



STATUE OF GIORDANO BRUNO.

THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

ANOTHER year has closed its door behind us, and our thirty-third volume is complete. Another year swings back its door before us, and we begin the first page of our thirty-fourth volume. Let it open with a greeting to all our readers, far and near, scattered the whole world over: greeting of love and gratitude to the many friends who ring our globe; greeting of love and gratitude also to those, happily few, who hide their true faces beneath the mask of enmity, and think themselves to be our foes; for they bring us as gift the opportunity to practise forbearance and to increase fortitude—a good gift surely, albeit it be thrown in our faces instead of given with a smile into our hands. Peace, then, and goodwill and gratitude to all, “friends, neutrals, and enemies,” for we can learn from all, and while our friends give us inspiration and the longing to live up to their ideal of us, our opponents do us the great service of pointing to our mistakes, apparent or real, and by

showing us the joints in our armour, enable us to mend them ere the real day of battle dawns upon us. So to all, goodwill.

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The only cloud in our Theosophical sky is over Germany which seems to resent any attempt at co-operation. Last winter, as our readers know from our March number, I asked various residents at Adyar to put themselves into touch with their different countries, in order to gather news from each of the progress of the movement, to be published for the general benefit. This attempt to draw the countries together has been warmly welcomed, save in Germany, and we have been able to publish Theosophical news from different parts of the world. (By error, it has been put into *The Adyar Bulletin* instead of into THE THEOSOPHIST.) But a letter from Mr. Cordes to Herr Bernard Hubo brought the astonishing answer that by the request "it is only possible to understand confidential news of a personal character, possibly about Dr. Steiner. Although no secret doings happen in Germany that have to eschew the light of day, I have to refute very strongly the insinuation of a kind of spying as an insult of the grossest kind. It has really come very far that the Headquarters of the T. S. instigate attempts at spying! . . . If such happenings should become generally known a bigger storm than that of five or six years ago might arise" (Translation). I should have regarded this as the ill-feeling of one man, had I not received a similar letter from two ladies, and had not Fraulein von Sivers, Dr. Steiner's right hand, written to Dr. Hübbschleiden, that she could not invite Mr. Cordes to Munich because of his attempts at espionage. Such is

the astounding and most untheosophical distortion of our wish to draw the National Societies nearer to each other by news of the work done in each. As there is no way of reaching German members, in order to remove the misrepresentations spread among them as to Adyar and the President of the T. S., I print this explanation of the absence of German news in our columns; the absence is not due to antagonism to Germany, but to the accusation of spying which answered our attempt to enter into closer relations with our German brethren. I wrote last May to the *Mitteilungen*, sending the letter, registered, to Dr. Steiner—correcting his misrepresentation of me to the German Convention of last December, but have had no answer; the *Mitteilungen* is only published occasionally, so I publish these letters in this number of THE THEOSOPHIST, and ask my German friends to make them known as widely as possible in Germany.

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A very large gathering assembled at Harrogate for the Seventy-third Conference of the Northern Federation, on August 3rd and 4th, 1912. The General Secretaries of England and Wales, Scotland, and Russia were present; Mrs. Russak represented the T. S. in America, and many members were present from Scotland. On the evening of August 2nd, I lectured to the Harrogate Lodge on 'Broad Lessons from the Study of Past Lives,' and the subject proved a very interesting one. On the morning of the 3rd, we all assembled on the new site, purchased by the Lodge for the erection of a building of their own; addresses were given by Mr. Hodgson-Smith, the three General Secretaries, Mrs. Russak and myself. We then descended and encircled the stone; two copper

boxes—one containing the pictures of four of the Masters and the other the usual journals, etc.—were placed in the cavity, and then the stone was lowered to its bed of mortar spread over the surface of the lower stone, was carefully adjusted, and declared to be well and truly laid. Two appropriate verses were sung, led by Mrs. Russak, and the simple but impressive ceremony was over. May the building thus consecrated prove a centre of blessing to the town.

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The General Conference met at 3-30, and was presided over by myself ; it opened with greetings from the representatives of other countries, and then the discussion on 'The Nature of Memory' was begun with a paper by Mrs. Russak. This was followed by speeches from Mr. Theodore Bell, Miss Pattinson, and Miss Kate Browning, M. A., all bringing out some interesting aspect of the many-sided subject. A couple of useful questions and the summing up by myself closed the meeting. We then adjourned for the annual photograph, and were afterwards re-invigorated by an excellent tea. The day's work was closed by a lecture from myself on 'Instinct and Intuition,' and I also laid before the meeting the proposed organisation of the Order of the Sons and Daughters of England.

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On Sunday, August 4th, the long spell of wet weather, which had been broken by a very fine day on the 3rd, resumed its uncomfortable sway, and the skies poured down on us uncompromising rain. The first meeting was of the E. S. Then at 3-30, a damp crowd gathered at the Grand Opera House, to listen to a lecture, 'Who are the Masters and how can we reach Them?'

It was the largest meeting we had ever had in Harrogate. The evening meeting was smaller, a violent storm of wind and rain breaking out just when people should have been setting out for the lecture; however the hall was two-thirds full, despite the pelting shower, and the lecture, 'Reincarnation applied to Social Problems,' aroused keen interest.

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August 5th saw our party again in London, and I had a long conference with our architect, Mr. Lutyens, in the evening. The land we bought from the Skinners' Company has been taken over by the Bedford Estate, and our large Hall can be built thereon. A large strip of vacant land has been added on each side of the Headquarters' building, so as to give plenty of light and air, and the final arrangements are in train to complete the taking over of the land on which the wings are to be built.

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August 5th had long been given to the Letchworth Summer School, and Mr. Alan Leo kindly motored me with his wife to the Garden City. It was a stormy day, with occasional gleams of watery sunshine, and fierce gusts of wind. At 5 P. M. there was a Lodge meeting, for the formal initiation of members into the Society. The late President-Founder would have rejoiced over the revival of his favourite ceremony in the West. About forty members gathered at the meeting. In the evening I gave the concluding lecture of the Garden City Summer School; the subject was 'The Citizenship of Coloured races in the Empire.' The church wherein the lecture was given was crowded, and the subject evoked much interest. The Summer School has been a great success,

and the promoters were all quite radiant over the brilliant realisation of their hopes.

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Lady Emily Lutyens, National Representative for England, has organised second and third grades of the Order of the Star in the East. The second will consist of all wearers of the Silver Star who volunteer for definite service, such as meditation, lecturing, writing, answering letters in the press, acting as stewards at meetings, attending on stated days to meet visitors, etc. This grade is called the Service Corps. The third grade consists of members of the Service Corps, who are free to go wherever they are wanted, and can give up their lives entirely to service. These are chosen by myself. Any members who wish to join the Service Corps should communicate with Lady Emily Lutyens.

