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SHORT FORM OF BEQUEST

“I give and bequeath to the Theosophical Society, registered and incorporated at Madras, India, April 3rd, 1905, the sum of
to be paid within months after my decease (free of duty) exclusively out of such part of my estate not hereby specifically disposed of, as I may by law bequeath to charitable purposes, and I hereby charge such part of my estate with the said sum, and I direct that the receipt of the said Society as provided for in its rules shall be a sufficient discharge for the said legacy.”

THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

I am very glad to notice the progress which is being made by the Voluntary Pañchayet Association, of which I became the patron some years ago. Mr. Whitty, the District Magistrate and Collector, Gayā, laid the foundation-stone of the first Village Pañchayet Office, at Lari District, Gayā, and a general meeting of the Association was held under the presidency of Mr. Forrester, the District Judge. It would have been a great pleasure to me to accept the invitation to be present on the occasion, but I was unfortunately in Burma at the time. The general establishment of such Village Pañchayets would do much to ensure the good order and improvement of villages, and would much decrease the litigation which is a curse on the rural population.

* * *

Among the many signs of increasing life in the Moslem world is the starting of a review, named the *Moussoulmanine* (*The Moslem*), to be published both in Russian and Turko-tatar, the latter in the Arabic script. It is edited by M. Muhammad Beck de Hadjetlaché, a man

belonging to the Circassian nobility and married to the daughter of a Tatar Prince who became a Russian General, so that, at least by family, he should be capable of the work he has undertaken. The review is to have its office in Paris, and its projectors desire to form an Islāmic Library there; books or MSS. on Islām would be very gladly received by the Editor at the 'Rédaction du *Moussoulmanine*, Grande Rue 21, Villemouble-Raincy, Paris, France.'

* * *

The Blavatsky Lodge, London, and one of its many daughters, the H. P. B., have again brought out a very well-conceived joint syllabus. The meetings at the Blavatsky Lodge, confined to Fellows of the T. S., are devoted to a study of Hindūism, Zoroastrianism, Budḍhism, and Christianity, and those of the H. P. B. to lectures on the same subjects, open to visitors as well as Fellows. This is the second time, I believe, that the Lodges have arranged their work on the principle of the division of labor, the Blavatsky Lodge having taken charge of the lectures last time, and the H. P. B. of the study meetings.

* * *

The news from Hobart, Tasmania, is very good. Thanks to the useful work done by Mr. Hawthorne, the membership, which was only 9 when I was there has risen to 50, and the Secretary, Mr. Susman, reports that the Study Class is well attended. Dr. Mercer, the Bishop of Tasmania, recently gave a lecture in the Masonic Hall, at the request of the Hobart Lodge, and members of all denominations attended and showed the keenest interest. The Bishop spoke of the value of the flood of eastern mysticism which flowed into the West just when materialism was at its strongest; in essentials though not in details, Christianity and Theosophy were at one, and Theosophy was not hostile to the truth in any of the established religions. He dwelt on the importance of the ideas of

the immanence and transcendence of God, which had been too much lost sight of, though taught in the New Testament. On various other points the Bishop expressed agreement, and on some, difference of opinion. The lecture was a most valuable one, and should aid in the spreading of tolerance and good feeling.

The President, with Mr. Leadbeater, M. Charles Blech, our French General Secretary, Miss Arundale and Miss Willson, Mrs. Van Hook and her son, J. Kṛṣṇamūrṭi and his brother, left for Rangoon on 12th January and news received tell us that substantial work has been put in there. About a dozen public lectures, and as many members' meetings were held, and Sons of India and Masonic Lodges also had their share. While at the time of writing Mrs. Besant is toiling in the fields of Burma, yet ere this reaches our readers' hands she and the party will be back at Adyar, and another short tour for work in Kumbakonam will have been finished. Rightly does she call herself in her last quarterly Presidential Letter, published in the February *Adyar Bulletin*, 'your wandering President,' for she wanders all over the world proclaiming the great and glorious message she has to give. The same *Adyar Bulletin* gives from her own pen a graphic and interesting report of her Burma work, and we take up the tale from the 'Headquarters' Notes' and give below such news as is at hand when going to press.

* * *

From Moulmein she wrote:

Our visit to Moulmein was of two days only, but two lectures were delivered to very interested audiences, and a number of Burmans attended the second lecture, on the 'Noble Eightfold Path,' and seemed much to enjoy it. It was pleasant to see their kindly faces break out into broad smiles of delight when some point was made that strongly appealed to them.

* * *

Later on from Rangoon comes the following:

We left Moulmein by the evening train of the 27th, and arrived in Rangoon early on the 28th; the lecture on Zoroastrianism was well attended, as was that on Islām on the following morning. The afternoon meeting of the 29th was devoted to the Anniversary of the Schools for boys and girls, and the Night School conducted by the Order of the Sons of India connected with the Rangoon Lodge, and a number of prizes were distributed; the girls sang prettily, and the boys acted most creditably the court scene from the *Merchant of Venice*—the Shylock being really very clever—and a short farce, called the Village School, which provoked much laughter. The Order deserves much credit for the good work it is doing with the aid of the Rangoon Lodge. On the 30th we had a Lodge meeting in the morning, and an address on Temperance—alas! that such an address should be needed in Buddhist Burma—in the evening, and between these we visited a school for Buddhist girls maintained for the last 16 years by Ma Hla Oung, a wealthy Buddhist lady. She is not, unfortunately, supported in this good work by her fellow-religionists, and deserves the more credit in that she stands alone; she maintains also a school for Buddhist boys.

* * *

We take the following from the *Daily Mail* of 20th January:

A new problem for schoolmasters is reported from Okayama, Japan, where a boy named Kawasaki, aged sixteen, has developed gifts of clairvoyance which are declared to render examinations futile. Recently he forecasted accurately all the questions set in several examinations, with the result (says the *Japan Times*) that his classmates all scored full marks by learning the answers to these questions by heart and neglecting any other preparation.

Those critics of teachings of an occult nature who require proofs of clairvoyance would do well to keep an attentive eye on this and many other little items of a

nature similar to the above which are cropping up in the daily press all over the world in ever increasing numbers.

* * *

Wherever the Anglo-Saxon Race has spread there the name of W. T. Stead is known. *The Review of Reviews* is perhaps the literary undertaking which is most universally connected with his unceasing activities. We take, of course, a great interest in Mr. Stead and his work as he has not only been a fearless champion for great ideals, an ardent seeker after truth, and a defender of the weak and the oppressed, but specially for the Theosophical Movement has he been a steady friend and an impartial critic. He knew H. P. B. and she called him 'a real Theosophist.' He put the *Secret Doctrine* in the hands of Mrs. Besant for review and so brought our present President in touch with our movement in this life; he has devoted many a column of his magazine to Theosophy and its literature, and at the present time there is a little corner in his journal devoted to the 'Occult Magazines.' His services to the Science of the Borderland are well known.

Mr. Stead devotes some pages of his January number to a retrospect and a consideration of present things and conditions, at the occasion of the completion of the first twenty-one volumes of his *Review of Reviews*. Indeed these three-times-seven years have been full of events and importance. Let us quote some of the interesting and cheerful remarks of this hard-working and clever Editor. He says:

The leading positions of to-day are held by men who, when I first became editor, were either in short clothes, at school, or at college. I find myself at the age of sixty-one almost the solitary survivor of those whose acts and words I was criticising from day to day in 1871. If this may be in some respects a depressing reflexion, I take comfort in the thought that I have at least survived, and that now after forty years' continuous labor in one of the most exhausting of all professions I am much stronger and more vigorous than I was when I began my career. So far from journalism destroying the generous enthusiasms which inspired my youth, I am more of an optimist than I ever was. My interests in life are not only wider and more varied, but my zest is unabated. I am as keen as ever I was, and as ready

to plunge into new studies, investigations or speculations as I was in the early seventies. So far from the disillusioning experience of the stern realities of life having resulted in—

The hardening of the heart that brings
Irreverence for the dreams of youth,

it has been altogether the other way on with me. I believe as much as ever in God and all good things, but I have added thereto a comforting belief in the goodness of that badness of things which finds theological expression in the Devil and all his works. I have even ceased to accept as an article of faith the doctrine of the total depravity of the Tory Party. Experience has taught me to believe more than ever in man and still more in woman. The "glory-winged dreams" of what lies hidden behind the veil of the Future continue to allure me with their "golden gleams" to press ever upward and onward with a confident expectation that, as in the past, I shall find it ever "better on before."

What has made Mr. Stead and his *Review* a success?

"A few strong instincts and a few plain rules," inherited and acquired from my parents, have proved safe guides across the uncharted wilderness of "From Day to Day." "Honesty is the best policy," "Put yourself in his place," "Do unto another what you would that he should do unto you," are landmarks that saved me from many of the pitfalls and quagmires in which the nation from time to time lost its way. The constant sense of being ever in the Great Taskmaster's eye, reinforced by the consciousness that each and every man of us is a junior partner of the Almighty, has delivered me often from what might have been very serious temptations.

A man who can say this ought to feel proud of himself he should be able to look backward with gratitude and march forward with hope. Like ourselves, his friends all the world over will be wishing Mr. Stead a long-continued activity in the future and a triumph of the noble ideals for which he is laboring.

* * *

We have before us an extract from *The Bulletin of the Pan-American Union* giving some interesting facts about the Printing Office of the United States government. It is said to be the largest printing plant in the world, where electricity drives six hundred motors attached to as many machines and does a score of things besides. We will give the extract:

A few days since, there was set, read, corrected, revised, imposed, printed, bound and placed on board a vessel at New

York City about to sail for Europe, to be used before *The Hague Tribunal*, a book of 475 pages, all in the French language, the copy for which was received at the Government Printing Office just forty-eight hours before the completed book was placed on the steamer. The volume was of a confidential nature, its contents to be used between this country and Brazil.

The lay reader perhaps will not fully appreciate what this means, and also he will not understand what feelings the reading arouses in us who have to work more than a month to bring out one number of this magazine!

* * *

In the recent investigations made by our President and Mr. Leadbeater a most striking fact has come out, *viz.*, the existence of Heavenly Men, one for each Root-Race. The fact so clearly presented in the forthcoming volume—*Man: Whence, How, and Whither?*—had been very vaguely realised by serious students of *The Secret Doctrine*, for H. P. B. also speaks of the Heavenly Man, the Adam Kadmon. But now that a flood of light has been thrown on the subject, a reference to Heavenly Men however vague and poetic, catches our eye and gives a wealth of meaning to otherwise obscure statements. Here is one we came across in the *Annals of Psychological Science* for January 1908 in an article on 'Blake, the Visionary' who is quoted:

It must be clearly understood that the persons represented—Moses, Abraham are states symbolically signified by these names; the individuals being representative or visions of their states as they are revealed to men From a distance they have the appearance of a single man; close at hand they are multitudes.

* * *

With this number another half-yearly volume runs out its course. The 'Rents in the Veil of Time' begun last April have been regularly continued, and one set of thirty lives is finished with this number. In our next issue another set of twenty-four lives will begin and will be continued for several months. Further, we are trying to make *The Theosophist* a well-illustrated monthly, and next month will

appear two excellent symbolic illustrations for which the half-tone blocks have come from Europe; they are of a set of eleven and the remaining will appear, two each month. No stone is left unturned to improve *The Theosophist* more and more in way of reading matter, of printing and get up. We thankfully acknowledge the help and co-operation of good friends all over the world and hope that the same will be continued in the future. An interesting article 'Astrology in the Light of Theosophy' written expressly for *The Theosophist* by Mr. Alan Leo, will appear in the April issue; it contains the horoscopes of W. E. Gladstone, Stainton Moses (M.A., Oxon.) and Hinton St. George. 'A Thrilling Adventure' by C. C. relates a unique experience during the Boxer Rebellion in China in 1900. Our good friend Syām Sundar Lāl of Gwalior writes on some concrete instances of reincarnation, in which he gives his own collection of well-authenticated cases. H. O. Wolfe-Murray's contribution on 'A Helper's Experience in the Underworld' will be found interesting. A valuable paper on Buddhism from the pen of the learned Bhikku Ānanda Metṭeya will also appear. Besides all these there will be more instructive matter, but we will leave our readers to judge for themselves.

While on the subject of *The Theosophist* we have one important suggestion to offer to our subscribers. Often we receive complaints—fortunately they are diminishing in bulk every day—of non-receipt of the magazine. May we request our subscribers to remember that most of these are due to their own mistake of not writing legibly, and in full, their names and addresses. It will help us considerably if every one will kindly take the trouble to look at his name and address on the envelope and send us any corrections written legibly.



THE BROTHERHOOD OF RELIGIONS

CHAPTER VI

VIRTUES AND VICES IN RELATION TO INFERIORS

WE have seen that on the great ladder of evolution each of us has some who are above us, to whom we look up and towards whom our love has the form of REVERENCE; some who are on a level with us, towards whom our love has the aspect of AFFECTION, or Friendship; these we have considered. Now we have to think of our duties towards those who are below us on the ladder, those who look up to us, as we to our elders, and to consider what form our love should take towards those who are our younger, whether as egos or in the social scale. Love towards these is BENEVOLENCE, well-wishing and well-doing, the gracious kindly aspect seen at its

highest as shown by the mother to the child. To regard all "with the tenderness which the mother feels for her first-born son" is the ideal at which we should aim; realised to the full only by the Elder Brethren of our race, the Masters of Compassion and Wisdom, it is none the less the lovely heart-state which all of us should seek to make our own. Strength is only lovable when it shows itself as Protection; greatness is only admirable when it shows itself as Patience and Beneficence. Those who know the Unity of the Self must ever be seeking to help to strengthen the manifestation of the Self in those in whom that Highest is more obscured than in himself.

A man's natural inferiors are: Those who are below him in soul-age, that is in evolution—in spiritual development, in intellectual attainments, in moral character; those who are below him in social grade; those who are physically younger than himself, children and youths—a superficial and transitory inferiority, indeed, but one which demands at his hands the discharge of certain duties so long as they are comparatively helpless. Towards all of these, his Love must show itself as BENEVOLENCE.

The universal manifestation of BENEVOLENCE is *Compassion*, the tender *Pitifulness* which associates itself by sympathy with the weaknesses of the inferior, and seeks to share with him its own more highly developed qualities according to the need of the occasion. By this sharing, since Love is ever attraction, the superior seeks to raise the inferior towards himself, bringing about a condition of lesser inequality; and to this end he draws the inferior to him by gentle words, softness of manner, smiles, friendly gestures, by everything which may remove any sense of fear arising in the lesser in the presence of one greater than himself. Strength is, alas, so often used to oppress, that fear arises instinctively in the weak when they find themselves in face of it; this must ever be remem-

bered when fear is shown, and it must be met with additional softness and gentleness, not with haste or impatience. The more timid the inferior, the more gentle and sweet must be the superior, the more caressing his gestures, the more indicative of patience his movements. This *Patience* and *Sweetness* reassure the shy and the timid, and awaken in them *Confidence* and *Trust*, so that they willingly draw near and lean on the stronger instead of shrinking from him. In strong and well-meaning but ungentle natures, timidity—as implying suspicion of their intentions—is apt to generate *Harshness* and *Resentment*, vices which spring from the Hate Emotion; and these, in presence of the timid inferior, readily slide into *Cruelty* and *Brutality*; against this evil re-action the good man must ever be on his guard, and must deliberately soften his manner where he encounters timidity, as the motherly woman coaxes and wheedles the timid child.

BENEVOLENCE, where the inferior is threatened, shows itself as *Protection*, the noblest exercise of strength in presence of weakness. Protection is a kingly Virtue, and by whomsoever exercised, ennobles the character and stamps on it the heroic type. *Heroism* is, indeed, the Virtue evoked where the weak are protected at the peril of the protector's life, prosperity, or good name. Not only the warrior, the patriot, the martyr are heroic; not only the miners who face death to succor their comrades in the pit, the firemen who plunge into the flames to rescue the helpless, the swimmers who risk their own drowning to save the perishing sinking beneath the flood; heroes are also the fathers who toil ceaselessly to protect their families from want, losing health and even life in their incessant labor; heroes are the mothers who sacrifice themselves day and night to protect and cherish their little ones, though life be shortened by the ceaseless strain; heroes are the doctors and nurses who risk their lives in unwearied tending of the stricken, and face infection fearlessly in the fierce strife against death. All of these exercising to a heroic degree the royal virtue of Protection, humble and limited as may

be their sphere, and they in all simplicity but trying to do worthily their duty to those dependent on them.

BENEVOLENCE, where the inferior is in want, shows itself as *Liberality* and *Charity*, the endeavor to supply that of which he is in need. The bestowal of help, in whatever form, should be rendered ungrudgingly and graciously, as an opportunity of helping gladly seized, not as a response unwillingly yielded to unwelcome importunity. Moreover the exercise of these virtues should be directed by wisdom, so that the help given may really aid, and not injure, the recipient. The bestowal of a boon asked for by an unworthy suppliant may encourage him in sloth or in some other form of vice; and it is worthy of notice that religions which press the duty of Charity on their followers also designate the classes who are worthy recipients thereof, and do not encourage thoughtlessness in Charity any more than in other matters.

Courtesy is never more gracious than when shown by the superior to the inferior, by the strong to the weak, and *Consideration* granted when it cannot be demanded is more beautiful than when yielded to an equal or a superior. The idea is put very aptly and practically in a list of the people for whom "way should be made" on meeting them, by the inclusion of "a sick person, one who carries a burden, a woman".¹ Weakness has a claim to tenderness, and such Courtesy lends the last finish to noble manners.

These virtues are the general expressions of Love towards inferiors; to the special classes of inferiors noted above, BENEVOLENCE shows itself in other ways. To those below a man in evolution, he should ever show *Helpfulness*, readily sharing with them his superior knowledge, and willingly teaching them anything which they are willing to learn. Where there is superiority of age or social grade, *Tact* and *Discretion* are especially needed

¹ *Manuscript*, ii. 138.

in such work, but Love finds its way without giving offence, and the quiet silent influence of high example does more to teach and lift than formal precept or instruction. The superior should therefore not isolate themselves from the inferior in evolution, but should associate with them with the intention of helping them to swifter progress, so that they may raise all with their own advance.

BENEVOLENCE towards those of lower social grade should lead, in addition to the aforesaid general manifestations, to active endeavors to ameliorate their condition, *i.e.*, to the virtue of *Beneficence*. To support and spread education, whether by personal work or by financial aiding of well-considered schemes, to apprentice boys to reliable persons for the learning of useful handicrafts, to give a lad a start in life—these and similar acts are examples of *Beneficence*. *Beneficence* is a virtue which the higher owe to the lower, and its deterioration or disappearance is a menace to national welfare. Carefully thought-out schemes of social improvement cannot emanate from the poor and the ignorant, who only know that they suffer, and who naturally snatch at anything which promises amelioration of their condition, however fallacious the promise, however illusory the benefit. The voluntary *Self-sacrifice* of the higher to the lower in order to relieve and raise them is the reflexion of the life of all World-Saviors, the noblest demonstration of God in man.

Employers of labor, heads of households, and all who hold positions which give them authority over others, should see to it that their conduct exemplifies the virtues which humanise and glorify their relations with those dependent on them. When industry was individual rather than collective, the human factor was obvious and could not be disregarded by any good man. But now there is a growing danger lest those who employ thousands of men should entirely forget—as some indeed already do—that

there is any human relation between themselves and their employees, that they have any duty towards them save that of the payment of their wages; and here once more is a menace to the State, due to the absence of the Love-relation which is the one social bond. Again, in the over-grown households of the very wealthy, where servants are multiplied not for use but for display, the absence of the true human relation between master and mistress on the one side and servants on the other—the relation of elder and younger, in which guidance, counsel, ordered discipline are given by the one, and industry, diligence, and intelligent obedience are rendered by the other, the one learning *Justice, Impartiality, and Wise Administration*, the other rising in character and knowledge by *Obedience and Service*—the absence of this relation is rendering the higher childish, flippant, and irresponsible, and the lower idle, arrogant and luxurious.

BENEVOLENCE towards those who are younger in physical age, towards children and youths, the extension towards all children of the *Tenderness* which is instinctive in the parents for their own little ones, is the last of the relations between superiors and inferiors in which Love means blessedness and Hate means misery. To the heart full of Love, the weakness and helplessness of the child appeal with irresistible force, and Tenderness flows out to meet every demand that can be made upon it. *Harshness, Injustice, Oppression, Cruelty* in all its forms, including *Sarcasm and Ridicule*—cowardly weapons when used by the strong against the weak—are all the ugly progeny of the Hate Emotion in the relations between superior and inferior.

Hate to the inferior is SCORN, the very antithesis of BENEVOLENCE. The weakness that appeals to Love and is answered by BENEVOLENCE, appeals to Hate and is answered by SCORN. Hate looking downwards in its inner attitude is PRIDE, in its outer manifestation is SCORN. To a man dominated by Hate the inferior is but a tool, a prey, to be

subjugated and used for his own advantage. *Contempt, Arrogance, Disdain, Haughtiness, Overbearingness,* are all Vices which have their roots in SCORN. Alike into the State and into the Family these Vices bring disunion and creating in the inferiors *Falsehood, Treachery, Cowardice, Revenge, Cringing, Flattery,* they lead to the disruption of social and family ties.

In all the relations which exist in nations and families, relations between superiors, equals and inferiors, Love is the binding and Hate the disruptive force. Right Reason, which sees the Unity of Life, shapes Love into all the Virtues which construct, strengthen and adorn all human communities, ensuring progress and gladdening life; Wrong Reason, blinded to the Unity of Life and bewildered by the endless multiplicity of forms, lets Hate burst out into all the Vices which ruin the individual and destroy the community.

Let the young, then, learn to understand the sweet fruits of Love and the bitter fruits of Hate, and to know the Virtues which spring from Love and the Vices which spring from Hate. So shall they, in their manhood or womanhood, know how to refuse the evil and to choose the good, and to become the builders, not the destroyers of happy homes and of prosperous States.

CHAPTER VII

THE RE-ACTION OF VIRTUES AND VICES ON EACH OTHER

All the great Teachers have proclaimed with one voice the duty of returning good for evil. "Pass over the difficult crossings—by wrathlessness wrath, by truth untruth," says the *Sāmaveda*. "Let him not be angry with the angry; spoken to harshly, let him speak softly;" thus spake the Manu. "To the man that causelessly injures me, I will return the protection of my ungrudging love; the more evil comes from him, the more good shall flow from me;" "Overcome anger

by not being angered: overcome evil by good; overcome avarice by liberality; overcome falsehood by truth;" "Hatred ceases not by hatred at any time; hatred ceases by love;" thus spake the Buddha. "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you;" thus spake the Christ.

There must be some deep reason, hidden in the very nature of things, has caused these Knowers of the Wisdom to speak with such unanimity and decision on this high ethical duty. In all ages lovers of these superhuman Teachers have obeyed Their precepts out of devotion to Their Persons, and have thereby reaped good results of love and peace. In these days of small devotion and of little respect for authority, it behoves us—for the sake of the welfare of Society—to understand the Law which They proclaimed.

Ordinary observation of what is going on around us every day will readily convince the onlooker that, when two ordinary people meet, one of whom is dominated at the moment by a strong emotion and the other of whom is neutral, the former arouses in the latter an emotion similar in kind to the one by which he himself is swayed. A man comes along overflowing with happiness, it smiles on his lips, it sparkles in his eyes; those he meets catch the infection of his joy, and their own mood reflects the brightness of his own. Another is oppressed with heavy grief, his lips droop, his eyes are dull; those who meet him are saddened by the contact, and their skies also darken to his greyness. "He is like sunshine, it is a pleasure to meet him;" "he is a regular wet blanket, he makes one feel quite miserable;" these constantly heard phrases testify to the involuntary action and re-action of human moods. The mechanism of this is simple enough: man is spirit and matter, a life and a form; hence a change in his consciousness is always

accompanied by vibrations in the matter composing his body; and *vice versā*, vibrations in his body are accompanied by a change in his consciousness. The vibrations which accompany a mood of joyousness in a man—even felt physically in the thrilling of his nerves, the quickened coursing of the blood in his veins—set up sympathetic vibrations in the body of any one who comes near him, and these in turn produce the corresponding mood of joy in the newcomer; similarly with those which accompany a mood of grief. Hence the influence exerted by one over another, and the gladdening and saddening by propinquity, irrespective of personal cause for either joy or sorrow in the one reflecting his neighbor's mood. That an emotion, good or evil, exhibited by one person evokes a similar emotion in another near at hand, is the first general law of the interaction of emotions.

The second general law of the interaction of emotions is that in exceptionally good or exceptionally bad men, dominated respectively by Love or Hate, the exhibition of a wrong emotion provokes the *opposite* right emotion, or the exhibition of a right emotion provokes a corresponding wrong one.

This response is automatic where Love or Hate holds undisputed sway over the nature, but between this perfection in good or evil and the ordinary man, moved to unthinking reproduction of the moods he encounters in others, are all grades of effort after the higher, or shrinking from the lower. The automatic return of good for evil is the outcome of innumerable efforts, struggles, failures and successes, and is found only in the highly evolved. An illustration will make clear the working of these Laws.

A man in a passion meets a neighbor, and, being angry, though not with him, speaks to him harshly; the neighbor fires up and gives a sharp answer; the first

replies still more hotly; the second responds with added bitterness; in a few minutes a quarrel is raging—all about nothing—and each goes off in a fury. Evil has been returned for evil, and a breach has been made, difficult to bridge: "Hatred ceases not by hatred." The man meets another neighbor and again speaks sharply, being in an even worse temper than before; the neighbor replies good-naturedly, ignoring the other's black looks; despite himself the first is soothed and his anger diminishes; presently he is smiling and friendly, and goes off, quiet and at peace. Good has been returned for evil, and two hearts are drawn nearer to each other: "Hatred ceases by Love."

The laws are here seen at work in every-day experiences; in the first case anger evoked anger, both men being at the mercy of their moods, and disruption followed; in the second case, the second man—either knowing the law or obeying the Teachers—checked the natural response of anger to anger, and deliberately met the anger with the opposite emotion, kindness, and this, in its turn, re-acting on the first man, soothed away and calmed his anger and gradually produced in him its own reflexion, and there resulted mutual good-will. The good man will ever seek thus to correct an evil by the opposing good: he will meet pride with humility, perversity with patience, insincerity with sincerity, graspingness with liberality, hypocrisy with candor. Such a man is a benediction wherever he goes, and he spreads around him peace and good-will.

Between equals the laws work as described; their action is modified between superiors and inferiors, corresponding, rather than similar, emotions being aroused. Where a superior shows anger to an inferior, the latter, by reason of his position or his weakness, cannot answer with open anger, but feels fear, revengefulness, impotent desire to injure—all emotions of the same type, but modified in expression by his own helplessness. Where an inferior

shows treachery, ingratitude, rebellion, the corresponding emotions evoked in the superior will be scorn, contempt, oppression. Hate still answers hate, according to the general law, but the special form it takes grows out of the mutual relation.

So also where Love is present on both sides; benevolence in the superior arouses gratitude in the inferior; compassion evokes trust, patience evokes confidence. Timidity in the inferior evokes tenderness in the superior, feebleness evokes pity, incapacity evokes helpfulness.

Again, where a superior is dominated by the Love Emotion, and meets manifestations of Hate from his inferiors, whether in the coarser forms of treachery and the like, or the subtler forms of suspicion, distrust, and timidity aroused in the lesser by the mere presence of the higher; such a superior will meet these forms of Hate with the appropriate Love Emotion, treachery by pardon, ingratitude by persistent kindness, suspicion by steady friendliness, and so on. If the inferiors are normal, they will gradually come to answer by Love Emotions the Love poured out on them. If they are, unhappily, abnormal, dominated by Hate, then they will answer the Love of the superior by attempts to take advantage of it and to use it for their own ends; they will meet trust with betrayal, liberality with cheating, kindness with insolence. Under such unfortunate conditions the superior must call wisdom to his aid, and, while still pouring Love on the unworthy, may, if he have no special duty towards them, avoid occasions of contact, or, if they are dependent upon him and he in authority over them, gently point out their mistakes, and withhold such forms of Love as would encourage them to persist in their vices. It is the lack of wisdom which often rewards the most unselfish mothers with the most selfish sons.

As men learn that there is a Science of Morality, that its laws are as inviolable as all other natural laws,

that the knowledge of these laws and their observance must inevitably increase human happiness and quicken human progress, they will surely—as in other departments of nature—learn the wisdom of obedience. Human intelligence ever accepts the inevitable; even human selfishness soon ceases to fight against it, and adapts itself to that it cannot change. Morality has suffered by having been regarded as arbitrary, as being of the nature of man-made laws, the breaches of which might be pardoned and the penalties remitted. As it takes its place among sciences, and the beautiful changelessness and inviolability of its laws are seen and accepted, human nature will conform itself to that from which it cannot escape. With its ineradicable longing after happiness, it will accept the conditions on which alone continued happiness is possible, and the precepts of the great Teachers, recognised as proclamations of an unalterable Law of Conduct, will establish the Kingdom of Heaven upon earth, and create the Golden Age.

ANNIE BESANT

The sweetest lives are those to duty wed,
 Whose deeds, both great and small,
 Are close-knit strands of an unbroken thread,
 Where love ennobles all.
 The world may sound no trumpet, ring no bells;
 The Book of Life the shining record tells.
 Thy love shall chant its own beatitudes
 After its own life-working. A child's kiss
 Set on thy singing lips shall make thee glad;
 A poor man served by thee shall make thee rich;
 A sick man helped by thee shall make thee strong;
 Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense
 Of service which thou renderest.

MRS. BROWNING

IN THE NAME OF BROTHERHOOD

A certain man journeying along the road of life, fell ill and lay by the wayside. And one came by and shook his head, saying: "Ah! if you had lived a pure life, and taken pure food, this would not have befallen you." "How do you know I didn't?" said the man. And another came by and said: "If you had lived in a healthy place and avoided crowded cities, you would have escaped this." "I had to earn my living," groaned the man. And yet another came with a smiling face, and singing: "Ah my friend," said he, "you are deluded, you cannot be ill. Man is a spirit, god-like, and cannot suffer pain. You have no pain." "I wish I hadn't," said the man very patiently. But the other went his way singing: "There is no pain. . . ." until he trod on a sharp stone; then he stopped singing and said something;—but the man did not hear what he said. And others passed, many of them women carrying pet animals, and they cried: "Oh look! There's somebody ill. How dreadful!" and they crossed quickly to the other side of the road. . . . And the man cried aloud for help.

Then there came to him one with a grave kind face. "Who are you?" asked the man. "I am a student of Science, and if you will let me I can cure you." "Do," said the man. And *in the name of brotherly love* he did so. But while he was working, the women with the pet animals kept calling out: "Don't trust him. He is cruel. He will poison you!" but he paid no heed.

"Now tell me" said the man, when he was well once more, "where did you learn your skill?" "In Nature's Book, by patient experiment and study and observation," said the Sage. "But why do those women cry out

against you so?" "I am not sure" said the Sage; "but I think they are ignorant, for I have noticed that they do not come close and study all our work, they will but stand at a distance and cry out." "You do not seem cruel," said the man thoughtfully, and he thanked the Sage and praised God. Then the Sage went on, to help what other men and beasts he might find suffering by the way.

Need I expound the foregoing parable? There appears to be a tendency among prominent members of the Theosophical Society to interfere in medical matters, and to misinterpret the conduct of those scientific men who are patiently devoting their lives to the prevention and cure of disease in man and beast. The reason for this opposition seems to spring, firstly from a feeling of sympathy with animals, who—as these people believe—are called upon to suffer greatly in the cause of science; and, secondly, from that curious combative suspicion with which human beings, in common with most animals, regard that which they do not understand. It is far from my thoughts to defend or excuse cruelty; but I feel it is my duty to protest against the assumption that the experiments of Modern Research are attended by great suffering and torture of animals.

I confine myself to what is done in England, or in countries under British rule (such as India) and to the experiments of recent years; though I have sufficient faith in humanity to believe that everywhere wanton cruelty is the exception rather than the rule. (The Officials of the Anti-vivisection Society affect to believe the reverse).

Sir Lauder Brunton at the Royal Commission, was asked:

"Have you ever known of any case of inhumanity, or want of consideration for causeless pain. I am speaking of England, of course." He replied: "No, in England certainly

not, and I do not remember any case abroad, because most of my experiments were done in Prof. Ludwig's laboratory in Leipzig, and he was always most careful of the feelings of the animals."

