But who is to give us our ends? The ends of life are all matters of dispute; education reflects men's views of life."

J. v. M.

¹ By J. Nelson Fraser, M. A. (Oxon.) G. A. Natesan & Co., Madras.

THE SACRED BOOKS OF THE HINDŪS, VOLUME I.
UPANIṢHAṬS, PART I. MUṆḌAKA, MĀṆḌŪKA (*sic*),
TRANSLATED BY SRĪSA CHANḌRA VĀSU.¹

The well-known editor and commentator (translator) of *Ashtādhyāyī* and *Siddhanta-Kaumudī* has begun another gigantic undertaking. The *Sacred Books of the Hindus* are to embrace the older Upanishads, the more important works of the six Schools of Hindu Philosophy (including, among others, the commentaries of Vallabhāchārya, Shrikantha, etc.), and the more important Smṛtis, Vedāṅgas, Purāṇas, and Upavedas. In the list of co-workers we read such names as Mahādeva Shāstrī (Mysore), Professor Ganga Natha Jha, Satish Chandra Viḍyābhūṣana, Dr. Coomaraswamy, etc., which give a fair promise for the future of the undertaking.

Part I of volume I which is now ready and before our eyes, comprises two Upanishads, Muṇḍaka and Maṇḍūkya, both with an English translation of Anandatīrtha's commentary. Throughout the work first the Samskr̥t original of the mantra is given, then a Samskr̥t-English vocabulary of all the words of the mantra, as they occur in the latter, but in their Pada form (*i.e.*, without regard to Sandhi), then the English translation, and, finally, Madhva's commentary and notes of the author mainly taken from Kṛṣṇāchārya Sūri's Ṭika. This is a convenient arrangement. It was also a good idea to translate Madhva's commentary, not only because it was not translated before, but also because it was high time to show to the English-reading public that the interpretation of Ḍankara is by no means the only one possible. One might object that after the Advaita interpretation first that of the Viḷiṣṭādvaita ought to become known, but Rāmānuja has—strangely enough—not composed any Upaniṣad commentaries (if he had done so, it is difficult to understand why they should not have been preserved), and the commentaries of his school, valuable though they be, are certainly not half so original as those of the founder of the Ḍvaita School. Madhvāchārya is a highly interesting personality because of the exceptionally wide horizon of view he had. He is the only one of the great commentators who makes his extensive reading fruitful by comparing wherever he can, thus approaching more, perhaps, than any author before him, one of the first demands of modern literary research.

The translation before us is in prose, while Madhva's commentary is in verses. This ought to have been mentioned in the preface. If we examine the first two pages of the translation of the commentary, we find the following. The bracket is used in a most misleading way. It should be employed only where the translator adds something. But it is used for words of the text itself in lines 6 ('when acting as Hotri priests'), 7 ('when officiating as Uḍgātri priests') and in the middle of page 6 ('They were not worshipped as the Supreme God'), whereas some half a dozen times the additions of the translator (or the sub-commentary²) are not at all distinguished as such (line 2: 'but are employed in a ritualistic sense'; page 6 line 9: 'in those times'; line 11: 'also'; line 13: 'of the Truth about God'; etc). Page 5, line 11 we read 'any one' instead of 'anything' (किञ्चित्, *i.e.*, any principle); line 13

¹ Published by Sudhindra Nath Basu, at the Panini Office, Bahādurganj, Allahabad. Price Re. 1-8.—(annual subscription, Rs. 12.).

² The latter might be in pointed brackets to distinguish them from the former.

'devotees and Bhāgavatas' should be 'Bhāgavatas (or devotees)'; line 16 'has been' should be 'is'; line 18 'get the grace of' is hardly an exact translation of प्रसादति; line 20 fl. both the 'true' have to be cancelled, while 'in the Satyas (the Rik ?) and in the Samans' must become 'in the true Samans,' the bracketed references to Yajur and Atharva Veda having to disappear as misleading; lines 24/25 'for whose sake they lay down austerities' should be: 'And which they declare (the goal or essence of) all austerities' or: 'And which all austerities profess (tend to)'; line 25 'Great Ones perform' should be: 'People perform'; line 28 before '(Gīṭa, xv. 15),' the following is to be inserted: 'So also in the Bharata'; page 6 line 12 'love' ought to be 'respect'; line 17 fl. should run: 'Therefore there is in the Veda not such a thing as earlier or later (higher or lower), because from Hari the Horse-faced¹ all (religious literature) from the R̥gveda down to (Sri-Madhva's) Anuvyākhyā has sprung'; the then following words 'therefore let all worship Hari alone' should be: 'Therefore through all (these religious works) let him (or: one should) worship Hari'; and the rest of the section is no translation at all but a paraphrase.

The above is not said to discourage the translator, for pioneer work is never quite easy, and the book may still be useful to those who do not care for a strictly philological translation. But Ṣriṣa Chandra Vasu has shown that he can do much better work than this, and we therefore hope that the next parts of his Upaniṣad volume will become worthy of his earlier publications, which have been the delight of scholars like Max Müller.

To those who would like some orthodox information about Sri-Madhvāchārya, the pleasant book of Mr. C. M. Padmanabha Char entitled *The Life and Teachings of Sri-Madhvāchārya* may be warmly recommended.

F. O. S.

PAMPHLETS.

Le Dr. Th. Pascal, Premier Secrétaire Général de la S. T. de France. Price 50 centimes. Paris, Publications Théosophiques. This is a neat reprint from *La Revue Théosophique Française*, containing the biography of Dr. Pascal, together with a description of the crematic of his body. An excellent portrait forms the frontispiece.

The Presidential Speech of the Second Sind Social Conference, by Bulchand Dayaram, B. A. This is a verbatim reprint of the said address which strikes a tone of lofty ethics and practical insight. The author, an old F. T. S. and President of the Hyderabad Municipality, here submits thoughts and suggestions which we strongly recommend to all those who are interested in social reform in India.