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I often advise people to choose territorial names for Lodges of the T. S. rather than personal ones, unless the personal are those of historical characters, or of those who have passed away. A case in point supporting this view is the action of the Board of the Besant Lodge, Berlin, which has discarded the name because Dr. Steiner is President of it. 'Berlin Lodge,' the new designation, is much better, and will not arouse 'feelings'. Apropos of the controversy now going on in India the following is interesting: "Those who follow personalities rather than principles will *always* be shaken out of the Theosophical Society." I quite agree with this remark, made by the present President of the T. S. a short time ago—before the controversy.

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When I sent from Sicily the articles on 'Consciousness in Men and Animals,' and on the 'Four-dimensional World,' I had not with me the name of the book from which the chapters were taken, or that of the author. The book is *Tertium Organum, a key to the Enigmas of the World*, and the author is Mr. P. D. Ouspensky. I am glad to be able to remedy the omissions.

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The Wesleyan Conference has been largely advertising me: "Mrs. Besant's influence in India" is printed in big type as a heading in many reports. The Rev. Philip Cape of Benares complained "of the influence of Mrs. Besant in India". He said that, "whatever she might say in England, in India she was always hostile to Christian missions". The Theosophical idea of religions is difficult for the ordinary missionary to grasp. We regard all great religions as divinely inspired, and seek to strengthen the noblest side of each in its own domain. Just as in England I try to serve the faith of the country by representing it in its best light, by pointing to its mystical side, and elucidating its deeper meanings, so in India do I seek to serve the local religions. In Ceylon, I lecture on Buddhist lines, as I do also in Burma. In India proper, I lecture on Hindûism, Zoroastrianism and Islâm; I have lectured on Christianity, but very rarely, for my audiences are non-Christian. I try to serve these great faiths, to strengthen and to deepen their hold on the minds and hearts of their adherents. It is perfectly true that this work is a great obstacle in the way of Christianising India, but the obstacle is the vivification of these faiths in their adherents, not any attack made by me on Christianity. To me all religions are ways to God, and the spirit of hatred

to the religion of another has no place in the heart of the Theosophist.

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I explain and justify the faiths of the country in which I am lecturing, and I grant that this weakens the position of the missionary, who seeks to destroy them. As regards the missionaries, I have praised their educational work, except on its religious side; in the latter, they promote infidelity and materialism, by destroying the boys' belief in the faith of their fathers, while unable to implant their own; I have protested against the use of ridicule and insult as weapons against Hindūism, and Christians should not object to that, as they go much further in England, and punish blasphemy with imprisonment; to me blasphemy against the Object of worship of the Hindūs is as offensive and in as bad taste as blasphemy against the Object of worship of the Christians. The missionary medical work is splendid, and deserves the highest praise. I have often spoken to Christian audiences in England against the attempts to injure the great eastern faiths, and have found much sympathy with this position. I make no effort to conceal my own views, and often have been blamed in England for stating frankly: "I am not a Christian." To me personally, Hindūism, in its noblest form, is the highest exoteric expression of religion, but I never seek to force it on an English audience. In speaking to Christians I put spiritual ideas into a Christian garb, as I speak French when addressing Frenchmen.

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The Rev. C. W. Scott-Moncrieff, F. T. S., is doing good work in lecturing, whenever he is able to leave his duty in Scotland. He spoke lately in the Ladies' County

Club at Cardiff, the Countess of Plymouth, F. T. S., presiding, and also gave a public lecture under the auspices of the Cardiff Lodge; Miss de Normann, F. T. S., is doing splendid work in that district. Among other signs of progress is the acceptance by the chief daily journal of Alsace of a novel by Mdlle. Aimée Blech, F. T. S., to be published *en feuilleton*; Mdlle. Blech is becoming well known as a writer of Theosophical novels. My own little book, *Theosophy*, in 'The People's Books'—a six-penny series of books by well-known authors, on religion, philosophy, and science, published by Messrs. Jack, of Edinburgh and obtainable at our THEOSOPHIST Office, Adyar—will be issued on September 4th of the present year. It will be on sale at the T. P. S., London, and by the Propaganda Committee, at 19, Tavistock Square and may be had at railway book-stalls; it should reach India in October.

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A League, named the League of Redemption, has been formed under the T. S. Order of Service. The Chairman is Captain Arthur St. John; Secretary, Reginald Farrer; Executive Committee, Mrs. Haden Guest, Lady Emily Lutyens, Miss Ord, Miss Pye; Mrs. A. J. Webb, Major Adam, and Dr. Armstrong Smith are also invited to join. The League is to work for the redemption of women who have fallen into evil hands. I met the Committee before leaving London, and we passed some amendments to the White Slave Traffic Bill now before the House of Commons. The methods of work agreed upon are:

- a. Directed thought and meditation on principles;
- b. Consideration of causes and how to deal with them;

c. Constructive application of principles by :

- (1) Finding out what is being done and where and how we can help ;
- (2) Experiment of our own, as we see the way.

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Bishop Anderson of Chicago, in his Annual charge, spoke very nobly on Christian unity, and, if the "Brotherhood of Humanity" were substituted for the "Church of Christ," every Theosophist would endorse the following :

The unity of the Church of Christ is an established spiritual fact. The manifestation of this unity is the duty of Christ's disciples. . . . It was the manifestation of unity for which He prayed, not the creation of unity. . . . There is a unity, but the world cannot see it. There *is* unity, but the world does not believe it.

The Bishop wisely remarks, dealing with Christian sects, that "the Church cannot live on its past conflicts. It cannot acquiesce in an armed truce as a permanent attitude." And he then proposes :

1. Let us confess the sin of schism. . . .
2. Let us confess our part in the schism. . . .
3. Let us cease confessing other people's sins. We Anglicans have confessed the sins of the Roman Catholics and the Protestants with great ardour and with unstinted fulness. Let them confess their own.

The advice might be generally taken. If we all gave up confessing other people's sins, the world would be more peaceful.

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Science may sometimes add to the gaiety of nations :

M. Edmond Perrier, director of the Museum of Natural History, brought to the notice of the Academy of Sciences yesterday a series of researches among oysters made by M. Danton. This scientist has discovered that the sex of an oyster often varies in the same subject. A male oyster, for example, will change into half male, half female, and then into a female without apparent cause. M. Danton has also discovered that the female oyster is undoubtedly the superior sex. The male is weaker and inferior in every way, and when badly

nourished a female oyster will 'degenerate' into a male. With a change of diet, however, she resumes the privileges of her sex.