I wish all my readers could visit the laboratories to see for themselves how well the little mice and guinea-pigs are housed and cared for, and how remarkably little evidence of suffering there is among even the unfortunate of the victims of science. Those who live near London can easily do so by applying at the Lister Institute in the Chelsea Bridge Road. They can also visit the serum-farm near Elstree, and see the horses in their clean sanitary homes, and learn there the undoubted fact that those animals have a far happier lot than their brothers working in the streets of a large city. Without such actual demonstration it is difficult to convince those who have heard so often the tales of unspeakable cruelty, (only too true alas!) that Modern Research is humane and gentle in its dealings with the animals whose bodies it claims in sacrifice. But surely it is not fair to judge by the atrocities of one or two who shall be nameless, a body of workers among whom are found such gentle gentlemen as Lister and Pasteur!

Whenever an operation is performed on an animal, it is fully anæsthetised, and feels no pain. It is kept insensible the whole time, and in most cases is killed before regaining consciousness.

Professor Starling writes:

I do not think that the absolutely painless character of the vast majority of physiological experiments is sufficiently appreciated. Records of classical experiments, performed before anæsthetics were invented, or had come into general use in laboratories, are too apt to be taken as typical of those of the present day, when the use of anæsthetics is *invariable* in all experiments more extensive than a simple inoculation. Though I have been engaged in the experimental pursuit of Physiology for the last seventeen years, I can say that on no occasion have I ever seen pain inflicted on a dog or cat in a Physiological Laboratory in this country . . . Moreover, it is not merely the normal humanity

of the operator that should deter the infliction of useless pain in a physiological experiment. It is the object of the experimenter to limit the field of his experiment, so that when he is, so to speak, putting a question to any function of the body, this function shall be unaffected by any other factor . . . Of all possible disturbing factors in the body none can be greater than that of pain. . . We should not be able to allow for the effects of such an indeterminate factor as pain, and a physiological experiment which is painful is thereby a bad experiment.

Now here we have a distinguished physiologist telling us plainly that pain would stultify all his experiments. Yet, how do our 'Anti-vivisection' friends receive that statement? They interpret it as a confession that all experiments are useless! Obstinate refusing to believe the most emphatic assurances that the operations are painless, they conclude that the investigators are wasting their time and torturing animals (for they will have it so!) for no good purpose. Can bigotry and topsy-turveydom go further?

Indeed the disingenuous methods of the Anti-Vivisection Society are quite sufficient to condemn its cause. I have before me a leaflet purporting to show by means of four pictures "how vivisection is taught to medical students". (Of course it is never taught to medical students at all, but that is immaterial.) These pictures are not explained—their meaning is left to the imagination. Not one of them refers to any sort of painful operation (one in fact represents a dissection in a dead body); yet I know that they have caused a shudder of horror to many sensitive people—as was doubtless intended! Again one of the most familiar of the 'posters' by means of which the Society seeks to inflame the imagination of the uninstructed is that of a dog in a pitiful state of emaciation. It is taken from the photograph of a dog dying of 'Nagana'—a terrible African disease akin to 'sleeping sickness'. The cause is now known, and these diseases can be stamped out. Thanks to that dog and a few hundred other animals in whom the diseases were

studied, tens of thousands of men, women and children, to say nothing of cattle and horses, are saved every year from just such a painful lingering death as that picture portrays. Is not that worth while? But the "Anti-" Society does not explain that. It prefers, no doubt, that the public should think that dogs are starved to death in wanton malice. I could multiply instances of this system of misrepresentation did space allow. Surely, if there were really any acts of cruelty being done the Society would make them public! Then there would be no need of these flimsy insinuations nor of the repetition *ad nauseam* of revolting stories of what some person in Germany or Italy did ten or fifteen years ago. The fact is there is no torture, no hideous suffering to be recorded. If pain is sometimes unavoidable it at least is not prolonged or severe.¹ As the Bishop of Ely said at Cambridge last March :

The suffering caused in the provision of food, we will say for London, in one single day exceeds, infinitely and unspeakably exceeds, the suffering caused in the research work of our laboratories during a whole year.

Next follows the question: Is any good being done by Modern Research? It is customary among our opponents to speak of the 'theories' of vivisectors, and the 'theories' of those who advocate inoculation. I understand a theory to mean a reasonable conjecture which one hopes to confirm by experience. It is not a proved fact. But published results of Modern Research *are* proved facts. It is not a

¹ As another instance of the exaggerated charges brought by the Anti-Vivisection Society I would cite the notorious case of the "Brown Dog". This animal had a slight operation—ligature of a duct of the pancreas—performed under chloroform in December, 1902. It remained in good health, none the worse for the operation, and the following February the pancreas was again examined under chloroform. Before killing the dog, as by law he was required to do, the operator proceeded to investigate the sub-maxillary gland. This last proceeding (which really saved some other dog which would have been used for the purpose: not being part of the original experiment was strictly speaking illegal, and the Anti-Vivisection Society promptly brought an action which cost them £2,000 in damages. Yet this dog, which—as was proved in the course of that suit—had not suffered any pain from first to last, was represented as a martyr, and a statue to its memory was actually erected in Battersea Park.

mere theory, but a proved fact, that putrefaction is caused by bacteria floating in the air, and that wounds do not suppurate if those germs are excluded or killed. It is a proved fact that consumption is due to a bacillus, and that diphtheria, erysipelas, typhoid and many other diseases are similarly due to specific germs. It is a fact, proved beyond doubt, that malaria is due to a germ conveyed by a mosquito, sleeping sickness to a germ conveyed by a fly, plague by a germ conveyed by a flea, and Malta fever to a germ which is found in the blood and secretions of apparently healthy goats. The process known as 'Phagocytosis,' (*i.e.*, the destruction of invading microbes by certain cells in the blood) and its stimulation by appropriate 'Vaccines' are not mere theories, but facts demonstrable to anyone who can look down a microscope and count the microbes in process of destruction. (This involves no experiment on animals: it is a clinical test often employed to estimate the progress a patient is making.) It may be as well to explain that a 'vaccine,' in the modern sense of the word, usually consists of sterilised salt solution containing a definite number of the dead bodies of certain minute vegetable organisms which are the recognised cause of a given disease. These organisms, obtained from cases of illness in human beings, have been specially grown in pure culture on some suitable nutrient substance, then killed by heat, and suspended in the salt solution. A little weak carbolic acid solution is added as a preservative. To call such a pure vegetable culture a "filthy fluid" or "foul matter" seems to me a misuse of words. It is absolutely free from any animal substance, and has no connexion with the cow, nor has any animal been used in its preparation. The name vaccine was given to these preparations by Pasteur in honor of Jenner, who accidentally discovered that immunity to a disease can be produced artificially. It is only now, more than a century later, that his discovery has received at the hands of Modern Research the scientific explanation which it formerly lacked.

It is, indeed, a mere 'theory' that a dose of 'vaccine' injected into the body gives rise to the formation in the blood of protective 'anti-bodies' (or antidotes) which confer immunity to, or help to cure, the corresponding disease: but this 'theory' has been abundantly vindicated in millions of instances from the time when Pasteur first inoculated cattle against 'Anthrax,' and cured the terribly fatal 'Rabies,' down to the present day, when not only human diseases, but many deadly diseases of cattle are being stamped out by inoculation. The following is taken from the South African Supplement of *The Times* of November 5th, 1910:

In the Transvaal before the war there did not exist any organisation for the systematic eradication of cattle diseases. With the appearance of rinderpest in 1896 regulations were made for its suppression; but they were withdrawn when a successful inoculation was introduced, and this inoculation was responsible for the saving of a very large number of cattle (which would otherwise have had to be destroyed)... Before the War the Transvaal was comparatively clear of cattle diseases... At the conclusion of the War—rinderpest and pleuropneumonia had appeared once more; glanders became rampant owing to the importation of a number of horses. Directly after peace a Veterinary Division for the Transvaal was inaugurated. Two separate subdivisions were formed, the one for bacteriological research and the other for administration. The duty of the bacteriological division was to investigate the causes of unknown diseases, to prepare sera and vaccines, and to superintend the diagnosis of contagious diseases... Investigations were made into the nature of horse-sickness, and a serum vaccination was obtained enabling mules at least to be protected against natural infection. This serum has been employed for the past five years, and on an average 3,000 mules have been inoculated annually. Biliary fever in horses was properly defined—a vaccination against this disease was also introduced. Gall sickness has been proved to be due to a specific organism... and to be preventible by inoculation. Diseases of sheep, principally blue tongue, have been thoroughly dealt with, and a vaccine has been introduced of which much use is now made all over South Africa. The quantity issued during the year 1909-10 amounted to over 320,000 doses... 16,125 double doses of vaccine for the inoculation of cattle against quarter-evil, and 24,444 doses of mallein were distributed last year.

Other diseases are mentioned in the article, but I have quoted enough to show that domestic animals are

receiving even more benefit from vaccine treatment than human beings. Farmers do not waste their money on veterinary products unless they find them useful.

I can only allude briefly to Serum-therapy. It differs from Vaccine-therapy in that it does not aim at stimulating the resisting powers of the body, but supplies the antidote 'ready made,' so to speak. Certain animals are given the 'Toxin' of a disease in gradually increasing doses, until such a large quantity of 'antidote' has been formed in their blood that they are practically immune to that particular disease. Then some of the blood of the animal is taken, and the fluid part of it (the 'serum') containing the antidote, is carefully stored in small bottles. Thus a definite quantity of the antidote so prepared can be given to a patient suffering from the same disease. The serum contains no disease; it contains only an antidote to a poison. It is not more disgusting to take a dose of serum, than to eat a mutton chop.

I hope I have convinced some readers of these two facts: firstly, that modern research does not cause cruel treatment to animals; and, secondly, that its discoveries are of immense value.

With these facts before us what ought we, as Theosophists, to do? Are we to try to hinder this good work because it entails the death of some few hundred of animals? Or ought we not rather to look beyond to the great saving of life and prevention of suffering which is ensured by this increase of knowledge? It is the prevention rather than the cure of diseases which is the chief aim of that branch of Science which the Anti-Vivisection Society attacks. Are we right to associate ourselves with that Society? Are we right to be ready to think evil and say hard things of men who are giving up their ease and comfort, and risking their own lives in order that the knowledge they gain may help a suffering world? Or is it not the better way to help with our thoughts these earnest seekers after truth, and hail them

as *brothers* who are doing more than most to lighten the world's burden and to prepare the way for the greater welfare of all beings.

E. MARIETTE

The above article is printed because it is written by a medical man who is a member of the T. S., and who believes that Vivisection is, rightly looked at, a brotherly act. As I do not intend to open *The Theosophist* to a controversy on this subject, I add these notes to the article. As we say every month, the T. S. is not responsible for any opinion by whomsoever expressed in *The Theosophist*, except in an official document; within the T. S. all opinions are on an equal footing which, by their holder, are regarded as consistent with Brotherhood, provided that they do not lead to a breach of the law of the land in which the holder resides; hence a member of the T. S. may be either a Vivisectionist or an Anti-Vivisectionist. So long as I edit *The Theosophist*, its editorial policy will be entirely Anti-Vivisectionist, but the editorial policy does not commit the Society.

The above article certainly says the very best that can be said for Vivisection, but—

1. "That the experiments of Modern Research are attended by great suffering and torture of animals" is said to be an assumption. On this the student should read for himself the evidence given before the Royal Commission on the subject; he will then be in a position to estimate fairly the value of this statement.

2. The writer confines himself to England and to countries under British rule. This is wise, because Vivisection is, at least in England, so fettered by the law that Vivisectionists complain that they are much hampered in their 'research'. We judge the practice by what goes on in countries where the public conscience is asleep

and the 'researchers' are unhampered by laws passed under the pressure of 'sentimentalists'. On this see the paper enclosed with this issue on *Vivisection in Excelsis*. To prevent the repeal of laws which keep these and similar horrors out of England, it is necessary to keep up the Anti-Vivisection movement. Students should read the accounts given by Vivisectors of *their own experiments*.

3. On the statement that "whenever an operation is performed on an animal it is fully anæsthetised and feels no pain," I again answer: "Read the records." *Ex parte* statements on either side are unconvincing. If this statement be accurate, I must be mistaken in the idea that permissions are granted in England for the performance of experiments 'without anæsthetics,' and my eyes must have betrayed me when they read the number of such permissions granted in the Government Report. Even were the statement accurate as far as it goes, it does not cover the pain suffered afterwards as a result of the experiment. Any one who has seen and nursed a human patient after an operation performed under an anæsthetic knows whether there is no subsequent pain. But most are killed, says our writer. Is that so? I thought that much 'research' dealt with the observations of results? And results cannot be watched in a corpse.

4. Vivisection "never is taught to medical students at all". Is that really so? Yet I gave up going beyond the first M.B. at the London University because in preparing for that examination I was shown and taught such experiments, and they so disgusted me that I dropped the subject altogether.

5. So far as 'research' confines itself to the microscopical examination of air, putrefying substances, the blood of diseased persons and animals—all procurable without any pain—no one objects to it. But this is a very different matter from 'experiments on animals,' and it is misleading to mix the two things in the way done here, as

though the statements here made covered all the experiments made in this relation.

6. So far, 'anti-toxins' appear to have done more harm than good. But apart from this, their preparation implies the previous poisoning of the animals used and the injection of crude materials into the blood of the unfortunate patient whose general vitality is lowered. In the endeavor to render him immune to one disease he is laid open to many others.

7. Shall we, as Theosophists, hinder this 'good' work? My answer is: Yes, for it is not good, but evil. Medical science has entered on a fatal path, that will, if followed, lead to the physical deterioration of the human race as well as to its moral degradation. Even if it were true that some diseases might be cured by the torture of animals, the righteous man should reject the cure at such a price. Better to die than to live dishonored. Honor and humanity are more precious than physical life. And to us, who regard 'Modern Research' as criminal in its methods, it would be dishonor and inhumanity to accept its gifts.

ANNIE BESANT

Give me such a book as Mr. Stephen Paget's (in defence of vivisection) and I have only to read the preface to understand that the vivisector is the dynamitard of science. The arguments are the same; the character of the acts advocated is essentially the same; the justification is the same. And they are all open to the same objection, that they advocate a practice which makes life entirely horrible. Once allow irresponsible persons an absolute right to spread torture and death all around them, if only they will promise you the millennium, and you will be landed in dynamite in Politics, just as you are already landed in vivisection in Science. The question is one of human character: you have got to make up your minds whether you will live your life honorably or not.... I dogmatically postulate humaneness as a condition of worthy personal character.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

A THEOSOPHIST: HIS RELATION TO HIMSELF AND TO OTHERS

A true Theosophist has no personal ends to serve, no particular and cherished hobby to ride, no special doctrine or belief which he wishes to force upon others, or which he feels called upon to defend. He does not go about seeking whom he may find to listen to his particular theories, and become converted to his peculiar doctrines; for he realises that the beliefs of others, whatever they may be, are as essential to them as are his own to himself, and therefore, in common justice and charity, he seeks not to rob them, who are satisfied with their possessions, simply to experiment with and test his own ideas upon them. In fact, to the true Theosophist, the position and condition of all others, whether near and dear to him or distant and unknown, is a matter which gives him no worry or anxiety, no joy or sorrow, and scarcely any concern. He goes about his daily duties with an apparent indifference and carelessness which, to the superficial observer of persons and events is, to say the least, confusing if not harassing. He will occasionally be heard to say: "What is, is best," yet he is observed to be an industrious worker among all classes of men and upon almost all lines of action which sway mankind with a definite purpose to effect changes and transformations. He will tell you that: "Each one has to bear his own burdens," and the next moment he may be observed in an effort to assist some one who has fallen under a heavy load, helping him to rise and journey on; or, you, yourself, may be one to appeal to him for assistance to unravel some tangle which involves your happiness, and you are grateful when you thus appeal that he cheerfully

and willingly aids to the extent of his power. You may, from your own experience and observation, learn that he has refused to do this or that which, according to your own accepted standards, he should do, and you may condemn as freely in one case as you give praise in another. And yet were you to take the pains to discover his motive for such a course, you might perhaps, learn from his standpoint that he could not conscientiously act otherwise. When you are in his company, you will most probably receive no flattery for what you may have done or refrained from doing; but, you may experience that which appears an affront, if not condemnation, and you may leave him somewhat embittered, or at least feeling unpleasantly and not very friendly toward him.

Now, if the Theosophist has been true to himself and to your own higher welfare in that he would not cater nor pander to your likes and dislikes or, in a word, to your personal egotism, you will perhaps come to know sooner or later that he *was* true to the highest in both himself and yourself, and your feeling of resentment may change to one of gratitude, for you now perceive that your real good was aimed at, rather than a politic course pursued to gain your passing good-will. But the Theosophist though apparently indifferent and careless of himself and others is, on the contrary, constantly on the alert to see and to act. His action may exercise upon a different plane than the ordinary one; yet it is none the less action, intense and ceaseless. He has duties which appeal to him with all the force and power of an intensified will to realise the higher aspirations of his own soul, for the one purpose of becoming better fitted to swell by his individual efforts that on-rolling and wide-sweeping wave of evolution whose bourn is the Infinite. He realises himself—his Higher Self—as one with all this flooding tide. He knows of a verity of the being and operation of that One Law which is the fiat of the Absolute, and which holds all things in its embrace. He feels it swell and

surge in his own being, bearing him onward. He sees its all-including embrace encompass his own little world and the numberless universes. As he himself lives, he knows that all else lives its own life, and that all are one in intent and purpose to attain infinite perfection. He knows that the One Law is all-powerful, inexorable, all-wise and kind; though often appearing cruel, it is never really so, but works and tends to the development, universality and absolute consciousness of all the dwellers in the limitless expanse, the glory of whose dominion is the crown of all perfection. He also knows that this wisest law is his defence, his buckler and his shield. It is the warrior that contests and conquers all; it is himself and all others and all else, inasmuch as all are one with it.

Resting within this invincible refuge, he realises that calm and tranquillity which is a peace that passeth expression, yet burns within the heart of his fathomless being. Realising its absolute sway over all, he is content with what is, not as a finality, but as a necessary stage of an endless becoming with which nothing can possibly interfere. Immutable, inexorable, all life is controlled and guided by It. His own life he would attune to Its harmony and thus become It in purpose and object. He perceives in all sentient and inert things, in all that is, the handicraft and workmanship of this one over-ruling Law, which is itself the mandate of the Absolute; that Its action is the true and unvarying fiat of the Almighty from which there is no appeal; that It is the exact expression and perfect manifestation of that infinite wisdom which transcends conditioned conception. Yet, the farthest reach of this Royal Servitor of Divinity is attainable through the potential attributes of each expression of Itself, and man is thus the heir to an infinite heritage. He, and all, are Pilgrims journeying toward the possessions which, though wrapped and concealed within the depths of his own inherent nature, are yet evolving a destiny commensurate with the Absolute Itself.

In the light of the above, the question may arise in the minds of some: If this law, omniscient as it is, works an ultimate perfection, why need any one, least of all a Theosophist who claims knowledge of it, seek to aid or assist it? Would not such a course savor of presumption, and be of itself only another expression of that rank egotism which would lead him even to advise the Gods?

At first glance it might appear so, but let us examine the matter. Suppose instead of viewing such action in the light of assistance to the law and thus setting up in the mind the idea of two things, of separateness, we recognise ourselves as one of the working factors of the Law, which condition, in proportion as we *become* it, is one of being one with the Law, and not separate and apart from it. We are then, in fact, not only a law unto ourselves, but unto all others and all else and, having thus consciously attained to this state, I am not I, any longer, but have become one with all others and all else, so that all others and all else are as much I, as I, them. In this view there can be no separateness, but all are, indeed, one. There is in reality, but One, though to finite and conditioned creatures who have not as yet evolved that consciousness which is common to all, but are existing in a limited and undeveloped semi-consciousness, there exists apparent separation, which seems real to us, who now move on a plane of change and illusion. It remains for us to encourage and develop these inner senses, which all feel struggling within them, and by this means transcend the present lower plane and rise to the One Reality. This is a condition, not a locality. The verity of being is something entirely different compared to its outward manifestation. Real Being is changeless in its essence, always remaining one and the same, though expressed in myriad phases corresponding to its state and degree of becoming. Law always acts from the basis of real Being, never from

that of reflexion or existence, and as man evolves consciousness of real Being, he perceives the exercise and operation of Law upon its own plane, and knows that It concerns Itself alone with the realities of Being, not with reflexions and shadows. Man, as he now exists, is not in the true Being, but lives in the realm of Māyā, or illusion, and his efforts to interpret the Law from this false position necessarily result in confusion. He must look beyond manifestations, and by means of these very manifestations, for they are the natural channels leading to the Real, that which is changeless and eternal. Now, all efforts of man, which tend to assist his fellows to perceive the verity, the principle, the Being which underlies all external manifestation, is but the operation of the One Law, revealing Itself through Itself; in other words, the man having become the Law is, of necessity, the law of all others and all else, for there is but ONE Law, and it is absolutely Itself at all times and under all circumstances.

To the one who thus perceives the Law acting upon its own plane, and to the exact extent he perceives, will absolute justice in all conditions be seen to prevail, it will appear to him quite impossible for any other state of affairs to be. Applying this to man, he who perceives the true action of the Law will not be either overjoyed at any seeming great good, or dismayed at any apparent dire evil, which may visit his fellows, for he realises that all works towards a common goal, which is a common good. The extreme suffering and distress, which befall mankind, are but one phase of the same kind, just and inexorable law which, in another phase, yields great joy and pleasure, and both are blessings, which inevitably tend to evolve higher states. Therefore, instead of one allowing oneself to be wrought into great joy or deep distress upon the occurrence of any event whatever, one should remain calm and tranquil under all circumstances. Thus does one still more consciously become the Law by acting as It does, impersonally and impartially.

Practically applying this principle in the ordinary affairs of life wherein man's relation to his fellows is of daily and hourly occurrence, it may assume somewhat this aspect as influencing his action. We should sympathise with those who suffer and assist them to the full extent of our power, be they men, devils or Gods; endeavoring to show them that in themselves—their Higher Selves—deliverance lies; that ultimate escape from trial, suffering, sorrow, misery, there is none by flight, is by bravely facing and overcoming, and thus developing that inner strength which inheres potentially in every one; that as they now suffer poignant grief, so must they themselves overcome it by self-exertion and mastery. To attempt, to escape, to avoid, to compromise, is but to deceive themselves and only lengthens and intensifies their present pain—does not free them from it; their first duty is to call upon and exercise that self-control which is evidence of true strength, and which they possess if they but will it. This very trial and suffering is for the express purpose of evolving their real being, which they, as yet, scarcely know of. As they now act, so will their future be, for thus is our destiny vested in ourselves. Assure them that there is no demand existing but has its supply ever ready to meet and fulfil. That an honest and conscientious performance of the ever present duty is the only key to real growth, true happiness and sure advance. *That the ever present duty is the one, no matter how insignificant it may appear, which appeals for performance on the instant, and may not be put aside or supplanted by aught else.* In the true light, there is no small or great, no high or low, and no one thing may take precedence over another or supersede another if that other first demands attention. It is not alone what one does, but how one performs, that constitutes the worth and merit of action. The principle of the widow's mite holds good over all. When one does all he can, though it be the smallest thing, yet it is as much as the greatest

in real merit, and counts as such in that life. Fierce contests often rage in silence and obscurity. In the conscious performance of present duty come light and illumination, preparation and strength meet for the next. A common error is the putting aside of a present task for one more congenial and suited to the taste—a fatal mistake, and one fraught with sorrow and suffering, for only by carefully accepting each duty of life as it reveals itself, is safety, present and future. By this course is strength developed and conscious being evolved.

The Theosophist has neither time nor disposition to engage in argument or controversy with a view of proselytising and gaining converts to his own beliefs. He would not rob nor despoil others of their possessions, either material or spiritual. To that which satisfies them, he recognises their inalienable right—the right born of possession. An attempt upon his part to deprive them of it would be arrant injustice and productive of much discord. As long as one is contented with his possession, whatever it may be, he is receiving the lesson of life, his lesson, not the lesson of some one else, and to interfere with his opportunity would benefit neither party, but on the contrary, work discomfiture to both. This is the reason why men cling so tenaciously to their religious beliefs, oppose most strenuously all efforts of interference, and are apt to regard all other beliefs as wrong. From their standpoint such a course appears right but, in the clearer light of justice, all men are equally entitled to their respective beliefs, and strict toleration should be exercised toward all in the practice of them. This principle of toleration is the distinctive and peculiar feature of Theosophy, as compared to all philosophies and religions.

Theosophy holds that only that can possibly come to man, of whatever nature, which is his own by virtue of his past experiences, his present condition, and his future needs and possibilities. The Law, which is the executor

of all superhuman intelligence, acting entirely for man's greatest good, causes him to proceed apparently of his own volition on a certain line along which lie the supplies of his unfolding nature. Every one alike proceeds in this wise. Not only does that which belongs to a man inevitably come to him, but it can *only* come at the right time and remain with him for only the necessary length of time, and his own condition and needs determine its coming and going.

Now, at this point, another phase of the question may arise: In the light of the above, if all things are well and as they should be, why is any effort of any kind made by Theosophists in the way of publishing books, issuing magazines, holding meetings, and other works of propaganda undertaken collectively and individually?

The Theosophist answers that while he has neither time nor disposition to argue in an attempt to make converts to his own doctrines, and positively refuses to attempt to unsettle others in their cherished beliefs, yet there are great and growing numbers of all creeds who, like himself perhaps, have exhausted the resources of the old interpretations of the Truth, and are now searching for clearer and more comprehensive conceptions of the same truth; and he adds that many are floating restlessly about in a sea of doubt and uncertainty, anxiously looking for more light upon the problems of life, urged on incessantly by an impulse of their own evolving being, knowing no rest, no refuge. The Theosophist perceives this great number of dissatisfied ones, and recognises their condition and demands as a reflexion of his own state, for he is himself constantly searching for more light. The needs of this vast number are real and true, and necessitate supply. The Theosophist would assist all these as he expects and receives help from those still further on the way; and he also knows that as he endeavors to elevate and assist all who appeal to him, does

his own progress take place; and all efforts are made with a view of helping others to help themselves.

A number who have come into more or less Theosophic knowledge, instead of using that knowledge to help some one else and by that means progressing themselves, are still looking to and depending upon others and thereby retarding their own growth. It is only by self-exertion, study, self-analysis and setting oneself to probing the depths of one's own being, one's own nature, and thus gaining knowledge of self, by weeding out the lower, baser part, actuated by a motive to expend the life and best energies in untiring efforts to assist and elevate all men, that individual illumination comes to one; nor is it attainable by other means.

A Theosophist will not dictate to another, nor outline another's course of action. Each one must discern his own duty and work, and earnestly strive to perform it. While each one can only attain through his own individual efforts, yet, *true* Theosophists cherish warm sympathy and hold out hearty encouragement to all who struggle to master their lower nature, and labor in the great cause of Humanity, no matter by what name they choose to call themselves.

Now, while no time is given to argument, no justification advanced for his position, the Theosophist has a great deal of time to expend for those whom he can assist. Therefore exist books, magazines, meetings and collective and individual work along many lines. Theosophical Branches are formed, libraries collected for the free use of those who desire to inform themselves. These and all other means are utilised to the extent available, and solely in the interest of those who feel the need of them and who, of their own accord, avail themselves of the opportunities offered. With those who are satisfied with their lot, a Theosophist has nothing to do except to extend to them his best thoughts for their happiness and attainment along

their chosen lines. If a time should ever arrive in their experience when they shall feel discontent and desire another and larger field and make a choice of his, the Theosophist will welcome them.

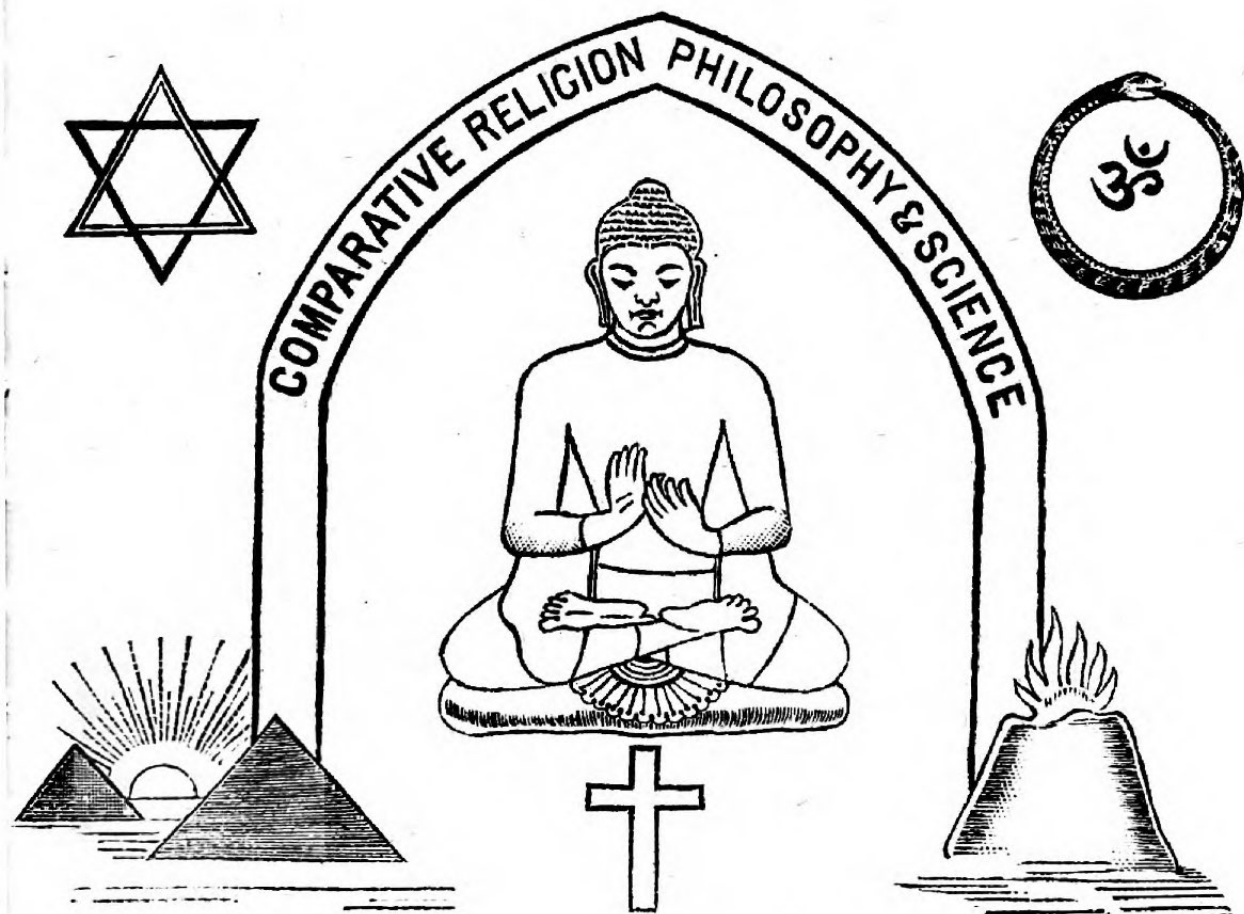
The Theosophist, least of all, arrogates to himself judgment of others. Realising in a faint degree the mysteries of his own nature, the lights and shades, the complications and almost endless variety of active and dormant attributes which constitute his being, he feels less than ever competent to pass judgment, either of praise or blame, upon his fellows. Praise is often as unjust as condemnation. No one, unless in possession of all the evidence, is capable of rendering just judgment, and as one realises how ignorant he is of his own state, he naturally withholds all judgment. He thinks it better to let each one alone with their thought and action, for soon or late inevitable justice will be meted out to every man, in exact accordance with his degree of merit or demerit. With judgment, no man has to do; that is the exclusive prerogative of impersonal and impartial law. A Theosophist acts his part in the affairs of life and men, where the Law has assigned him place, with a high ideal of his destiny and according to the ways of nature as revealed through his own being, having no anxiety as to results and content to simply perform his present duty.

Another question may arise: Does not one have to believe and accept Reincarnation and Karma, Kāma-Loka, Devachan, Mahātmās and Magic, in order to be a Theosophist and eligible to membership in the Society. The answer is: No; it is not necessary for one to accept any or all of these. To many, these truths are innovations, new and startling, and quite impossible to comprehend at once; but the claim is advanced that they are Truths, pertaining to the spiritual nature, which, sooner or later, will evolve in the mind of the faithful student. To others, these truths are as cooling draughts to parched and swollen

lips, and afford a rational solution to many otherwise unsolvable problems of life.

The one essential qualification necessary of possession by one who would be a Theosophist, is that he accept and work for the principle of UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD, which in its practical operation, looks to the greatest good of Humanity without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or color. A mere belief in this principle is not enough; one must work conscientiously and untiringly for its realisation. He may believe in a God or no God; he may give adherence to any creed, religion or philosophy, or hold to none; these are purely personal matters pertaining to himself alone. What is required is that he act daily and hourly in accordance with his highest light, and that he exercise that strict toleration and pure charity towards all men in their respective beliefs which he rightfully claims for himself. When one's life is ordered on these lines, true growth and progress in all that concerns his higher nature are assured, for considering the rights of all others as equal to his own and assisting them to the extent of his power, conduces to the state of altruism which is death to the grovelling propensities of his own lower nature. The earnest and striving one thus attains to a degree of insight and knowledge of the verities of life not otherwise attainable. The whole nature becomes attuned to the harmonies of all being, and the interior senses develop and are exercised on superior planes; and he thus attains that high and true destiny which is the fulfilment of a prophecy uttered in the beginning.