The Annual Report of the Madras College, Mylapore, for the year 1908—1909, Madras, General Supplies Company, contains various data of interest and reports favorably on the future prospects for Samskr̥t education.

The Second Annual Report of the Depressed Classes Mission Society of India, for the year 1908, Bombay, records much exceedingly good and useful work.

The Eighth Annual Report of the Madura Tamil Sangam, (in Tamil) describes the activities of the past year.

¹ Turaganana, referring to Vishnu as Hayagriva. This is perhaps not a very edifying epithet, but it must not be omitted therefore.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

THE ANNALS OF PSYCHICAL SCIENCE—(July-September)¹

"Human Radio-Activity" provides an interesting discussion between Commandant Darget and others. The Academy of Science is in receipt of communications from Darget which advance the theory that the human organism gives out rays similar in their action on the sensitive plate to the X-rays, and which he calls V-rays. His theory is that if the blank side of a sheet of paper with printed or written character on the other be applied to a sensitive plate, the whole wrapped in black and then red paper and held against the forehead for thirty minutes or an hour, the characters will be reproduced on the plate. M. de Fontenay claims that the same results may be obtained from an artificial source of moist heat resembling perspiration of the skin. He says that the contact may be shortened by cold, dry atmosphere, and that better results follow from placing the characters in contact with the plate though some impression is made with paper reversed. There are many complex phenomena produced, all of which he thinks are but the result of the chemical action of the ink on the plate. He further contends that if plates could be so affected by human effluvia, the handling in process of manufacture would render plates fogged and useless. The subject is continued by Dr. Saint-Albin who comes out with his experience of wrapping a few exposed negatives in some red printed paper which left its impression of printing after being packed for several months. This he takes to be another proof of the action of printer's ink without any psychic force whatever. Mrs. Laura Finch then concludes with her belief in Darget's V-rays, as a result of her experience in impressing plates without a camera. She held a box of fresh, unopened plates between her hands causing the two inside ones to receive an impression of the words on the slip of directions placed in the box without touching the plates. Fatigue and other abnormal physical signs led her to believe that she was transmitting energy from her own body.

Other Contents: "A New Mediumistic Phenomenon" by Dr. Julien Ochorowicz; "New Séances with Eusapia Paladino"; "Characteristics of Eusapia Paladino's Mediumship"; "Humbug in Psychic Photography"; "Concerning Physical Phenomena in Mediumship"; Correspondence, Echoes and News, Book Reviews.

ORPHEUS—(June)²

Our Art-Circle is doing excellent work which of course will widen out in course of time. This number has two good illustrations "Paolo and Francesca" and "Avalokiteshvara," which could have been more carefully printed. There are some excellent poems by Edouard Schuré, Diarmid, Clifford Bax, Franz Evers and L. M. Duddington. "Art and Literature" by A. E. is continued, "Art and Yoga in India" is a contribution by our friend Dr. Coomaraswamy while Anatolius writes on "John of Clairvaux". Mr. Sidley, the Secretary of the Art-Movement opened the May meeting with a financial statement in which he demonstrated clearly that one cannot serve Apollo and win the smiles of

¹ 110, St. Martin's Lane, London.

² The Quarterly of the Art Movement of the Theosophical Society, Honorary Secretary Mr. Herbert Sidley, Strathleven, Oakleigh Park, London.

Mammon. The H. P. B. Eodge has voted a donation for the expenses of the art-circle.

THE MODERN REVIEW—(August) ¹

“The Ancient Dignity of an Indian Farmer's Life” is a contribution by Mr. Dvijadas Datta which shows that in ancient days agriculture was studied as a science and under the name of ‘Vārtā’ stood side by side with metaphysics and theology. The *Amarakosha* gives ‘Vārtā’ as one of the names of the Vaishya's occupation and puts ‘arable farming’ above ‘cattle rearing’ and ‘commerce,’ and in rank and dignity the merchant was decidedly inferior to the farmer. What was the political and social status of the farmer in ancient India? Kings themselves looked after and cared for the agricultural class. See, for instance, the degree of solicitude for the prosperity of the farmer displayed by Rāma in his conversation with Bharata whom he asks: “Is the country over which our ancestors ruled, well tilled to the very borders, and are there plenty of cattle? ... Do they get on without depending on the rainfall? Are all the arable and cattle farmers pleased with thee?” Then see how Kshatriyas were also directed to engage in agriculture: “The Kshatriya also should take to farming and thereby worship the Brāhmaṇas and the Gods.” Nay even every Brāhmaṇa during the period of his Brahmacharya had to serve as a sort of farm apprentice under his teacher. Why, even the Lord Shri Kṛṣṇa Himself and His brother Balarāma tended cows? The writer laments the lack of enthusiasm in modern India for this work and he exclaims: “O that we knew how much more acceptable it would be to the heroes we worship, if we tried more to follow their example in our lives than to extol them by words of mouth.”[†]

Other Contents: “The Triumph of the Indians in Canada”; “Sir Charles Malet”; “The Svadeshi and Boycott Movement”; “Aurangzeb”; “The Fatal garland”; “The International Congress of Applied Chemistry—a lesson for India”; “Some Pages from the Diary of an Indian Student”; “Bee-Keeping”; “Profits of establishing the Table-Blowing Industry in India”; “Equal Rights”; “The Bengal Technical Institute”; “Modern Education of the Hindū Woman”; “Lord Ripon”; Reviews of Books, Notes, etc.

MODERN ASTROLOGY—(August) ²

In “The New Age” Bessie Leo's contribution adds to the prevailing interest manifested in the coming of the Christ. The Zodiacal signs, indicating His advent before, are again significant at the closing of the 2000 year cycle reckoned by all astrologers as the regular interval between dispensations. The coming event is marked by signs of spirituality manifesting through various centres, foremost of which is the Theosophical Society which is compared to John the Baptist crying: “Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight the path before Him.” It proclaims the new civilisation of the sixth sub-race with its added sixth sense of intuition, and free of all separateness and discord. A few of that type now in incarnation called Uranians by astrologers possess the attributes to gain knowledge by intuition rather than by intellect, on which the five-sense people must rely. The glorious opportunity to do

¹ 210-3-1 Cornwallis Street, Calcutta.