Is this a vestigium or a rudiment ?

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A friend sends another of the interesting 'coincidences' which guide those who are ready into the T. S. In June, 1902, he received a letter in which the writer referred to myself. He wrote in reply, asking who I was and where I could be seen or heard. He posted his letter in the Union Rooms at Oxford. Five minutes afterwards he saw a poster announcing a coming lecture by me. He went to the lecture, felt much attracted to Mrs. Sharpe, who was with me, and so began his acquaintance with the T. S.

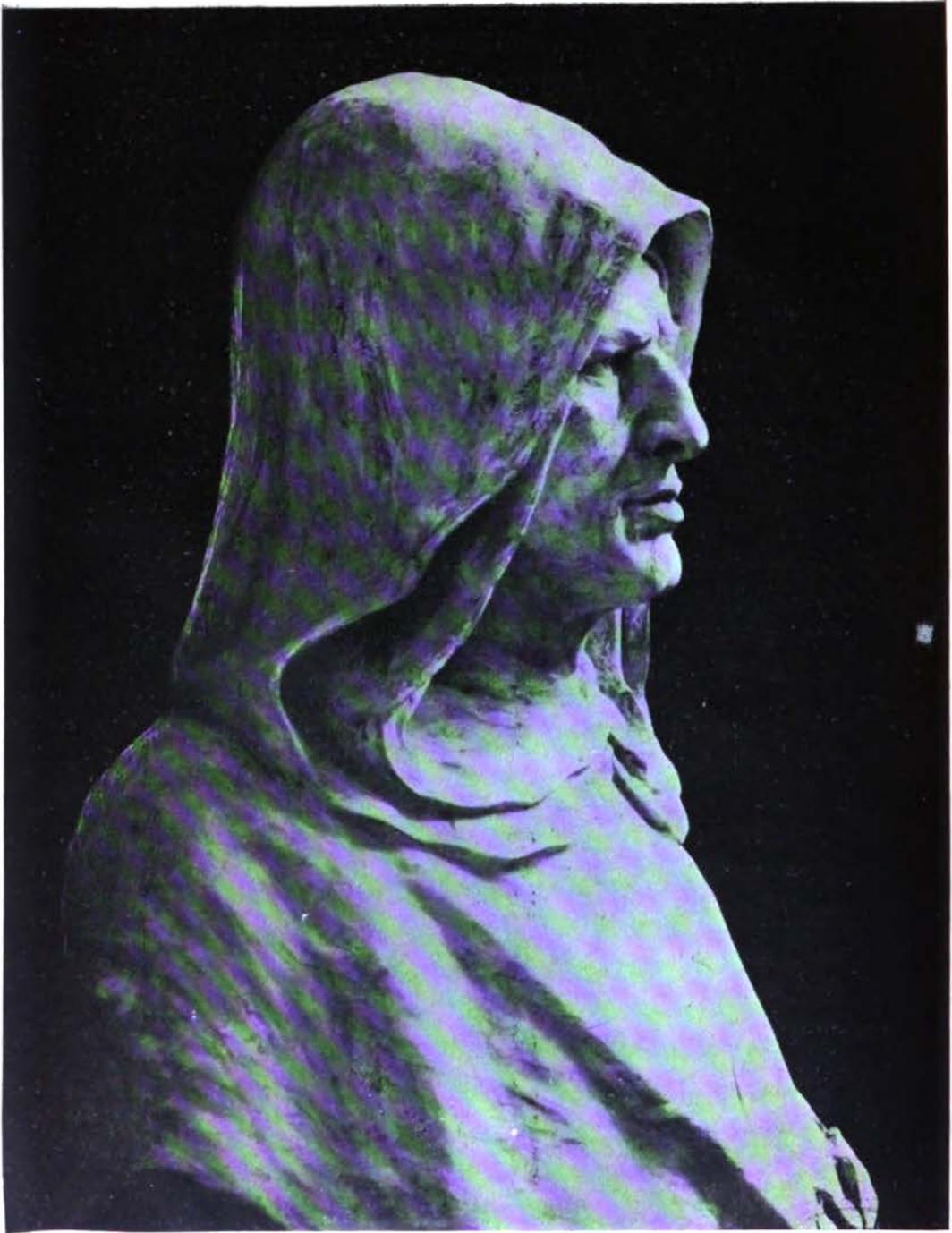
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We bade farewell on August 23rd to a large crowd of well-wishers at Charing Cross Station, the General Secretaries of England and Scotland, and Miss Green of Southampton kindly accompanying Miss Stewart and myself to Dover. Their affectionate farewell is the last memory of England. Across a 'choppy sea' and then on steady land we sped forwards through the night, and through the following day, until at Turin another crowd greeted us; here Mr. Leadbeater and Mr. Hodgson-Smith joined us and travelled with us to Alessandria, a pleasant interlude of happy converse; the face of another friend, Mr. Kirby, smiled at us at Alessandria, and the three waved goodbye as our train ran onwards. Only seven passengers boarded the little Osiris, and two of them left us at Port Said for the Soudan, so that only five of us embarked on the China. But here Mrs. Kerr met us, having come from Bombay, and I had the pleasure of meeting Major Nicholson,

a brother of Lieut.-Colonel Nicholson, F. T. S., who, however, landed at Aden, so our acquaintance was of the shortest.

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At Aden a little group greeted us, Fellows of the T. S., the fruit of the labours at Aden of Captain and Mrs. Powell and Lieut.-Colonel Nicholson; they joined the T. S. after my lecture at Aden on the last journey, and came, with some friends, to wish us a good voyage, bringing some fragrant flowers. At Aden, a letter met me from Captain Powell, asking me to receive some addresses of welcome at Bombay from the Blavatsky Lodge, a number of Indian Lodges, and the Order of the Star in the East. The signatories had been moved to their kindly thought by the many attacks made on me during my absence; and truly I know that the great majority of loving and loyal hearts are willing to accept the poor services I can render to India, the beloved Motherland, without casting stones at me because I am not yet perfect in their eyes—who indeed could be? I fear, however, that the noisy section of the press, which has been throwing mud at me, may have somewhat weakened, not my influence with the Indians, but my power to help; the Indians know the value of the largely subsidised attacks, but the Government may be misled by them, not realising that they are instigated from America and Paris; because I am against the separation of India from the Empire, I am regarded as an obstacle to be removed. I have some letters from one of the instigators, urging the Indians to “throw off the English yoke”. I have, however, no inclination to purchase immunity by ceasing to preach union, so must put up with the results of my work of peace.



BUST OF GIORDANO BRUNO (SIDE VIEW).