WILLIAM M. THOMPSON



THE BROTHERHOOD OF FRIENDS

SINCE the publication of *The Letters of a Sūfi Teacher*, which gives a mere brief outline of this subject (pp. 20-22), certain additional particulars, meagre and fragmentary albeit, have been found in a Persian book—a compilation from several authors—entitled *Matālib-i-Raṣhīdī* (Nawal Kishore Press, Lucknow); and they are herein put down for the information of the readers of *The Theosophist*.

The eternal source of wisdom is the Spirit or Light of Muhammad, and the Prophets and the Friends of all ages serve as Its agents.

There are two great classes of Friends :

(1) The Quṭubs or Poles : Those who are concerned with the administration of the world ; (2) The Farḍs or Units : Those who are too lofty to take part in the affairs of the world. The rank of (2) is superior to (1), and consists of three, five, or seven officers.

A Quṭub must be embodied till the day of resurrection. The Chief of the Quṭubs is named Abḍ-ul-lāh (the servant of God in His Highest Aspect), and He has two ministers on the right and the left sides : Abḍ-ur-rab (the servant of God in His Educative Aspect) who overlooks the higher regions (the spiritual department?), and Abḍ-ul-malik (the servant of God in His Ruling Aspect) who supervises the lower realms (the state affairs?).

There are four Autāḍs, one deputed to each of the four cardinal points for the protection of the world : Abḍ-ul-Alīm in the west, Abḍ-ul-Hai in the east, Abḍ-ul-Moriḍ in the north, Abḍ-ul-Qādir in the south.

There are seven Abdāls, who are in charge of the modifications and improvements of the seven great divisions of the earth, each being inspired by one of the seven Planetary Spirits. The Abdāl of the first division follows Abraham, that of the second Moses, that of the third Harūn, that of the fourth Idrīs, that of the fifth Joseph, that of the sixth Jesus and Yehia, that of the seventh Ādam.

According to some authorities the number of Abdāls is forty, male-females (hermaphrodites?): when one of these male-females dies, another male-female is born to fill up the vacancy. The word Abdāl comes from the Arabic root *Baḍl* (to change). So certain members of the hierarchy are called Abdāls, because (a) they change from time to time ; (b) they transmute the lower nature ; (c) their mission is to bring about certain changes.

Some Sūfīs speak of two great functionaries: (1) Qūṭub-i-Irshād, and (2) Qūṭub-i-Abḍāl. The former is the universal Teacher; the latter is concerned with creation and preservation (food, sanitation, etc.).

Needless to say that these high epithets have, from time to time, been given to several saints, by their devoted disciples, out of sheer faith.

The above notes read in the light of Theosophy seem to suggest the following comparative statement:

The Spirit or Light of Muhammad	appears	to stand for or correspond to	Shiva, the patron-saint of all Yogīs.
The Qūṭubs	appear	„	the Adepts constituting the members of the White Lodge.
The Farḍs	„	„	the Adepts who have gone beyond the earth.
Abḍ-ul-lāh	appears	„	the One Great Initiator, Saunāt Kumāra.
Abḍ-ur-Rab or Qūṭub-i-Irshād	„	„	the Bodhisattva, or the Christ.
Abḍ-ul-Malik or Qūṭub-i-Abḍāl	„	„	the Manu.
The Autāḍs	appear	„	Dikpālas, or Mahārājās.
The Abḍāls	„	„	the Adepts in charge of particular parts of the globe.

BAIJ NĀTH SINGH

Yahya Ibn Muaz relates, "I watched Bayazid Bistami at prayer through one entire night. When he had finished he stood up and said, 'O Lord! some of Thy servants have asked and obtained of Thee the power to perform miracles, to walk on the sea, and to fly in the air, but this I do not ask; some have asked and obtained treasures, but these I do not ask.' Then he turned, and, seeing me, said, 'O, Are you there, Yahya?'.....I then asked him to reveal to me some of his spiritual experiences..... He answered, 'The Almighty showed me His Kingdom, from its loftiest to its lowest; He raised me above the throne and the seat and all the seven heavens. Then He said, "Ask of me whatsoever thing thou desirest." I answered, "Lord! I wish for nothing beside Thee." "Verily," He said, "thou art my servant.'"

—*The Alchemy of Happiness* by AL GHAZZALI

SWEDENBORG, THE PRINCE OF SEERS

THE one ugly failing which characterises most of us is intolerance. Any new idea, any belief other than our own, and we bridle up. Of course, we do come across some who are easy of tolerance too. But that is generally due to amused condescension. Why so much fuss, say these know-alls, about what is fit only for women and children? Incredulous mockery, eyes-serious-faith-askance, and sustained curiosity stare both down. Few are the minds always open to the advent of new truth. In judging Swedenborg, therefore, the balance swings between suspicion and sympathy. And yet there is a point of contact between the two. Hostile to every concession, they ask for appreciations equally exclusive. Sympathy is for being liberal, prejudice for being narrow. What then is best under the circumstance? Lay the two aside when studying Swedenborg's life and doctrine. Both are of a piece, neat and independent. No concession will then have to be made for any man, system, church, or banner, save that of reason.

Here too, however, is a difficulty. Swedenborg passed a great part of his life in the world beyond our physical ken. With no passport to it, our reason reels before his illumination. But the rub is just where the charm lies. Swedenborg is the supernatural, with the eighteenth century criticism over the way. Now, is there a question for us more disquieting, or more discussed? Has it not been, and will it not always be, the most pregnant for intelligence? Is it not the one question before which all others pale? And if Swedenborg is the *Supernatural* in the face of criticism, he is also the greatest conciliation ever attempted between the natural and the supernatural,

between the rational and the marvellous. This noble attempt is quite in order from the day that man is, and will always be so, while God and human reason are. The question is not one of the existence of the spiritual world only. It is the rapport between the two worlds that touches home. And what should this be, if, as Swedenborg thinks, man is at once the most beautiful enigma and the most eloquent solution of it? Has not human intelligence been very right, in ever making of this enigma, *the one* of all others it likes best to measure itself with? The criticism of the eighteenth century thought itself more formidable than the supernatural. Its blunderbuss was loaded with chaff and ridicule. It did not mind throwing it overboard in moments of crazy confidence. Was not the supernatural one of those superannuated conceptions to be put in future under the ban of pure reason and common sense?

When it was war to the knife between the two, there suddenly took birth the supernatural under its most daring and ambitious form. Was it irony of fate, or providential dispensation? For, never did it take, nor can it have taken, a more decided and glaring form than the one in which Swedenborg's life and doctrine were clothed. A savant of the first order in every science, this stalwart mineralogist was pre-eminently a *man of Realities*, a man of facts and calculations. He it was who created the art of working the metals, and of exploring nature. The rule, the pair of scales, and the multiplication table, the insignia of the wide-awake practical man, were all his. No rickety ganglionic centres nor softening of the brain was his portion, for any hallucinations to result therefrom. He was the supernatural incarnate, or at least the expression of it carried to its highest power. From the standpoint of the development of certain faculties of the soul, history presents no personage more remarkable. Of all who had the honor of being eminent in his age, there were few more vigorously constituted in body and in mind than he

was. And who more laborious, honest, and ingenious, more a savant, more prolific a writer, more lucid a doctor? In that age when Rousseau proclaimed himself as virtuous as any other, there was none better, more beloved, nor more happy than Swedenborg.

This Prince of Seers and of Theosophists was born on the 29th of January, 1688. It was a great and glorious epoch, that of Malebranche, Locke, Fénelon and Leibnitz. The youthful prodigy could have had these for masters, if he had chosen—which he did not. Then came Wolf, Berkeley, Hume, Voltaire, Montesquieu, Rousseau and Kant. These he could have emulated, had he cared, but that too he did not. This extraordinary child of the North cared but little for worldly glories. Wolf, the illustrious successor of Leibnitz, and Kant, the illustrious reformer of all contemporary philosophy, both wrote to him. They could not get him to hold philosophic correspondence with them. His father was a Bishop, and Professor of Theology at the University of Upsala. While letting his son follow the bent of his mind, he kneaded it, as it were, for the prodigious development of speculative forces, and for the marvellous fecundity of pen which distinguished his career. From the age of four, he loved religious talk, and his parents, often struck by what he said, thought the angels used him as their mouth-piece. Being remarkably gifted, he applied himself very early, and with great success, to the study of the classics, mathematics and the Natural Sciences. In 1709, when he was twenty-one, he was decorated with the highest academic honors. It was the unlucky year when his King, wounded and carried on a stretcher, shattered by the enemy's bullet, lost the battle of Pultowa—and his liberty. The indomitable Charles, seeing his brilliant victories followed by deplorable defeats, was prosecuting the siege of Fredericshall, in which the mechanical genius of this mastodon of Sciences rendered him a splendid service. Over impracticable cliffs and ravines Charles' heavy artillery had to be carried. Swedenborg improvised machines furnished with cylinders. These rolled shallop and boats

and guns for a distance of sixteen miles. The struggle began but to end. The greatest of Sweden's glories and the greatest of her misfortunes died an obscure death, shot by an unknown hand. Queen Eleanore, his sister, was elected sovereign. She soon rewarded the services of the talented engineer. Letters patent of nobility were conferred on him. But the metallurgist and the astronomer were just as dominant over the courtier, as was his morality over his political principles. For him the moral and political world was but one. It needed order, thought he. And what better than the order established by the laws of the physical universe? His confidence in the inductions drawn by his meditative genius from well-observed facts was great. He dared to sketch an *à priori* Cosmology, a whole theory of the construction of a universe. This has been but too often imitated by present-day philosophers and naturalists. He laid down four rules for the examination of the greatest phenomena, and of the elements which bring them about—light, atmosphere, and mineral magnetism. These rules still hold an undisputed authority. They are: (1) That Nature works with the simplest of principles. (2) As principles of Nature, we must admit the very principle of geometry, that is, deduce the origin of the diverse parts of Nature from the mathematical point, even the lines, the figures, and all geometry. And this because there is nothing in Nature that is not geometric and *vice versā*. (3) These elements work at the same time and in the same place, each unimpeded by the other. (4) To serve as a basis for theory, incontestable facts are needed, and no step is permissible unguided by them. Nothing is more legitimate than this scientific faith in the laws of Nature. It bears the signet of Rationalism. Nothing more prolific than the power of deduction which he transforms into synthesis. It is a bold encroachment on the genius of Cuvier—creating a whole animal from the fragment of a bone. His was a rare ingenuity. He anticipated the beautiful theories of

Dalton and Berzelius. No less did he prelude the discovery of Wollaston, on the rôle of spherical form in the composition of crystals. With Lagrange he shares a magnificent theory; with Herschel, the honor of having discovered the place of our Sun and our System in the Milky-way. What other hall-mark can he need to add to his lustre as a thorough-going man of science? The three big questions which agitated the learned world of Swedenborg's day were: (1) The Infinite; (2) The final cause of Nature; (3) The mysterious lien of body and soul. Swedenborg published a volume on these. Though a Cartesian he recasts his theory. Without any contempt for his master, he fearlessly asks for undisputed facts.

Conceptions which are nothing else than simple assertions, do not weigh much with him. From Descartes he passes on to Bacon, who prohibits the quest of final causes. He holds that they are the Creator's concern, not ours. Swedenborg is not for shutting the eyes in order to elucidate the question. With the third problem comes the turn of Leibnitz. His theory of pre-established harmony, disappointed Swedenborg, as much as it did Wolf, than whom Leibnitz counts no more faithful disciple. Swedenborg begins by laying down the great principle, that to explain the soul we must take hold of the body. The secret, or the science of the soul if anywhere, is there. And he is for proceeding by the Analytic Method. He advocates the study of anatomy and of physiology, and pursues it right to the end. In philosophy as in politics, for life and natural motion to flow freely, the despotism which arrests their circulation must be overthrown. And herein lies Swedenborg's great merit. In the name of facts he rendered liberty to philosophy. Arrived thus far, the sturdy practical men, bound to the solid earth and the things they can feel and grasp, must part company with the stalwart scientist, for he steps now into a rarer element, where these sons of matter cannot follow him. Then, they will not take anything on trust—they reject every testimony but

their own. It is no use reminding them that analysis by itself is a very poor instrument for arriving at the highest truths. Has not Pyrrhonic Scepticism proved incontestably that all conviction whatever upon any subject is impossible to the logical intellect as such? Ask them to explain the divine entity of the Socratic Daimon. They meet it by epilepsy. However informed and enlightened, such minds have not manliness enough, unsupported by society's good word, to stand by the seer who sees the heavens open to him.

Swedenborg has entered on his fifty-eighth year when suddenly *he sees a vision*. He is radically transformed. "I was in London," says he, "in my usual inn dining very late. I had a room to myself to freely meditate on spiritual things. Being very hungry, I ate heartily. My dinner over, I saw a sort of fog spread all over my eyes, and the ceiling of my room was covered with hideous reptiles. I was more struck by it as the obscurity thickened. Nevertheless it soon vanished, and I distinctly saw a man, seated in one of the corners of the room, full under a strong and bright light. The reptiles had disappeared with the darkness. I was alone. You can imagine my fright, when I heard him say in an eerie tone: 'Do not eat so much.' At these words my sight grew dim again. Gradually it was restored, and I saw myself alone in my chamber. The following night, the figure, radiant with light appeared to me a second time. It said: 'I am God, the Lord, the Creator, and the Redeemer. I have chosen thee for interpreting to men the inner sense of the sacred Scriptures. I shall dictate to thee what thou must write.' This time I was not at all afraid. The light which enveloped him though strong and bright, made no painful impression on my eyes. The man was clothed in purple, and the vision lasted about a quarter of an hour. The eyes of my inner man were opened this night. The heavens, the world of spirits, and the netherworld were visible to me. Every-

where I found persons of my acquaintance, the long or the recently departed."

Every man, however creative or original he may be, is the child of his age. He always owes more to it than does the age to him. Many ages of struggling humanity inspire and sustain the scholar in search for science. To this Swedenborg is no exception.

Mysticism and Theosophy were then in the air. Mystics have gone all lengths for the love of God, in all religions, and in every clime. What ardor! What effusions of sensibility! What poetic eccentricities! Says the moth to the candle: "I love, and it is but natural I burn. But you shed those hot tears!" "O my enamored beggar, divorced from honey, my sweet (Shirin) love, I burn as Ferhad did for Shirin." Thus with hot tears trickling down its pale face the candle added: "Love is not for such as you who have no resignation, nor perseverance. At the first touch of the flame away you fly; while see me stand till I am completely annihilated, burning from head to foot. The devotee is not turned from his purpose by rain, darts, or stones." "Beware and venture not; but if you do, face the ocean's storm," advises the Persian Poet. Such sublime love is the meeting-point of God and man, whose heart is the altar, his acts the sacrifices offered, and love the flame burning upon it. In his majestic poem on Mont Blanc, Coleridge writes to the same purpose of "the dilating soul, enrapt, transfused, swelling vast to heaven."

The creator of modern criticism, the sceptic, the most methodic Descartes himself, his reason lit by science, did not escape being uplifted by the power of the soul. It was in his twenty-fourth year that he had a vision. He was meditating alone in his room. He believed he heard a voice from heaven. It promised to teach him the true path to science. An explosion was then heard, and sparks shone all over the room. He was nursing the delightful

prospect of finding an elixir of life. If the oak lived from four to five hundred years, why not man? To perceive the truth not actively but passively, by divine illumination, of which purity of heart is the condition and prayer the means, was a prevalent faith at the time. Among those who had arrived at science, not by the senses, not by books, not by reasoning, not by factitious intelligence, but by retiring within themselves and communing with their soul, were Mme. Guyon, Mlle. Bourignon, Dr. Pordage, Jane Lead, Claude de St. Martin, and Poiret.

Is it hallucination? The soul lives and is blessed, unless we drown it in degradation. There is the lotus bloom in every human soul, and it opens wide to the light, unless we poison its roots. We must live in innocence to seek after Truth. Reason, in trying to scale the heights, falls back impotent and broken into doubt and despair. Not by that way can we come to that which is best and highest. The appeal to all the high concerns of our moral and religious life must be from the intellect to the heart. Where we cannot know, we still may feel. Feeling is the immediate unity of the subject. If faith in God manifest itself in emotion, why attempt to justify it by means of reason? The whole tendency of modern education is to create an intense self-consciousness. Whoever is self-conscious has lost the charm of simplicity and of perfect naturalness. This reasoning, rational being readily labels Socrates and Swedenborg as hallucinated! Which one of us would not be glad of the epithet, could he but achieve the integrity of his moral being, as the genial Master of Greece did, inspired by his daimon? How nearly infallible as a prophet and seer he was? How his discourses made the hearts of even his disorderly disciples leap? Was it because of the morbid state of his brain? What if the facts about Swedenborg should raise a smile among those who have set their knowledge as a boundary, beyond which fact and philosophy may never advance? However singular he may be,

measured by the general experience of the race, the somnambulist has, none the less, means of perception, unknown to man in his normal state. A miner, mechanic, and savant, Swedenborg studies, meditates, and travels. Turned a Seer, this man of solid make sails above the clouds, traverses the heavens, explores the moon and the planets. What raptures must have been his with his soul open to influences unknown to us! What transformations must this upright and sincere man have passed through during twenty-seven long years of vision. And what enigmas to decipher for the scholar so clear-headed and serene, for the valiant thinker who, though a Theosophist, is essentially a rationalist, and in whom bigotry and pietism beget loathing.

He lays great store by his Inner Sense, which discovers to him that God is truth, that is—light. This sense is a fact of individual consciousness. How assail it then? Accessible to every one in tavern, salon, or beautiful mansion, he put up with even the silly and the curious plying him with flat questions. The scoffers themselves felt dismayed, if not seized with respect, at the sight of this man so grave and gentle, this gentleman so noble in mien, so polished in manners. Far from hiding himself, he made himself cheap, by knocking at the door of the Academy of Stockholm.

It was to assure that solemn body that his theory of the Inner Sense applied itself just as well to the system of Egyptian hieroglyphics as to the Bible. If it so desired, he was ready to explain the system, which none else could do. Champollion understands them, but is confined to things of this world. The alphabetic, phonetic and ideographic signs borrowed from this world respond to ideas relating to religious or political affairs. With Swedenborg the things of the material world answer to those of the spiritual, the one being a faithful representation of the other. The science of correspondence, says he, was with the ancients the science of sciences. Nothing is more remark-

able than this famous offer of the Seer, unless it be the silence of the Academy. And that despite all it knew of the celestial journeys of its admired fellow-member. It was not incredulity so much as the fear of Mrs. Grundy. What? compromise its name by a rash condescension? But a room full of Academicians is by no means the whole creation! There is something worth caring for outside its walls. True, human reason is so fashioned that it guards itself against accepting the marvellous. It has a right to raise every possible objection before it be brought to believe. Where there is not enough reason to believe, doubt is legitimate. For Swedenborg the cap of the telescope he looked through to bring the invisible world within range ever stood open, while reason saw but its image reflected, the cap being closed. In face of the extraordinary faculty of perception which showed itself incessantly in the life of the Seer, reason had to stand gaping, unable to deny facts.

Kant on Swedenborg's clairvoyance: Here is a case, which appeared to Kant to have the greatest demonstrative force, to cut short doubt of every kind. It was on a Saturday, towards the end of September, 1759, that Swedenborg, returning from England, landed at Gottenburg at about four in the afternoon. There was a party of fifteen at William Castel's, to which he was invited. At six in the evening Swedenborg entered the salon pale and frightened. A fire had broken out, said he, that instant, in Stockholm at the Sudermalm, and was violently spreading towards his house. He was very restless, and went out several times. The house of one of his friends, whom he named, was already reduced to ashes, and his own was in danger. After going out again at eight, he joyfully said: "Thank God, the fire has been put out at the third door from mine." This news created quite a sensation in the town, and the Governor was informed of it the same evening. This functionary called the Seer on Sunday morning and questioned him on the subject. He described exactly the beginning, the end, and the duration of the fire.

On Monday evening there arrived a courier from Stockholm, despatched by the tradespeople during the fire. These letters described the fire as was told by the Seer. On Tuesday morning the Royal Messenger followed with a detailed report to the Governor, which in no way differed from that of the Seer. Who can plead against the authenticity of this event? Kant himself says he cannot object to the credibility of it. He accords the same faith to a second fact quite as extraordinary and perhaps more so. The widow of the minister of Holland at Stockholm, Mme. de Marteville, pressed by a creditor to settle her debt, fully remembered it had been paid by her husband, but could nowhere find the receipt. It was a question of 25,000 Dutch florins. The lady was much alarmed, for if she had to pay the sum she would be utterly ruined. She took counsel with a few lady friends, who arranged to give Swedenborg a call. He received them in a beautiful garden and a magnificent salon, in the vault of which was a window through which, he said, he conversed with his friends the spirits. Among other things, the lady asked him if he had known M. de Marteville. Swedenborg did not, as he was in London all the while that the other was at the court of Stockholm. Eight days after, the deceased minister appeared to his wife in her dream, and showed her in a casket of English make, not only the place of the receipt, but also of a hair-pin with twenty brilliants which she had believed equally lost. It was at two in the morning. She got up joyfully and found the things in the place indicated. Having gone to sleep again she was up at nine. At eleven Swedenborg was announced. Ere he learnt from her what had passed, he said he had seen several spirits overnight, and among them M. de Marteville. He wanted to speak to him, but he said he was in a hurry to disclose something of importance to his wife, so much so, that the matter over, he would pass on to a happier celestial colony from where he had now been for a year. In

his treatise, *The Dreams of a Visionary*, Kant, the eminent philosopher of the great century which has been the making of us, gave such a ringing publicity to, and a confirmation of these startling facts that physical science Podsnappery could not put them out of existence. Happily conscious of its own merit and importance it may well say: "I do not want to know about them, I do not choose to discuss them; I do not admit them."

Despite the sounding pomp of such extermination, no great voice of renown was wanting to the glory of Swedenborg, whether poet, philosopher or diplomat. Had he cared to see his name sounded by all the echoes of the loquacious divinity, he would have been more than satisfied. But it was the world's surprise at ordinary facts that surprised him. Now Kant was not only a genius, but one with all his wits about him.

Swedenborg was careful not to laugh at or condemn what perplexed him. The Queen, Louise Ulrique, the worthy sister of Frederick the Great, was a princess of lofty understanding. Her knowledge of the world put her almost above the possibility of being deceived. She affected too much the trick of scrutiny and criticism, her interest in it being ever so little, sceptic that she was. To put Swedenborg to the test, she sent for him at the court in 1761. He was presented to the King, her husband Frederick Adolphus of Sweden. Being asked if he had intercourse with the dead, he said: "Yes." Was it a faculty he could communicate to others? "No." What was it then? "A divine gift." She led him apart with the King, and asked him to find out what it was her deceased brother Prince William had confided to her when leaving Potsdam for Stockholm for her wedding in 1744. A few days after he came with the reply, and the Queen confessed to being simply stupefied when she heard him. On the 14th of July, 1762, he was in Amsterdam in the midst of a numerous company when he suddenly changed color, and something extraordinary seemed to be passing within

him. When he came to himself, they asked what the matter was. He eluded the question. Being repeatedly entreated, he said at last: "This very hour and moment, Peter III, the Tsar of Russia, is being put to death in the Chateau of Ropcha." He described the way in which the murder was committed. This proved but too true when news of the crime was received.

He predicts his death. In virtue of his marvellous faculty, Swedenborg knew that John Wesley, the celebrated chief of the Methodists, wanted to confer with him. He therefore wrote to him to say that being informed by the spirits of his desire, he would be glad to see him. In reply the preacher wrote that he would avail himself of the gracious invitation on his return from his tour, which would last six months. The Seer replied he would have departed this world before then, as the 29th of March that was approaching, was to be the day of his death. Wesley took this for a vision only. The event came off as predicted. The Rev. Mr. Smith, a follower of Wesley, was so struck by it that he took to reading Swedenborg's works and changed his faith for that of the 'New Doctrine.'

Rationalism. The eighteenth century, always up in arms against prejudices was itself not free from them. It was impatient of everything out of the common. For it the abnormal was monstrous, the marvellous insensate. Faith in the supernatural was all very well in theory. But it was on condition of wearing the livery of the rational that it might be mistaken for it. The word rational did not exist. The faith in the supernatural gave it birth. It was the Spirit of the Age that was. Undoubtedly the worship of reason was not universal; but it aspired to universality. It forgot that the supernatural, for the very reason of its being what it was, could not be judged by rules borrowed from the domain of the natural. Thus it did not judge, it condemned. That is easily done. Cæsar traverses Gaul, a conqueror. We believe him when reading his *Commentaries*. Do we credit Cæsar, the citizen,

when he professes faith in augurs, diviners, apparitions? How can we? Has not Rationalism settled *à priori*, beyond all appeal, that there never was such a thing as a ghost? Can it have after this any right to the name? Is this how it carries out at least that principal function of reason, which is to smooth away contradiction and remove inconsistencies? Does it rule by its reasonableness, or as fashion playing the inflexible despot? How many there are with whom conscience and cowardice are one, the former standing for the trade-name of the firm! It is only of late we have been learning our ignorance.

Despite the most violent opposition, extremely discreditable to a vaunted age of research, psychic phenomena have come to be recognised as realities. The denunciations of the press, or of those half-thinkers and would-be philosophers who pose as authorities—though unable to penetrate events any deeper than their crust—have failed to stamp out Spirit by their one-sided theory of evolution. The champions of common sense or enlightenment have to pause ere they judge as men of the world, and test every belief by one touch-stone. They cannot ask of every article, of any creed, does it square with the view of the universe based exclusively upon the prevalent mode of interpreting sense-perception? When the Ladrone Islands were discovered, it was found that the inhabitants believed their islands to be the only land, and they the only people in the world. Because the physical sciences have a preponderating weight in our days, need enthusiastic physicists, not unlike the islanders, know nothing, believe nothing, care nothing for outlying realms infinitely larger than their domain, whose existence can be demonstrated as positively as that of the trilobite in the paleozoic period, though ages had gone by without the world knowing it? The sciences alone do not occupy the region of valid thought in all its extent. The quantitative relations between material objects, investigated by mathematics and physics, do not exhaust the realm of the knowable so as

to leave no place for the psychically gifted Seer's view of the world. No more was Swedenborg spinning spiritual cocoons by *à priori* methods, than do scientists build their structures from below by an *à posteriori* way of thought, without the help of any ruling conceptions. Unsystematic dabblers in matters of thought who assail psychic science have inadequate notions both of the nature of the Self and of the world and are not aware that each finds its meaning only an exponent of the other.

Are the best men of Science unwilling to confess that we always act our creed? Is not a man's conduct generated by his view of himself and his world? Offensive ridicule, directed against discoverers of, or those interested in unfamiliar facts, is a moral crime retarding the growth of knowledge, and causing undeserved distress. It is the physical senses which crave for "the touch of a vanished hand, and the sound of a voice that is still." This is why we hear the crass materialistic poet Prudhomme cry:

Ne janais la voir ni l'entendre,
Ne jamais tout haut la nommer,
Mais, fidèle, toujours l'attendre,
Toujours l'aimer.

Spiritual truth is beyond the action of our mental machinery. The path to it is to be found by the way of duty in daily life and simplicity—the quality which modern life is most calculated to destroy. We have learnt to think too gingerly of God. Not even for an instant does He cease to speak to us. It is we who in the fever of business or pleasure take no good care to hear Him in regard to every act. If we did, we should lead a little higher life even in a garret. Pleasing as a ripple of music from a woodlark's throat He comes, and comes alone to him who does well the work which in the ordinances of nature lies next to him to do. If He comes at all, he comes altogether in the lowest as in the highest, sooner perhaps to the day-laborer than to the scientific investigator.

PESTONJI DORABJI KHANDALAVĀLĀ

THE PRODIGAL SON

THE definition of 'parable'—'an earthly story with a heavenly meaning'—will be familiar to all British readers, as one taught to them in their youth, but the explanation of the parables given to many of us in our younger days was of so slender a character that, in course of time, an inclination arose to discard the stories altogether as hardly worthy of our serious attention. In the early days of the Christian (or, rather, Christoic) faith, the Essenes and Therapeuts paid little or no attention to the literal rendering of the Scriptures, but sought to ascertain the spiritual or hidden meaning. "The Therapeuts," wrote Bruno, "interpreted the Scriptures of the Old Testament allegorically, and, being wont to seek the spiritual meaning of the Law, they more readily embraced the Gospel than those that looked no further than the outward letter." St. Augustine, in his work *Letter and Spirit*, showed that not only the histories, precepts, parables and figures of the Old Testament, but those also of the New, were both to be interpreted spiritually, and applied to our spirits, otherwise the whole would be but the letter that killeth and not the Spirit that giveth life. Mosheim, the historian, mentions Pantænus, Clement of Alexandria, Tatian, Justin Martyr, Theophilus of Antioch, Origen and many others, who maintained that "the true meaning of the sacred writers was to be sought in a hidden and mysterious sense arising from the nature of the things themselves."

The parable of the Prodigal Son has been retained in the memory of many because, unhappily, of its too frequent demonstration in mundane experience. May there not, however, be for us, as students of the mysteries of

all Scriptures, a more profound meaning, some deep substratum of esoteric and occult teaching, some gem buried deep beneath the soil, which will scintillate when brought to the surface?

'The house' in the New Testament is significant of the place of higher knowledge, revealed only to initiates (see *Matthew*, xiii. 36). Both sons mentioned in the parable in *Luke*, xv. had been resident with the father in the house, but the younger is depicted as possessed with a desire to leave it, and go among the populace and spread the knowledge he had there acquired, disregarding the injunction 'to cast not pearls before swine.' To do so is 'to waste thy substance in riotous living,' and students of the mysteries can never question the wisdom displayed by those in authority in carefully guarding the entrance to the inner temple. The lack of discretion in the dissemination of occult teaching impoverishes both the tutor and the taught. The 'famine in the land' has reference to a dearth of spiritual and not material sustenance; the teaching of inferior planes is unsatisfying to those who have climbed the heights, and spiritual hunger always ensues when the disciple is alienated from the source of Eternal Truth, even though, for a time, he may seek to satisfy himself from the husks eaten by the swine. 'When he had spent all,' 'there arose a mighty famine in that land' 'and he (the word is emphasised in the original) *began* to be in want.' The younger son is represented as departing from the source of supply and impoverishing himself by indiscriminately giving to others who were not sufficiently advanced to benefit by his teaching. He had occupation, and, therefore, remuneration or recompense suited to the work he performed, but the husk or shell, mere ceremonial, has no sustaining power for the pupil who has been accustomed to search for and find the hidden meaning of allegorical teaching. There are different grades of attainment—the hired servants had

bread enough and to spare; they did not assimilate all the teaching given to them.

According to the Greek expression, the younger son had completely fallen under the dominion of sensual enjoyment, and in the Old Testament departure from Truth is always portrayed as 'adultery.'

The wisdom of occult societies in marking initiation by progressive steps also cannot be doubted. There are 'many mansions' in the House of Truth, and in each the supply will be sufficient to meet the requirements of the dwellers. 'Other sheep I have which are not of *this* flock'; and the apostles encountered men who cast out devils by means different from those they employed. The pure-minded man and lover of cleanliness would not be content to live permanently in a hovel and in the midst of uncongenial surroundings, though he may occasionally journey forth from the palace or the mansion to the slums, devoting himself to the uplifting of fallen humanity. We gain knowledge by the study of Truth in all its varied aspects, but we have to guard against becoming allured or ensnared with the teachings of a plane lower than that to which we have attained.

The *Spirit* of Truth cannot be received by the world. To some it must be presented under the form of parables, and the Master found it necessary to take the Apostles 'into the house' in order to explain to them the figurative meaning of the expressions used. The ordinary listeners could not see beyond the material frame and were unable to recognise the hidden contents.

Through his hunger the Prodigal Son was restored 'to himself,' and his first thought, after acknowledgment of his spiritual backsliding, was that he had lost all claim to resume the position to which he had previously attained, and that it would be necessary for him to re-commence on the lowest rung of the ladder. However, he was not only

restored, but raised—robed in the *first* robe, given the signet ring—the seal of the highest initiation, and his feet shod—denoting that he was in no sense a slave or bond-servant, for shoes were not worn by slaves. He had become free indeed—free by attainment to Truth. No more would the pleasures of the material senses appeal to him or dominate him. “His thoughts and words composed, his mind unaffected by any bewilderment of life, he indeed would mount above the Stream.”