² Imperial Buildings, Ludgate Circus, London.

pioneer work preparatory to His coming is offered to all who are capable of responding, while the younger members of this generation will be granted the privilege of witnessing the Christ in person, and aiding in His ministry. We may share the privilege of providing a proper environment to these Uranian children of the new temperamental characteristics, and abilities to penetrate a new world. In them the dual force of the heart and head will be united. The negative pole of aries and positive one of scorpio, as of to-day will be reversed in the future when occult powers will be used by positive aries and negative scorpio—thus building seer-ship on lines of rigid purity.

Other Contents: "The Editor's Observatory"; "Result of the Prize Competition on the Horoscope of Dr. Louise Appel"; "News from Nowhere"; "The Foundations of Physical Astrology"; "The Zodiacal and Planetary Temperaments (V. The sign Taurus)"; Correspondence, etc.

THE CO-MASON—(July)¹

Mr. E. H. Martin writes on "The Aims of the Alchemists" which provides an interesting reading. According to his view the alchemists always aimed at the spiritualisation of matter and to them physical life was by no means a vile and worthless thing. They held that God intended always to produce gold which in their science stands for perfection. That gold appeared but seldom because we failed in our business of removing those causes which arrested the development of the substance with which God worked. The only method to achieve this lay in separation, followed by recreation. Hence arose their precept: "Volatilise the fixed; fix the volatile." The substance or "first matter" was "the soul of nature apart from its manifestations" which was virgin but is not so any longer. It has become "the body of death" but could be restored to that original pure state by the magic of enthusiasm, and self-sacrifice, and by the patient effort of brain and hand. So the alchemists work on the physical plane with crucible and alembic, with stillatory and furnace, on the spiritual with prayer and fasting, with ceremony and invocation. The Hermetic maxim of 'as below, so above' was so wrought into their being that they tried to produce gold out of lead, so that ultimately by the help of the fire of mind it would be possible to dissolve the compound ether of our soul and discover its foundation 'stone.' Alchemy taught that if the change from imperfect to perfect metal was to take place quickly it must be by the help of man's intellect. When at last it is purified, the basic matter, of itself, attracts the solar emanations and the union of the two principles once affected, the work of regeneration will proceed by its own momentum and lead would become gold, at which point the Magnum Opus of alchemy on the material plane was achieved. This was the aim of many of its professors. But the true aim of the real spiritual alchemist was the transmutation of the animal-man into the God-man. He was a practical mystic speaking in terms of chemistry because to him the processes leading to the regeneration of the human soul and body were actually identical with the processes leading to the regeneration of minerals.

Other Contents: "From the Master's Chair"; "The Chevalier Ramsay"; "The Book of Job"; "Rite Français ou Moderne"; "Symbolic Trees"; "Concerning Knots, and Cords"; Reviews, News, etc.

B. P. W.

¹ 18, Blomfield Road, Paddington, London W.

ACADEMICAL MAGAZINES.

Journal of the German Oriental Society. Vol. LXIII, No. 1.

The 'Word of God' having been nicely torn by modern Bible criticism, a similar fate seems to rapidly approach the 'Three-fold Basket' of the Buddhists. Professor R. Otto Franke of the University of Königsberg (Prussia), the native place of the *Critique of Pure Reason*, is preparing a *Critique of the Pāli Canon* which is to prove (and doubtlessly will prove) that a collection of the Buddha Word is a chronological impossibility, there being "not a shade of right in the idea that our canon, as we have it, is authentic." The foundation of the said 'Critique' is necessarily a Concordance of the Gāthās occurring in the Tripitaka¹, and the first instalment of this Concordance is the article entitled "The Suttanipātā-Gāthās and their Parallels, Part I; Uragavagga and Cūlavagga" with which the *Journal* opens its present number. The 'Concordance' is to be at the same time the indispensable foundation of a thoroughly scientific treatment of Pāli Grammar which has been lacking as yet, the only work of that kind in existence (by Professor Kuhn, Munich) calling itself modestly but appropriately not a 'Pāli Grammar' but 'Contributions to Pāli Grammar.' The 'Concordance,' to judge from what is before us, promises *inter alia* the following services. It will prevent a falsified proportion of majority in the case of grammatical forms which may be registered as occurring in a number of texts and passages, but are in reality always found in the same (or nearly the same) Gāthā only. It will, further, be immensely useful to metrical research by enabling us, e.g., to determine that a certain Gāthā must not be rectified by some conjecture, it having already been metrically wrong from the beginning. It will show that reminiscence of sound is the root out of which many Gāthās have grown. It will prove beyond doubt that the canon swarms with contradictions both formal and substantial. It will show that already when the canon was compiled there was no agreement as to the real origin of those sayings which tradition would make us believe to be the very word of the Buddha. For, many a saying which is attributed to the Buddha in one text, is ascribed to one of his disciples in another, whereas, in a third one it is put into the mouth of some celestial being, and again in another into that of a monk of some former Buddha, etc. The canon is full of frozen phrases which appear over and over again (often where they are quite inappropriate) to fill some gap in the verse. "It is unthinkable that the fascinating Buddha who cared for the contents and not for hollow words, could have repeated *ad nauseam* such trivial, trite phrases." Another exceedingly important element in the making of the canon is the catch-word. It constantly seduces the authors of the canon to deviate from their subject. Here again we have a scholastic feature which is foreign to original thinking. "How can one believe that in such passages we hear the great Buddha, or any single thinker at all, speaking uniformly!" The 'Concordance' is, as may be imagined, a most painstaking work, the preparation of which must have engaged its author for many years, and it is as scrupulously accurate as a scientific work can ever be. It has, besides, the advantage of being the work of a scholar who is easily the first authority of our time in the field of Pāli philology. However, whether the

¹ These being, as a whole, the oldest element of the canonical Pāli literature.

conclusions the professor draws from his Concordance, will be all acceptable, is another question. We are afraid that his passion will induce him in more than one case 'to pour out the baby with the bath' as the Germans say.