GIORDANO BRUNO

THEOSOPHY'S APOSTLE IN THE SIXTEENTH
CENTURY¹

By ANNIE BESANT

THREE centuries and more have rolled away since Giordano Bruno, the Nolan, spoke in the Sorbonne of Paris; not here he spoke, in this magnificent Hall in which we are gathered to-night; but nevertheless it was in this same famous Sorbonne that he set forth his theories on the Infinite Universe, on the Universal Life, on the Immortality—or rather, the Eternity—of the human Spirit, and on the Life Heroic that leads to Human Perfection.

Come with me up the stream of history to the sixteenth century. We are in the year 1576. Bruno,

¹ A Lecture delivered in the Sorbonne at Paris, on June 15, 1911.

having narrowly escaped the clutches of the Inquisition—which had tried to seize him in his monastery and to arraign him for a somewhat audacious pamphlet, in which he had jibed with caustic irony at the vices of the monks and had criticised none too gently some of the dogmas of the Church—had fled from the neighbourhood of Naples and had betaken himself, with more courage than good sense, to Rome. Rome had no welcome for the peccant monk, and finding there the same danger menacing him, he escaped to Noli, a small town of northern Italy, and sought to gain there a modest livelihood by teaching, dropping his garb of monk. Noli, however, proved a failure, and Geneva attracted his errant steps. But the Calvinist proved no less hostile to him than the Roman Catholic, for Beza, successor of Calvin, was hard as iron, and the ashes of the fire that had burned Servetus were scarcely cold. A hint that his arrest was ordered and that a similar fate might meet him, sent him, an agile climber, over the city wall, since the gates had been closed to cage him; he betook himself to Lyons, later on to Toulouse—where the stake of Vanini glowed in the not distant future—and finally reached Paris.

Eager to spread his ideas, he asked permission of the Sorbonne to lecture; permission was given, and soon a professorship was offered, with the usual condition: a Sorbonne professor must attend the Mass. Now Bruno had no mind to attend Mass; impatient of falsehood, frank to rashness, to him a lie in action was as base as a lie in words. But the times were dangerous; often in Paris streets the cry rang out: "The Mass—or death." Yet, death or no death, Giordano Bruno was resolute not to buy a professorship with a fraud, so

of professorship he would have none.¹ What to do? How seat him in a chair in the Sorbonne? Henry III, then King, was attracted for the moment by the young Italian. The students, careless of authority, would, by all means, hear the Nolan, so great a contrast to the ordinary professor; his fiery and vivid eloquence; his irony, now gay, now biting; his satirical humour, sometimes laughing and light, sometimes sardonic and bitter; his magnetic personality above all, drove them wild with enthusiasm. A way must be found, lest King should be angered, and students rise in revolt. "Let us create for him a professorship extraordinary, without conditions," said the somewhat alarmed authorities. It was done, and Giordano Bruno was named professor extraordinary, with permission to teach the dull and harmless system of Raymond Lully, a system of logic and mnemonics. To all appearance his subject was innocent enough, but the solemn University grey beards did not know their new professor, truly extraordinary, and the way in which he could vivify the dreariest theme.

To him, in truth, the theme was not dreary, but full of vivid possibilities, opening out to him vast horizons. For was not speech materialised thought? that which in the intelligible world was Idea became Thought in the world of intelligence, and Object in the world of matter. Was not the Idea creator, while speech and object were only its creatures? God Himself, when He willed to create a universe, manifested Himself as Word, and the Word, in turn, was made flesh.

¹ He said later as to this: "I would not accept it, because it is the rule for lecturers in this city to attend Mass and the other Sacred Offices, and I have always avoided doing so, knowing that I was excommunicated for having left the religious life and unfrocked myself; and though in Toulouse I was lecturer in ordinary, I was not bound to do this, as I should have been bound in Paris had I accepted the post of lecturer in ordinary." (Doc. IX).

Under the veil of Lully, he could teach the philosophy which he had breathed in his father's house, the lore of Pythagorean Greece, transplanted into Italy.

Let us see who this Giordano Bruno was, who for a brief time was the idol of the Paris students, and for a few months, at least, the favourite of a fanatical and weak King.

He was born in the neighbourhood of Naples, in the little town of Nola, under the flashes of Vesuvius. This town had been once a city of some importance, dating from the Etruscan period, and perhaps colonised by some Greeks from Chalcis. Its inhabitants, brave and warlike folk, had guarded well their town through many a period of storm; more than once the troops of Hannibal had rolled back broken from its walls. Later on, the town had been sacked by the Goths, and had fallen into the hands of the Saracens. When its best-known son, our Giordano Bruno, was born, it was little more than a heap of ruins. Yet over those ruins shone the mighty figure of Pythagoras, for the whole district was part of 'Greater Greece,' and had been a centre of Greek philosophy; the tradition of Greek thought and of the doctrines of the neo-platonic School of Alexandria was still living and potent, and it may be that, lying on the slopes of Vesuvius, the ardent boy dreamed of Hypatia, and half awed, half attracted, was fascinated and stimulated by her fate.

It was in this atmosphere that Filippo Bruno, he who was to be known as Giordano, was born, and under the ægis of this philosophy he was nurtured. Moreover the boy listened eagerly, with shining eyes, to the talk of the erudite and cultured men who gathered in his

father's house, fervid lovers and devoted admirers of the philosophy and the ideals of Pythagorean Greece.

His father was a man of cold, strong, balanced temperament, at times bordering on severity, and always austere; a man of the type of the Stoic, a thorough Pagan of ancient times. Our philosopher recalls an incident of his childhood: One evening after supper, one of the neighbours cried gaily: "Never did I feel so jolly as I feel at this moment." The father answered grimly: "Never wast thou such a fool as now."¹

His mother was gentle and pious, timid and limited in intelligence; she tenderly loved her son, and her one hope, her one prayer for him, was that he should become a monk.

From this strangely assorted pair, so opposed in temperament, was born this fiery spirit, this knight-errant of philosophy. A soul aflame, a spirit subtle and proud, an inspired orator, a prolific writer, at times himself carried away by the torrent of his own fatal facility—such was he whom Hegel called a "comet that flashed across Europe," whom Bernouf spoke of as "this blazing spark of a fiery life".

The mother's prayer was fulfilled. Filippo Bruno, a mere boy, but fifteen years of age, steeped in the thought of Pythagoras, of Plotinus, of Porphyry, of Proclus, of Iamblichus, entered a Dominican monastery, and hid his ardent heart under the frock of the monk. His superiors, unwisely delighted with his remarkable and precocious intelligence, dreamed of great glory to come through him to their monastery, and named him Giordano, after the successor of G. Dominic. So lightly

¹ *Degli Heroici Furori*, Part I, Dial. ii.

did the boy's feet tread the road which led to the Dominican monastery, and thence, by many a precipice and many a height and depth, to the Field of Flowers in Rome.