And the elder son? While the younger son was *sent out* into the fields, the elder was in the field of his own accord. The younger son cut himself off from the line of communication and the source of supply, while he distributed the whole of the knowledge he had acquired without adding to his store. The elder son was in the line of communication, but failed to take advantage of it because his desires were elsewhere—he wanted to make merry with his friends. Some writers on political economy maintain that the imports should always be greater than the exports; this certainly must be the case in the pursuit and dissemination of Truth.

“This my son was dead and is alive again, he was lost and is found.” “Religion,” said the Lord Buddha, “leads to deliverance from death; from hearing comes knowledge, which brings with it enlightenment; faith, with obedience (moral conduct) is the path of wisdom; firmly persevering in this, a man finds escape from pain and is thus able to pass over and escape the gulf of destruction.”

DUDLEY WRIGHT



CENTRES OF MAGNETISM

WE all recognise to some extent that unusual surroundings may produce special effects; we speak of certain buildings or landscapes as gloomy and depressing; we understand that there is something saddening and repellent about a prison, something devotional about a church, and so on. Most people never trouble to think why this should be so, or if they do for a moment turn their attention to the matter they dismiss it as an instance of the association of ideas.

Probably it *is* that, but it is also much more than that, and if we examine into its rationale we shall find that it operates in many cases where we have never sus-

pected its influence, and that a knowledge of it may be of practical use in everyday life. A study of the finer forces of nature will show us not only that every living being is radiating a complex set of definite influences upon those about him, but also that this is true to a lesser degree and in a simpler manner of inanimate objects.

OUR GREAT CATHEDRALS

We know that wood and iron and stone have their own respective characteristic radiations, but the point to be emphasised just now is that they are all capable of absorbing human influence, and then pouring it out again. What is the origin of that feeling of devotion, of reverential awe, which so permeates some of our great Cathedrals that even the most hardened Cook's tourist cannot entirely escape it? It is due not only to the historical associations, not only to the *remembrance* of the fact that for centuries men have met here for praise and prayer, but far more to that fact itself, and to the conditions which it has produced in the substance of the fabric.

To understand this we must first of all remember the circumstances under which those buildings were erected. A modern brick church run up by contract in the shortest possible time has indeed but little sanctity about it; but in mediæval days faith was greater, and the influence of the outer world less prominent. In very truth men prayed as they built our great Cathedrals, and laid every stone as though it had been an offering upon an altar. When this was the spirit of the work, every such stone became a veritable talisman charged with the reverence and devotion of the builder, and capable of radiating those same vibrations upon others, so as to stir in them similar feelings. The crowds who came afterwards to worship at the shrine not only felt these radiations, but themselves strengthened them in turn by the re-action of their own feelings.

Still more is this true of the interior decorations of the church. Every touch of the brush in the coloring of a triptych, every stroke of the chisel in the sculpture of a statue, was a direct offering to God. Thus the completed work of art is surrounded by an atmosphere of reverence and love, and it distinctly sheds these qualities upon the worshippers, even though many of them may be too ignorant to receive the added stimulus which its artistic excellence gives to those who are able to appreciate it and to perceive all that is meant.

The sunlight streaming through the splendid stained glass of those mediæval windows brings with it a glory that is not all of the physical plane, for the clever workmen who built up that marvellous mosaic did so for the love of God and the glory of His saints, and so each fragment of glass is a talisman also. Remembering always how the power conveyed into the statue or picture by the fervor of the original artist has been perpetually reinforced through the ages by the devotion of successive generations of worshippers, we come to understand the inner meaning of the great influence which undoubtedly does radiate from such objects as have been regarded as sacred for centuries.

Such a devotional effect as is described in connexion with a picture or a statue may be entirely apart from its value as a work of art. The bambino at the Ara Coeli at Rome is a supremely inartistic object, yet it has unquestionably considerable power in evoking devotional feeling among the masses that crowd to see it. If it were really a work of art, that fact would add but little to its influence over most of them, though of course it would in that case produce an additional and totally different effect upon another class of persons to whom now it does not in the least appeal.

From these considerations it is evident that these various ecclesiastical properties, such as statues, pictures

and other decorations, have a real value in the effect which they produce upon the worshippers, and the fact that they thus have a distinct power, which so many people can feel, probably accounts for the intense hatred felt for them by the savage fanatics who miscalled themselves Puritans. They realised that the power which stood behind the church worked to a great extent through these objects as its channels, and though their loathing for all higher influences was considerably tempered by fear, they yet felt that if they could break up these centres of magnetism that would to a certain extent cut off the connexion. And so in their revolt against all that was good and beautiful they did all the harm that they could—almost as much perhaps as those earlier so-called Christians did who, through sheer ignorance, ground up the most lovely Grecian statues to furnish lime to build their wretched hovels.

In all these splendid mediæval buildings the sentiment of devotion absolutely and literally exudes from the walls, because for centuries devotional thought-forms have been created in them by successive generations. In strong contrast to this is the atmosphere of criticism and disputation which may be felt by any sensitive person in the meeting-houses of some of the sects. In many a conventicle in Scotland and in Holland this feeling stands out with startling prominence, so as to give the impression that the great majority of the so-called worshippers have had no thought of worship or devotion at all, but only of the most sanctimonious self-righteousness, and of burning anxiety to discover some doctrinal flaw in the wearisome sermon of their unfortunate minister.

An absolutely new church does not at first produce any of these effects; for in these days workmen build a church with the same lack of enthusiasm as a factory. As soon as the bishop consecrates it, a decided influence is set up as the effect of that ceremony. A few years of use will charge the walls very effectively, and

a much shorter period than that will produce the result in a church where the sacrament is reserved, or where perpetual adoration is offered. The Roman Catholic or Ritualistic church soon becomes thoroughly affected, but the meeting-houses of some of the dissenting sects who do not make a special point of devotion often produce for a long time an influence scarcely distinguishable from that which is to be felt in an ordinary lecture hall. A fine type of devotional influence is often to be found in the chapel of a convent or monastery, though again the type differs greatly according to the objects which the monks or the nuns set before themselves.

TEMPLES

I have been taking Christian fanes as an example because they are those which are the most familiar to me—which will also be most familiar to the majority of my readers; also perhaps because Christianity is the religion which has made a special point of devotion and is, more than any other, arranged for the simultaneous expression of it in special buildings erected for that purpose. Among Hindūs the Vaiṣṇavite has a devotion quite as profound as that of any Christian, though unfortunately it is often tainted by expectation of favors to be given in return. But the Hindū has no idea of anything like combined worship. Though on great festivals enormous crowds attend the temples, each person makes his little prayer or goes through his little ceremony for himself, and so he misses the enormous additional effect which is produced by simultaneous action.

Regarded solely from the point of view of charging the walls of the temple with devotional influence, this plan differs from the other in a way that we may perhaps understand by taking a physical plane illustration of a number of sailors pulling at a rope. We know that when that is being done a sort of chant is generally used in

order to ensure that the men shall apply their strength at exactly the same moment; and in that way a much more effective pull is produced than would be achieved if each man put out exactly the same strength but applied it just when he felt that he could and without any relation to the work of the others.

Nevertheless as the years roll by there comes to be a strong feeling in a Vaiṣṇavite-temple—as strong perhaps as that of the Christian, though quite different in kind. Different again in quite another way is the feeling in the great temples dedicated to Shiva. In such a shrine as that at Madura, for example, an exceedingly powerful influence radiates from the holy of holies. It is surrounded by a strong feeling of reverential awe, almost of fear, and this so deeply tinges the devotion of the crowds who come to worship that the very aura of the place is changed by it.

Completely different again is the feeling which surrounds a Buddhist temple. Of fear we have there absolutely no trace whatever. We have perhaps less of direct devotion, for to a large extent devotion is replaced by gratitude. The prominent radiation is always one of joyfulness and love—an utter absence of anything dark or stern. Another complete contrast is represented by the Muhammadan mosque; devotion of a sort is present there also, but it is distinctly a militant devotion, and the particular impression that it gives one is that of a fiery determination. One feels that this population's comprehension of their creed may be limited, but there is no question whatever as to their dogged determination to hold by it. The Jewish synagogue again is like none of the others, but has a feeling which is quite distinct, and curiously dual—exceptionally materialistic on one side, and on the other full of a strong pathetic longing for the return of vanished glories.

SITES AND RELICS

A partial recognition of another facet of the facts which we have been mentioning accounts for the choice

of the site of many religious edifices. A church or a temple is frequently erected to commemorate the life and death of some saint, and in the first instance such a fane is erected upon a spot which has some special connexion with him. It may be the place where he died, the spot where he was born, or where some important event of his life occurred.

The church of the nativity at Bethlehem and of the crucifixion at Jerusalem are instances of this, as are also the great Stupa at Buddhagaya where the Lord Gauṭama attained His Buddhahood, or the temple of the "Bishanpad" where it is supposed that Viṣṇu left his foot-mark. All such shrines are erected not so much from an historical sense which wishes to indicate for the benefit of posterity the exact spot where an important event happened, as with the idea that that spot is especially blessed, especially charged with a magnetism which will remain through the ages and will radiate upon and benefit those who bring themselves within the radius of its influence. Nor is this universal idea without adequate foundation.

The spot in which the Lord Buddha gained the step which gives Him that august title is charged with a magnetism which causes it to glow forth like a sun for anyone who has clairvoyant vision. It is calculated to produce the strongest possible magnetic effect on anyone who is naturally sensitive to such influence, or who deliberately makes himself temporarily sensitive to such influence by putting himself in an attitude of heartfelt devotion.

In an article on Buddhagaya which will appear in *The Lotus Journal* Alcyone writes :

"When I sat quietly under the tree for a while with Mrs. Besant, I was able to see the Lord Buddha, as He had looked when He sat there. Indeed, the record of His meditation is still so strong that it needs only a little clairvoyance to see Him even now. I had the advantage of having met Him in that life in 588 B.C., and becoming one of His followers, so that it was easier for me to see Him again in this pre-

sent life. But I think almost any one who is a little sensitive would see Him at Buddhagaya by staying quite quiet for a little time because the air is full of His influence, and even now there are always great Devas bathing in the magnetism, and guarding the place."

Other churches, temples or dagobas are sanctified by the possession of relics of some great one, and here again the connexion of ideas is obvious. It is customary for those who are ignorant of these matters to ridicule the idea of paying reverence to the fragment of bone which once belonged to a saint; but though reverence paid to the bone may be out of place, the influence radiating from that bone may nevertheless be quite a real thing, and well worthy of serious attention. That the trade in relics has led all the world over to fraud on the one hand and blind credulity on the other, is not a thing to be disputed; but that by no means alters the fact that a genuine relic may be a valuable thing. Whatever has been part of the physical body of a Great One, or even of the garments which have clothed that physical body, is impregnated with his personal magnetism. That means that it is charged with the powerful vibrations which used to issue from him, just as an electrical battery may be charged.

Such force as it possesses is intensified and perpetuated by the vibrations poured upon it as the years roll by, by the faith and devotion of the crowds who visit the shrine. This when the relic is genuine; but most relics are not genuine. Yet even then, though they have no initial strength of their own, they acquire much influence as time goes on. Therefore any one putting himself into a receptive attitude, and coming into the immediate neighborhood of such a relic, will receive into himself its strong vibrations, and soon will be more or less attuned to them. Since those vibrations are unquestionably better and stronger than any which he is likely to generate on his own account, this is a good thing for him. For

the time being it lifts him on to a higher level, it opens a higher world to him; and though the effect is only temporary, this cannot but be good for him—an event which will leave him for the rest of his life slightly better than if it had not occurred.

This is the rationale of pilgrimages, and they are quite often really effective. In addition to whatever may have been in the original magnetism contributed by the holy man or relic, as soon as the place of pilgrimage is established and numbers of people begin to visit it another factor comes into play, of which we have already spoken in the case of churches and temples. The place begins to be charged with the devotional feeling of all these hosts of visitors, and what they leave behind re-acts upon their successors. Thus the influence of one of these holy places usually does not decrease as time passes, for if the original force tends slightly to diminish, on the other hand it is constantly fed by new accessions of devotion. Indeed the only case in which the influence ever fades is that of a neglected shrine—as for example when a country is acquired by people of another religion to whom the older shrines are as nothing. Even then the influence, if it has been originally sufficiently strong, persists almost without diminution for many centuries, and for this reason even ruins have often a powerful force connected with them.

The Egyptian religion, for example, has been practised little since the Christian era, yet no sensitive person can stand amidst the ruins of one of its temples without being powerfully affected by the stream of its thought. In this particular instance another force comes into play; the Egyptian architecture was of a definite type, intentionally so erected for the purpose of producing a definite impression upon its worshippers, and perhaps no architecture has ever fulfilled its purpose more effectively.

The shattered fragments which remain still produce that effect to no inconsiderable degree, even upon members

of an alien race altogether out of touch with the type of the old Egyptian civilisation. For the student of comparative religion who happens to be sensitive, there can be no more interesting experience than this to bathe in the magnetism of the older religions of the world, to feel their influence as their devotees felt it thousands of years ago, to compare the sensations of Thebes or Luxor with those of the Parthenon or of the beautiful Greek temples of Girgenti; or those of Stonehenge with the vast ruins of Yucatan.

RUINS

The religious life of the old world can best be sensed in this way through the agency of its temples; but it is equally possible in the same way to come into touch with the daily life of those vanished nations, by standing among the ruins of their palaces and their homes. This needs perhaps a keener clairvoyant sense than the other. The force which permeates the temple is powerful because it is to a considerable extent one-pointed—because all through the centuries people have come to it with one leading idea of prayer or devotion, and so the impression made has been comparatively powerful. In their homes, on the other hand, they have lived out their lives with all kinds of different ideas and warring interests, so that the impressions often cancel one another. Nevertheless there emerges, as years roll on, a sort of least common multiple of all their feelings, which is characteristic of them as a race, and this can be sensed by one who has the art of entirely suppressing those personal feelings of his own, which are so far nearer and more vivid to him, and listening earnestly to catch the faint echo of the life of those times so long ago. Such study often enables one to take a juster view of history; manners and customs which startle and horrify us, because they are so remote from our own, can in this way be contemplated from the point of view of those to whom they were familiar; and in seeing them thus one often realises

for the first time how entirely we have misconceived those men of the past.

Some of us may remember how, in our childhood, ignorant though well-meaning relations endeavored to excite our sympathy by stories of Christian martyrs who were thrown to the lions in the Colosseum of Rome, or reprobated with horror the callous brutality which could assemble thousands to enjoy the combats between gladiators. I am not prepared to defend the tastes and amusements of the ancient Roman citizen, yet I think that any sensitive person who will go to the Colosseum of Rome (if he can for the moment escape from the tourist), sit down there quietly and go back and sense the real feeling of those enormous wildly-excited audiences, he will find that he has done them a gross injustice.

First, he will realise that the throwing of Christians to the lions because of their religious belief is a pious falsehood of the unprincipled early Christians. He will find that the government of Rome was in religious matters distinctly more tolerant than most European governments at the present day; that no person was ever executed or persecuted on account of any religious opinion whatever, and that those so-called Christians who were put to death suffered not in the least because of their alleged religion, but because either of conspiracy against the State or because of crimes which we should all join in reprobating.

He will certainly find that the government allowed and even encouraged gladiatorial combats, but he will also find that only three classes of people took part in them. First, condemned criminals, men whose lives had been forfeited to the law of the time, were utilised to provide a spectacle for the people—a degrading spectacle certainly, but not in any way more so than many which received popular approval at the present day. The malefactor was killed in the arena fighting either against another malefactor or a wild beast; but he preferred to die fighting rather than

at the hands of the law, and there was always just a possibility that if he fought well he might thereby contrive to earn the applause of the fickle population, and so save his life. The second class consisted of such prisoners of war as it was the fashion of the time to put to death; but in this case also these were people whose death was already decided upon, and this particular form of death utilised them for a certain form of popular entertainment, and also gave them a chance of saving their lives, at which they eagerly grasped. The third class were the professional gladiators, men like the prize-fighters of the present day, men who took up this horrible line of life for the sake of the popularity which it brought—accepting it with their eyes fully opened to its dangers.

I am not for a moment suggesting that the gladiatorial show was a form of entertainment which could possibly be tolerated by a really enlightened people, but if we were to apply the same standard now we should have to admit that no enlightened nations have yet come into existence, for it was no worse than the mediæval tournaments, than the cock-fighting and bear-baiting of a century ago, or than the bull-fight or prize-fight of the present day; nor is there anything to choose between the brutality of its supporters and that of the people who go in vast crowds to see how many rats a dog can kill in a minute, or that of the noble sportsmen who (without the excuse of anything in the nature of a fair fight) go out to slaughter hundreds of inoffensive partridges. We are beginning to set a somewhat higher value on human life than they did in the days of ancient Rome, but even so I would point out that that change does not mark a difference between the ancient Roman race and their incarnation in the English people, for our own race was equally callous about wholesale slaughter up to a century ago. The difference is not between us and the Romans, but between us and our very recent ancestors; and even now the crowds that go and jest at a hanging can hardly be said to have advanced much since the time when they crowded the benches of the Colosseum.

It is true that the Roman Emperors attended these exhibitions, as the English Kings used to encourage the tournament, and as the Kings of Spain even now patronise the bull-fight; but in order to understand the varied motives which led them to do this we must make a thorough study of the politics of the time—a matter which is quite outside the scope of this article. Here it must suffice to say that the Roman citizens were a body of men in a very curious political position, and that the authorities considered it necessary to provide them with constant entertainments in order to keep them in a good humor. Therefore they hit upon this method of utilising what they regarded as the necessary and customary execution of criminals and rebels, in order to provide for the proletariat a kind of entertainment which it enjoys. A very brutal proletariat, you would say. One must certainly admit that they were not highly advanced, but at least they were far better than those much later specimens who took active part in the unspeakable horrors of the French Revolution, for these last took an active delight in blood and cruelty which were only unnoticed concomitants of the enjoyment in the case of the Roman.

Any one who, standing in the Colosseum, as I have said, will really allow himself to feel the true spirit of those crowds of long ago will understand that what appealed to them was the excitement of the contest and the skill exhibited in it. Their brutality consisted not in the fact that they enjoyed bloodshed and suffering, but that in the excitement of watching the struggle they were able to ignore it—which after all is very much what we do when we eagerly follow in the columns of our newspapers the news from the seat of war, in the present day. Level for level, case for case, we of the fifth sub-race have made a slight advance from the condition of the fourth sub-race of two thousand years ago; but that advance is much slighter than our self-satisfaction has persuaded us.

Every country has its ruins, and in all alike the study of the older life is an interesting study. A good idea of the wonderfully varied activities and interests of the mediæval monastic life in England may be obtained by visiting that queen of ruins, Fountains Abbey, just as by visiting the stones of Carnac (not in Egypt but in Morbihan) one may watch the midsummer rejoicings round the *tantad* or sacred fire of the ancient Bretons.

There is perhaps less necessity to study the ruins of India, since daily life there has remained so unchanged throughout the ages that no clairvoyant faculty is required to picture it as it was thousands of years ago. None of the actual buildings of India go back to any period of appreciable difference, and in most cases the relics of the golden age of India under the great Atlantean monarchies are already deeply buried. If we turn to mediæval times, the effect of environment and religion on practically the same people is curiously illustrated by the difference in feeling between any ancient city of the north of India and the ruins of Anurādhapura in Ceylon.

MODERN CITIES

Just as our ancestors of long ago lived their ordinary lives in what was to them the ordinary commonplace way, and never dreamed that in doing so they were impregnating the stones of their city walls with influence which would enable a psychometer thousands of years afterwards to study the inmost secrets of their existence, so we ourselves are impregnating our cities and leaving behind us a record which will shock the sensibilities of the more developed men of the future. In certain ways which will readily suggest themselves all great towns are much alike; but on the other hand there are differences of local atmosphere, depending to some extent upon the average morality of the city, the type of religious views most largely held in it, and its principal trades and manufactures. For all these rea-

sons each city has a certain amount of individuality—an individuality which will attract some people and repel others, according to their disposition. Even those who are not specially sensitive can hardly fail to note the distinction between Paris and London; between Edinburgh and Glasgow; or between Philadelphia and Chicago.

There are some cities whose key-note is not of the present but of the past—whose life in earlier days was so much more forcible than it is now that the present is dwarfed by its comparison. The cities on the Zuyderzee in Holland are an instance of this. S. Albans in England is another. But the finest example which the world has to offer is the immortal city of Rome. Rome stands alone among the cities of the world in having three great and entirely separate interests for the psychic investigator. First, and much the strongest, is the impression left by the astonishing vitality and vigor of that Rome which was the centre of the world, the Rome of the Republic and the Cæsars; then comes another strong and unique impression—that of mediæval Rome, the ecclesiastical centre of the world; third and quite different from either, the modern Rome of to-day, the political centre of the somewhat loosely integrated Italian kingdom, and at the same time still an ecclesiastical centre of widespread influence, though shorn of much of its glory and power.

I first went to Rome, I confess, with the expectation that the Rome of the mediæval popes, with the assistance of all the world-thought that must for so long have been centred upon it, and with the advantage also of being so much nearer to us in time, would have to a considerable extent blotted out the life of the Rome of the Cæsars. I was startled to find that the actual facts were almost exactly the reverse of that. The conditions of Rome in the middle ages were sufficiently remarkable to have stamped an indelible character

upon any other town in the world; but so enormously stronger had been the amazingly vivid life of that earlier civilisation that it still stood out, in spite of all the history that has been made there since, as the one ineffaceable and dominating characteristic of Rome.

To the clairvoyant investigator, Rome is and ever will be first of all the Rome of the Cæsars, and only secondarily the Rome of the Popes. The impression of ecclesiastical history is all there, recoverable to the minutest detail; a bewildering mass of devotion and intrigue, of insolent tyranny and real religious feeling; a history of terrible corruption and of world-wide power, but rarely used as well as it might have been. And yet, mighty as it is, it is dwarfed into absolute insignificance by the grander power that went before it. There was a robustness of faith in himself, a conviction of destiny and a resolute intention to live his life to the utmost, and a certainty of being able to do it, about the ancient Roman, which few nationalities of to-day can approach.

PUBLIC BUILDINGS

Not only has a city as a whole its general characteristics, but such of the buildings in it as are devoted to special purposes have always an aura characteristic of that purpose. The aura of a hospital, for example, is a curious mixture; a preponderance of suffering, weariness and pain, but also a good deal of pity for the suffering, and a feeling of gratitude on the part of the patients for the kindly care which is taken of them. The neighborhood of a prison is decidedly to be avoided when a man is selecting a residence, for from it radiate the most terrible gloom and despair and settled depression, mingled with impotent rage, grief and hatred.

Few places have on the whole a more unpleasant aura around them; and even in the general darkness there are often spots blacker than the rest, cells of unusual horror round which an evil reputation hangs. For exam-

ple, there are several cases on record in which the successive occupants of a certain cell in a prison have all tried to commit suicide, those who were unsuccessful explaining that the idea of suicide persistently arose in their minds, and was steadily pressed upon them from without, until they were gradually brought into a condition in which there seemed to be no alternative. There have been instances in which such a feeling was due to the direct persuasion of a dead man; but also and more frequently it is simply that the first suicide has charged the cell so thoroughly with thoughts and suggestions of this nature that the later occupants, being probably persons of no great strength of development of will, have found themselves practically unable to resist.

More terrible still are the thoughts which still hang round some of the dreadful dungeons of mediæval tyrannies, the oubliettes of Venice or the torture-dens of the Inquisition. Just in the same way the very walls of a gambling-house radiate grief, envy, despair and hatred, and those of the public-house, or house of ill-fame absolutely reek with the coarsest form of sensual and brutal desire.

CEMETERIES

In such cases as those mentioned above, it is simple enough for all decent people to escape the pernicious influences simply by avoiding the place; but there are other instances in which people are placed in undesirable situations through the indulgence of natural good feeling. In countries which are not civilised enough to burn their dead, survivors constantly haunt the graves in which decaying physical bodies are laid; from a feeling of affectionate remembrance they gather often to pray and meditate and to lay wreaths of flowers upon the tombs. They do not understand that the radiations of sorrow, depression and helplessness which so frequently permeate the church-yard or cemetery make it an eminently undesirable place to visit. I have seen old peo-

ple walking and sitting about in some of our more beautiful cemeteries, and nurse-maids wheeling along young children in their perambulators to take their daily airing, neither of them probably having the least idea that they are subjecting themselves and their charges to influences which will most likely neutralise all the good of the exercise and the fresh air; and this quite apart from the possibility of unhealthy physical exhalations.

UNIVERSITIES AND SCHOOLS

The ancient buildings of our great universities are surrounded with magnetism of a special type, which does much towards setting upon its graduates that peculiar seal which is so readily distinguishable, even though it is not easy to say in so many words exactly of what it consists. Men attending the university are of many and various types, reading men, hunting men, pious men, careless men; and sometimes one college of a university attracts only one of these classes. In that case its walls become permeated with those characteristics, and its atmosphere operates to keep up its reputation. But on the whole the university is surrounded with a pleasant feeling of work and comradeship, of association yet of independence, a feeling of respect for the traditions of the *Alma Mater* and the resolve to uphold them, which soon brings the new undergraduate into line with his fellows and imposes upon him the unmistakable university tone.

Not unlike this is the influence exerted by the buildings of our great public schools. The impressionable boy who comes to one of these soon feels about him a sense of order and regularity and *esprit de corps*, which once gained can scarcely be forgotten. Something of the same sort, but perhaps even more pronounced, exists in the case of a battleship, specially if she is under a popular captain and has been some little time in commission. There also the new recruit very quickly finds his place,

soon acquires the *esprit de corps*, soon learns to feel himself one of a family whose honor he is bound to uphold. Much of this is due to the example of his fellows and to the pressure of the officers; but the feeling, the atmosphere of the ship herself undoubtedly bears a share in it also.

LIBRARIES, MUSEUMS AND GALLERIES

The studious associations of a library are readily comprehensible, but those of museums and picture-galleries are much more varied, as might be expected. In both these latter cases the influence is principally from the pictures or the objects shown, and consequently our discussion of it does not form part of this article. As far as the influence of the actual buildings is concerned, apart from the objects exhibited in them, the result is a little unexpected, for a prominent feature is a quite overwhelming sense of fatigue and boredom. It is evident that the chief constituent in the minds of the majority of the visitors is the feeling that they know that they ought to admire or to be interested in this or that, whereas as a matter of fact they are quite unable to achieve the least real admiration or interest.

THE STOCK-YARDS OF CHICAGO

The awful emanations from the stock-yards in Chicago, and the effect they produce on those who are so unfortunate as to live anywhere near them, have often been mentioned in Theosophical literature. Mrs. Besant herself has described how on her first visit she felt the terrible pall of depression which they cause while she was yet in the train many miles from Chicago, and though other people less sensitive than she might not be able to detect it so readily, there can be no doubt that its influence lies heavily upon them whenever they draw near to the theatre of that awful iniquity. On that spot millions of creatures have been slaughtered, and every one of them has added to its radiations his own feelings of rage and

pain and fear and the sense of injustice; and out of it all has been formed one of the blackest clouds of horror at present existing in the world.

In this case the results of the influence are commonly known, and it would be impossible for anyone to profess incredulity. The low level of morality and the exceeding brutality of the slaughterman is a matter of notoriety. In many of the murders committed in that dreadful neighborhood the doctors have been able to recognise a peculiar twist of the knife which is used only by slaughtermen, and the very children in the streets play no games but games of killing. When the world becomes really civilised men will look back with incredulous horror upon such scenes as these, and will ask how it could have been possible that people who in other respects seem to have had some gleams of humanity and common-sense could permit so appalling a blot upon their honor as is the very existence of this accursed thing in our midst.

SPECIAL PLACES

Any spot where some ceremony has been frequently repeated, specially if in connexion with it a high ideal has been set up, is always charged with a decided influence. For example, the hamlet of Oberammergau, where for many years at set intervals the passion play has been reproduced, is full of thought-forms of the previous performances, which react very powerfully upon those who are preparing themselves to take part in a modern representation. An extraordinary sense of reality and of the deepest earnestness is felt by all those who assist, and it reacts even upon the comparatively careless tourist, to whom the whole thing is simply an exhibition. In the same way the magnificent ideals of Wagner are very prominent in the atmosphere of Bayreuth, and they make a performance there a very different thing from one by identically the same players anywhere else.

SACRED MOUNTAINS

There are cases in which the influence attached to a special place is non-human. This is usually the case with the many sacred mountains of the world. I have described elsewhere the great devas who inhabit the summit of the mountain of Slieve-na-Mon in Ireland. It is their presence which makes the spot sacred, and the influence of the holier magic of the leaders of the Tuatha de Danaan, which they ordained to remain until the day of the future greatness of Ireland was come and its part of the mighty drama of empire shall be made clear.

I have several times visited a sacred mountain of a different type—Adam's Peak in Ceylon. The remarkable thing about this peak is that it is held as a sacred spot by people of all the various religions of the Island. The Buddhists give to the temple on its summit the name of the shrine of the Shripāda or holy foot-print, and their story is that when the Lord Buddha visited Ceylon in His astral body (He was never there in the physical), He paid a visit to the tutelary genius of that mountain who is called by the people Saman Deviyo. Just as He was leaving, Saman Deviyo asked Him as a favor to leave on that spot some permanent memory of His visit, and the Buddha in response is alleged to have pressed His foot upon the solid rock, utilising some force which made upon it a definite imprint or indentation. The story even goes on to say that Saman Deviyo, in order that this holy foot-print should never be defiled by the touch of man, and that the magnetism radiating from it should be preserved, covered it with a huge cone of rock, which makes the present summit of the mountain. On the top of this cone a hollow has been made which roughly resembles a huge foot, and it seems probable that some of the more ignorant worshippers believe that to be the actual mark made by the Lord Buddha; but all the monks who know emphatically deny that, and point to the fact that this is not only

enormously too large to be a human foot-print, but that it is also quite obviously artificial.

They explain that it is made there simply to indicate the exact spot under which the true foot-print lies, and they point to the fact that there is unquestionably a crack running all round the rock at some distance below the summit. The idea of a sacred foot-print on that summit seems to be common to the various religions, but while the Buddhists hold it to be that of the Lord Buddha, the Tamil inhabitants of the island suppose it to be one of the numerous foot-prints of Vishnu, while the Christians and the Muhammadans attribute it to Adam—hence the name Adam's Peak.

But it is said that long before any of these religions had penetrated to the island, long before the time of the Lord Buddha Himself, this peak was already sacred to Saman Deviyo, to whom the deepest reverence is still paid by the inhabitants as indeed it well may be, since he belongs to one of the great orders of the devas who rank very near to the highest among the adepts. Although his work is of a nature entirely different from ours, he also obeys the Head of the Great Occult Hierarchy; he also is one of the Great White Brotherhood which exists only for the purpose of forwarding the evolution of the world.

The presence of so great a being naturally sheds a powerful influence over the mountain and its neighborhood and most of all over its summit, so that there is emphatically a reality behind to account for the joyous enthusiasm so freely manifested by the pilgrims. Here also, as at other shrines, we have in addition to this the influence of the feeling of devotion with which successive generations of pilgrims have impregnated the place, but though that cannot but be powerful, it is yet in this case completely overshadowed by the original and ever-present influence of the mighty entity who has done his work and kept his guard there for so many thousands of years.

SACRED RIVERS

There are sacred rivers also—the Ganges, for example. The idea is that some great person of old has magnetised the source of the river with such power that all the water that henceforth flows out from that source is in a very true sense holy water, bearing with it His influence and His blessing. This is not an impossibility, though it would require either a very great reserve of power in the beginning or some arrangement for a frequent repetition. The process would be simple and comprehensible. The only difficulty is what may be called the size of the operation. But what would be beyond the power of the ordinary man might possibly be quite easy to some one at a much higher level.

C. W. LEADBEATER

 ECCE HOMO

Standing on heights of Purity and Love
 Surrounded by Aeons of endless Light
 Is He, whom men call—Christ;
 Far down the ages come stealing from above
 His dulcet tones: "Till faith be lost in sight
 I wait and watch—whom men call—Christ."

We think that we, in darkness strive alone
 Unknowing, that within the inmost shrine
 Is He, whom men call—Christ;
 Whom knowing, all the scatter'd links entwine
 Into one perfect whole; all worlds are one
 In Him; whom men call—Christ.

CARRIE CROZIER

RENTS IN THE VEIL OF TIME

THE LIVES OF MIZAR

I

THOSE who have been following the series of the lives of Alcyone will remember that one of his closest, most constant companions was Mizar. It is evident that the tie between these egos is of an unusual character; for out of the thirty-one lives, including the present, of which we know, Mizar has been associated with him in no less than twenty-eight. They were together in the presence of the Lord Buddha, and after the wonderful events which characterised that incarnation, they separated for a time because the regular intervals between their lives was entirely altered in Alcyone's case by the tremendous influence exerted over him by the Lord Buddha. Mizar was undoubtedly influenced also, but apparently not to the same extent or perhaps in a less fundamental manner. We find that he retained the ordinary seven hundred years interval which was so largely extended in the case of Alcyone; so that while the latter next appears in 603 A.D., Mizar was born in the year 222 A.D., at a place called Kaveripattanam in the Chola country in the south of India.