Jarl Charpentier continues his "Studies in Indian Narrative Literature". This time it is the Mātanga-Jātaka (Jātaka No. 475) which is examined and compared with the corresponding Jaina story of the Uttarajjhayana (ch. xii). The result is not quite as satisfactory as in the case of the first study.

There is, further, a long article, by Ludwig Venetianer, on "Origin and Meaning of the Readings from the Prophets," *i.e.*, the traditional reading, at certain occasions, of certain sections of the Bible, especially the Prophets. The writer compares the sources of the first three centuries with the present-day use in both the Catholic Churches, apparently with good success.

Other Contents: "Tables of the Pronouns and Verbs in the three languages of Lahoul," by A. H. Franke; "A collection of Persian and Arabic manuscripts in India" by T. Bloch (calling attention to the Oriental Public Library at Bankipore); "The Canaanite and the South Semitic Alphabet" by Fr. Praetorius. There are also four annual reports: on the progress of Semitic, Abessinian and Sabæo-Minæic, Old Testamental, and Egyptological studies.

Mind, A Quarterly Review of Psychology and Philosophy, edited by Professor G. F. Stout. April, 1909.

The number opens with a paper on "Solipsism" by F.C.S. Schiller. What is Solipsism? "It may be best defined perhaps as the doctrine that all existence is experience, and that there is only one experient. The Solipsist thinks that he is the one." Starting from this definition, the writer tries to show that very many philosophers are Solipsists or at least Cryptosolipsists whose view needs Solipsism for its logical completion. As such Aristotle, Berkeley, Hume, Locke, Descartes, Fichte, Lotze, and others are enumerated. The article has a strong smell of Oxford school wisdom and shows, at any rate, that much confusion could be avoided if Indian philosophy were not so stubbornly ignored by Western professors of philosophy. It is not difficult to imagine that Vedānta is, to the writer's mind, a "distressing sort of philosophic megalomania." The paper ends, as might be expected, with a hymn to Pragmatism by which theory (that no idea is 'true' that does not 'work') Solipsism is *eo ipso* condemned, though not refuted.

There follows a continuation of a sympathetic criticism, by Professor Baillie, of "Professor Laurie's Natural Realism." The paper is engaged with the Ontology of the distinguished deceased who was, no doubt, one of the most original thinkers England has ever produced, though his indebtedness to several ancient philosophers and at least one modern one is much greater than his critic seems to be aware of. Knowledge of the Absolute is not possible by demonstration, but only by 'rational intuition,' as he calls the highest level of knowledge (see our previous review). This intuition is the highest point of fusion of subject and object in human knowledge, but it still preserves in a certain sense the essential distinction of subject and object. Our finite individuality is within the 'all-one' which is a 'transcendent' whole immeasurably beyond us. The nature of this relation of the One and the

Many is the subject of the profound Meditations VI.-XI. "If I am exiled from God, how can I hold converse with Him? If I am in identity with God, how could the question of God ever arise?" The 'separateness,' 'limitation,' 'conditionedness' of individua is due to a factor in the Absolute which our author calls 'negation'. Finite individua are God's 'opposite,' God's 'other,' they are 'God and God-not.' The Absolute as such is solely 'affirmation'. By negation finitude is 'saved' from annihilation in the Absolute. By negation the individual is capable of 'resisting' God. Better to admit that finite individuals can and do 'resist' God and 'God's purposes,' than accept the conception of a 'fated world.' The individual opposes God, but he does so by the very conditions of God's creative method. For "God is a spirit but a spirit in difficulty," "from which he is slowly extricating himself." Our task as men is to co-operate with Him, and "sympathise with Him" in His struggle as He sympathises with us in ours.¹ Evil appears where negation remains as an irremovable factor. It is defined as "the failure of God-creative to realise the ideal of the individual and of the whole on the plane of being man occupies." In inorganic existence the creative end appears to be nearly attained, but in the case of man the Absolute has hopelessly failed, his very ideals being impossible of fulfilment. Man is "God's greatest, strangest, divinest and most deplorable work." The strength of negation, the impotence of God, nowhere shows itself so palpably than in Death which is a "profoundly immoral and glaringly irrational event." In a curious contrast to this statement, the last Meditation gives not only a defence of individual immortality, but even a more complete one than seems to have been given before by any philosophical author. The idea of reincarnation, however, seems not to play a great part in it, our author's idea of immortality being simply that man, if he succeeds in passing through the ordeal of the tomb, is planted safely and for ever, with all his self-conscious completeness assured, in a realm of eternal life. Here Christianity is paid its tribute. There are, however, thoroughly theosophical ideas in this last Meditation, as may be seen from the following quotations: "The continuance of life beyond the grave *may* depend on the extent to which the potential in each man has here become actual"; "he who has not found eternal life here will not, it may be said, find it hereafter"; "a man striving after union with God here and now is *ipso facto* making himself immortal, in-as-much as he is bringing his finite spirit within the very life of the eternal spirit, and his being borne along in the current of that which cannot die".

"On certain Objections to Psychology," by T. Loveday, is engaged with the following arguments: (1) that psychology cannot exist except as a tissue of deceptive fictions; (2) that it cannot exist as an empirical study; (3) that certain parts of it are possible only as a branch of philosophy.

"Reflective Judgment," by R. A. C. Macmillan, is a very able little introduction to Kant's *Critique of Judgment*, showing, *inter alia*, that the usual criticism that Kant has violated the nature of feeling by reducing it to a form of intellectual cognition, is decidedly wrong.