Poor mother, dreaming of her son in peaceful Nolan home, dreaming of pious future, of holy sermons to devoted listeners—dreams never to be realised. Poor, simple, gentle heart, and narrow intelligence. It was as though a barnyard hen had hatched an eagle's egg, and gazed up helplessly at the young eaglet that had nestled 'neath her wing, and then, grown strong, had cloven his way sunwards. She had dreamed of a saint, and had given birth to a hero; she had planned for a monk, and behold! a heretic and a martyr. Cruel, in truth, was the fate of the mother, but splendid the destiny of the son. For the red glow of Bruno's funeral pyre was the rosy dawn of modern thought in Europe.¹ By his words he was to vivify life, by his martyrdom he was to slay death.

To understand Bruno, to understand the intensity of the passion, of the ardour, with which he proclaimed his message, we must realise the splendour of the light which had just burst upon the dazzled eyes of Europe, the immensity of the horizons it disclosed.

In all civilised countries, the Hebraic cosmology dominated the world of thought, and Aristotle was the arbiter of all science, the adopted son of the Christian Church tyrannising equally over Rome and Geneva. To challenge Aristotle was as heretical as to challenge canonical Scripture: both were heretical, and heresy spelt death. The earth was immovably fixed, the centre of the universe; on and for this earth, God had suffered

¹ The simile is due to M. Bartholmiss.

and died, and from it had ascended visibly to the fixed heaven arching above it; everything had been created out of nothing for the sole benefit of the human race—for it the sun, moving amid the clouds, for it the silvery moon, for it the myriad stars; beyond those stars, studded like golden nails in the revolving azure vault of the firmament, was the immutable heaven, the throne of God, the realm of saints and of angels. On high, above our heads, heaven with its delights; below, beneath our feet, hell with its torments. *The Universe is finite—small, narrow, limited, walled in by visible horizons.*

Not so! cried out the new insurgent thought. The earth is rolling round the sun, one of a myriad worlds; the sun is fixed, and round it the earth is travelling, with many another revolving ball; there is no firmament, there is only space; space above and below us, space stretching around us everywhere, space dotted with a million worlds, inhabited like our own. Where heaven and hell may be we know not; there is room and to spare for every thing. *The Universe is infinite—wide, broad, unlimited, stretching through limitless space.*

Such was the startling antithesis, such the cry of re-awakened Science, ringing out with glad assurance, and deafening the ears of Faith.

We, who from infancy have been brought up in a limitless universe, cannot readily conceive—unless we use a vivid imagination¹—the upheaval of ideas, the dismay produced in the minds of men, by the new theories which launched our hitherto stable world, a rolling ball, into the void of infinite space—infinite nothingness, it seemed. Man felt himself crushed by this

¹ Perhaps Memory?

Nature, which had always been his servant, created for his use, but which had suddenly grown gigantic, overwhelming, menacing, while he was reduced to a mere pigmy, lost in infinite size. He was terrified; and as the child, who seeing in the dusk of twilight some familiar thing grown dim and terrible, runs for protection to his mother, hiding his face in her bosom, so man, scared by the new vistas opened before him in a world that was familiar, rushed madly for protection to the arms of his mother, the Church, and hid his eyes in her faith.

Only five years before Bruno's birth, Copernicus had given to the world, from his death-bed, his revolutionary book. He had, in fact, revived the science of antiquity—the science of the Mysteries, the science slain by Aristotle—and, like Pythagoras, he had taught that the sun was fixed and that the earth moved. These ideas were innate in Bruno, the fruit of a long series of lives in which he had known the great Being incarnated as Pythagoras, and these innate ideas rushed into articulate speech as soon as he studied the ideas of Copernicus.

The period was, indeed, the beginning of a terrible crisis, alike for Religion and for Science, a crisis which well-nigh became fatal to both, dragging the one into superstition, the other into scepticism. For the new ideas seemed to threaten the very life of humanity, to menace it with destruction.

“How then!” came the cry from all sides, “is man, the king of creation, naught but a pigmy, a thing of no account, an atom, a mere grain of sand in the desert of an infinite universe?” The dignity, the greatness, the moral stature of the human soul, were destroyed by these ideas. Everything was tottering, was

crumbling into ruins, round the feet of an amazed and horrified Church. It was with a true intuition of the change implied in the old-new astronomy, if by atrocious methods, that the Church straightway set herself in opposition to the altered science. The mere change as to the relation between the earth and the sun mattered little; but the change of relation between man and God, the sacrifice of Christ for love of man, His victory over death and triumphant ascension into heaven—these mattered infinitely, for they were the charter which secured the immortality of man.

Bruno, on the other hand, viewed the problem which confronted the sixteenth century from quite another view-point, the problem of the relations between God, the infinite universe, and man. In his turn he cried out, but with a triumph and a transport of joy that seemed diabolical to the alarmed Church: "Yes! yes! the earth with its inhabitants revolves and moves in space; the worlds are innumerable, the Universe illimitable, Life incarnates everywhere in forms. Therefore life is universal, and on all sides creates living beings. This life, universal, omnipresent, infinite, is the Universal Being whom men have called God. On all sides inhabited worlds, everywhere living beings! Then Death can only disintegrate bodies; it cannot touch life. Hence the body has no value except as an instrument for a life which is deific, a life noble, loving, heroic, worthy of being a part of the life universal and divine. Fear, falsehood, baseness, these are the real ills of life. Dishonour is worse than death, since dishonour stains the life, while Death but breaks the form."

Such was the new moral basis, corresponding to the new thought, that Bruno offered to Christianity

with a certain naive expectation of friendly response: The Immanence of God, the Life Universal animating all bodies; the eternity of the Spirit, since by his very nature he is part of the Life Universal; based on these two natural and irrefragable facts, the cult of the True, the Good, and the Beautiful, the life heroic, the only way in which the specialised life could be made worthy of the Life Universal.

This was the thesis upheld by Giordano Bruno in all the countries of Europe visited by him, in all the Universities which opened their doors to him, in all the centres of thought. It was this view of life which fanned his eloquence into flame. Science for him was not arid and sterile, a mere set of categories; it was a religion, fruitful and inspired. He loved science, he preached science with all his fiery energy and ineffable enthusiasm; he was the apostle of science, its fervid defender, and he became its martyr. For to him science meant Occultism, the study of the divine Mind in Nature, the study of divine Ideas embodied in material objects. By studying objects, then, it was possible to read the language of Nature, and to learn therein the thoughts of God.