Mizar's name—most unexpectedly—was Lucius Fabius Coculus, a patronymic which it is difficult to associate with the south of India. Equally remarkable is the fact that he was the son of a Roman Senator named Caius Fabius Lentulus. This apparent incongruity, however, had a fairly simple explanation. Some years before, this Roman Senator had been ennobled position and dignity in his own land; but at this period there were constant internecine wars between various claimants for the imperial purple, and Lentulus was unfortunate enough to espouse the losing

side in one of these contests. Claudius Albinus had been proclaimed Cæsar by his legions in Britain, almost at the same time that the same honor was conferred upon Septimius Severus by those who fought under his standard. Now Septimius Severus was a man of a rough soldier type while Claudius Albinus was far more aristocratic and refined both in character and in bearing. As Lentulus had been a friend of his, and indeed was himself a man of very similar type, he naturally took his side and openly maintained his rights. After some years of diplomatic fencing the rivals came to open warfare, and Albinus was defeated and overthrown in a great battle in France. Septimius Severus then thoroughly established his authority and showed little mercy to those who had been prominent in their support of his defeated rival.

Fortunately for himself, Lentulus succeeded in escaping from Rome and took ship for Alexandria, where he remained for some little time. Presently he discovered that the emissaries of the conqueror were upon his track. Once more he saved himself from them with difficulty, and this time being thoroughly frightened he determined to fly so far that even the power of Imperial Rome should be unable to reach him. He took ship down the Red Sea and eventually crossed to India where he landed at this port of Kaveripattanam. This place seems to have been the principal port of the Chola Kingdom, and the fugitive was fortunate enough to find a little colony of Roman merchants who were rapidly making fortunes in this far-away land.

Now Lentulus, though a patrician (or perhaps because he was a patrician) had a very fair idea of the relative value of gems and rare silks, and he also knew precisely what was the taste of his countrymen in such matters. He was wise enough to see that in this foreign land it was useless to stand upon his birth and dignity; so he ingratiated himself with the merchants, and placed at their disposal his special knowledge and his undoubted

good taste. He quickly became a person of importance among them; he soon entered into partnership with one of them, proved himself indispensable to him and rapidly raised the profits of the firm to perhaps ten times their former amount. Instead of peddling cautiously and making frequent mistakes, he launched out into much larger speculations, but always guided them with a sure hand and unerring judgment. In a few years he was one of the richest men of the Kingdom, and his previous acquaintance with politics enabled him to use wisely the influence which his wealth gave him. He married Glaucus the daughter of Iphigenia, an official who held a high position in the Chola court, and our present hero, Mizar, was his first-born son. His father gave him the name of Coculus but his mother gave him the nickname of Manikyam—which is perhaps after all only a translation into her language of the pet name given by the father. In due course Mizar had several brothers and sisters, among whom we recognised Telemachus and Soma.

Mizar was a precocious child, and seemed to combine within himself the good qualities of both the races whose blood was intermingled in his veins. He lived in an atmosphere of politics, and it is little wonder that, as he grew up, he began to take a keen interest in them. The country was in a disturbed condition; for its King, Chenkuddeva, was perpetually at war with a neighboring King, Ugraperuvalathi, who reigned over the Pāndya country and held his court at what is now Madura. Although there was this constant state of warfare, the common people of the country were less affected by it than one would suppose possible, and the merchants succeeded in procuring their goods and dispatching their vessels almost as regularly as though the land had been in a condition of profound peace. For example, Madura was the seat of a kind of University, or perhaps rather a great school of poets and philosophers, which had a wide reputation over the whole of the south of India, and

was considered very far better than anything that existed in the Chola Kingdom. In spite of the frequent wars, it never seems to have occurred to anyone that there was the slightest danger or difficulty in Mizar's attaching himself to the Madura University, which he accordingly did, and even apparently took part in certain Court functions in that town, being a person of some consideration in consequence of his wealth as his father made him an unusually large allowance.

At that Court he met the poet Tiruvalluvar, the writer of the Kural, and was present on the occasion when the latter received the public honor which was adjudged to him because of the excellency of his poems. Tiruvalluvar seems to have been born at Mylapore within a couple of miles of our Headquarters, but was a man of very low caste—apparently a weaver, or something of that sort. Consequently he was not at all well received by the authorities of the University, and, at first, they declined to allow him to present his poem for the competition which was taking place. He contrived, however, to persuade one of the authorities to read it before condemning it; and this man was so much struck by its excellence, that he somehow managed to get it accepted. The judges pronounced it by far the best that had been sent in, but still the terrible caste prejudice prevented its author from receiving full recognition. It appears to have been the custom that the successful competitors should appear in public to receive their rewards, on a certain occasion, and should then occupy an elevated seat where they were the observed of all observers. Because of his low caste, Tiruvalluvar was not allowed to take his place with the other victors, but the manuscript of his book was put upon the elevated seat in his place. When, however, the successful composition came to be read in public, it was so emphatically the best that it took the popular fancy by storm and in spite of his caste he was called by acclamation to occupy the seat which his work

had earned. Much interested by all this, Mizar made friends with the poet, saw a good deal of him and kept up a correspondence with him after his return to Mylapore.

Mizar was distinctly an able young man and distinguished himself at the Madura University—so much so indeed, that King Ugraperuvalathi offered him the opportunity of entering his service and of residing permanently in the Pāndya Kingdom, instead of returning to his own country. He was, however, wise enough to decline this dangerous honor, and indeed he lost nothing by doing so; for when his own King, Chenkuddeva, heard of it, he at once offered him an equivalent position in his own court, which Mizar promptly accepted. He had a keen delight in the exercise of diplomacy and even when quite young he had developed, to a high degree, the art of persuading and managing people, so that he was very useful in politics, though he was much disgusted with some of the political methods which he encountered. His father, Lentulus, took eager interest in all this work, though he himself, being of foreign birth and besides very fully occupied with the business which he had taken up, bore no direct part in it but only advised and guided his son.

Before he was thirty years of age, Mizar had already been sent on several important missions to arrange delicate matters with neighboring monarchs, and in all these cases he was able to carry through his negotiations with success. About this time, he married the daughter of a high official, and this further established the position which he had already gained through his own cleverness and through the wealth of his father. On the occasion of his marriage his father bought for him, as a wedding present, a large and beautifully situated estate, and the King presently gave him a title of nobility in acknowledgment of the services he had rendered. Thus he was actually the founder of what afterwards became one of the great families of the country. On the whole his career was smooth and

fortunate. His rapid advancement brought upon him a certain amount of envy and jealousy, but his adaptability seems to have enabled him presently to disarm all those who had at first looked askance at his progress.

When his father Lentulus died, he was accorded a public funeral just as though he had been a native of the country. Mizar still nominally carried on the business, but had in reality nothing to do with it as his time was entirely taken up with the work of his political office. He was fortunate enough, however, to have a very capable manager in the son of one of the colony of Roman merchants, among whom his father had originally settled. He left the commercial part of his affairs entirely in the hands of this man, and eventually took him into partnership.

Mizar was a man of cheery disposition—not especially religious in type, although he gave liberally to various temples and considered religion an important factor in the well-being of the State. A detailed history of the latter part of his life would be simply a record of the various operations in which he was engaged and the various posts which he held, which would be scarcely helpful for our purpose. Let it suffice to say, that though his career was so successful, he made wonderfully few enemies, and that the experience in dealing with men, which this life gave him, was distinctly valuable as preparing him for the part which he will have to play in future history. He died, much respected and lamented, in the year 293, at the age of seventy-one.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

MIZAR: ... *Lucius Fabius Coculus. Father: Caius Fabius Lentulus (Roman Senator). Mother: Glaucus. Brother: Telemachus. Sister: Soma.*

GLAUCUS: ... *Father: Iphigenia.*

II

Time does not permit us to do more than glance at the last life of Mizar, though there is much connected with it that would repay more detailed investigation. He was born at a city called Kanchi (now Conjiveram) in the south of India, in the year 1070 A.D., just after King Kulottunga came to the throne. His father was Telemachus, a statesman high in the favor of the monarch, and his mother was Soma. His childhood seems to have been a happy one, as his parents were more sensible than most, and consulted his comfort rather than their own prejudices. He grew up into the atmosphere of an Indian court—not the best school, perhaps, for so receptive a mind; but the father and mother were people of remarkable probity, honest among a host of intriguers, so that the home influence, at any rate, was always good and pure. His great friend during school and student days was Glaucus, the son of Iphigenia, a neighboring chieftain, almost independent, although nominally owing allegiance to the same King. The two friends were inseparable until a matter of religion divided them—not that they ever quarrelled on religious subjects, but that Glaucus was absorbed into the circle which gathered round the great new preacher Rāmānujāchārya, while Mizar, though admiring him immensely and feeling nothing but the deepest friendliness and reverence for him, yet would not leave the Shaivite forms of worship in which he had been brought up. For a long time this made no difference to the two friends, but presently King Kulottunga, stirred up by his family priests, became violently hostile to Rāmānujāchārya, and the latter found it politic to retire to Srīraṅgam, whither his devoted disciple Glaucus followed him, and thus for the first time the friends were separated. Mizar inherited his father's political genius, and held important positions both under King Kulottunga and under his son Vikrama Chola, who succeeded him after his death in the year 1118. He had to conduct some delicate negotiations with

Ceylon, whose King at that time was one Wijayobahu, who had undertaken a great war against the Tamil invaders of his country, and had finally driven them back to the mainland. Mizar was entirely successful in the mission which he undertook, and gained great reputation and substantial reward as the result of his skill. He married, though not early in life, and his wife was gentle and unobjectionable—a careful helpmate and a good mother to the six children whom she bore him. None of these are recognised as any of our *dramatis personæ*. Mizar died in the year 1148 at an advanced age, having spent the last few years of his life in retirement from active service, though occasionally advising his successor when special difficulties arose. These two administrative lives may be regarded as probably intended to serve as a preparation for the far more important executive work which seems likely to fall to his lot in this present life.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

- BRĤASPAṬI : ... *Rāmānujāchārya*.
 MIZAR : ... *Father* : Telemachus. *Mother* : Soma.
 Friend : Glaucus.
 GLAUCUS : ... *Disciple of Rāmānujāchārya*. *Father* : Iphigenia.

From the next number, when our new half-yearly volume begins, we will publish another set of very interesting lives. They too, like the lives of Alcyone, are of an individual now living in our midst and to whom is given the name of Orion. The interval between two lives of Orion is about 1200 as that of Alcyone is 600. The set is totally of a different nature and the way in which Orion gathers experience and learns wisdom and makes progress is quite distinct from the methods of Alcyone.

SUB-EDITOR

ACTIVITY, DESIRE AND COLOR

THERE is a peculiar connexion between activity, desire and color which expresses itself unmistakably in the Samskr̥ṭ language and the other Āryan tongues, but, as might be expected, in the first in the most lucid way.

As these words furnish us with a striking example of the great value of the Samskr̥ṭ garbs in which our thoughts may be clothed with so much more transparency than in any of the mutilated and deformed vernaculars used in Europe and India in our days, it seems worth while to devote a short note to the derivations of a Samskr̥ṭ root which has this triple sense.

The more so since the western orientalist, while admitting most of the facts at issue, do not grasp their full significance—though this presupposes a Theosophical view of the matter, which is not at their disposal.

A language framed upon a *Theosophical* world-conception (in its broadest sense), as Samskr̥ṭ indisputably is, cannot be explained save in a Theosophical way.

The root *raj*, connected with the root *ṛj*, stands father to a large family of derivatives in the Āryan tongues. The original meaning in Samskr̥ṭ, itself already variegated, may, to judge from the sounds 'r' and 'j,' have been 'forth-going,' 'radiating,' 'reaching far,' 'directing,' etc.

With this radiation the idea of color is immediately connected, and the red color (the color of desire) especially.

The forthgoing energy *was seen* red, and so the root *raj* or *ranj* took the double meaning of (1) be colored, be red, dyed; (2) be affected with a strong feeling.

The past participle 'rakta' took, used as a noun, the significance of Dr. Steiner's *sehr besonderes saft*,¹ i.e., blood.

The substantive 'Rajas' came to mean, in the old Aryan Theosophy as well as in the Theosophic literature of our days *the active quality* of matter; and the secondary derivation 'rāga,' 'passion, desire, love, affection,' as well as 'color, redness, dyeing,'—the last evidently as seen by the physical eyes—the first connotations as seen by the eyes of the 'kavayas'² who, in the hoary past, applied the word rāga to human feelings.

Nor do the significant terms confine themselves to these ranges. In the old Vedic literature we constantly find the word 'rajas' applied to the kosmos, and denoting the middle region between the 'heaven' (div) and the 'earth,' as it might be styled in the materialistic cosmographical terminology of our days; but denoting the astral plane, which is between the devachanic and the physical plane,³ in the Theosophical way of speaking.

If we keep the above in mind, the deep meaning of 'Vairāgya' is at once brought home to us—*Virāj* signifying 'discolor,' 'to lose its red color,' to turn colorless by controlling and subduing the outbreak of passion and desire—as witnessed by the superphysical eyes of the Master whose disciples we are trying to become.

D. VAN HINLOOPEN LABBERTON

¹ Very particular liquid.

² Kavayas (singular: Kavi), literally means 'seers.'

³ The lower and the higher regions of the astral plane are generally indicated by using the dual of the noun 'rajas.'

IN THE TWILIGHT

“**N**OW, who has got a story to-day?” asked the Shepherd.

“I have one, and a very interesting one,” answered the Inspector and began:

“A friend of mine, an officer in the Police Department of this Presidency, told me not long ago a very curious story and asked me if I could explain it in a satisfactory way. He said that a report was once made to him of a theft by burglary in one of the villages that lay within his official jurisdiction. The mistress of the house feelingly implored him to leave no stone unturned in the detection of the culprits, as she and her husband had been reduced to utter starvation by the theft, which was all they possessed and which was the only means of their livelihood. He deeply sympathised with the lady and promised to do his best in the matter. He caused secret enquiries to be made. On a certain night he had a very vivid and clear dream to the effect that if the house of X. were carefully searched, the lost property would be discovered. On the morrow he sent for the chief officers of the village where X. dwelt and asked them what they thought of the character, of that individual. They were unanimous in giving him an exceptionally good and honest character, and added that he owned extensive lands and was unremitting in the alleviation of the sufferings of the sick and the poor. On hearing this, my friend thought that the dream was one of the ordinary meaningless sort, and that it would be highly improper to proceed on the strength of it. But that night the dream repeated itself even more vividly than on the previous occasion; he therefore made up his mind to search the house indicated at break of day. Accordingly, he went to X.’s

residence and enquired if he knew anything of the theft. He was considerably alarmed at this, and most vigorously protested his ignorance and innocence of the affair. But his faltering voice, his guilty looks, his prevarication, when interrogated on certain points, confirmed my friend's suspicions and he would have ordered the search of the house, had not the men of the village protested with one voice against what they considered to be an unmerited insult to one of their local magnates; and the victims of the theft themselves persuaded him to withdraw from the scene which became very uproarious. My friend dreamt again for the third time, and then he determined to carry out his design at all costs, and went the next day and ordered his subordinates to search the house thoroughly. In the course of their search they came to a spot which looked very suspicious, and on digging there they lighted upon the property which had been stolen. It was duly returned to its owners, who were much emaciated by sorrow and starvation, and the dream of my friend which at first seemed absurd was well verified."

"So the dream came true, and it is a good instance of astral activity producing result on the physical plane," said the Superintendent.

"Yes, that's so," said the Shepherd; "any more stories?"

"I have a queer tale to tell, sir," said the Wanderer, "may I?"

"Go ahead."

"Well, I call it a strong presentiment. During the last year of the South African Campaign we found ourselves once more in Standerton—a town very strongly held and used as a base of operations in that district. The flying column had come to rest, sadly in want of remounts and a change from the interminable monotony of tracking across the endless Veldt in pursuit of an ever disappearing foe, one who, at odd intervals mysteriously reformed upon our flank or rear

feinted a little, sniped a bit, and then when you turned upon them, elusively melted once more into the air.

For the time being we became part of the garrison posted beneath the shadow of the great Kop, an impregnable position dominating the surrounding Veldt from the view-point of the 4.7 to perhaps some eight odd miles away, the base of another giant Kopje up along the Vaal.

We soon found it was the custom to send out every morning various outposts around the town to watch the approaches and prevent the looting of cattle. Now it so happened that grass was becoming short in all the open country roundabout, and it was determined to send the cattle up along the bank of the Vaal, where there was still plenty of food. This had not hitherto been attempted because of the extreme difficulty of the country on this side.

Next morning, however, I received orders to post the guard in this direction, and select the best available position. In the early dawn we rode out to a tract of land between the great Kopje and the Vaal—as difficult a place as one could imagine to reconnoitre properly with a handful of men. Full of deep dongas, boulders, ridges of rock, and deadly undulating eminences all along the edge of the Veldt, with an unguarded drift or ford in the Vaal but half a mile away, and another a few miles up the twisting river that ran concealed from view below the level of the Veldt—until you rode right up to the banks of it! A perfectly hopeless place to be in if the enemy were there before you, a series of strong positions if you happened to get there first. After reconnoitering the whole position, I came to the conclusion that the drift was the point to be watched, so I posted the troops in a strong position on a ridge of rocks, with two men on an elevation commanding as much of the drift as could be seen. It was then that the hopeless nature of the position was born in upon me,

because, after retiring each evening, we had to take it up again next morning. Moreover the enemy would be aware of it. As I stood upon the spot that I had selected, I felt a very strong presentiment that it would be the scene of a disaster. The Boers had merely to cross the drift, take up this our position, and wait for us.

I rode back feeling we were 'up against it'. It was not until long afterwards that I thought of the full significance of what I felt impelled to do. After making the usual report to the O. C., I went back to my tent and sat down to think it out. Presently I found myself making a map of the tract of the country I had ridden over in the morning, trying to indicate its dangers from the view-point of ambush. I then took it to my Colonel and told him all about it, showing him the map I had made. He was impressed, and sent it in to the C. O. saying, 'I will mention your suggestion that the drift be held by crossing the river opposite Standerton, and approaching from the other side; but after all its only an outpost, a cattle-guard, and the closing of the drift might lead to other complications, and besides nothing might happen.' 'Well, sir,' said I, 'we will be scuppered there some fine morning, and I think as likely as not it will be to-morrow.' 'Well,' said the C—'anyhow take more men, and use all the precautions you can think of, and tell the officer in charge of the men to-morrow to keep a sharp look out.' It was after all but one of a thousand guards that had been posted round about. As the officer whose turn it was to post the guard in the morning was feeling seedy, another volunteered, and after going the rounds that night I felt impelled once more to tell them all about it, saying: 'Anyhow come and see me in the morning, and I will give you a copy of the map I have made.' At day-break, the officer whose turn it was to go, came in to my tent and said as he was feeling fit again he was going. As soon as I had given him full

instructions he rode away with his men, some of whom had been there on the previous day.

Now, although my duties did not commence until later in the day, I felt impelled to get up and prepare to follow, as I felt something was bound to happen. So I slung on my mauser and glasses, and told my orderly to bring the horses round.

While I was waiting for what I certainly think no one else expected, another of our fellows came along with watering-pots and stood talking to me, asking me where I was bound, as it was my morning off. At this moment the sun rose, and I had just begun to explain, when suddenly the unmistakable sound of volley firing, followed by the continuous clip-clop of the mauser broke the stillness of the morning. Almost at once the helio on the Kopje told us that our party was attacked by Boers in force.

In a moment the camp flashed into life, and I found myself, after hastily collecting all the details, galloping to a support or rescue that I felt would be hopeless.

We dashed through the dongas out upon the Veldt, and then I discovered a party of Bushmen (old friends of mine), whom I thought at first to be some Boers playing the decoy, hustling away on my flank to hold the further drift. It was cautious work, approaching the scene of action, as the Boers with the drift behind them might still be waiting to give us a warm reception and account for a few more of us. Soon, however, we came across a sergeant of ours shot through the chin (which however he lived to get over), and farther on, upon the high elevation overlooking the drift on which I had told him to post his guard, I found the officer and two of his men with whom he had ridden on to reconnoitre, riddled with bullets. It seems that he had had time to turn and warn his men but, as was inevitable, it was all too late to do anything in such a hopeless position.

It was all over but the shouting; true we caused those Boers to hustle, and some natives told us that in consequence they had to bury five of them, but as I did not see it done, it is very much open to doubt. However, I did a considerable lot of thinking as to the wisdom of following the lead of strong presentiments.

A few days after I escorted the General of Division over the ground, and he confirmed my opinion from the strategic view-point saying: 'No more guards must be posted in this direction without permanent occupation, it would require a column to hold it properly.'"

"Yes, that may be," the Magian interrupted, "but time is up, the twilight is long past, and from this refreshment we must wend our way to labor; next twilight hour I will read to you a very interesting story that comes from abroad."

"Good," said the Shepherd, "and you will find us eager listeners."

Messrs. S. W. Partridge & Co., Limited, the publishers of "The Bible in Modern English," inform us that Mr. Ferrar Fenton, the translator of the work, lives in retirement in Mitcham. Up to the present, his work in connexion with the translation has cost him over £3,000, and he is now in his 78th year. He often declares that he could have made a large fortune if he would have consented to treat his version so as to bolster up the interest of some new sect, or cult. For example, one congregation offered him £600 to translate the Old Testament and adapt it to their own curious ideals, and, incidentally, to make him one of their principal pastors. Another enterprising body in the United States offered him £5,000 to present the New Testament in the light of their doctrines—they to hold the copyright till 100,000 copies were sold, and to allow him 5 per cent royalty on all editions afterwards. Their representatives guaranteed that they would sell the first 100,000 copies in a twelve month, but Mr. Fenton has all the scholar's love of his work, and would not seriously contemplate the offer, although he recognised the body in question were very wealthy, and could easily do what they undertook.

—*The Publisher's Circular*

SHADOW, LIGHT, FREEDOM

I dreamt that I saw a soul come back to earth after many earth-lives. His last life lived as a man was filled with sorrow and anguish. He had tasted joy and tasted sorrow, and had found that both were one. And when at last he laid aside the worn-out garment that had brought him so much experience and pain, the burden that had so weighed him down was removed, enabling him to soar towards the Light, glimpses of which had been his through the now closed earth-life.

Then was rest given to him, and infinite joy!

But again after many years, as so often before, the life within that soul forced it out to manifestation, to reap of his past and to garner fresh experience for the future, a future which had in view the fashioning of a new body unsullied by the contaminations of the desires and passions of earth.

This time the soul clothed itself in the form of a woman, in which had to be begun the process of combining the male and the female qualities in the one.

And to that soul was shown—faintly at first—the beginning of the path that led to her goal.

Life was laid for her in pleasant places, love was showered upon her from the first. Every thing prospered in her hands, for there was a strong life within which gave confidence to her undertakings and would not look at failure. It was not surprising if this soul at times forgot what was that Life that informed her and gave her success; if often she was egoistic, for she was being surrounded with illusion, which many times obscured the only Light which gave her life and love and success. But the Light without was stronger than the veil of illusion

and penetrated to the inner place where resided the soul's light, and the meeting of the two gave knowledge, and a cleared view of the path which was becoming overgrown with weeds and thorns.

Then the soul knew that her body was not for self-gratification, for holding for herself alone, but that she must begin to give back what she had taken in her past. Even earthly loves were not to be accepted, if by them the soul was isolated from suffering humanity, or came between her and the Divine Light.

And as she learnt to curb its desires and to cast from her what at one time she wished to grasp, she formed other ideals which seemed to bring her nearer to the heart of God. But they, too, were desires appearing in another form.

And the soul casting from her all thought of earthly union, with the object of living for all, had in her inmost chamber an ideal. It was a hope that somewhere on this earth should be found her counterpart, one whose spirit would blend with hers, making a perfect whole, thenceforth going out not alone but hand in hand in quest of Truth. And year after year this ideal was fostered and aimed for, as the soul felt that this was a divine end, and therefore not of the desires of earth. And the time came when this ideal seemed to be realised, and the soul felt that the journey would henceforth not be companionless.

Then came Truth and opened her eyes, and she saw herself naked and bereft of everything. And Truth said to her: "Every step of the way has to be trodden alone; only personal effort and will, guided by the Light within, can surmount the difficulties. Cast off from thee, O soul, all that binds thee to earth; look only for unity with God, and then thou wilt realise the only unity is unity with all."

Then I saw the soul lie prostrate as one dead, for as each ideal had been torn from her, a wound had been

made, from which life seemed to be flowing away. But something within was welling to a new life. And, slowly, I saw the soul rise, and gathering all that had been so dear to her, she placed them on an altar, and kneeling before it with upturned face, she offered it to Him who had given all.

And I watched that soul and saw that one hand was held upward and seemed to be grasped by a hand of living fire, while the other was held out to the world. And from all sides came the illusions of the past, veiled in subtle forms, casting themselves before her, asking for acceptance. And they shook but her outer garments, for now her hand was grasped by One stronger than all, and the eyes of her Father-Mother were gazing into her inner depths, where burnt a ray of Their pure light.

And I saw light and strength unspeakable flowing from those Eyes and filling her whole being, which seemed to be iridescent. And a voice said: "Thou hast at last seen the vision of Adonai and hast understood the meaning of life and death and sacrifice and love; from henceforth thou shalt go out no more alone, for thou hast attained a Unity higher than thy best ideal. Peace be with thee."

Then a vision of a future incarnation was shown to her; the veil of matter was parted to her gaze.

And she saw a woman crowned with the Sun, while beneath her feet was the moon, and about her head stars, and in her hands she grasped a dragon. And a voice said: "Patience, Love, Sacrifice, Redemption."

Then I knew that the stars were symbolic of the soul's incarnations, through which she had obtained Wisdom, and that by patience, love and sacrifice she had won Redemption.

ERMIAL HOOD

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THE COUNTESS WACHTMEISTER.

THEOSOPHICAL WORTHIES

THE COUNTESS WACHTMEISTER

NO name is perhaps more familiar in the early days of the Theosophical Society than that which heads this paper, and none has made sacrifices more ungrudgingly, or poured out more fully life, labor and means than she who bears it. Born of a noble French house, wedded to a Swedish noble who was Ambassador at the court of St. James, she enjoyed all that the world had to give of wealth, rank and luxury. But a rare gift that there was in the hands of karma for the brilliant woman of the world.

In the year 1884, at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Sinnett, the Countess Wachtmeister met for the first time—in this incarnation—the woman who was to become her teacher and to open to her the gateway of a new life. “What chiefly arrested my attention,” she wrote later, “was the steady gaze of her wonderful gray eyes, piercing, yet calm and inscrutable: they shone with a serene light which seemed to penetrate and unveil the secrets of the heart.” The Countess had already studied Spiritualism and had gained a wide experience of its phenomena, while rejecting the Spiritualistic theories, and had joined the Theosophical Society—in 1881—after reading *The Unveiled*, *Isoteric Buddhism* and other publications. She had met Mme. Blavatsky on several occasions both in London and Paris, but opportunities for any personal intercourse were studiously withheld, until the day of her husband's departure, when H. P. B. called her to a secret talk, telling her finally that within two years she should devote her life “wholly to Theosophy.” In the autumn of 1885, Countess Wachtmeister left Sweden for Italy.



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NO name is perhaps more familiar in the early days of the Theosophical Society than that which heads this paper, and none has made sacrifices more ungrudgingly, or poured out more fully life, labor and means than she who bears it. Born of a noble French house, wedded to a Swedish noble who was Ambassador at the court of St. James, she enjoyed all that the world had to give of wealth, rank and luxury. But a rarer gift than these was in the hands of karma for the brilliant woman of the world.

In the year 1884, at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Sinnett, the Countess Wachtmeister met for the first time—in this incarnation—the woman who was to become her teacher and to open to her the gateway of a new life. “What chiefly arrested my attention,” she wrote later, “was the steady gaze of her wonderful grey eyes, piercing, yet calm and inscrutable: they shone with a serene light which seemed to penetrate and unveil the secrets of the heart.” The Countess had already studied Spiritualism and had gained a wide experience of its phenomena, while rejecting the Spiritualistic theories, and had joined the Theosophical Society—in 1881—after reading *Isis Unveiled*, *Esoteric Buddhism* and other publications. She met Mme. Blavatsky on several occasions both in London and Paris, but opportunities for any private conversation were studiously withheld, until the day before her departure, when H. P. B. called her to a serious talk, telling her finally that within two years she would devote her life “wholly to Theosophy.” In the autumn of 1885, Countess Wachtmeister left Sweden for Italy,

and broke her journey at Elberfeld, where a friend, Mme. Gebhard, asked her to go to Mme. Blavatsky, who was ill and alone. She agreed, and wrote to Mme. Blavatsky saying that she could spend a few weeks with her, but received as reply that Mme. Blavatsky had no room and was so busy in writing *The Secret Doctrine* that she had no time for visitors. However, as the cab for the station was waiting at the door, a telegram arrived bidding her to come immediately, and she took her ticket for Wurzburg instead of for Rome. She was warmly received, and Mme. Blavatsky explained that she had only one bedroom and that there were many things that her guest might find intolerably uncomfortable; hence she had declined the proposed visit, "but after my letter was posted Master spoke to me and said I was to tell you to come. I never disobey a word from Master, and I telegraphed at once."

Countess Wachtmeister has written a delightful account of her experiences with Mme. Blavatsky, and tells of the agonies she witnessed when the Society for Psychical Research published their cruel and mendacious *Report*. She stood gallantly by her teacher and friend through that terrible time, when the Society seemed to be shattered and forever disgraced, and found her reward in the life she led with the great Occultist, and the knowledge gained by that close association. "I think it the greatest blessing of my life," she writes, "to have lived with her in such close intimacy."

In the spring of 1886, H. P. B. and the Countess left Wurzburg, H. P. B. going to Elberfeld and then to Ostend, while the Countess went to Kempton, joining H. P. B. in Ostend for the winter. In the following year she returned to Sweden, H. P. B. going to England, where she stayed at Maycot, Norwood, with Dr. and Mr. Keightley. In September, 1887, she joined H. P. B. in Norwood, and a few days later the party went to 17,

Lansdowne Road, Holland Park, and thenceforward Countess Wachtmeister made her home with H. P. B., bearing a large part of the cost of the establishment.¹

The Theosophical Publishing Society was founded as a limited company by Dr. and Mr. Keightley and the Countess Wachtmeister, with some others, in order to publish *The Secret Doctrine*. To this task of conducting a publishing business the Countess addressed herself with characteristic energy, and sunshine and storm, fog and wind, winter and summer saw her at work with unflinching perseverance. Later on, the company, being in debt, was dissolved, the Countess assuming all the heavy responsibility, some years later she handed it over to Mr. Keightley and Mrs. Besant.

Countess Wachtmeister accompanied H. P. B. in 1890, to 19, Avenue Road, remaining there, working ceaselessly for Theosophy until 1893, when she went to India, and helped in founding the Headquarters of the Indian Section in Benares. She lectured in India, and visited both Australasia and America for long lecturing tours, doing much in the rebuilding of the American Section after the secession of 1895. In all these countries she won much love and esteem, and set to the younger members a noble example of unceasing and strenuous devotion. While unfriendly to the present presidential policy, she has never faltered in her allegiance to H. P. Blavatsky and her Master, and there is no doubt that to these she will remain faithful to death.

A. B.

¹ The foregoing details are taken from *Reminiscences of H. P. Blavatsky and The Secret Doctrine*, by the Countess Constance Wachtmeister and others.

INTERNATIONAL UNION OF ARTS AND CRAFTS

IN all ages, in all countries, everywhere where Life is, Work is, was, and ever will be, the eternal expression of Man, his eternal function of Service. Some may be conscious of it, some may not. Some may seek in it the most sacred outlet for the Soul to reach God, and then we have the creation of such works as the divine heirloom of masters in pictures, poems, sculptures; some may take to work as instinctively as one who has thirst takes a drink of water, whether handed to him in a crystal vessel, or he has to bend over a brooklet like the very simple inhabitant of the woods—the young goat or wood-pigeon. Some again in their instinctive longing to fulfil their function, obediently bend their neck under the yoke of heavy labor, like a willing horse or ox.

All these differences do not hide from the thinker the deep significance of one great idea of human life, the greatest, the most sacred—WORK.

Long, aye, too long, have we been ignoring this. We have been toying with it, perverting its very foundation into every possible shape; under what we are pleased to call our social conditions, we have made it an object of barter, a means of injustice and cruelty, a means of subjugation and degradation.