There follow two discussions: "Mr. Rashdall's Defence of Personal Idealism" (maintaining, as Professor Laurie's "Monistic Pluralism," a

¹ This is exactly the doctrine of Eduard von Hartmann.

limitation of the power of God, in order to solve the problem of Evil, and holding that the Absolute consists of (!) God and the souls with their respective merely subjective experiences) by John Watson, and "Mr. Haldane on Hegel's Continuity and Cantorian Philosophy" by R. A. P. Rogers.

From the Review of Philosophical Periodicals we may mention that the Journal of Philosophy, Psychology and Scientific Methods has no less than four articles on the problem of time; further that a German (R. Hennig) tries to explain double personality by the alternating activity of the two halves of the brain!

The Indian Antiquary, February, March, April, 1909.

There is hardly anything in these numbers calling for general interest excepting perhaps the "Ten Ancient Historical Songs from Western Tibet" communicated in the original and the English translation by the indefatigable missionary A. H. Francke, and Mr. H. A. Rose's account of "The Chuhas or Rat-children of the Panjab"—microcephalous idiots found in the company of faqirs of the Shāh Daula Sect. Mr. Rose also contributes some more Panjabi songs, and there is a continuation of Mr. V. Venkayya's "Ancient History of the Nellore District," also an obituary notice of Professor Richard Pischel who died in Madras in December last.

DR. F. OTTO SCHRÄDER.

THEOSOPHICAL MAGAZINES.

ASIATIC.

Adyar Bulletin, Adyar, August, 1909. The 'Headquarters' Notes' chronicle the vigorous doings of Mrs. Besant in Europe and announce a string of prospective visitors to Adyar, some sixteen people who are coming out in the autumn in order to pay a short winter visit to India, or to stay there for a few years on the students' scheme. Mr. Leadbeater's monthly contribution is about 'Small Worries,' describing the promiscuous frenzies of the currents in the astral body of a confirmed worrier, 'with a multiplicity of little whirlpools and cross-currents, all battling one against the other in the maddest confusion'. 'These tiny centres of inflammation which thus cover the whole astral body are to it very much what boils are to the physical body'. Kate Browning contributes 'Adyar Sketch, No. III' on 'The Adyar River', a poetic and true description of its marvellous beauty. A few poems are given amongst which is a reprint of an early production by Mrs. Besant on 'True Prayer,' very effective. The 'Daughters of Europe' by Nina de Gernet is concluded, giving an instalment of the same rapid and vivid qualities as before. 'The Lesson of Love' is an ethical allegory by Elisabeth Severs, while 'Ghosts' is an interesting newspaper cutting on the subject. 'Theosophy the World Over' concludes the number.

Theosophy in India, Benares, July, 1909. The number is a big one of 54 pages. It opens with 'The Monthly Message' as usual. These notes seem to reflect aspects of Indian temperament with a fidelity which

makes it worth while meditating over them. I. J. S. reports notes on a lecture by Mrs. Besant on 'Sacraments' in which we find this opinion: "The reformation by doing away with the sacramental character of the ceremony has degraded marriage to a mere contract, and thus divorce has become easy in Protestant countries." Hedwig S. Albarus continues 'The Ethics of Buddhism'. Pilgrim writes 'To the Pilgrims on the Path'—a little ethical sermon on love, peace and purity that we "may attain to the R̥shi's wisdom, the Bhakṭa's love and the Yogī's bliss". 'Our Wandering President' is the title of the paragraphs telling the latest news about Mrs. Besant. Moti Lal Misra writes 'A Theory of Concentration,' in which he says: "It is too late to imagine that the heart is the place where this work of concentration is carried on. It is done in the brain, which is entirely distinct and separate from the heart". The writer then proceeds to describe the brain, its cells and the electric processes in them. Mr. Arundale, the Principal of the C. H. C., writes on 'Education and the Theosophical Society'. He exhorts the Indian members of the Theosophical Society "not to let this year pass without trying to vitalise the educational movements throughout the country". He also proposes that at the next Convention of Benares the educational problem shall be discussed and that an effort "be made to make the coming year a year of far-sighted preparation of those young souls whose karma it may be to share in the inauguration of a new epoch, of progress and of service". Nassarvanji M. Desai begins an article called 'Notes of Study in the Zoroastrian Yasna'. News, notices, reviews, etc., fill up the number, the review of the Magazines being specially extensive.

The Central Hindū College Magazine, Benares, July, 1909. 'In the Crow's Nest' gives the month's news and B. continues his 'Religion and Morality—a Dialogue,' but we must confess that this month's instalment is very long-winded. Dr. A. K. Coomaraswamy writes a note on 'Extinction' drawing attention to the fact that consciousness has been described as threefold by psychologists: subliminal, normal and supraliminal. 'Hindū Chemistry' is a short paper by Devi Dial. 'Mrs. Besant's mission in India', by an Indian nationalist, is reprinted from *The Indian Review*. The Shri Pratāp Hindū College of Kashmir at Srinagar appeals for a lakh of rupees to help its work. The results of the prize definition of the word 'Nation' are given but the definitions are not so interesting as the note that accompanies them. Tulsi Ram Misra has a short article on 'Kāliqāsa, Bhavabhūṭi, Bhāravi' discoursing on their merit as poets. The number contains also some minor matter.

Sons of India, Benares, July, 1909. In 'Sowing the Seed,' we find the remark that for India 'a national song is a more valuable factor even than a national flag.' Speaking of *Bande Mataram* the writer says: "To our European taste it is set in too pathetic a tone to arouse the enthusiasm which is its chief function." G. S. Arundale writes about 'The Empire Movement in England'. 'Medical Inspection of Schools and Colleges' is an unsigned article suggesting that Sons of India might help in establishing this sorely needed measure in India. Appalling statistics of poverty are given in it as applying to London. Francesca Arundale concludes her paper on 'What is Education.' A pathetic and sad sentence in it is "How many B. A.'s are there not, who have all joy of life drained from them in the weary wait for employment in Government

offices? Alas for the nation that turns its ploughshares into pens and its sturdy peasants into scribbling clerks!"