But Christianity utterly refused his message. Had it accepted it, the bitter conflict waged from the sixteenth to the nineteenth century between religion and science would never have broken out. The Church imprisoned the Messenger; then burned his body to ashes, and scattered the ashes to the winds, which carried them as seeds of truth over Europe. But the thesis rejected by the sixteenth century is being eagerly accepted by the twentieth. The message stifled by the smoke of his martyrdom is ringing through Europe to-day. His

voice died in his throat, but it is now echoing around us, for "to know how to die in one century is to live for all centuries to come".¹ Vainly did the Vatican place his books on the Index. His thoughts have winged their way to immortality, and they are spreading over the modern world; they are *Theosophy*.

Three of the works of Giordano Bruno are of special interest to-day, those which he himself called "the pillars of my system," "the foundations of the whole edifice of our philosophy". The two first are purely philosophical, and are entitled: *Della Causa, Principio e Uno*, and *Del Infinito Universo e Mondi*. The third contains also much of his philosophy, but is irradiated with his lofty and inspiring conception of a truly human life; it is the famous *Degli Heroici Furori*, and contains the application of his philosophy to conduct, and the description of his ideal.

If the earth be not an immovable body in the centre of a finite Universe, it follows—according to Bruno's philosophy—that the Universe has neither centre or limits; thus the Infinite is already realised in the visible creation, in the immensity of space. Hence, in short, the undetermined totality of beings constituted an unlimited unity, produced and sustained by the primitive unity of life Universal, the Cause of causes. That is to say, this Unity of life is the basis of humanity, and the Immanence of God is the foundation for the solidarity of man.

¹ *Tansillo*: To those whom Heaven favours the greatest evils are converted into still greater good: since necessities bring forth toil and study, and these in most cases [produce] the glory of immortal splendour.

Cicada: And death in one century brings life in all the others.

Degli Heroici Furori, Part I, Dial. ii.

The working out of these ideas is sometimes obscure in the text of his books, but the underlying original concept is ever clear, and it is that of One Existence, a Life, a Consciousness unlimited, intelligent, and universal. This Existence is everything—everything without exception ; in it everything has being, not only actualities—a universe that is—but also possibilities—all universes that may be. This Existence contains all ; all derives from it, all returns to it. Bruno used to say, quoting from S. Paul : “ Truly was it said that in Him ‘ we live and move and have our being ’ .” Yet was he burned as an atheist.

This One Existence manifests itself in three hypostases, or modes :

(1) The first is THOUGHT. This Thought is the Substance of the Universe. The Act of divine Thought, according to Giordano Bruno, is the substance of things, the root-base of all particular beings. Herein his philosophy recalls the Vedāntic doctrine—which must have been in him as the result of his past—that the Universe is but the Thought of God, and that all things save the One Reality, the Universal Self, are unreal.

(2) & (3) In this Thought, the Substance, are two elements : SPIRIT and MATTER, which are the second and third hypostases of Universal Being. Spirit is the positive, or formative, element, which informs and moulds all. Matter is the negative, or receptive, element, which becomes all. Again we note the appearance of Indian thought, this time of the Sāṅkhya—another of the six Schools—but with an important difference. In Bruno’s philosophy, Spirit and Matter are always conjoined, and the universe consists of these two elements ; they are opposites, ever bound together, and



BUST OF GIORDANO BRUNO (FRONT VIEW).

together form Nature, the shadow of God.¹ In the Sāṅkhya, on the contrary, Spirit (Puruṣha) exists by itself, dwelling apart as a witness, as a spectator, and reflecting itself in Matter as energy, acting only on Matter as a magnet acts on particles of iron: Energy and Matter together are the parents of form. Many will recognise herein the doctrine of the great German biologist, Ernest Hæckel, who, probably all unconsciously, is really a follower of the Sāṅkhya philosophy, and holds that Force and Matter create the Universe. For Bruno, however, Spirit is ever present, not as a witness but as an agent, for Spirit is the builder of every form; it is the one formative, or creative, agency:

Be it ever so small a thing, it has in it part of the spiritual substance; which, finding appropriate conditions, expands into a plant or an animal, receiving the members of any kind of body which commonly is called living; for Spirit is found in all things, and there is not the minutest particle which does not contain such a portion in itself, which is not ensouled.²

The second element, Matter, is passive. Bruno says that we should conceive Matter as one, even as we conceive Spirit as one. Let us take, for example, he says, the analogy of an art, like that of the wood-worker. In all its operations it has as material, as subject, wood. This art produces, always in its own material, the most varied forms and objects, none of which is proper or natural to the wood itself. Thus Spirit, the formative principle, of which Art is a reflection, requires for its operation certain Matter, or material, since no agent can work on nothing, nor produce anything from nothing.

¹ "Birth, growth, and the perfection of all which we see is from opposites through opposites and in opposites; and where there is opposition, there there is action and reaction, there is motion, variety with its grades and succession." *Spaccio della Bestia Trionfante*. Here, again, we are reminded of the Hindu 'pair of opposites'.

² *Della Causa Principio e Uno*, Dial. ii.

But the Matter on which Spirit works cannot be perceived by the senses, as can that on which Art is employed ; it is perceptible only to Reason. The senses only perceive its forms, after Spirit has shaped them. All natural forms come forth from Matter, and to Matter they return; a grain becomes herb, then corn in the ear, then bread, chyle, blood, seed, embryo, man, corpse; then again, earth, stone or some other thing, and so on in endless revolutions. There is surely then herein, throughout these recurring changes, something which transforms itself into all these different objects, and yet remains the same. Whence it follows that nothing save Matter is constant, or worthy of being called a principle. That which is, that which exists, that which all beings have in common is Matter. Matter should therefore be regarded as a being, a unit, which produces all bodies.¹

“To reach the knowledge of the One is the aim of every philosophy.” “Bodies are the true objects of knowledge.” We have here two admirable definitions of philosophy and of science. Philosophy is the knowledge of Unity by the Reason, apart from the multiplicity of objects; Science is the observation of objects by means of the senses. Only he who knows the Unity is a philosopher. “Such a one”, said Plato, “I esteem as a God”.

The positive element, Spirit, is the soul in all separate beings, the soul of each object. This is another important concept in Bruno's philosophy. The Universal Spirit individualises as the soul in each body; hence, he says, the soul is the cause of the harmony of bodies, not their resultant. In this lies the essential

¹ This is a summary of Bruno's teaching as to Matter. The student may compare *Della Causa Principio e Uno*, Dial. iii.

difference between a spiritual and a materialistic philosophy.