Truly depressing is the contemplation of all the tragic sights which surround us at present, the problems of labor which baffle the clearest of minds. But there is a great hope which manifests itself daily in human life: No sooner does man form an earnest decision to seek for Truth, to re-establish the broken Law, than a great transformation scene ensues, misery becomes joy, the most difficult problems become as clear as daylight.

Any one who has gone through the second birth, call it what you will, or who has, after a toilsome life of disharmony, fruitless efforts and struggles, at last found himself, knows and knows well how, when the true law is found and re-established in life—in spite of the required sacrifice of those sides of life which we are brought up to consider as the true and desirable ends of life—it works wonders; how the frowns of the depressed miserable toiler smooth away into gladness and joy; how distrust, suspicion, even hatred, turn into love and welcome; how every new day, instead of being a weary sigh, is welcomed by a joyous leap of the grateful heart.

So let us consider these important matters together; let us follow the threads one by one, trying to find where the tangle began; let us unite in one joyful band of Seekers after the Truth, after the law of Work, of Life; let us unite all men and women of all nations, of all creeds; let us help each other in the supreme task of regeneration; here is a task, indeed, which wants the union of all temperaments, all histories, all races, all experiences. Such a band has already been formed—on the 9th July, 1910—into a nucleus of workers, and is sending this message to all brothers and sisters in Work throughout all the world: Join us, and help us to find Truth.

Shall we speak of the modern state of all the aspects of Work? Is it not the sorest of sores of every thinker, of every lover of humanity? Why, the very toiler would laugh in our face if we dared to state the simple truth: Work must be one with Love. Yet if we think of any example of good, useful, or gifted and inspired work, we cannot help seeing that this is true. The artist who expresses his best in his 'work' loves it. The peasant who walks after the plough loves the field, the horse co-worker, the birds which flutter round the newly-opened furrow, the sky and sun overhead, the brooklet which refreshes his tired body; he loves the vision of

his heavily loaded sheaves in the near future, the very smell of the earth and its fruit.

The philosopher, who for years and years accumulates new arguments and aspects of his idea which he gives to the world, does not grudge the many years his work of love and devotion will take; he loves his idea too well to robe it in indifferent clothing; he wants it as beautiful, as magnificent, as transparent, as it appears to him in his moments of ecstasy and illumination.

The work of a woman is the endless expression of her love and devotion in its many aspects, in its many variety of degrees according to her own development; it falls as low as the simple providing of food and comfort for the bodily wants of her beloved ones; it rises often as high as heaven in meeting the spiritual needs of those she brought into the world, inspiring them with lofty ideals and virtues.

Let us look a little further, and observe the modern development of this all-important function.

The artist who no longer seeks to express *himself*, because he has to sell the pictures, and his ideal may not please the buyer—aye, may even, by wakening the conscience of the moneyed buyer inspire unpleasant feeling and revulsion—instead of lovingly clothing his idea and handing it lovingly to the world, has to lower himself in order to please, has to hand it to the public with a curse and hatred, because of his own lowering, his own degradation.

The musician, who, in his upward path, heard the angels sing, who himself kept the heavenly harmonies stored in his best Self, appears on the public platform. The common ear of the profane cannot hear the subtle heavenly strains. It is overhung with ostrich feathers, overwhelmed with worldly gossip and self-consciousness; so the musician has to accomplish sensational feats of musical gymnastic, overtop his predecessor, make a 're-

cord' of a musical 'performance' to reach this common ear. There is no love lost between these again. There cannot be, as for the sake of this audience the heavenly strains must be forgotten, ignored.

Where is the one who walked after his plough, inhaling the bitter-sweet smell of Mother-Earth, basking and sweating under the summer sun, dreaming of his golden crop? Where is he now? Alas! you find him a slave of a machine, no more a poet nor a creator of crops and beauty, no more in direct contact with Isis, but depressed, defiled, pale and small-hearted, afraid of the next day, bitter and cursing his fate, when, after his day's work, he returns 'home,' not unlike one of those 'clinkers' rolling into waste among ashes, all life taken out of it. No love, to be sure, here, no expression of his individual divine Self, no present, no future, even no past to lovingly remember.

The scholar, the writer—where is he? Where are those many who, like millions of seeds, are shaken over the Earth by liberal divine hands, to spread life and beauty into every corner of our earth? Alas! We find them again and again drudging away, living only with part of their hearts and minds, ignoring their best Selves, giving what they have to give only for money, educating often a new taste for what is low and demoralising. For our own demoralisation must spread, must tell on all we touch.

Blessed are those who carry their real light through all difficulties. Those are they who will save humanity.

How did the trouble begin? When was the law broken?

Every corner of the world has its own history of this Fall. And this is one point where we, the fellows of the International Union of Workers, may help each other. Let the Irish worker tell us when, and under what influence, the expression of his Keltic soul ceased to

be a natural outlet for his individual gifts, and became an object of barter. Let the Hindū tell us when his hour of degradation came, and what brought it on? When did the grand lines of his creative architects change into the mean 'modern style,' no longer a symbol of his soul, beliefs and aspirations? When did it happen, for the first sad time, that the maiden came to the well holding on her shoulders not the classical, curved earthen vessel but—horror of all horrors!—a tin kerosene can? When were the noble flowing garments of hand-spun and woven web of soft hues exchanged for cotton machine-made rags of the vilest colors? When we find the cause and the time of these changes in history, we shall also have found the cause of the loss of love in Work, and the point to which we shall have to return again, and to direct our efforts to start afresh, with a wisdom aided by long years of experience. Let the Russian tell us how he lost the love of Work, so evidently manifested in every fragment of ancient work, of which the country is still overfull. No, not even very ancient. Not so many years ago there was no pair of hands, among the peasants at least, which could not express itself in many ways, in weaving and embroidery, in carving and modelling, express itself in a language sanctified by tradition, by beliefs, and by the memory of their ancient eastern cradle. Some are yet living, and still creating beauty.

The dwellers of the towns lost all this, simply by turning their faces away from traditions, from deserted, defiled churches, from their own history. There was a new craving for western civilisation. No price seemed too high to pay for this semblance of culture.

The peasant lost his old love for his work in another way. Daily and hourly came the wily thief nearer to the door; money was needed for causes foreign to his interest. Money was needed badly for war, for keeping in subjugation the Russian frontiers, frontiers encircling millions

and millions of acres which peasants dared not touch, dared not transform into a garden of life, of golden crops, of happiness for all. Money was also badly wanted for keeping up thousands and thousands of tax-collectors, hard task-masters, excise officials, controllers, a whole army of oppressors. It was also needed for building expensive official buildings, where an army of clerks, an army busy with writing unnecessary papers and smoking unnecessary cigarettes all day long. It was needed to build expensive buildings for official Science, presided over by docile scholars, dispensing their dead facts to the youths of the towns.

What did the worker of the fields, the poet of the hills, dales, rivers and lakes, know of all this? Nothing whatever! But in his humble way, in his habit of obedience to forces beyond his small self, he bent his neck lower and lower, he increased his efforts more and more, he got panic-stricken sometimes with all the misery, and the needs, and the neglect of his fellow-men, he who had no time to think, to rest, to take better care of his body, of his home and children, while working unceasingly to satisfy those mysterious needs claimed by his betters!

In olden times, he was a free man. He lived unmolested in God's own garden, he lovingly tended it, deriving from its beautiful fruit all he needed. The golden crops of grain and seeds, the cream-white potatoes, the rich dark-green multitudes of cucumbers, the red apples of his garden, and, of all, the wild abundant berries of all kinds and colors, sweet and sour, all life-giving and all pleasant to gather, and all the other numerous gifts of the woods and hills, of rivers and lakes—these fed him and his little ones, and he "ate his bread in thankfulness".

The silky green flax with the delicate little blue flowers, rolling down the slopes of his fields to the cool

water-fed dales, like a rich carpet woven by elves and fairies, lovingly clad him, his wife, and his mother, and his children, and, in the hands of the woman under the rays of the eternal sun, became as white and as pure as snow.

The little flowers of the fields and meadows, the fantastical patterns of Father Frost on the small windows in the winter, all the harmonies of foliage, hues, and moods of Isis, enveloped by woman's love in mystic lore, nursed through the nights of free communion with Nature in her simple peasant-life, working and eating, loving and sleeping in the open air under the ever mysterious starry heaven—all this was told by her in clever artistic adornments of garments, wrought in colors and symbols, more felt than known as a science. She would wander out into the woods and hunt for the sweet-smelling heather and the bitter, refreshing, pungent birch-leaf, and dig for the red-hearted madder, and pluck the yellow golden daisy. The red was like her idea of glory. Where could she direct it but to the Almighty God presiding above? The yellow daisy was the pure gold of her simple aspirations, the flame of her heart, like the flame of the taper in church, lifting her on its fiery tongues to the Unspeakable. And the blue of the cornflower, was it not like her humble devotion? So what wonder that these gifts of God's garden were crystallised into vegetable dyes, since ever one remembers man's life.

All round about the peasant home man was surrounded by symbols of Isis; he read into the lofty trees and the mysterious flowers which open only for a single night; he saw things in the woods which no one else saw; he heard from his cradle of unseen forces of Nature, of mysterious beings—helpers and foes, some whom he feared, some whom he learnt to obey. It was a constant union and intermixing of real life with legends of ancient time; it was the Russian Frost born from the prehistoric

eastern cradle. Else how could a pomegranate appear on a peasant's towel? The modern scholar reads the pomegranate as a symbol of Royalty; and so it might be. But the Hindū's reading of it as an emblem of sorrow, as a tear, seems more real, more likely; and this is why a pomegranate is always borne before a funeral procession.

The birds? All those feathery flocks of so many hues and voices, how did they affect the peasant imagination? Surely they were the most mysterious beings on earth. Ever since the Aryan race began, the birds have been the embodiment of thoughts and messages; they were the souls of the departed. Thousands of legends, one more beautiful than the other, live even now in the memory of peasants. Their lore is full of graceful suggestions in this direction.

So what more natural than to carve the beloved symbol in wood and metal, to work it in iron and silver, silk and thread? Even now, in our twentieth century, one can find in every village and home—far enough away from a railway's levelling influence—birds carved at every end of the huge rafters, or looking down from the top of the roof, or two peacocks (symbols of life eternal) adorning an over-window, usually turned face to face towards the 'Tree of Life'. The bird shapes itself as a curious utensil, daily in use on a peasant table—the salt-cellar. It runs in joyous bands and Indian files over the borders of table-cloths and bed-cloths, hangs down from towels, and adorns every church curtain. It looks out mysteriously from the folds of the ancient brocade-gown, and shines in golden threads over the woman's face.

Even now, in the twentieth century, if one takes the trouble to go out of the beaten track to some northern peasant home—perhaps getting a bed in a little attic, called in Russia a 'light room,' and finding a collection of ancient garments on the wall, under a linen blue cover—one is struck with all this living history of

human life, thought and symbolism, all the hidden unspoken beauty of a poet's heart! It is a revelation! Every stitch seems to be put in with a blessing, with a smile, put as a mother puts the last touch to her little darling's attire, lovingly, gently. Aye, those people felt beauty. They loved to wear beautifully made garments; they seemed never to have grudged the time nor the efforts to make every piece of clothing a true poem. It suited so well the home, the field, the work. The elaborate making of it suited the long winter evenings. It was an elevation of the soul to follow the ancient religious symbols, like an all-day prayer, needed in those dark winter days, when the joyous sun shows so little and the soul is obscured through the wintry, narrow conditions. It was also a reminiscence of the splendid summer work among the green fields and fragrant trees and flowers, among all those bright colors with which a maiden likes to surround herself. No wonder, this winter work was always made in social gatherings and accompanied with songs. All life then was a Fairy Tale, all Fairy Tales were life. They were one.

And now for the stealthy approach of the thief, the enemy, the destroyer of all this picturesque life? How obnoxious a task to write a history of destruction! Yet it is necessary, as there are many yet who do not see the fiend under his mask of 'civilisation,' 'improvement,' 'growth of industry,' 'accumulation of a Nation's wealth'. A modern destroyer must be attractive, or else he could not succeed. He came very softly; he imitated one who wished well, wished light and happiness.

At first he brought machines. Thousands found work in those new factories. Fathers and brothers and husbands went there first.

It seemed hard to part for years, hard for the women to do all the men's work besides their own; it seemed hard never to hear from them, ever expecting a thunder

message of death or accident, to dream of broken ties, of temptations; but more and more efforts were made. Then they returned, those first pioneers.

Ah! in what a strange way! changed to a degree! Nothing in the village was good enough; their very wives and sweethearts no more lovable and desirable—only stupid village folks. The simple fare, the bast shoes, the sober daily work—all this was stupid. Earnings? Yes, some brought nearly enough to pay the taxes, hardly enough to pay the damages caused by the lack of the man's share in work. And then they all wanted to show off; they had to buy in town modern garments, and walk through the street with the new-fangled harmonica, and shout in a half-drunken voice the new 'fashionable' songs inspired by the factory. Ah well, it was almost a blessing, when the short holidays ended, and the men returned to their factories again. But the seed was planted. Soon after, women found their way to the factories. Who knows where the call came from? Whether from the bits of town finery, in which the country maiden thought she looked 'almost like a lady,' or from the great hunger for freedom, for her own sweet will, the mysterious attraction of a new, unknown life, the breaking down of old traditions, new ways, new clothes, a new moral code altogether. So women followed men. Most of them found more than they bargained for. They lived a hell of a life; these healthy country flowers soon fell an easy prey to the towns. Who was there to protect and love them for their own sake? to respect their womanhood and motherhood? Huddled together, men, women and maidens, all together in a heap of misled humanity, no one to give compassion, only to blame and condemn! How could it be otherwise? Intolerably long hours, low pay, unexpected fines, a mysterious grinding and pressing of all there was in them of life, womanhood, truth. All ground together, exhausted and thrown out—a factory's 'waste'! What was the effect of this second exodus on the village life?

More exhaustion, more hopelessness, more despair, less and less strength in work. And then, after years, the debauched, diseased, exhausted wanderers came home one by one, to sponge on the remainder of the family, to curse, and drink, and die an ignoble death, leaving consternation and dumb suffering behind.

What then has to be done to re-establish justice, manhood, happiness, poetry of life? Can we not see the broken law? What is there to do but to give the peasant—wherever he may live, on the shores of the Volga, or of the sacred Ganges, in the Highlands of Scotland, or in the Emerald Isle—the land; the free possession of the land by the tiller of it?

I hear many, many voices violently calling me a Utopian, a madcap. How can this be, where a State must be the legal owner, and the regulator of the laws? How very unpractical to wish an artist, a preacher, a musician, a writer, to give their best for the sake of service. How can they live? They will perish of starvation! Absurd and ridiculous!

Aye, friends, I am only one of you. I have no magic means to accomplish miracles, but this Truth I have. If we aim at truth, happiness, love, we must make sacrifices, every one of us, rich and poor, influential and humble. We must supply the conditions for the miracle to happen. We must nurse this ideal deep in our hearts; forget the buying and selling of our spiritual gifts; give, give freely, as it was given to us freely, and lovingly. Only then shall we hear real music, see inspired works of art, see happy faces, and the colossal army of unemployed receding into the dark pages of history. Only then our daily life will become heaven.

I hear also a few half sympathetic voices of those who have long thought the same thoughts, nursed the same ideals. This golden age may come, I hear them say, but after many generations, after a long evolution

of mankind; neither we, nor our children and grandchildren, may see it accomplished.

Against this let me plead. Truly, if we and our children will for ever remain passive, feebly folding our hands before the great task, sinking down at the roadside in a hopeless despair, then indeed can we have no hope of conquering the dragon, which we have created by ourselves by this very indolence and self-indulgence. The time is ripe for rising up against the evil, so as not to let it get more and more the better of us. Is it not bad enough as it is? Shall we wait for more and more suffering to be sent to us to bring us to our senses, to our duty?

And then, is not all this misery really only a bogey? Take to pieces the greatest of modern evils, the injustice of one being sick and helpless from overwhelming richness, the other sick and helpless from lowest poverty. What is it all made of? Simply ignorance, greediness, *selfishness*. There is really no organic impossibility of re-establishing justice. As soon as we realise what Brotherhood is, we shall feel a revulsion against our own crime; then the only solution, no longer difficult but desirable and lovable, will be to give up all unearned privileges, to share, to give, to be one of the Brothers.

Let us begin in a very small way, in little groups of Justice and of Service. Let us unite in these efforts wherever we happen to live, and do our duty to our neighbors. One of those groups has been started by the International Union of Workers on the 9th July, 1910.

A. L. POGOSKY

EXTRACTS FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS

[The following are sent by a member, who has found them helpful, and wishes to share the help with others.—ED.]

YOUR God and Master has not lost you, even though you may feel you have lost Him. He did not lose me through my many years of enforced unbelief; and ever such darkness, to the soul that clings to right and duty, ends in a clearer light. Psychology, which seeks to understand some of the workings of a fragment of Himself, cannot permanently blind the eyes of your Spirit to its kinship.

No words are of much use in the "horror of great darkness." But there is some consolation in hearing a friend's voice and in feeling the touch of a friend's hand, and so I call to you through the night: "There is light here on the other side."

To me, a Master is a human being who has realised His own Divinity and is a "Perfect Man"; He remains in touch with humanity to help it. The "finding Him" is at the time He sees best, when the fruit is ripe. That you will find Him at the right time, as others have done, I am sure. But *when*, I do not know.

The feeling of safety is true and is no illusion, and when you lose it again it is well to remember that you had it.

I do indeed rejoice that Light has arisen in the darkness, and that you can see your path. You have suffered long, and the peace is the sweeter for it.

I am very sorry to hear of your old friend's religious narrowness, but it is wonderful how people resent any widening out of religious views.

Mme. Blavatsky did not *teach* much, outside her writings; her pupils had to pick up knowledge as they could, and mostly gained it by meditation. Occult science is not taught like physical science; the organs for perceiving its facts have to be evolved by long and arduous struggle, and it is this which repels and disheartens most.

You need not fear that you will waste your life. No one who gives himself to the service of the Masters, as you have done, can waste his life, for they will turn it to some useful end.

People often turn to Theosophy in trouble, and forget it again in time of joy. So with religion, with God even. And yet people say, why do we have suffering?

I can well understand the difficulty you feel as to your work. The thing is this: I know you feel sure as to the direction about your work; yet such directions are often brought through more or less distorted, the thought of the person acting apparently from outside. We all have to learn to distinguish. Messages *do* come, but we often muddle them, until by practice we learn to distinguish. If the message be from a Great One, circumstances must open your way. If they do not, there is some confusion, due to your imperfect reception of the impression.

Do not be anxious, but trust to the Master's guiding, even if He lead you, by stress of circumstances, along the way you do not like. It is still His leading. "Let not your heart be troubled."

Believe me, I sincerely sympathise with your bewilderment. These inner confusions are much more trying than the outer ones, and you need surely never fear from me anything approaching to ridicule of any experience or any feeling. So you must let me be of any help I can.

All the circumstances are against it, and these are a surer guidance than your translation of the Master's direction.

I do not understand why you should come to the conclusion that you have no work to do in the world. It is not true. You have a work to do in life, useful to your fellows. And this you will feel, when the shock of realising that all the accompaniments you mixed up with the fact may be inaccurate, and yet the fact remain. Useful and helpful you will certainly be. In a world where there is so much selfishness and so much need of help, no unselfish and capable worker can be ignored or left without work. Any temporary cessation is to give time to prepare for new efforts. So cheer up!

You should not let go the desire for fruits, if the loss of that desire leaves you with the sense of nothing you want to do. It should only go as the will to act because action ought to be done, and to do the greater will takes its place as motive. It is the divine will, the will of the Master, with which we identify our own, not as a bondage but as a larger freedom.

I am so sorry you have so much pain and trouble; it is largely due to your resolute will to press forward ere quite ready. You remember how much I have tried to induce you to wait, not to hurry, but you always will

to proceed. It will be all right in the end, but it means much trouble, poor dear.

May His peace come to you, and His help.

I see no reason why things may not, as you say, come "right in this life." Nor do I see why you should "resist" the clairvoyance, which often comes as an accompaniment of strained nerves. I should neither resist nor stimulate it.

Certainly the joining of no Society is *necessary* for spiritual progress. The Spirit is not bound. But the Society opens one of the ways. One should join it as a witness to Brotherhood and to help a great movement more than for any other reason.

The Christian doctrine of the Incarnation is the same as the Hindu one of Avatāras—a voluntary incarnation for the helping of humanity.

It is much to see the goal and the path to it, even though the way of treading it be not clear. Part of our training is to give ourselves heartily to the Masters as Their servants, and then seek to find out what is the work They give. The will to give clears away obstacles, and the intuition is aroused by the effort to see aright. Small indications, hints that most people would pass unnoticed, point to the way, and if even these are lacking, one takes the first thing that comes, and does it as though given by Them, does it for Them, and so on and on the guidance growing surer. And the will to give is the heart of it all.

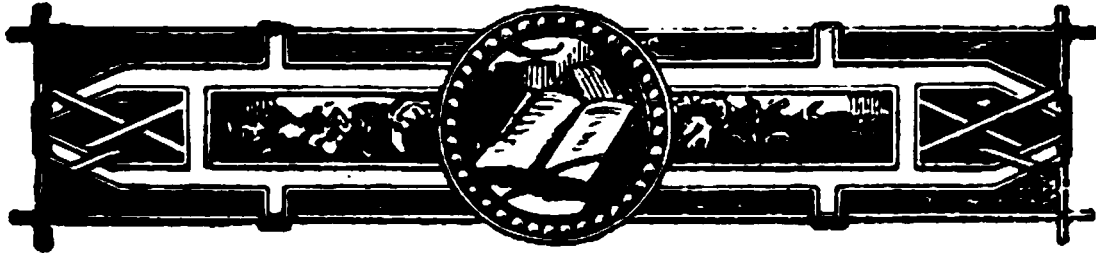
Meditation is to help us to reach the Masters, so that they shall no longer be "inaccessible."

You brought through some astral experiences mixed up with a mass of thoughts and fancies arising in your physical brain. The "dying" and "coming to life again" was the passing out of the body into the astral—a thing you do every night, but done, in this case, semi-consciously. The only difference between it and death is that the connecting magnetic link is not snapped in the one case, and is in the other. The "coming to life" was the semi-conscious return to the body.

I should be very unworthy of my Master, if I could not bear willingly with the results of strained and tortured nerves.

The visions you had were an evident attempt to cheer you up a little. Why not accept them as cheer instead of bewilderment?

The attitude of beginning work where you are is the right one, and ways will open up.



REVIEWS

THEOSOPHY

Theosophy, by Dr. Rudolf Steiner. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., Ltd., London. Obtainable at *The Theosophist Office*, Adyar, Madras. Price 3s. 6d. or Rs. 2-10.)

It is with great pleasure that we receive this book of our indefatigable co-worker, the General Secretary of the German Section of the Theosophical Society. As in the case of his two previous English books we find this one also contains very useful, instructive and interesting matter which no student of Theosophy should fail to read. Dr. Steiner expounds the elementary teachings of Theosophy in his ever original way and while compared to our President's *Popular Lectures on Theosophy* and Mr. Leadbeater's *An Outline of Theosophy*, the book will be found difficult by the ordinary reader the student will find it more helpful in that it makes its readers think and compels their attention. There are numerous good points brought out which demand some contemplation; and the reader, if he is at all thoughtful, will find himself pondering over pages every now and then. For example, Dr. Steiner's view of what Truth is and how in essence it affects every individual is worth some thought; again, his exposition on the nature and activity of memory is highly interesting; his remarks about the after-death state throw a side-light that is helpful for the student of the manual on the *Astral Plane*; and so on and on we might enumerate many points. Those who have studied with some care the H. P. B.-Subba Row controversy on the seven-fold and four-fold principles in man, will gain something by studying the tables on pp. 51 and 54. The long chapter on 'The Three Worlds' also brings out some new points, and the seven sub-planes of H. P. B.'s kâma-mânasîc plane gain in lucidity; so also Bhagavân Dâs' *The Science of the Emotions* finds justification because of Dr. Steiner's higher plane observations. The last chapter on 'The Path of Knowledge'

is full of hints of value and utility for leading the every-day life. The book will find no doubt a ready and wide sale and this it certainly deserves.

B. P. W.

The Brahman's Wisdom, by Eva M. Martin. Translated from the German of Friedrich Rückert. (William Rider & Son, London. Obtainable at *The Theosophist* Office, Adyar, Madras. Price 1s. 6d. or Re. 1-2.)

Any one who knows and admires Rückert's *Die Weisheit des Brahmanen* this little volume will bring pleasant memories. Whether it is an adequate introduction to a study and appreciation of Rückert is not quite so sure. The little book is dainty, truly; but daintiness excludes bulk, and the bulky volume of the original collection with its infinite varieties of rhymes and metres, of thoughts and fancies, of manners and ways, is not duly represented in the brief selection of only fifty-five short poems. Besides, there seems to be a suggestion of uniformity in the selection of pieces in this translation which is of course absent in the completeness of the richly variegated original. Lastly, that particular quality of spontaneous lightness and effortless ingenuity which is so characteristic of Rückert's versification, is not reproduced with the same degree of perfection as is found in the German text. Whether it would be possible to do so we know not; the translation as it stands is certainly skilful, but the translator has chosen a difficult task. Anyhow, the booklet has rekindled in us the desire to read *The Brahman's Wisdom* once more in the original. And, in a way, that should be interpreted as praise of the translation.

J. v. M.

Above Life's Turmoil, by James Allen. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, London. Obtainable at *The Theosophist* Office, Adyar, Madras. Price 3s. 6d. or Rs. 2-10.)

Above Life's Turmoil is an apt title to this valuable book from the pen of Mr. James Allen. Throughout its contents is indicated the way to attain the ideal state of existence by taking advantage of environment, to rise above the possibility of being agitated or disturbed. The process suggested is as simple as the inevitable struggle is natural, which keeps man in the turmoil of the world until he comes into his inheritance of self-knowledge and self-discipline. The best aid to development, as pointed out, may be found in the struggles of

every-day existence, from which man seeks to extricate himself; and the remedy for evil is in the Self, within the grasp of each, and may be found in the belief, aspiration and resolve of each. Cheerfulness and happiness are the essential factors which conduce to peace of mind and the helping of the world. Events and sensations hold man to their troublous state until their fascination wears away, and he becomes cognisant of what is past and what is before him, or realises his immortality. Then the tendencies to division, strife, suffering, disease, cease. Life has no accidents, as all events are the result of one's own thoughts, and the dominant thoughts regulate the nature of the incidents. The two truths that stand out in the excellent chapter on Temptation are: That all temptation comes from within, and that man is tempted because of the evil that is within him. Another truism tersely expressed is that all suffering and hindrance result from one's own life, not from extraneous things. Imperfection lies only in ignorance; perfection comes of the knowledge of the Perfect Law, is for all who seek it, and belongs to the order of things. Man must adapt himself to God and obey the Law, for if God altered for man, it would mean the perfect must become imperfect. The law of cause and effect is well illustrated in the words: "In this realm of passion, men see injustice in the actions of others because seeing only immediate appearances, they regard every act as standing by itself undetached from cause and consequence." The use of Reason leads to Truth rather than away from it. A most interesting chapter is given to contentment in activity, and followed by one on Brotherhood, wherein the author asserts: "Universal Brotherhood is the supreme ideal of Humanity, and toward that Ideal the world is slowly but surely moving." One would not require better rules to apply to life for the surmounting of its difficulties, than those to be found in this little book which is also excellently printed and bound.

G. G.

The Voice of the Ancient, by Cyril Scott. (J. M. Watkins, London. 3s. 6d. net.)

This is a bundle of poetry by an author already known by two previous poetic bundles of his own and by translations from Baudelaire and Stefan George. The verses deserve the special attention of the Theosophical reader on account of their subject matter. The first poem (after the dedication) is en-

titled 'Veḍāṅṭa'; the next group of verses is called 'Dreams after Death' and later on we find even a poem entitled 'Karma.' We will not discuss the poetic value of the production, but content ourselves with cordially recommending it to all lovers of mystic poetry or poetic mysticism. We may also quote a few lines as examples:

'Let me arise, leaving my rests of Life's delusive glories
And quit this empty unit, for a myriad souls' embraces.'

'Yea even play gives toil, and sleep gives fear, and death must
waken,'

'For Love is thus—that Bliss be not—if *one* remains or lingers;'

'Then where is death? that foolish phantom hovering o'er earth's
gladness,
Stealing o'er every joy with passionate persistence,
Nay, death is dead, immersed beneath the waves of glorious madness.'

J. v. M.

The Builders, by Mabel Collins. (The Theosophical Publishing Society, London. Obtainable at *The Theosophist* Office, Adyar, Madras. Price 1s. or 12 annas.)

This latest booklet by the author of *Light on the Path*, is divided into three parts, under the respective headings of 'The Dwellers,' 'The Destroyers,' and 'The Builders.' Though not avowedly Theosophic the ideas presented are possibly, for this reason, better adapted for the ordinary reader who might be repelled by a treatise bearing a Theosophic label. The doctrines of Reincarnation and Karma are taken for granted and also sometimes clearly alluded to in the three brief chapters of the booklet. The *Dwellers* are considered as those whose vision is bounded by the material plane and who seek only the pleasures it affords. The *Destroyers* are the atheists and those who make war upon all religious beliefs and seek to undermine the soul's noblest ideals and its faith in higher powers. The *Builders* are the reformers, the poets, the artists, the humanitarians, the world-teachers, those whose field of effort is in the realm of thought,—those who build for eternity, and do not live to see the completion of their work.

All Theosophists owe a debt of gratitude to the author of this treatise, and we trust the useful little work will have a wide circulation.

W. A. E.

Decline of Vegetarianism in Ceylon, by Ānanda K. Coomārasvāmi, D.Sc. (Reprinted from the *Humane Review*, January, 1907.)

This is a short pamphlet in which Dr. Coomārasvāmi gives a clear and concise statement concerning the present state of meat-eating in Ceylon, especially with regard to the native population. He observes with regret that this custom is spreading fast and he gives a warning against the indiscriminate adoption of European manners, even where these manners are not commendable in themselves. Some statements will be new to the general reader, for example: "Even Buddhist priests are not strict vegetarians, for they must accept whatever food is offered them." In short, this is a sensible little pamphlet calculated to be very useful in vegetarian propaganda in Ceylon.

J. v. M.

The Alchemy of Happiness by Al Ghazzali, translated from the Hindustāni by Claud Field. (Murray's Wisdom of the East Series. Obtainable at *The Theosophist Office*, Adyar, Madras. Price 2s. or Re. 1-8.)

We welcome this new volume of the Wisdom of the East Series. Al Ghazzali's name is familiar to students of Muhammadan and Sufi lore as practical mystic, and what inspires his readers is his fiery sincerity, his learning and ingenuity and his rare faculty for exposition. The alchemy he teaches in his admirable book consists of four bits—and they are not small bits!—of knowledge: that of Self, that of God, that of this world as it really is, and that of the next as it really is. The first four chapters are devoted to these and are followed by those on 'Music and Dancing in Religious Life,' 'Self-examination and God-recollection,' 'Marriage and Religious Life,' and 'The Love of God.' All of them are full of interest and impart much instruction, and the treatment though forceful is simple, though serious is not devoid of wit. It is the latter that comes home to the readers of Al Ghazzali. His homely similes, couched in the language of humour, produce a rather unique effect on a thoughtful reader and impress him with the reality of his serious teachings. We can hardly do anything better than give to our readers a few extracts to convey some of the principles of our author's writings:

“The heart may be represented as a well, and the five senses as five streams which are continually conveying water to it. In order to find out the real contents of the heart these streams must be stopped for a time, at any rate, and the refuse they have brought with them must be cleared out of the well.” . . . “The highest function of the soul of man is the perception of truth; in this accordingly it finds its special delight.” . . . “The true greatness of man lies in his capacity for eternal progress, otherwise in this temporal sphere he is the weakest of all things, being subject to hunger, thirst, heat, cold and sorrow . . . As to his intellect, a slight disarrangement of matter in his brain is sufficient to destroy or madden him; as to his power, the sting of a wasp is sufficient to rob him of ease and sleep; as to his temper, he is upset by the loss of a sixpence; as to his beauty he is little more than nauseous matter covered with a fair skin. Without frequent washing he becomes utterly repulsive and disgraceful.” The great truth of microcosm and macrocosm, of ‘as above so below,’ Ghazzali puts in simple but effective language: “God has made each of us a King in miniature, so to speak, over a kingdom which is an infinitely reduced copy of his own.” The machinating body hindering the unfolding of spirituality is well noted by our author: “The body, so to speak is simply the riding animal of the soul, and perishes while the soul endures. The soul should take care of the body, just as a pilgrim on his way to Mecca takes care of his camel; but if the pilgrim spends his whole time in feeding and adorning his camel the caravan will leave him behind, and he will perish in the desert.” Again: “Unless a man maintains the strictest watch (over his body) he is certain to be fascinated and entangled by the world, which, as the Prophet said, is ‘a more potent sorcerer than Harut and Marut.’” We could multiply quotations, but that would not enable us to reveal the beauties of Al Ghazzali; one must read and feel and enjoy and admire for himself.