The Message of Theosophy, Rangoon, July, 1909. Bhikkhu Silacara writes on 'Taking the Precepts,' a very readable article; and Nasarvanji M. Desai contributes an essay on 'The Divine Law.' The reprint from our pages of Johan van Manen's 'Esotericism in Buddhism' is brought to a conclusion and the 'Potthapada Sūṭṭa' is continued. Some correspondence and 'Notes and News' follow.

Theosophisch Maandblad voor Nederlandsch-Indië, (Dutch), Surabaya, July, 1909. A short editorial tells us, that this valiant magazine has changed from being private property into a belonging of the newly formed Dutch East Indian Sub-Section of the Dutch Section. The editorial staff remains unchanged, however. Mrs. Besant's, *Rāma Chandra* is continued. W. de F. writes about 'The One all-pervading Existence'; J. A. B. about 'Why we come together,' words with reference to White Lotus Day, and A. B. K. translates from the English a Chinese story called 'The impatient Student.' 'Ancient Mexico' is brought to a conclusion, after a long gap of pralayaic disappearance. D. v. H. L. contributes a note concerning a calculation by 'an English astronomer Walter R. Old' and is inclined 'to insert a theosophical note of interrogation' after Old's decision 'that Rāma must have been born in February 1761, B. C.' Curious to see so old a name in our movement as Walter R. Old's; [no pun, please!] introduced as that of a 'scientific outsider.' Many minor matters fill the number, amongst which we notice specially a department for 'Theosophy in Many Lands.'

Pewartā Théosophie (Javanese and Malay), Buitenzorg, July, 1909. The report of the Congress of Semarang is continued as also the Javanese translation of *Light on the Path*. Mr. Labberton's excellent Article on 'Theosophy in Islām' is translated into Malay, under the title of 'Tasaoef' and some questions and answers are published. Tarima kasih banjak, tuwan Redakteur; isi itu di bahasa welanda ada terlalu bagus.

EUROPEAN.

The Vāhan, London, July, 1909. The number opens with the Annual Report of the General Secretary of the Theosophical Society in Great Britain, and a number of official notices and news items. Then Dr. Coomaraswamy's 'Art and Svadeshi' is reprinted from the *C. H. C. Magazine*. A new Section 'Books and Magazines' discusses new publications and has much good to say of Chesterton's *Orthodoxy*. In 'Correspondence' M. Charles takes exception to a statement by the Editor of *Orpheus* "that the Theosophical Society should be a Brotherhood of Mystics". His argument is: "The vast majority of our 'Fellows' make no assertion to be Mystics, or Dwellers in the Shrine. They are either students or disciples, beginners on the path of wisdom or love.....people [who] require many rules, and still make very many mistakes."

The Lotus Journal, London, July, 1909. The number opens with various small paragraphs, among which we are glad to find a kind recommendation of *The Theosophist*. Chitra writes a letter from Adyar to her 'Dear Lotus-Buds' while Mr. Leadbeater has sent three snapshots (admirably reproduced) of views in The Adyar Headquarters' grounds together with explanatory letterpress. 'The Wood of

'Unselfishness' is a little parable, signed Weller Van Hook. 'The Fox' is a little sketch by Galahad. In it we find the statement: "In reality the fox is one of the greatest friends man has. His place in nature is to prevent the over increase of rabbits, hares, sparrows, moles, rats, mice, beetles, squirrels, hedgehogs, etc., etc.... The wolf seems to have been the animal 'designed' to prevent the over increase of the fox. And since man has obliterated the wolf (at any rate in Great Britain) it seems that he has incurred a kârmic debt to keep the fox within bounds!" R. L. C. contributes 'A providential Escape.' 'The Round Table' brings some correspondence and we find a very pessimistic but by no means bad poem by a sixteen years old author, T. D. S. Elizabeth Severs writes on 'Growth' giving a first instalment. Phyllis E. Radcliffe describes 'Australian Cockatoos', and 'Our Younger Brothers' Page' on 'Kindness to Animals' concludes the number.

Revue Théosophique Française (French), Paris, June, 1909. Annie Besant's little life-sketch of H. P. B. in our 'Theosophical Worthies' series is translated and a good photograph of her reproduced on the first page of the number. Leadbeater's 'Nature Spirits' is concluded. Then comes a translation of Alba's (Anna Kamensky's) 'Enthusiasm and Fanaticism' after which follow some questions and answers, mainly signed C. W. L. A. B. (lech) gives an enthusiastic account of the Budapest Congress, H. P. B.'s '*Theosophical Glossary*' is brought nearer to completion by another ten words and Commandant Courmes contributes his usual notes about the movement in and outside France.

Bulletin Théosophique (French), Paris, July, 1909. A charming report of the Budapest Congress by Gaston Revel fills half the number. Next comes the programme for that new and most interesting branch of the Order of Service called 'The International Unity League'. Mrs. Besant's itinerary in France in October and November is given in detail and some smaller notes complete the number.

Annales Théosophiques (French), Paris, Vol. II., No 2. This interesting quarterly, bringing exclusively original French papers—mainly lectures delivered before Lodges of the Theosophical Society, by members and non-members of the Society—contains this time three contributions. Albert Jounet has a very interesting paper on 'The Synthesis of Orient and Occident' giving a very sympathetic exposition of what he calls Esoteric Christianity. One phrase we quote: "What France must do is to arrange the *permanent congress of religions*." M. G. Chevrier contributes a thoughtful essay on 'The fundamental Conceptions of Theosophy'. The paper is reprinted from shorthand notes and reflects the easy elegance of its author's eloquence. As all other productions of Mr. Chevrier it is extremely worth reading. The writer affirms that "there is a theosophical doctrine" and then describes its scope and contents. A short essay on Buddhism by Madame Fiametta Nabonnand concludes the number.

La Revue Théosophique Belge (French), Brussels, July, 1909. The 'Adept letters' are continued and Mrs. Besant's recent London lecture on 'New doors opening in Religion, Science and Art' is translated. Jean Delville concludes the number with an article entitled 'How Jesus has become the Christ'.