Materialism holds that the molecular arrangement of matter is the cause of life and intelligence, that life and thought depend on such arrangements. A spiritual philosophy maintains that life is the formative principle, and that its efforts to express and manifest itself determine the various aggregations of molecules, building thus the bodily organs intended to subserve the functions of life. In the first, it is Matter which produces all; in the second, Life dominates Matter, and shapes it for its own use.

For Giordano Bruno the two elements are eternal—Matter which produces a succession of bodies, Spirit which individualises itself as soul. The soul thereafter develops itself through successive incarnations in bodies which ever become more complex and more perfect. The perfecting of the soul is the goal of all progress, since the life of the soul is the life of man. Sin is the negation, the absence, of good.

As for death, it is absolutely negligible, for the body is continually changing, and every change is a little death.

There is no death for us, nor for any substance; nothing substantially diminishes, but everything, travelling through infinite space, changes in appearance. And because all of us are subject to the best efficient law, we must not believe, hold and hope aught else, than that as all proceeds from good, so everything is good, works towards good, and ends in good.¹

In order to demonstrate that his philosophy must induce morality, and that morality is its sure basis, Giordano Bruno explains the constitution of man. Man is made up of three principles which reflect the three

¹ *Del Infinito Universo e Mondi. Præmia Epistolare.*

hypostases, or modes of manifestation, of God in the universe. Man thinks: hence he participates in the divine Substance, which is Thought—as we have seen; this is the highest part of man, the germ of Divinity existing in him. Man feels: that is, he wills; hence he reflects the divine Will, or Spirit, the formative element; this individualises itself as soul, which is in man the positive element, individualised from Spirit the universal positive element; this soul, by means of its higher powers, may unite itself to Thought, or Intelligence, while, by means of its lower powers, it may unite itself to the body, its creature. The student must not here allow himself to be confused by the nomenclature; that which Bruno calls Thought is what we call in these days Spirit; he does not use the term Spirit as an element in man; that which is Universal Life, outside Man, he calls Spirit, and this becomes soul when particularised in man. His trinity is not therefore Spirit, Soul, and Body, but Thought, Soul and Body. He says the Soul must aspire upwards to Thought, where we should say that the soul must aspire upwards to the Spirit. The idea is identical; only the names are different.

The body is man's instrument for action. Man acts; that is to say, he manifests the positive principle of energy, making use of the negative principle, Matter. The body must, therefore be considered as man's third principle.

But we must be careful to assign to the body its proper place:

The soul is not in the body in any local sense, but only as intrinsic form, and as extrinsic formative agent, as that which makes the limbs, and shapes the mass from within and from without. The body, therefore, is in the soul, the soul is

in Thought, and Thought is either God, or is in God, as Plotinus said.¹

Thus, according to Bruno, man's true and primitive form is divinity ; if he has the consciousness of his own divinity, if he realises it, he may regain his primitive form, and raise himself to the highest heaven. Through knowledge of his own essential nature, man can regain the form divine.

The Church was ever saying to man : " Thou art wicked and corrupt, conceived and born in sin ; lying under the wrath of God, thou canst only be saved by divine grace." Bruno said to man : " Thou art divine, and essentially pure and good ; realise thine own nature, and set thyself to rise until thou canst manifest that God who is ever in thy heart."

But how should man rise? By the will, which must be fixed to reach upwards to Thought, and must be ruler and lord. He likened, in one striking passage, the man to a ship, the captain of which was the human will, and the reason its rudder.

The captain, he says :

With the sound of the trumpet, that is, with his determined choice, summons all the warriors—that is to say, evokes all the powers (which are named warriors because they are in constant strife and contrast), or their effects (which are contending thoughts, some of which incline this way and some that); and he tries to bring them all together under the banner of a predetermined end. And should it happen that some of them be called in vain to quickly show themselves obsequious (especially those which proceed from natural powers, which obey the reason either slightly or not at all), at least through his effort to prevent their actions and his condemnation of those that cannot be prevented, it is shown how he kills the former and banishes the latter, proceeding against those with the sword of wrath, and against these with the whip of scorn.¹

¹ *Degli Heroici Furori*, Part I, Dial. iii.

² *Degli Heroici Furori*, Part I, Dial. i.

But something is needed to stimulate the will to this effort to lead the heroic, instead of the sensuous life. What is that something? It is the love of the Beautiful and the True.

The heroic enthusiast, uplifting himself by the species of divine beauty and goodness he has conceived, on the wings of the intellect and of the intellectual will, exalts himself to divinity, abandoning the form of inferior being.¹

The soul which loves the objects of sense binds itself by means of this love to the body; but the soul which loves Beauty, Goodness, Truth, unites itself thereby to its inner God. The doctrine of Bruno contains no threats; he seeks to allure, to attract, not to alarm. To him Divinity is so supremely desirable, that it seems to him that God need only be seen to be loved. His ardent, passionate soul rushes upwards, spurning the delights of the lower world. For him no hell exists save the hell of the soul's degradation.

For the soul, he says, is able to degrade itself, even as it is able to rise. From the longings of the soul we may discover whether it is rising to the Divine, or descending to the brute. Poised between the Angel and the animal, with a hand laid on each, the soul must choose its mate; Love gravitates towards earth, when it is attracted by sensual pleasures; it soars aloft, when it pursues noble aspirations. Listen to his words :

Because the mind aspires to divine splendour, he shuns the gathering of the common herd; he withdraws from common opinion If he aspires to the lofty splendour, he draws himself in as much as he can towards unity, he contracts himself as far as possible into himself, so as not to be similar to the many, because they are many; and not to be hostile to the many, because they are dissimilar, if it be possible to keep both the one and the other good thing; otherwise, let him hold on to that which seems to him the better The mind, therefore, that aspires high, in the first place ceases to care for the

¹ *Degli Heroici Furori*, Part I, Dial. iii.

multitude, realising that that light reckons toil of no account, and is only to be found there where intelligence is; and not even where there is any kind of intelligence, but where alone there is that which among those few principal and pre-eminent intelligences, is first, chief and unique [It is needful] to withdraw to the innermost part of oneself, considering that God is near, with oneself and within oneself, nearer than one can be to oneself, as that which is the Soul of souls, the Life of lives, the Essence of essences; considering also that what you see, high or low or around you (as you choose to express it), of the stars, are bodies, are works similar to this globe in which we are, and in them is neither more nor less divinity present than there is in this globe of ours or in ourselves.¹