B. P. W.

Notes on the Gospel and Revelation of S. John, by Hilda Baroness Deichmann. (The T. P. S., London. Obtainable at *The Theosophist* Office, Adyar, Madras. Price 5s. or Rs. 3-12).

This book contains the commentaries given in automatic writing by ‘Raphael, a Messenger of God.’ On reading this information in the preface we were naturally eager to

know what special message this great Being, who is one of the seven archangels, had for us in this time when all the old problems are being reconsidered. Alas! we found little new; like most so-called inspirational works, it contains good morality, but little originality, and we cannot but think that a minor servant was borrowing the name of his lofty Master. The writer assumes that the Gospels and the Revelations were both the work of the same author and that this was the disciple who was the loved follower of the Christ. I need hardly point out that both these assumptions are much doubted by competent investigators, both intellectual and psychic. Again, the last judgment is taken as a real occurrence ushering in the destruction of this physical globe. Many of us will be inclined to question this. There are some beautiful thoughts to be found and some indications of occult knowledge. "All who came to the Lord were changed. . . Those who came to scoff or to hinder His work were hardened." . . . "Every flower is but a type. The animal and vegetable kingdoms are but shadows of their perfection here." . . . "Christianity has never been really applied. It is quite different from what it was intended to be. Now it is the fashion to be a so-called Christian." But taken as a whole the book is laid aside as another of the disappointments we meet, when trying to gain help from spiritualistic sources.

K. B.

IIIe Congrès de l'Union Internationale Végétarienne, Bruxelles, 1910. *Compte Rendu. Premier Volume.* (Brussels, 1910, Librairie Végétarienne, 6 Francs.)

The third International Vegetarian Congress was held in June 1910, at Brussels, at the occasion of the great Exhibition taking place at the time in the same place. The first volume containing its Transactions has now appeared with creditable speed and in creditable form. A second volume is to follow, but it will contain one single lecture, namely that of Mlle. la Drsse. I. Ioteyko, on 'Vegetarian Childhood.' The present volume contains first of all the reports of an official nature concerning the Congress and its work. Then the papers contributed, together with other communications and the debates concerning them, follow, divided under the four headings of: (1) Vegetarianism and Hygiene; (2) Therapeutic Vegetarianism; (3) Economical and Social aspects of Vegetarianism; (4) The Moral Aspect of Vegetarianism. In all there are some thirty papers, mostly short

—only a few being of any great length—which have been contributed by some twenty French or Belgian authors and some ten ‘foreign’ writers. We find one or two contributors from Russia, England, the United States, Denmark, Spain, Sweden and Germany respectively. Save one, all the papers are printed in French; one only makes an exception in being printed in two languages, English and French. This distinction is conferred upon Alexander Haig’s paper on ‘The Diet Factor in the Higher Evolution of Man.’ The whole volume constitutes an exceedingly interesting collection of material for Vegetarian study and propaganda and should be warmly welcomed by all Vegetarians. As a book of reference it is invaluable. For Theosophists it is interesting to note the names of some prominent members of the Congress, who are Theosophists, as for instance, Dr. Nyssens, the Congress President, Mr. J. Morand and Dr. J. Grand, contributors of papers, and Mr. A. Meyroos, the Dutch delegate.

J. v. M.

The Suggestive Power of Hypnotism, by Dr. L. Forbes-Winslow. (Rebman & Co., Ltd., London. Obtainable at *The Theosophist Office*, Adyar, Madras.)

This book will at once create an interest in the subject which has become so popular throughout the world. The well-known Dr. Forbes-Winslow deals with it with an intelligence that comes of his deep study and long practice. His application of the power of hypnotism to the many ordinary ills of life is presented in so convincing a way, that even the few uniaformed sceptics might profit in gaining a comprehension of the existence of such a power, if not a belief of its practice. Suggestion is a component part of hypnotism, and forms the most important feature and essential element in Psycho-Therapeutics, which is defined as the healing power of the mind through suggestion. The author states that life is impossible without suggestion as it is our second nature, and as such requires control and guidance. He also says that the mind plays a far more important part in illness than the actual physical condition does, and explains how suggestion treats the patient. A strong will is one of the best Therapeutic agents, in that it enables one to withstand the influence of another by auto-suggestion—the controlling power of the mind on itself or the force of one’s own will-power to resist. He says he has never seen any harm result from hypnotism,

and that it is impossible to influence a person to commit a crime unless he already has an innate tendency to do so. The danger lies in its abuse by non-professionals or unscrupulous people, and he thinks legislation should make public exhibitions of hypnotism illegal, on account of the discredit they have brought upon the real phenomena of it. That suggestion can cause illness is verified by many common examples, and medicine is beneficial very often because of its suggestive influence. The interesting phenomena of suggestion by transference is explained. The brochure is excellently printed, and should find its way to the benefit of many readers.

G. G.

The Path Theosophical Calendar for 1911. (Blavatsky Institute, Hale, Cheshire, England). Price 2s. 6d.

This year we have two calendars issued, one in England, the other in America, by members of our Society. The one issued by the Editors of *The Path* contains very useful material, for it is not an ordinary date calendar but a perpetual one. The holy festivals of all faiths and nations are recorded and hence it is of singular interest to Theosophists. Thus, for instance, January 14th is, "first day of the Greek month Authesterion, the month of the flower festivals;" 9th June: "Mme. Guyon d. 1717, etc.;" 31st August: "Rites to Thoth," and so on.

The second comes from America and is an ordinary year Calendar for 1911 with a mystical design for each month, accompanied with a selection of verse from some sacred book.

To issue really good Theosophical Calendars is a splendid idea, and as years go by no doubt we shall have better and better productions of this kind. At any rate the two under review, with the Lotus Calendar, may well be regarded as pioneers in this line.

B. P. W.

Histoire Sommaire de l'Arbitrage permanent, by Gaston Moch, 2^e Édition, entièrement refondue, corrigée et mise à jour. 3^e et 4^e Mille. Monaco. Institut International de la Paix, 1910. Prix: 2 francs.

L'arbitrage permanent en cartes postales. Série de 7 cartes. Prix: la serie fr. 50. Monaco, Institut International de la Paix.

Précis d'Enseignement Pacifiste, by A Delassus. Monaco. Institut International de la Paix. Prix: 2 francs.

These three publications are Nos. 11, 13 and 14 of the series of 'Publications of the International Peace Institute,' which has its seat in Monaco. They are replete with information on the subjects they treat of. Mr. Moch's 'Brief History of Permanent Arbitration' deals with the history of the peace movement, as illustrated by the history of arbitration; whilst Mr. Delassus deals rather with the question as to what the peace movement really is. The latter book is divided into three sections, on (1) War is the enemy; (2) What has been done, hitherto, to solve international conflicts otherwise than by war; (3) What it is further proposed to do against war. Both works are extremely interesting and useful. Mr. Bloch's work contains some very clever and clear graphic diagrams showing the present standpoint of arbitration in the world. These diagrams are also reproduced separately and sold as picture postcards for purposes of propaganda. They are indicated by the second title given above. We do not wish to do more here than to draw attention to these publications which deserve to be widely known. Their prices are cheap; their execution excellent. The subject they treat of is of such importance that we hope this note will bring them to the notice of many new friends and will extend the sphere of their beneficial influence.

J. v. M.

A Manual of Occultism, by 'Sepharial.' (William Rider & Son, Ltd., 164, Aldersgate Street, London E.C. Obtainable at *The Theosophist* Office, Adyar, Madras. Price 6s. or Rs. 4-8.)

Occultism has been defined by Madame Blavatsky as the study of the Universal or Divine Mind in nature, of the reality which lies back of all phenomena, the study of the life, instead of the form side, of the universe. To be an occultist therefore, in the true sense of the word, requires the very highest development of the spiritual faculties so that the Divine Reality may be apprehended. So much passes for occultism in the world to-day which can only be regarded as relating to the occult arts and semi-occultism, all no doubt good and useful in its way, steps perhaps to the realisation of true occultism. The volume before us is of this nature. The author does not claim to touch the deeper arcana of the subjects he treats of, only, as he says in the 'Introduction,' to give "every thing necessary to an initial understanding and practice of the various occult arts."

In the first part of the book the author deals with what he calls the occult sciences—*viz.*, Astrology, Palmistry, Thau-

maturgic Art, Hypnotism and Mesmerism. The chapters devoted to Astrology contain a great deal of interesting information by one who knows what he is writing about, and certainly he has the courage of his convictions when he gives the progressed horoscope of King George V. for 1911. A few months will prove whether his predictions are true or false. The directional part of astrology is nearly always unsatisfactory and one is inclined to agree with the well-known astrologer 'Raphael,' that this "is a wise intervention of Providence, because if everyone knew for a certainty what was going to happen, at least 50 per cent of the people on this earth would either become lunatics or commit suicide. *True Astrology* will never be discovered until the earth is peopled by a race to whom death and misfortune present no terror." In the chapter devoted to 'Numerology' the author gives a very interesting 'Parallelism' which he says, "would of itself appear to afford sufficient grounds for a belief in the reincarnation of souls." The instance given is that of the two Kings of France, St. Louis, born 1215, and King Louis XVI. born 1754. The details given point to the return of St. Louis 539 years later, to the same environment, and also to the reincarnation of others who were intimately associated with him as St. Louis, to again play their parts with him when he becomes King Louis XVI. Trained clairvoyance would reveal whether it was so or not. The second part of the volume is devoted to the occult arts, viz., Geomancy, Crystal-Gazing, Cartomancy, etc., all very interesting in their way, but likely to prove a hindrance to the seekers after true occultism. Wise discrimination is necessary, as proficiency in the occult arts, if used for selfish purposes, may lead one to the gateway of the left-hand path. The book is well printed, contains numerous illustrations, and will, no doubt, have a very wide circulation.

M. H. H.

Subodhachandra (Gujrāṭi), by 'Vasantānandan.' (Satyavijya Office, Ahmedabad. Price 8 annas.)

This is a Gujrāṭi story based on *Unto a Perfect Man*, by Ion Keith Murray. The writer has taken the opportunity to present Theosophical truths therein. It is dedicated to Mrs. Annie Besant. We wish the book all success.

B. P. W.

Le "Cas Bunyan" et le Tempérament psychologique, by E. Marcault, Clermont-Ferrand.

This pamphlet is a reprint from the 'Literary Varieties' which were published at the occasion of the centenary anniversary of the literary faculty of Clermont-Ferrand. It deals with the Bunyan problem, endeavoring to analyse Bunyan's temperament or type as indicated in and by his autobiography called *Grace abounding to the chief of sinners*. By a careful analysis of all his figures of speech the author finds in that work 40 tactile images, 13 auditory, 11 visual and 4 gustatory ones. No olfactory image occurs. In conclusion the author classes Bunyan as a concrete, positive temperament; his religion is one of mass and weight, his emotions are "solid joy and peace." He belongs to the same type as that of the lower middle class and of the people of contemporary England. His type and religion are those of Wesleyans, Methodists, Quakers, Revivalists, Baptists, Salvationists. They all differ only in detail; but Bunyan is their representative picture. In Bunyan's 'sensual' temperament (meaning, a temperament living mainly in the senses) his 'enlightenment' or 'conversion' wrought no fundamental changes. It shifted only this sensuality from mere bodily pleasures to a higher step on the psychic ladder. 'His sensuality has risen an octave, without having changed its note.' On the whole it is an interesting pamphlet.

J. v. M.

Living the Life, or Christianity in Being, by Grace Dawson. (London: William Rider & Son. Price 1s.)

This is a little volume of 78 pages. It cannot claim much originality but the thoughts are happily expressed and punctuated by apt quotations from the Christian Scriptures. It deals with such oft-dealt-with questions as success and failure, freedom from limitation and self-control. The writer would have us look at the spirit rather than at the form; in seeking rest, *e.g.*, we should not seek for external idleness, but for the restful spirit. Whatever our outer differences and disharmonies there is a "Centre from which ultimately we shall all see alike." The book should be useful to those commencing 'to live.'

S. R.

[*J. A. Blok.*] Tao Teh King van Lao Tse in het Hollandsch overgebracht. Theosofische Uitgeversmaatschappij. Amsterdam, 1910.

This is a sympathetic rendering of the Tao Teh King into Dutch. There is an interesting little introduction, written with

much love. The 'rendering' is not directly from the Chinese but mainly after Stanislas Julien and Paul Carus. Of the Tao Teh King there can never be too many translations, renderings, paraphrases or transcriptions. The present booklet is a welcome addition to the existing number.

J. v. M.

Psychic Science, Series Nos. I—VIII, by Edward B. Warman. (London: L. N. Fowler. Obtainable at *The Theosophist Office*. Price 1s. 6d. or Re. 1-2 each).

This series comes from America, but the present edition is published in London. The eight little volumes are written in forceful language, and at least have this advantage, that they incite one to study the subjects more deeply. There are some points where most Theosophists would differ, but that is always refreshing and makes us 'furiously to think.' The subjects dealt with in the present eight volumes—psychology, personal magnetism, telepathy, hypnotism, suggestion, spiritism, clairvoyance, Hindū philosophy—are sufficiently varied to fill an encyclopædia, so it will be seen that Mr. Warman has undertaken a big task in preparing these nutshells of knowledge. A Theosophist who had read his own literature would be familiar with the points raised, but as many of our members do *not* study, it may well be that Mr. Warman's series will stimulate many to read the more serious Theosophical works. Books on personal magnetism and suggestion usually tell a great deal about the phenomena, and of the value of having certain powers, but rarely give any definite hints as to the obtaining of these powers. This is good, for the omission forces us upon ourselves, and we begin to realise that all powers are inherent, and it is we ourselves who must bring them into potency. Mr. Warman insists upon this, and at the same time writes so vigorously (he signs himself: 'Yours vigorously') that one is persuaded to try. A sentence he quotes, 'character is what a man is in the dark,' is a typical suggestion. The author uses 'personality' and 'individuality' in the reverse way from that found in Theosophical books, but if we are agreed as to the meaning of terms, there is no confusion. The *Theosophist*, of course, considers 'individuality' as behind and more lasting than 'personality.'

The conclusion drawn as to spiritism is that the cause of phenomena may always be found in some form of telepathy, but the author has not considered such agencies as nature spirits. He admits nothing extraneous to the 'subjective mind' but, surely, recent occult investigations have given us much evidence against such a conclusion.

There are some helpful points on 'suggestion' and he gives evidence of the mind's ability to make impressions, quoting, *e.g.*, the recent New York experiments when four well-known scientists held their fingers on an inclosed photographic plate, and while so doing concentrating the mind intently on a ball of surgeon's gauze lying upon the floor. When the plate was developed, the object was plainly visible.

The 'nut-shell' on Hindū philosophy is really too fragmentary for any but the superficial reader, but nevertheless, it will make one look further—and would that all books did that!—though we were sorry to see that Mr. Warman repeats some of the common misrepresentations of Eastern Religions.

The volumes are well printed and nicely bound. Only two small printer's errors were found in the whole series.

S. R.

TRANSLATIONS

Annie Besant. *The Immediate Future*. Translated into Norwegian by Eva Blytt.

Annie Besant. *A Study in Consciousness*. Translated into Norwegian by John Egeland.

C. W. Leadbeater. *The Beginnings of the Sixth Root-Race*. Translated into Dutch—translated by Mrs. C. M. Godefroy and Miss C. Streubel.

REPRINTS

Diversos asuntos Teosóficos is a booklet containing three articles reprinted from the pages of our Spanish Contemporary *Sophia*. Two of the articles are by T. D., and are called: 'The Doctrine of the Logos' and 'Pre-existence and Survival'. The third article is by Annie Besant and is a translation of the 1909 London lecture on 'The Coming Christ'.

ACADEMICAL MAGAZINES

Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society of Great Britain and Ireland,
October, 1910

There is a good deal of Arabic, Chinese, and Tibetan in this number, also a new contribution, by Dr. Hoernle, on the 'unknown languages' of Eastern Turkestan (with facsimiles and bi-lingual extracts). Of the ten main articles only two are engaged with Indian subjects and on these we remark the following.

A. Govindācārya writes on *The Aṣṭadasa-Bhedas*, or *the eighteen points of doctrinal differences between the Tengalais (Southerners) and the Vadagalais (Northerners) of the Viśiṣṭā-dvaita Vaiṣṇava School, South India*. In short sentences he opposes the two schools, laying naturally more stress on the one represented by himself, that of the Southerners. The paper does not exactly give the impression of partiality, but it yet makes one wish that a Northerner would give us a similar paper. It is a pity that the author has entirely refrained from indicating his sources. There are a good many points on which we should like to know more, *e.g.*, on the Northern dogma that Śrī may grant Mokṣa just as well as Nārāyaṇa; or on the reasons for which the Northerners deny that there are grades of Mokṣa; or in what way they reconcile this dogma with the one that Prapannas are different according to caste; etc., etc. It is interesting that the Northerners maintain that Kaivalya-Mokṣa is temporary. Of course, it must be so, if "situate in a corner of the Material Universe". But exactly the same seems to follow, and yet is not concluded, from the Southerner's tenet, *viz.*, that Kaivalya "must be located in some corner of the Spiritual Universe." For what else can this mean than that it is somehow limited? Perennial (better: absolute) Kaivalya is, in our opinion, compatible with Advaita only. As to the rest it appears to us that the Southern School is more consequent and represents a more advanced form of the Vaiṣṇava philosophy than the Northern one.

The other paper, which is among the most interesting ones ever offered to the *J. R. A. S.*, is by Sir Charles N. E. Eliot and deals with *Hinduism in Assam* which the author calls attention to mainly for two reasons: firstly, because it presents "some special developments of the Vaiṣṇava faith in which monasticism and puritanism attain a prominence unusual in contemporary India" and secondly, because it illustrates "clearly and compendiously the methods by which the propagation of Hinduism in areas originally not Hindu is effected". The paper is a succinct history of the religious development of Assam during the last four or five centuries, with a more detailed description of the present conditions. The four principal states, *viz.*, those of the Koches, Kacharis, Jaintias and Ahoms have each of them had a religious history of their own according to the various ways and times in which they received one or the other form of Hinduism. The oldest channel of the latter was Śāktism which was originally not Hindu at all but goes back, in all probability, to the aboriginal religions of Assam, a special feature of which was the cult of goddesses who were worshipped with human sacrifices and immoral rites. It remained until the last the belief of the ruling class. Vaiṣṇavism came first in a popular form disregarding caste, etc., then as Brāhmaṇic Vaiṣṇavism. It possesses now-a-days quite a number of real monasteries unlike the Maṭhas of the Hindus proper and rather betraying Buddhist influence. Among the Śāktas as well as the Vaiṣṇavas the Vedas are known by name only, the sacred books being the *Kālikā-Purāna*, *Mahānirvāṇa-Tantra*, etc., and, on the other hand, the *Bhagavad-Gītā*, *Bhāgavata-Purāna*, and a more modern work, the *Ghosha*. There were some bloody persecutions of the Vaiṣṇavas but finally the two parties recognised and partly adopted each other's gods. *Journal of the German Oriental Society, Vol. LXIV, Nos. 2 and 3.*

In continuation of his *Studies in Indian Narrative Literature*, Jarl Charpentier gives a critical edition and translation of Devendra's ṭikā on Uttarajjhayana XXII, being a Jain contribution, as it were, towards the Kṛṣṇa legend. Discussing the story he comes to the conclusion that the Kṛṣṇa legend or parts of it must have existed long before the Bhārata poems were composed, and that in various versions, of which the great epic has adopted only a few. "Of such legends the Buddhist and Jain literature has sometimes preserved the more ancient and genuine version."

F. Otto Schröder contributes a short paper on the *Origin of the Doctrine of the Samsāra*, in which it is shown that the common belief in Yajñavalkya as the first who taught reincarnation (in *Bṛhadāraṇyaka Upaniṣad*, iii. 2, 13 and iv. 4, 2-6), is erroneous. A close examination of the passages in question and a comparison of the two recensions (Kāṇva and Mādhyandina) evince that Yajñavalkya did not think of, or at least not teach, reincarnation; the two new doctrines he introduced being (1) the doctrine of Karman, *i.e.*, of the moral condition as the only cause leading to happiness in the heavenly worlds, or to some sort of damnation, irrespective of the duration of these states; and (2) the doctrine of Mokṣa as a complete cessation of individual existence (duality). The first of these tenets was kept secret because of its being opposed to the teaching of the clergy according to which future happiness depends on the *iṣṭāpūrte*, *i.e.*, sacrifices to the gods and presents to the priests.

The same author writes on *Bhagavad-Gītā*, ii. 46: *yāvān artha udapāne*, etc., a much discussed Śloka. He expounds that Prof. Pavolini's interpretation of the Śloka has been wrongly rejected by Dr. F. Belloni-Filippi, Prof. Jacobi, Prof. Garbe, and Prof. Deussen, but that the said interpretation is not new either, as the Italian scholars believe, it having, on the contrary, been given by quite a number of Indian commentators and even in one European translation, *viz.*, that of Mrs. Besant, which Prof. P. has evidently overlooked. The way in which the stanza is used in the *Sūta-Samhitā* (ed. Vol. I, p. 305) and most of all the form in which it appears in Pāli literature (*Udāna*, ed. p. 79), not to speak of its place in the *Gītā*, make it sure enough that the *heterodox* interpretation is the original one.

A. Berriedale Keith discusses, in a short English paper, *The Origin of the Indian Drama*, maintaining that, though the theory of the derivation of the Indian drama from the Greek has lately received a new support, from the researches of Reich into the Greek mime, yet it is even now more likely that the Indian drama had an independent origin, circumstances in India being all favorable, already in the Vedic time, to the growth of an independent drama.

Max Walleser shows, in a very acute and convincing manner, that the two explanations of the puzzling Buddhist term *sakkāya* (Pāli), *satkāya* (Samskr̥ṭ) brought forth so far, namely, that of Burnouf (*sakkāya* from *satkāya*) and that of Childers (*sakkāya*

from *svakāya*) are both wrong. The original was *svat-kāya*, *svat* being the ancient neuter of *sva* (cf. *tat*, *anyat*), and the term, after having become *sakkāya*, was, with not a few other ones, misunderstood by the sanskritising Northern Buddhists and re-translated into *sat-kaya*.

There is also another article, by Carl Bernheimer, *On the Vakrokti and the age of Daṇḍin*, where Professor Jacobi's criticism is examined and rejected; further a final note concerning the *Arṣeyakalpa and Puṣpasūtra* in which R. Simon declares that it is now pretty sure that both the Gānas have been used by the Puṣpasūtra.

Mind, a Quarterly Review of Psychology and Philosophy, July 1910, has, among other contributions, a lucid paper, by Ralph Barton Perry, on *The Cardinal Principle of Idealism*. The paper starts with the difference of ancient and modern idealism (India being, as always, left out of the question). The latter is epistemological, while the motive of the former may be said to be the assertion of the priority of systematic or well-grounded knowledge over opinion. Accordingly, ancient idealism, insisting, as it does, on the objectivity and permanence of truth, has a tendency towards 'absolutism'. Modern idealism came as a sort of reaction against the claim of science to have alienated the world from man. "The Kantian revolution was virtually a counter-revolution, through which the spectator again became the centre of the system," through which the supremacy of the spirit was restored by a reduction of nature to knowledge, by a subordination of nature to God. So idealism offered an enormous service to religious belief. Its cardinal principle, however, was already proclaimed by Berkeley, and it is that *to know is to generate the reality known*; or, in other words: no thinker to whom one may appeal is able to mention a thing that is not an idea, for the obvious and simple reason that in mentioning it he makes it an idea. Our author calls this *the egocentric predicament*, and he thinks that it is the most important original discovery that philosophy has made. An infinite number of fallacies, in modern philosophy, is due to the abuse of this predicament together with an unfortunate *petitio principii*, namely the following: "In order that things may be proved to be essentially spiritual, they are conceived at the outset under that form, as ideas, objects of knowledge, or experiences."

DR. F. OTTO SCHRÄDER

THEOSOPHICAL MAGAZINES

ASIATIC

The Adyar Bulletin, Adyar, February, 1911. 'The Headquarters' Notes' give a detailed account of the President's tour in Burma. 'Peter, James and John' is a readable contribution by Dudley Wright, Editor of the *Annals of Psychological Science*, in which he compares the three saints to Faith, Hope and Love respectively. In our own magazine the same clever writer is contributing an interesting paper on 'The Prodigal Son.' 'The Attitude of the Enquirer' is an excellent paper by Mr. Leadbeater, which will be garbed in a handier permanent pamphlet form as it ought to be. Sirra concludes 'The Hawaiian Tradition of Creation.' The President's quarterly letter speaks of her Rangoon tour.

Theosophy in India, Benares, January, 1911. 'Monthly Message' is followed by a paper of V. H. Mehta on 'Heaven and Hell' which contains some good points.

The Cherāg, Bombay, February, 1911. The regular articles are continued and among short contributions is a criticism by Mr. J. J. Vimādalāl of the article of Mr. B. P. Wadia translated from *The Adyar Bulletin*. If Mr. Vimādalāl will take the trouble to carefully read the article in the original he will find that its writer is not so intolerant as Mr. Vimādalāl makes him out to be. The English Supplement opens with 'An Open Letter to the Pārsī community,' by Magian, in which a healthy note is struck. It is followed by 'The Hindū Religion,' by S. K. Banerji, and various reprints.

The C. H. C. Magazine, Benares, February, 1911. 'In the Crow's Nest' is written by our President. Her speech at the unveiling of the Portraits of Lord and Lady Minto is interesting from which we will extract: "I would show a little more of the inner side of the man who guided the ship of the State through these troublous times. The first time I happened to meet him at Simla was like this. In the

ordinary way I had received an invitation to the Court ball. For many reasons I felt that it was unsuitable that I should attend. It was not a fit *place* for me to go to. The invitation was like a command, and it did not seem right to refuse. I was in a puzzle what to do, I thought I would chance it and would write privately to Lady Minto. I sent in the usual respectful refusal, and in a little note I told her what my work was in India, that I stood for spiritual teaching and for bringing back the religious and moral education in India, and my presence on such an occasion would be out of place. The Court ball was a scene of gaiety and frivolity, and to the Indian mind it would be a shock if I attended such a dance. I thought this was the end of it all, but the next day I received a note, 'If you do not care to come to the ball, will you come and lunch with us quite quietly to-morrow?'. So I went and lunched with Lord and Lady Minto. He was new to the country, he had just come from Canada, everything about him was strange, he said: 'I do not understand the people. I am told they treat you as an Indian and not as an English woman, you know the people well. Will you tell me what I should do that will enable me to reach the Indian heart, what is it that keeps us separate?' 'Your Excellency,' I said, 'lack of sympathy, lack of a feeling of common citizenship between those who call themselves the conquerors and those who think themselves the conquered, the difference of color, race and thought—these are the things which divide; English rule is just, but the English stand aloof; they do not win sympathy and appeal to the Indian imagination or the Indian heart.' From that time, realising the line of work, he made up his mind in spite of difficulties that he would try to draw the two nations together." There are various short articles, all of them readable.

The Sons of India, Benares, January, 1911. W. Rothenstein's address to students on 'Art and Its Ideals' is worth perusing; so is the contribution by B. P. Wadia on 'The Building of Character' which is a clear exposition of practical value.

EUROPEAN

The Vāhan, London, January, 1911. In this number Miss Severs writes about Adyar; L. Haden Guest, Arnold S. Banks, J. I. Wedgwood, Emily Lutyens and M. R. St. John give their interesting views on the channels, objects and preparation of

propaganda for the T. S. Anna Firmin writes a short but instructive article on 'The Power of Thought.'

Theosophy in Scotland, Edinburgh, January, 1911. 'The Four Stages of Man' by F. G. Baily is a well thought out article, the four stages being: Service, Riches, Strife, Teaching; or Labor, Capital, Reform, Consultation. A. G. B.'s letter 'On Pain' has some good ideas. Notes and news make up a good number.

The Lotus Journal, London, January, 1911, is as usual bright, full of readable interesting articles which leaves hardly any room to make selections.

The Path, Cheshire, England, January, 1911, greets us with the usual good contents. 'At the Dawn of a Kali Yuga' is a very interesting contribution from the pen of A. E. This excellent little magazine is so very attractive in its reading material that its subscribers cannot help anxiously waiting for its arrival every month. Among the various contributions we have no especial choice, all are good and readable.

Theosophie (German), January, 1911, brings a short biography of the late Countess Wachtmeister. The remaining articles are translations amongst which we notice one from the *Times of India* entitled "Behind the Indian Veil" by G. G.

Neue Lotusblüten (German), January-February, 1911, has an interesting article on 'Rosicrucian Symbols' and another on 'Buddhistic Philosophy' which both repay careful reading.

Bollettino della Società Teosofica Italiana (Italian), Genoa, December, 1910. A tribute to Tolstoi by Luigi Alfieri and the account of an interesting vision, or dream, of an Italian member of the T. S., are among the contents.

Annales Théosophiques (French), fourth quarter, 1910. 'Father Gratry: Comparison between his doctrine and Theosophy' is an interesting article by J. Alibert giving annotated quotations of this French theologian, who in his turn often quotes the early Christian Church-Fathers. 'Silence and Meditation' are extracts from Father Gratry's book, *The Sources*.

Theosophia (Dutch), Amsterdam, January, 1911, contains the usual translations besides two original articles: G. Meuleman's 'A Theosophist of the 16th Century,' an enthusiastic, appreciative essay on Böehme; J. W. Boissevain's 'Mental Inertness,' a

warning against swallowing the Theosophical teachings without careful thinking and testing, out of sheer laziness. As our leaders themselves have warned us repeatedly against such a blind faith, it seems rather superfluous to write a long article on it; but the truth must be repeated in different voices to reach the different minds, so perhaps this article may have its *raison d'être*.

Theosofisch Maandblad (Dutch), India, December, 1910, has a good but long article about 'Spiritualism and Materialism;' an Adyar Letter from a resident and some translations.

Teosofisk Tidskrift, (Danish and Swedish), Stockholm, December, 1910, opens with 'An Arabian Legend' by Tolstoi which is followed by translations from our President and Mr. Leadbeater.

AMERICAN

The Theosophic Messenger, Chicago, December, 1911 (Christmas number), has as frontispiece a portrait of Muhammad. C. Jinarājādāsa contributes a very interesting article with illustrations on 'The Grand Lama of Tibet'. He also writes on 'Three Truths of Theosophy'—the immanence of God, the evolution of the soul and the brotherhood of religions. Several special articles to fit the Christmas number contribute to make the Magazine attractive.

The Bulletin of the Chicago Theosophical Society, Chicago, January, 1911, contains some good short articles one of which asserts that Mrs. Eddy "was a re-incarnation of Clement of Alexandria."

AUSTRALASIAN

Theosophy in Australasia, Sydney, January, 1911. 'The Darkened Window,' by M. E. Ferdinando. 'A Vision of the Christ,' by E. H. Hawthorne, and 'A Short Lecture Tour' by A. T. D. (Miss Dixon) are original contributions. Notes, news, reprints and reviews are added, all readable and interesting.

AFRICAN

The Seeker, Pietermaritzburg, December, 1910, brings some good reprints and a short original contribution on 'Astrology' by Mercury, and another on 'For Christmas Day' by Wynyard Battye.

THEOSOPHY IN MANY LANDS

GREAT BRITAIN

Whilst our Brethren in India were holding their great Convention meetings, outer activities were temporarily suspended in England, for the Christmas holidays. At this time of year however we renew the bonds of fellowship with many from whom we are separated on the physical plane, by exchanging cards of greeting; and as the thoughts of so many of us turn to our Theosophical Mecca, one wonders if there are not many more present at Headquarters than those inscribed on the rolls as taking part in the Convention!

The Sunday evening meetings at Headquarters were brought to a close very fittingly by a lecture by Mrs. Cannan on Christmas, at the close of which the listeners were each presented by the speaker with a spray of Rosemary—a charming idea, greatly appreciated. A further activity which was in full harmony with the spirit of the season was the performance by Companions and Friends of the Round Table, of “Eager Heart” a beautiful play which tells of the old custom of preparing a place for the divine Guest who may come unexpectedly to any home. “Eager Heart” is the name of a simple maid who yields up her carefully prepared room to a poor and nameless family, worn and footsore, and then goes out to look for the passing of the great King. She meets the shepherds and the Kings following a star which finally comes to rest, much to her amazement, above her humble home, where they find the poor family, father, mother and child, seated, with a wonderful light shining about them and they hear the heavenly music which ever surrounds the Lord. The children played their parts with earnestness and simplicity and touched the hearts of the audiences which crowded the lecture room at Headquarters for the two performances; the collection for poor children was well responded to. A very fine piano, presented to the Headquarters, was lent for the first time on this occasion.