Théosophie (French), Antwerp, June, 1909. W. H. M. Kohlen continues his musings on *The Voice of the Silence* and F. J. van Halle

contributes a few pages on 'Self-mastery'. Both contributions are of an ethical nature.

Theosophia (Dutch), Amsterdam, July, 1909. Colonel Olcott's *Old Diary Leaves* are continued as is also W. G. Leembruggen's paper on 'Ancient Wisdom corroborated by Recent Science'. Then come two big instalments by Mrs. Besant, a continuation of her *Introduction to Yoga* and the translation of her London lecture on 'The Deadlock in Religion, Science and Art'. H. G. van der Waals continues his *Hitopadesha* translation and contributes a long and original review of Dr. Boissevain's new Dutch translation of the *Bhagavad Gita*. As an illustration a curious mediumistic drawing is given, well reproduced in several colors, but the accompanying letterpress is insufficient. Mrs. Windust describes the Budapest Congress. There is also some minor matter.

De Theosofische Beweging (Dutch), Amsterdam, July—August, 1909. The number contains almost exclusively official notes and news, amongst which are the decisions of the last Convention at Amsterdam, a report of the Budapest Congress and some correspondence pointing out the desirability of teaching at least the elementary notions of science in the Lodges of our Society to those who study Theosophy without such preliminary knowledge.

Sophia (Spanish), Madrid, June, 1909. Rafael Urbano contributes some spirited remarks on 'Eternity' as suggested by White Lotus Day. This is followed by the second half of a translation from H. P. B. on 'Progress and Culture'. J. Rojido Moreira writes (five pages) on 'God'. 'The theatre of the Soul' is translated from the French, from Jean Finot. M. Roso de Luna brings an interesting quotation on the mysteries of the number 7, under the title 'The number 7 and the positivists'. He calls 'the poet of the heavens, Camille Flammarion' a positivist, but is that right? M. Romera Navarro has a substantial article on 'Feminism and Religion,' concluding that "the religions are little by little and very slowly changing their hostile attitude with which they have in no small measure increased the oppression of the unfortunate sex." Carolina Coronado gives the first half of an article on 'Sappho and Saint Theresa of Jesus,' an exceedingly interesting article.

Teosofisk Tidskrift (Swedish and Norwegian), Stockholm, June 1909. The Adyar Headquarters' picture is going the round through the Magazines and has now arrived at this number. A. Z(ettersten) writes a bright little sketch to accompany it. Dr. John McLean's 'The Golden Keys' is concluded, having been translated from *The Theosophist*. A first instalment is given of a translation from Thomas E. Sieve, called 'The Occult Arts of Teaching and Talking'. A. K. describes the Budapest Congress.

Bollettino della Sezione Italiana (Italian), Genoa, June, 1909. A splendid portrait of H. P. B. forms the frontispiece and Teresa Ferraris writes a long and loving accompanying article. 'On Revelations' by A. B. and C. W. L. is translated from our pages and 'What is the Theosophical Society?' by C. W. Leadbeater from *The Adyar Bulletin*. Professor Penzig writes at some length about 'The International Mystic Theosophical Society'. Our colleague is kind enough to recommend *The Theosophist* to its readers and to devote considerable space to that purpose. *Grazie tante!*

AMERICAN.

The Theosophic Messenger, Chicago, June, 1909. This number is a special Masonic number, giving as a supplement an interesting and well-printed picture of Lord Bacon. 'The Aum IV' opens the number (W. V.-H.). Then comes an article by B. P. Wadia on 'Masonry in India' giving among other things details about the Lodge 'Rising Sun of India' at Adyar with illustrations of its temple. 'Higher Ceremonial Worship' is another contribution by W. V.-H. and the next one 'Theosophy and Masons' is unsigned as are also two fragments on 'The Night' and 'The Day'. The following two articles are by C. J. and deal with 'Masonry and the Eleusinian Mysteries' and with 'Rudyard Kipling and Masonry in India'. The latter article explains the difficulties in and meanings of that very effective and striking poem 'The Mother-Lodge' which is reprinted a few pages further on in the number and is so typical of Kipling's earlier Indian moods. A. A. P. is responsible for a paragraph on 'Fort Wayne Scottish Rite Cathedral' (illustrated) after which 'The Object of Co-Masonry' by Mrs. Besant is reprinted. 'The Religion of Masonry' is another reprint (from a book, by Haydon) as is also Mr. Leadbeater's 'Reminiscences of H. P. B.'—originally forming the introduction of Mr. H. Whyte's little book on H. P. B. Mr. Claude Bragdon writes (with many illustrations in the text) on 'The Theosophy of Architecture,' giving a first instalment on 'Unity and Polarity'. B. P. Wadia contributes an 'Adyar Letter' and S. E. P. a 'Benares Letter.' Then comes Mr. Leadbeater again, first with a sheaf of answers to many questions and secondly with the concluding instalments of his 'Lost Souls' (reprinted). Albert P. Warrington reminds us of the early days of the Society and the atmosphere of joyous enthusiasm and intense belief in the Masters that then prevailed. His article is called 'The Masters'. One more article is to be mentioned, 'Beowulf, the old English Epic,' by Hellen Crawford, in which it is interpreted as the story of cosmic struggle and individual strife between good and evil. Many of the above articles are short, sometimes a page or less in length, only a few being real long articles. The nearly thirty remaining pages are filled with a most variegated and at the same time most interesting and lively collection of News, Reviews, Literary Notes, Reports of branches and propagandists, scientific Gleanings, stray paragraphs, and matter for children. Of the last named the story of 'Chatta and the Buddha' by C. J. should be mentioned apart.