The joint study of the *Stanzas of Dzyān* carried out by the Blavatsky and H. P. B. Lodges, both meeting at Headquarters,

has been brought to a successful close. A careful syllabus of lectures and corresponding study classes was prepared, one lodge having the Lectures, the other the study classes, and the plan seems to have worked so well that a similar one is to be pursued during the New Year, upon the subject of Comparative Religion. The advantage of this method of working is that a larger number of members are induced to take some responsibility for the meetings.

Other activities at Headquarters are too numerous to chronicle ; for many years such activity has not been evident there as during the past few months, and the cry is for more space. Altogether, Theosophical activity in Bond Street is not a negligible quantity, for lower down the T. P. S. has the same story to tell of a period of great activity—and in some ways nothing is more satisfactory than the selling of books ; people may attend free Lectures out of curiosity, but for the most part every shilling spent upon a book represents a serious and deliberate interest. A very gratifying increase in the English sales of *The Theosophist* has also to be noticed, but not to be wondered at. The *Review of Reviews* gave a very sympathetic and appreciative notice of the President's *Brotherhood of Religions* now running in the *Theosophist*.

Thanks in some measure to the response to the Preparation Fund, the Executive Committee finds itself able to initiate a more active Propaganda than has hitherto been possible ; and to facilitate and systematise the work, it appointed a Propaganda Sub-Committee and secured for it the part use of a well-appointed office in Kingsway. Dr. Haden Guest, the energetic and capable President of the new Central Lodge, has been appointed Secretary of this Propaganda Committee.

A very interesting pamphlet upon "The Swastika" has been published by Mr. Powell Rees. His problem is to account for the world-wide prevalence of this symbol, and his solution, in a word, is Atlantis. Reference to Atlantis may be found, he says, in the literature and traditions of nearly every race of people.

"By the red man of the Western World it is called the 'Land across the Great Water,' whence the return of 'The Great White Father' is still expected. It was the original of the submerged 'St. Brendan's Isle' of the Irish legend, and the western 'Paradise' of the Hindū must be referred to the

same source. It was the 'Aztlan' which Montezuma described to Cortes as being where 'his fathers dwelt.' The Miztecs of Mexico referred to it as the 'place of heaven.' It was also the 'Olympus' of the Athenians; the 'Asgard' of the Vikings; the classic Hesperides; the Golden Land with its Golden Age, the common tradition of peoples in all countries, climes and times."

Mr. Rees's next point is that Atlantis was the cradle of human civilisation; which opinion also others have maintained. He says:

"The broad Atlantic now rolls indifferently over the scene where naught but a few islands mark the tops of the highest mountains around whose base the infant human intellect first drew its sustenance from the breast of Mother-Earth."

It was there, according to his view, that agriculture first arose; there that the horse, the cow, and the dog were first pressed into the service of mankind. There our great cereals, wheat, barley, etc., were cultivated from their now unknown originals; there man first pictured thoughts on stone, metal, and wood; there metallurgy was first practised; there arose the germ of all that makes man intellectually great; there developed the parent prototypes of all the arts and sciences, and thence were they carried in ships by early adventurers to the uttermost ends of the earth.

It is pointed out that the traditions of all peoples tell that the knowledge of the alphabet, of agriculture, of the use of metals, etc., was brought to them from without. "Wherever tradition has preserved the name of the benefactor who brought it he may be traced to an Atlantean origin," declares our author. The Atlanteans are assumed, then, to have been a colonising race as well as the founders of civilisation. They took their ideas everywhere.

But where did the Swastika come in? This is the heart of the theory:

The Continent of Atlantis is described in many of the legends as roughly circular in form, surrounded by the sea and having a mountainous centre on which the palaces of its rulers were built amidst beautiful gardens and peace-haunted fountains. From this mountain there flowed four rivers, North, East, South, and West, watering a fertile country beneath beneficent skies. Thus the home land was readily

pictured as a circle or wheel with four spokes at right angles, which subsequently became conventionalised in the shape called the Swastika; a form which had most vitality, possibly because more easily woven into a fabric with rectangular warp and woof, and more readily incised in stone or wood. This was the symbol of Atlantis. This was the device which those courageous self-decreed exiles from the delightful land of their origin made familiar in the most distant places.

It is a curious theory as to the origin of the Swastika; the maps given in Scott-Elliot's *Story of Atlantis* do not show whether there is any warrant of the supposed four rivers from the mountainous centre of Atlantis; it would be interesting to know if they actually existed.

As indicating the way in which Reincarnation is gradually permeating the mental atmosphere the following poem is of interest. It is culled from a volume of verse by James Lewis Milligan, a Liverpool workingman poet, whose work is very favorably reviewed in the London Press, and is entitled:

PRE-EXISTENCE

Men wonder if they've lived before,
To me the thing is plain;
I've lived a thousand lives of yore
And I shall live again!

I've lived a life-time in a day,
An æon in an hour;
Unnumber'd blooms had fled away,
Yet life is still in flower.

I know not how my life began,
Nor how I'll cease to be:
But this I know, I never can
Recall non-entity!

That though I wither in the earth,
And stem and not shall die:
My driven seeds shall come to birth
Beneath another sky.

The poem ought to have been called *Reincarnation*.

In the early days of the New Year our gatherings usually partake more of a social character than at other times, and this year we opened fire at our English Headquarters by a lantern lecture with which Mr. Wedgwood helped us to get more familiar with the look of Adyar. The beautiful and interesting slides he showed and the delightful thread of narrative with

which he linked them together made a very pleasant evening for the members who crowded into the lecture room to hear him.

On January 12th the New Years' party was held when besides a large London contingent of old and new friends, members from various countries were present. A very good programme had been arranged by Mr. Arnold Banks, which included some beautiful singing, and two recitations from one of our actor members; and at the close of the meeting, after one of our General Secretary's inspiring little speeches, we repeated last year's impressive ceremony, in which all stand with raised hand and name "The Day for which we look."

Lodge lectures and study Classes are beginning again all over the country, and several courses of Propaganda Lectures are being started in new districts. In London three such courses are to run through February.

One notices that more and more of the people who have already made something of a name in other directions are coming forward amongst us. Two of the lecturers in the London courses are well-known doctors, whilst Mrs. Despard, so well-known in many fields as a worker for Humanity, is at this moment making a short campaign among our Lodges in the South-West of England.

From Northern Britain we hear constantly of fresh plans. In Scotland, during the absence of their General Secretary, the work has evidently not been allowed to languish; whilst at the Blavatsky Institute in Cheshire a kind of "Winter School" has been held during the holidays.

One of the most noteworthy movements of our time in the direction of social service, is the *Liberal Christian League* in connexion with Rev. R. J. Campbell's church. Its objects are Spiritual Fellowship, Theological Freedom, a Social Regeneration, and although it has not been started very long, and proceeds from a non-conformist source, this League is drawing into its ranks many who from their birth and upbringing one would little expect to find in such circles. This is only another evidence that in every rank of life men and women are awaking to their responsibilities and are longing to lend a hand in the helping of their fellows, if they can but see the best way to do it.

The Organ of this League is the *Liberal Christian Monthly*, the current number of which contains a remarkable sermon of Mr. Campbell's on the Annunciation of the birth of Christ. Can we doubt, he asks, "that everything worth calling a divine advent, every spiritual uplift which our sunken race receives, is celebrated with joy in Heaven before we know anything of it on earth." He then goes on to quote Sir Oliver Lodge as having admitted to him in conversation that he feels there must be truth in the numerous traditions we find concerning the portents which precede the birth of mighty souls into this world and their passing out of it.

The Westminster Gazette of January 3rd gave some interesting predictions of a French prophetess, Madame de Thébes, who thinks that "the best of power and wealth, the frenzied striving after merely material objects, will be increasingly evident, until the fateful day March 21st, 1912, when the world will be free from the triple domination of Mars, Mercury, and Venus. 1911, according to this lady, represents the darkest hour before the dawn, but England, apparently is to suffer less than other countries. Perhaps the most interesting point of the prophecy is the conclusion, for we are told to look for "the coming of a brilliant dawn, for France and for the world." Certainly the newspaper evidences that so many in high places desire peace leads one to be hopeful, and encourages Theosophists at least to throw all their weight on this side, that if it may be the machinations of those who are seeking to produce discord may be overcome.

E. M. W.

RUSSIA

On the morning of November 17th, our brothers and sisters from Moscow, Kaluga and Kief were with us and were lovingly taken care of by the Theosophists of St. Petersburg. In the evening we had a public meeting, and Mme. H. Pissareff, the President of the Kaluga Branch, spoke of H. P. B. and her great work. Her lecture was followed by discussion. More than a hundred visitors attended the meeting, besides the members of the T. S.

On the 18th and the 19th the Commission of Revision and the Council met three times. On the evening of the 19th Mme. Ounkousky lectured publicly on the method of 'colors, sounds, numbers.' On the 20th the Order of Service had a meeting, and the 21st and 22nd were devoted to the Convention of the Society.

It began at 1 P.M. with a meeting of the Council. At 2-30 the Convention itself opened. Mr. Nikolas Pissareff from Kaluga, was elected Chairman. Greetings were given and read. The Report was read and approved. Then some important business questions were discussed, after which the representatives from different towns related how the work was going on in each. At 5-30 we had a dinner for all members present.

At 6-30 we began again and the General Secretary told of the work done in St. Petersburg, specially of the Order of Service, and the pedagogic group. At 8 we had tea, and then we had a pleasant general talk, and Mme. Pissareff, Mme. Ounkousky and the General Secretary told of their visit to Count Leo Tolstoi, two years ago.

The Convention closed on the evening of the 22nd with a beautiful concert. Mme. Ounkousky played on the violin, two other members played and sang, and then a chorus song 'Pater Noster,' composed by Mme. Ounkousky, and this ended the Convention. Our guests from other towns went away during the night and the next morning, accompanied to the station by their brothers and sisters of St. Petersburg. All parted happily and with a record of good and useful work done together. The Convention was indeed a very valuable and happy time for all who had the privilege of participating in it.

On speaking of the work of the year, it was noted that some public institutions, such as libraries and reading-rooms, had begun to ask for Theosophical literature and lately a demand has come from prisons; so that our magazine is now widely spread and known. The staff of the *Messenger of Theosophy* sends the magazine also to several places in Siberia and the far north, where colonies of the exiled live.

A. K.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE THEOSOPHIST

GONE TO THE PEACE

One of the oldest and most faithful Fellows of the Society in India has passed over—Rai Pyare Lāl Sāhab. He left his body at the age of seventy-one, having been born on Sept. 18th, 1839, and having died on Nov. 18th, 1910. His illness was brief; when I saw him in October he was looking well, and took great pleasure in piloting our party about Delhi. On Nov. 11th he wired to Benares for his son, Lālā Rām Saran Dās, to go to him; he had caught cold on Nov. 3rd, and had fever on the 6th, which left him again on the 7th. He declined all nourishment and gradually sank, remaining clear-headed to the last. At 3 P.M. on the 18th he asked for *Manusmṛti*, spoke to his wife about the Unity of the Self and bade his grandson study *Manu*. At 5 P.M. it was clear that the end was fast approaching, and at 8.30 P.M. he suddenly rose from his bed, and was gone. Peace be with him! his loyalty to the Master never wavered, and in all the troubles over my election he stood staunchly and bravely by my side. Now he has passed to rest for a while, ere again taking up the work.

ANNIE BESANT

BUDDHIST SCHOOLS

Since the last acknowledgment I have gratefully received Rs. 4,095-6-5, raising the contributions made to Rs. 9,817-7-10.

Besant Lodge (Melbourne); Santā Rosa and San Francisco (two remittances) Lodges (California); Brisbane Lodge (Queensland); Peary Lal (rest illegible); U. Kewelram; Mrs. Callow; Mr. A. Boyd; A. Seymour Fleet; Miss K. F. Aria; Blavatsky Lodge (London); Russian T. S.; Mme. Baudouin; Mr. and Mrs. Kitts and C. Jenkins (2nd Don.); S. Williams; J. B. Mc. Conkey; Spirit Agniel; E. Stout; B. Wonters; A. J. Cory; West Australia; R. R. Aiyar; Malegaon Lodge; A Well-wisher; Mrs. Jago; 5721; C. Chaboty; Jules Chaboty, Sn. and Jn.; Mrs. E. P. Shutts; Washington Lodge; Capital City Lodge; C. Latirin; A. W. Maurais; U. K. Hamstrom;

Theosophists of Santa Fè; Mrs. Ellberg; A. L. Williams; S. and Mrs. Ransom; A. G. B.; *Through M. Charles Blech*: Mme. Sevé; Melle Moral; H.; D.; H.; Melles. M. and I. Amant; Mme. Magny; E. D.; F. Violet; Bordeaux Lodge. *Through Mr. John*: Lodges of Adelaide, Allansford, Bordex, Ballarat, Cairns, Melbourne, H. P. B., Sydney, Tweed River; Members and Friends; Javanese Members and Miss B. Kriesfeld; Teotl Lodge (San Salvador); R. V. Haines; J. Reynolds; Miss E. Dakin; P. van der Linden; H. Pullar.

ANNIE BESANT

HEADQUARTERS IMPROVEMENTS

	Rs.	A.	P.
B. S. R.	11	0	0
T. P. C. Barnard	15	0	0
U. S. A.	15	4	0
Col. Olcott's Executors	207	10	5
Dr. Appel	30	0	0
Balance of Birthday Gift (A. B.)	246	15	0
D. M.	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Kitto	7	8	0
C. Jenkins	7	8	0
Mrs. Bandouin	100	0	0
A Servant	50	0	0
Dr. Burnett	30	0	0

Rs. 725 13 5

Previously acknowledged 10,454 3 1

Rs. 11,180 0 6

I have also received towards a new Printing Machine:

J. Meyer	15	0	0
Anon.	7	8	0
M. Brandenburg	105	0	0
Mrs. Bandouin	176	7	6
Interest on Debentures	94	8	0

Rs. 398 7 6

I have also received the following sums, with no direction as to their application: B. Kent Rs. 15; Mrs. Goddard Rs. 15-4-0. U. S. A. (no name) 15-4-0; J. Broome, N. Z., Rs. 39; Miss J. M. Hyde, Rs. 15; Dr. Mersch Rs. 11-11-0; Anon. Rs. 41-6; I shall be glad to know the donors' wishes.

For all which gifts many thanks.

ANNIE BESANT

Printed by Annie Besant, in the Vasanṭā Press, Adyar, Madras, and published for the Editor by the Business Manager, Theosophist Office, Adyar, Madras, S.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE THEOSOPHIST

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The following receipts from 11th November, 1910, to 10th January, 1911, are acknowledged with thanks:

ANNUAL DUES AND ADMISSION FEES

	Rs.	A.	P.
McMarie Leroux, Barcelona (5 Shillings)	3	12	0
General Secretary, T. S. Scotland, balance of dues (11s. 4d.)	8	8	0
Mr. J. Arnold, Hankow, fees for 1910	15	0	0
Mr. H. Gents, The Hague (10 Shillings)	7	8	0
General Secretary, Russian Section T. S. (£5-3-4) ...	76	9	0
General Secretary, Indian Section, balance of fees ...	585	5	6
Count Maurice Prozor from Cairo, (£2/-Dues for 1910&11.)	29	9	5
Australian Section T. S., balance of dues for 1910 (£11-16)	174	15	2
Netherlands Section T. S., dues for 1910 (£35-4-6) ...	522	3	0
Italian Section T. S., dues for 1910 (£9-4)	136	5	5
Mr. V. R. Menon, Singapore, annual dues for 1910... ..	15	0	0
Mr. J. A. Williams, balance of dues (10 Shillings) ...	7	8	0
Mr. J. A. Fashanu, South Nigeria Lagos (9s. 9d.) ...	7	5	0
General Secretary, Scottish Section	3	0	0
Mr. E. W. Weera Ratna (10 Shillings)	7	8	0
Mr. P. Sirisena (10 Shillings)	7	8	0
Mr. S. Kandyah (10 Shillings)	7	8	0
Theosophical Society, Galle (10 Shillings)... ..	7	8	0
New Zealand Section (£20-1-4)	297	8	3
Mrs. Beatrice Webb, annual dues from May 1910 to April 1911 (£1)	14	12	2

DONATIONS

"Anonymous," Auckland (£100)	1,482	10	0
Mr. C. R. Pārthasārathy Aiyangār, Chittore, N. Arcot.	20	0	0
Mr. S. D. Patel, Poona	20	0	0
Mr. C. R. L. E. Harvey, London (£1,000)	14,826	3	0

ADYAR LIBRARY DONATION

Mlle. Marielle, Cannes	300	0	0
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Rs. 18,583 9 11

A SCHWABZ

10TH JANUARY, 1911.

Treasurer, T. S., Adyar

OLCOTT PAÑCHAMA FREE SCHOOLS

The following receipts from 11th November, 1910, to 10th January, 1911, are acknowledged with thanks :

DONATIONS

	Rs.	A.	P.
Through Mr. Partabrai, Quetta Lodge	15	0	0
Mr. S. R. Gore, Hubli	11	4	0
Mr. Ade Lumer, U. S. A.	19	14	0
Mr. K. S. Rāman	5	0	0
Mrs. Rosa G. Goddard, Rochester, 5 Dollars (Food Fund).	15	0	0
Miss Ellen Rice, Honolulu, £2 (Food Fund)	29	9	5
Dr. G. P. C. Barnard, North Gonawanda, N. Y. (10s.)	7	8	0
E. S. Member	25	0	0
Australian Section T. S., Sydney (£2)	29	10	5
"M. O. M. S."	10	0	0
Mr. Charles H. Gow	7	0	0
Mr. Charles Sautter	8	8	0
Mr. A. Roya	15	0	0
Mr. M. M. Foote	6	0	0
Mr. Frank Zossenheim, Harrogate (£2)	30	0	0
Mr. B. Raṅga Row, T. S., Hyderabad	10	0	0
Mr. H. Fiesst, TeAroha, New Zealand (£1)	15	0	0
Mr. A. Schwarz, Adyar	350	0	0
Maṅgalāmbāl Ammāl, wife of Mr. S. Bhāskara Aiyar, for October and November, 1910.	20	0	0
Mr. E. G. Harsh	14	12	0
Mr. G. Clyden	30	10	0
Mr. H. W. Thompson-Gisborne (£1)	14	13	2
Lieut. Col. Nicholson	15	0	0
Lieut. Urguhard	10	0	0
Mr. V. S. Trilokikar, Bombay (Food Fund)	15	0	0
Through Miss Alma Kunz, Chicago (10 Dollars)	30	10	0
Miss Ellen Rice, Honolulu (£2)... ..	29	8	4
Mr. M. H. Kalvani, (Food Fund)	5	0	0
Blavatsky Lodge, Chicago (£3-13-9)	54	9	7
Donations under Rs. 5	17	4	6

TECHNICAL DEPARTMENT

Mr. D. H. Dastūr, Bombay	25	0	0
„ K. R. Jassawālla, Bombay	15	0	0
„ Jamshed N. R. Mehta, Karachi	20	0	0
	926	9	5

A. SCHWARZ

Hon. Secretary and Treasurer, O. P. F. S., Adyar

10TH JANUARY, 1911.

NEW LODGES

Location	Lodge Name	Date of issue of the Charter
London, England ...	Central London Lodge, T. S.	17-9-10
Pinar del Rio, Cuba ...	Occidente	1-10-10
Philadelphia, S. America.	Philadelphia	4-10-10
Nimes (Gard), France	Excelsior	10-11-10
Florence, Italy ...	Etruria	22-11-10
Goribiḍnūr, South Kolar, India.	Goribiḍnūr	30-11-10
Paris, France ...	Dhyana	14-12-10
Dundee, Scotland ...	Dundee	12-5-10
Toulon (Var), France ...	Christos	18-10-10
Geneva, Switzerland ...	Bouddhi	21-10-10
Geneva	Saṭṭva	"
"	Helvetia	"
Aberdeen, Scotland ...	Aberdeen	24-10-10
Siṭāpūr, Oudh, India ...	Siṭāpūr	3-11-10
Pārlakimēdi, Ganjam District, India.	Rāmaliṅga	14-11-10
Sūri, Bīrbhūm, India ...	Sūri	17-11-10

LODGES DISSOLVED

Boston, Mass., U. S. A. ...	Fenway	"	1910
Wilmette, Ill., U. S. A. ...	Wilmette	"	1910
Portland, Ore., U. S. A. ...	Portland	"	1910
Honolulu, Hawai Islands.	Oahu	"	1910

The Eastern Hill Lodge, T. S., Melbourne City, Victoria, Australasian Section, returned its charter on 16-2-1910.

ADYAR,) J. R. ARIA
2nd December, 1910. } Recording Secretary, T. S.

A NATIONAL SOCIETY IN SWITZERLAND

A charter to form a National Society, to be called "The Theosophical Society in Switzerland" with its administrative centre at Geneva, in the country of Switzerland, was issued on 1st December, 1910.

ADYAR,) J. R. ARIA
7th December, 1910. } Recording Secretary, T. S.

ISIS UNVEILED

Continuous enquiries are made regarding the new edition of *Isis Unveiled*. The *Theosophist* Office has booked a fair number of orders and buyers are enquiring for their copies. We need not assure them that the *Theosophist* Office will forward the books as soon as they arrive. It expects to do so during the next fortnight, if the boat arrives in due time and there is no delay at the Madras Custom House in clearing the cases. The price for two volumes is Rs. 16 and as only a limited number of copies are arriving first, those of our readers who want at once must remit by Money Order Rs. 16/- and postage of Re. 1/-

ADYAR TALKS

(*Second Series*)

We regret to say that because of the unavoidable great pressure on our Vasantā Press during the last months, we have not been able to produce for sale the second series of Mr. Leadbeater's *Adyar Talks*. We hope to be ready early in April if all goes well. As in the case of the first series, there will be two editions—(1) a superior Library and (2) a special Indian, price as before Rs. 4-8 or 6s.; and Rs. 3 or 4s. respectively.

AT THE FEET OF THE MASTER

The unusual but expected demand for this book has been well met. We have however to notify that the leather binding is no more available, nor superior blue cloth with gilt print. The binding

now available is in good cloth for Re. 1 which contains the portrait, of the young author. Our special Indian Wrapper edition is also ready and is sold at 6 Ans. or 6d. The demand for this little book is so continuous and pressing that all available copies are sold direct to our customers and we regret we have not yet been able to supply the trade; we hope to do so at the earliest opportunity.

MAN : WHENCE, HOW, AND WHITHER ?

This is the title of the new book of our President and Mr. C. W. Leadbeater which will presently go to the hands of our printers. It will be printed on nice feather weight paper and will be bound handsomely. Students will naturally be looking for this great book which is the result of long clairvoyant investigations by our two most reliable seers and able exponents; students will more easily grasp the contents of this volume if they will take the trouble of carefully going through Mrs. Besant's *The Pedigree of Man* (the memorable Convention Lectures of 1903.) The latest edition of this book also contains Mr. Schwarz's excellent diagrams and notes.

The *Theosophist* Office can supply this latest edition for Rs. 1-8 or 2s.

PROPAGANDA PACKETS

These are now ready for sale. Special care is taken in the selection and making up of these packets and they are of two kinds:

- (1) For forming the nucleus of a Theosophical Library.

(2) For free distribution to (a) Libraries and Associations and (b) friends and enquirers. Prices for these packets vary from Rs. 3 to Rs. 500.

HINDU PHILOSOPHY BY DR. SCHULTZ

Secretaries of our T. S. Lodges in India are requested to send postage stamps to the value of Ans. 4 and get their copy of this book which our Vice-President Sir S. Subramania Iyer has printed at his expense for distribution among T. S. Branches. It is the translation from the French of the Report of an Officer to the French Government who speaks highly of Theosophy and the Work of the T. S. Only Secretaries of T. S. Branches in India will be supplied with free copies on receipt of 4 Ans. postage stamps. The price of the book is 8 Ans. postage extra. A few copies only are available.

FIVE YEARS OF THEOSOPHY

The *Theosophist* Office will be able to supply this volume next month. It is a new edition uniform in size and binding with other works of Mme. H. P. Blavatsky, printed on a nice paper which makes the book light in weight and very handy. It has been long out of print but it is at length reprinted and students should not fail to order early copies, of which very few are available. More copies will be supplied perhaps a month later. The price of the book is Rs. 4-8.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE THEOSOPHIST

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The following receipts from 11th January to 10th February, 1911, are acknowledged with thanks:

ANNUAL DUES AND ADMISSION FEES

	Rs.	A.	P.
Mr. C. P. Gunawardena, Colombo, Dues of 36 members, Colombo Buddhist T. S.	36	0	0
Mrs. N. A. Courtright, Louisville Ky. (£1-1)	14	13	2
Major A. G. B. Turner, Baluchistan (£1-5)	19	0	0
Mr. R. Tibbett, Tsinanfre (£1)	14	10	5
Presidential Agent, Spain (£5-3-11)	76	15	5
Do. do. do. (£1)	14	12	2

DONATION

Mr. N. H. Cama, Nander	10	0	0
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ADYAR LIBRARY DONATION

Mr. C. V. Venkatramana Iyengar, Coimbatore ...	360	0	0
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Rs. 546 3 2

A. SCHWARZ

10TH FEBRUARY, 1911.

Treasurer, T. S., Adyar

OLCOTT PAÑCHAMA FREE SCHOOLS

The following receipts from 11th January to 10th February, 1911, are acknowledged with thanks:

DONATIONS

	Rs.	A.	P.
Mr. P. D. Khan, Colombo	40	0	0
Mr. W. S. Stewart, Glasgow (10 shillings), Food Fund	7	8	0

Mrs. Baur, Geneva	5	15	0
Mr. V. Ramachandra Naidu, Enangudi	12	0	0
Theosophical Society, Perth	22	8	0
A friend of Col. Olcott } Donation Account	1,256	11	1
„ (€105) } Food Fund	150	0	0
„ Teachers Provident Fund	150	0	0
Mrs. Edwards (Proceeds of Paintings)	40	0	0
Donations under Rs. 5	2	0	0

TECHNICAL DEPARTMENT

Mr. P. D. Khan, Colombo	75	0	0		
							1,761	10	1

A. SCHWARZ

Hon. Secretary and Treasurer, O. P. F. S., Adyar

10TH FEBRUARY, 1911.

NEW LODGES

Location	Lodge Name	Date of issue of the Charter
Pudukottai, S. India ...	Sadashiva Brahmendra Lodge, T. S. 29-12-10
Kalbadevi Road, Bombay, India ...	Shri Krishna Lodge, T. S.

ADYAR, }
3RD FEBRUARY, 1911. }J. R. ARIA
Recording Secretary, T. S.

PRESENTS TO THE ADYAR LIBRARY

During the past months several valuable books have been donated to the Adyar Library, Western Section, of which a list follows below :

From Mr. C. R. L. E. Harvey :

List of Books forming the Reference Library in the Reading Room of the British Museum. Fourth Edition. Revised and enlarged. 2 Vols. [London.] 1910.

From Mrs. L. Nettell :

Richard and Isabella Ingaese. From Incarnation to Re-incarnation. Revised Edition. New York, London. [1908 ?]

From *The Theosophist* Office, Adyar :

Annie Besant, P.T.S. Popular Lectures on Theosophy, with a foreword by N.G. Cholmeley, B.A., C.S.I., I.C.S. [Adyar, 1910]. (Special Burma propaganda edition.)

From Mr. J. P. W. Schuurman :

J. Vercoullie. Beknopt etymologisch woordenboek der Nederlandsche taal. Second much enlarged edition. Gent, The Hague. 1898.

From Mrs. H. Lübke :

Maurice Maeterlinck. L'Oiseau Bleu. Seventh thousand. Paris, 1909.

From Mrs. Annie Besant :

Bibby's Annual. Vols. for 1906 to 1910, Liverpool, 1906—1910.

From the Count A. de Gramont :

E. Rutherford. Radio-Activity. Cambridge. 1904.

William Cecil Dampier Whetham. The recent development of physical science. London. 1904.

From Mr. John H. Cordes :

R. N. Hall. Great Zimbabwe, Mashonaland, Rhodesia. London. [1905.]

Jean Paul. *Levana* oder Erziehlehre. Second, corrected and enlarged edition. Stuttgart. 1835.

What say the Scriptures about Hell? Brooklyn. 1909.

J. J. Rousseau. *Emil* oder Ueber die Erziehung. Frei übersetzt von H. Denhardt. Two volumes. Leipzig. n.d.

Studies in the Scriptures. Series I. The plan of the Ages. 2,782,000 edition. Brooklyn. 1909.

Studies in the Scriptures. Series II. The Time is at Hand. 833rd Thousand. Brooklyn. n.d.

Studies in the Scriptures. Series. IV. "The Day of Vengeance." 112,000 Edition. Brooklyn. 1909.

From Mr. K. E. Schalkwijk :

Dante Alighieri. De Goddelijke Komēdie. Vertaald door J. K. Rensburg, 3 Vols. Amsterdam. n.d.

777 vel prolegomena symbolica ad systemam sceptico-mysticæ viæ explicandæ, fundamentum hieroglyphicum sanctissimorum scientiæ summæ. London and Felling-on-Tyne. 1909.

Dr. P.C. Boutens. Spel van Platoon's Leven. Delft. 1908.

Goethes Faust. Erster Teil. Leipzig. n.d.

From Mr. Pekka Ervast:

A valuable collection of 38 Theosophical works, mostly translated, in Finnish. They comprise greater and smaller books by H. P. Blavatsky, Annie Besant, Alexander Fullerton, C. W. Leadbeater, Dr. Rudolf Steiner, Michael Wood, M. C., H. S. Olcott; nine books by Pekka Ervast; Bulwer Lytton's *Zanoni*, and the "Bhagavad-Gītā," as well as works from other authors.

From Mr. and Mrs. S. Ransom:

J. C. O'Connor and *C. F. Hayes.* English-Esperanto Dictionary. London. 1904.

Mlle. D. Menant. Anquetil Duperron à Surate. Paris. 1907.

Mlle. D. Menant. Parsis et Parsisme. Paris. [1904?]

A. Disciple Creation: Evolution and destiny of soul. Letchworth. n.d.

Henry George. Social Problems. London. 1884.

Henry George. Protection or Free trade. New Edition. London. 1888.

Henry George. The Condition of Labour. An open letter to Pope Leo XIII. London. 1891.

Henry George. Progress and Poverty. London. 1890.

Alice Braithwaite. Plainer fare and less of it. Harrogate and London. 1908.

C. T. Knight. Philip Menze. London. 1909.

Mrs. J. B. Dale. Indian Palmistry. London and Benares. 1895.

Khaldah. El Ferassah. Hand-Reading. A practical and popular treatise in Modern Cheirosophy. New York. n.d.

Beha-Ullah. Les préceptes du Béhaïsme. Traduit du Persan par Hippolyte Dreyfus et Mirza Habib-Ullah Chirazi. Paris. 1906.

H. J. Jensen. Possible relation between sunspot minima and volcanic eruptions. n.d. [1902?]

ADYAR,
10th February, 1911. }

JOHAN VAN MANEN

Read!

Read!

Hinduism and India

BY

GOVINDA DASA

A vigorously-written book from the standpoint of Reform, inspired by a strong love of India, and an honest wish to see her take her place among the progressive nations of the world. The writer is extraordinarily well-read, both in eastern and western literature, is never dull, and is often caustic.

Paul Deussen, *Ph. D., Professor of Samskr̥t, University of Kiel, the famous Vedāntin, writes to the author :*

“I have received with best thanks your interesting work on *Hindūism and India*, and I see with pleasure that you continue to promote the awakening of India.”

J. Jolly, *Ph. D., Professor of Samskr̥t, University of Warzburg, writes :*

“This work contains an excellent account, I think, of the ancient religious beliefs and literary compositions of India. It is very clearly written and easy of comprehension. I hope to utilise your work a great deal for my University Lectures on Samskr̥t literature. It is quite up to date evidently, and presents many important questions in a new light.”

E. W. Hopkins, *M.A., Ph. D., Professor of Samskr̥t, Yale University, says :*

“I have found much matter of great worth, especially, as I conceive, for your good country-men to learn and ponder. I am thankful for all books so enlightened and well-written. May the Prospect be true as the Retrospect is accurate.”

F. Otto Schrader, *Ph. D., Director of the Adyar Library, says :*

“I hail your book as a strong breeze of fresh air promising to do much good to old Bhāraṭavarsha.”

Cloth Re. 1-8. Boards Re. 1-4.

Theosophical Publishing Society, Benares City and
161 New Bond Street, London.

The THEOSOPHIST Office, Adyar, Madras, S.