The American Theosophist, Albany N. Y., June 1909. C. Jinarāja-dāsa opens the number with an article on 'The religions of India,' pitching in the Nirvāṇa-annihilation theory. Adelia H. Taffinder concludes 'The Mystic Value of Numbers'. Mr. Leadbeater's analysis of the now famous vision is abstracted under the title of 'Dangers and Delusions of the Astral Plane'. The Editor continues his article on 'The Evolution of Virtues' and this, second, instalment is on 'Tolerance'. The series of instances of 'Psychic Manifestations in daily Affairs' is continued and Donald Lowrie writes on 'Personal Liberty and Theosophy'. Finally there are some notes, some questions and answers and some gleanings from current periodical literature.

Revista Teosófica (Spanish), Havana, May, 1909. The number contains a report of the celebration of White Lotus Day at Havana, a short article on 'Fear,' some notes and news, the continuation of the article on 'The

Law of Cause and Effect,' a question and answer by C. W. Leadbeater from *The Theosophic Messenger*, another short article on 'The purpose of our Work' from the same source and the beginning of an article on 'God-conscience'.

Luz Astral (Spanish), Casablanca, Chili, numbers for April and May 1909. These contain the usual variety of well chosen extracts and translations from theosophical writers.

Estudios Orientales (Spanish), Valparaiso, June 1909. After a short editorial sounding the note of enthusiasm and work there is an article on 'Man and his Principles' signed Airon. The Lob-nor Lodge concludes its paper 'The Human Problem studied in the Light of Theosophy.' It is signed Armand le-Prefair. From the Atlante Lodge comes a paper on 'The Gospel of Theosophy' and Josar writes on 'The influence of Theosophy on Life'. Another short article is 'Virtues' by Neko. In the notes and jottings some excellent matter is found but the editor who is too ingenious in speculating on the initials of our friend B. P. Wadia. He writes in connexion with a Headquarters' Note in the February *Adyar Bulletin*. "When we notice the fact that Mrs. Besant has stated that H. P. B. helps her in her studies and in directing the T. S., we call attention to the Initials [sic] of the youth whom she treats as her equal [sic] in Adyar in the preceding paragraph. These initials, when read backwards, are W. P. B." Our friend Wadia asks us to point out that he was born before H. P. B. died and that his initials are those of honest, straightforward Pārsī names. Let us have no legends of this sort if we can help it and reserve our intuition for other and better things. Therefor, with the kindest of feelings, we hope that this little guess will be transferred from the shoulders of our friend Wadia to the other W. P. B. where it is better lodged.

AUSTRALIAN.

Theosophy in Australasia, Sydney, July, 1909. 'The Outlook,' 'Questions and Answers,' 'What our Branches are doing,' 'The Magazines,' 'At home and Abroad,' are the more general departments filling half the number. In the first one we find a note about "a modern Professor who refuses to take Pluto seriously," which we think rather nice of that modern Professor. But as he is held up for reproach a careful study of the context has convinced us that Plato is meant which makes us think less well of the Professor. The Editor of the paper courteously reprints Mrs. Besant's circular about *The Theosophist*, for which our hearty thanks. The articles in the number are 'The signs of the coming age,' 'Notes of a Benares lecture by Mrs. Besant,' 'A note on Brotherhood' by C. W. Leadbeater, 'New Light on Old Words' by E. H. H., 'On Revelations' by A. B. and C. W. L., reprinted from our own pages and an unsigned contribution on 'The new Science and the Soul after Death.'

Theosophy in New Zealand, Auckland, June, 1909. 'From Far and Near' comes first and then follows the continuation of Marion Judson's 'Sketches in Kashmir.' We are still in No. 1, 'On the Road.' W. Melville-Newton's article on 'Truth, in practical life' (with the long sub-title) is continued and proves very interesting. 'How Genius is builded' forms 'the Stranger's page' and Marsyas has a poem 'As Thyself' cleverly handling the theme of evolution through reincarnation and the transmutation of passion and hate through friend-

ship into love. 'A Parable' is the well known Indian parable of the blind man and the elephant whom they described from touch. Gamma contributes the tenth 'Study in Astrology.' Chitra is active as a letter-writer to her young friends, the 'Round Table' has its paragraph, questions and answers take some pages, while short paragraphs, 'Book-Reviews', 'Activities' and the 'Lecture Record' fill the remaining pages.

AFRICAN.

The South African Bulletin, Pretoria, May and June, 1909. Besides the more official or impermanent matter we find an article by H. J. S. Bell on 'Reincarnation and Karma' and one by E. Wood on 'Concentration'. W. E. M. writes a note on 'Why we should study (and apply) Theosophy'. 'The Editorial Notes' give a report of the First Convention while A. I. Medhurst describes White Lotus Day in London. The Editor generously devotes some of his sorely needed space to advertise *The Theosophist*, which is very kind. A question and an answer are also given. The June number appears in a neat cover, thus improving the looks of the Magazine materially.

OUR EXCHANGES.

We also acknowledge the receipt of the following Journals :

ASIATIC. *The Brahmavādin*, April, May ; *Prabuddha Bhāraṭa*, June, July ; *The Madras Christian College Magazine*, June, July ; *The Mysore and South Indian Review*, June ; *the Dawn*, June ; *Sri Vāni Vilasini* (Tamil), April ; *Chentamil* (Tamil) ; *The Siddhānta Deepika*, May, June.

EUROPEAN. *Journal du Magnétisme*, Paris, May, June ; *The Light of Reason*, Ilfracombe, June ; *Modern Medicine*, London, June, July ; *Light*, London, June and July numbers ; *Richmond Hill Church Magazine*, June, July ; *The Animal's Friend*, London, June, July ; *The Health Record*, London, June ; *The Vaccination Inquirer*, London, June, July.

AMERICAN. *The Truth Seeker*, New York, numbers for May and June ; *The Phrenological Journal*, New York, June, July ; *O Pensamento* (Portuguese), S. Paulo, May and June ; *Bulletin of the New York Public Library*, New York, May.

AUSTRALIAN. *Progressive Thought*, Sydney, June, July ; *The Harbinger of Light*, Melbourne, June, July.

J. v. M.