Such is Bruno's word to man: By means of love fixed in contemplation on Divine Beauty and Goodness the soul is set aflame, and man becomes heroic, leading the only life which is worthy of such a fervid lover. The taste for lower objects is lost in the contemplation of the real and the lasting Beauty. This fervid lover of the Beautiful, the True and the Good shall so live, being present in the body, that with the better part of himself he is absent from it; he shall conjoin and bind himself as through an indissoluble sacrament to divine things, in such wise that he feels neither love nor hatred for mortal things, considering that he is above being servant and slave of his body; which he must not otherwise regard than as the prison which restricts his freedom; the lime which glues his wings; the chain which fetters his hands; the stocks which hold fast his feet; the veil which confuses his sight. But he withal shall not be serf, captive, ensnared, chained, idle, stockstill and blind; for his body can no longer tyrannise over him than he himself shall suffer it; seeing that the Spirit is placed over the body, just as the corporeal world and matter are subject to Divinity and to Nature. So shall he become

¹ *Degli Heroici Furori*, Part II, Dial. i.

strong against fortune, magnanimous against contumely, intrepid against want, sickness and persecutions.¹

This, then, is the Heroic Life, as depicted by Giordano Bruno: and in the face of the fire which consumed his living body, will any dare to say that he did not, at least, strive to live it?

An objection arises. All cannot be heroic. What of those who cannot rise to heights so splendid? Is there no word of cheer for them? Oh yes! for the laurel-crown of heroism is not for the brows of only the successful and the strong; he also is heroic who aspires, even though, aspiring, he fails.

Enough that all should run; enough that each should do that which is possible for him; since the heroic mind is content rather to fall, or to fail worthily, and in a high cause, wherein the dignity of his Spirit is shown forth, than to achieve perfection in things less noble, or even base.²

Thus taught Giordano Bruno.

The message that here, to-night, I have sought to expound, is a message not only to individuals, but to nations, for there are souls of nations, as well as souls of individuals. For the nations, as for the individual, Thought is the instrument of progress; for both equally the effort to realise a noble and lofty Ideal transforms the life into the Great and the Heroic. But nations, like individuals, must choose between the brute and the God. The choice is ours. None, save ourselves, can compel. We can either wallow in the mire, degrading and abasing ourselves to the level of the brute, or we can, step by step, ascend to those sublime heights where is manifest the Eternal Ideal.

¹ *Degli Heroici Furori*, Part II, Dial. i.

² *Degli Heroici Furori*, Part I, Dial. iii.

In our own hands is our fate, and that fate depends on our mastery of the body, or on our enslavement thereby. This body of ours is a magnificent instrument, but it must be an instrument and not a tyrant, usurping authority over its proper lord. Be then, as you will, either masters or slaves. Choose for yourselves, and also for your nation. France is idealistic at the core, the standard-bearer of ideas she was, marching in the van of Europe. For many a long year she has forgotten her birthright; she has been groping in cellars and in underground dens; she has been rolling in mire and in dung-heaps, declaring that these were the fit subjects of Art. Now she is awakening from the nightmare that has oppressed her, and is again beginning to understand, as of old, that beauty, not ugliness is divine, that purity, not vice, is alluring. True Art sees ever the Beautiful, and for the man and the nation alike progress lies in the sunlight and not in the gloom of the vault. Upward lies the road that climbs to the God; downwards the road that slopes to the brute. Choose, for before you lie open the roads, and the fate of the future depends on the choice.

Annie Besant

THE SPIRITUAL SECRET OF IRELAND

By JAMES H. COUSINS

WHILE it is a psychological truism that a dozen minds will have a dozen different attitudes on any single idea presented to them, it is also true that ideas, like wolves in winter, hunt in packs, and that a number of minds will be found to join in a loose community of interest either for or against some particular proposition.

If you are a Protestant of the very narrow kind, born in the north-eastern corner of that island which is the western extremity of Europe, the enunciation of the word *Ireland* will call up in you an emotion of religious antagonism, the outcome of seven centuries of futile effort on the part of your invading ancestors to turn the remainder of the island from what you regard as the worse than heathen darkness of Catholicism to the blessed light of your own view of the universe. I make this statement, and those that follow, not as a partisan, but as an observer of recognised facts.

If, on the other hand, you are a Catholic, born in the south-west of Ireland, the name of your Motherland will fill you with the pathos and glow of an ideal of national and religious freedom that your forefathers have died for, but that the will of God has destined to

delayed fruition. These two opposed views of Ireland are insistently voiced from press and platform.

But perhaps the most widespread view of Ireland is that of a dreamy feminine person, beautiful to gaze upon, but devoid of the supreme Anglo-Saxon virtue of practicality, who wears shamrocks, plays upon a harp, and insists on the right to speak her own language, and govern herself.

Whatever divergencies may mark off these and a multitude of other views of 'the Irish Question,' there is in them all a common recognition of a long struggle on the part of a remnant of the Keltic race, which once possessed the half of Europe, but was driven westward by sections of the Teutonic race, and is now, on new fields and with new weapons, fighting for the preservation of its national individuality.

A great French historian has declared that the history of Ireland, since the beginning of the English invasion, has been the most pitiful and tragic that the world has witnessed. That history is a record of unceasing aggression from without; of external defeat at the hands of a country of incalculably greater wealth and power; of adjustment to new conditions, and of rejuvenation out of the very depths of despair.

The gentle English poet, Edmund Spenser, advised the extermination of the Irish race as the most effective means by which England might conquer Ireland; but many of the chief leaders among the invaders fell under the spell of the country and its people, and themselves became 'rebels' even unto death. Oliver Cromwell, in an outburst of zeal for the conversion of Ireland to non-conformity, decreed the banishment of the Irish people from the rich midlands, and ordered them to go "to Hell

or Connaught"—Connaught being the remotest and barrenest province of the island; but the children's children of Cromwell's supplanters became sturdy fighters for Ireland. Less than a generation ago an English statesman prescribed twenty years of resolute government, with no hesitation in the use of fire arms on the people, as a means of ending the Irish agitation. He is dead, and almost forgotten; but a few months ago the Irish language, which the conquerors sought to annihilate by methods that friends and foes alike now regard as barbarous, was raised by the National University to the position of the National language, as the result of a popular agitation; and to-day the balance of power in the Parliament of the British Empire is in the hands of the eighty Irishmen who are sent there primarily to achieve the political freedom of Ireland.

Whatever our attitude may be with regard to the political or religious situation in Ireland, we have to acknowledge an extraordinary power of recuperation and continuity in a more or less definite body of thought which is regarded as Irish. *What is the Secret of this power? What is the Secret of Ireland?*

We shall not look for her Secret in the minutæ of history; for the power to interpret a deed depends on a full knowledge of antecedent and contemporary deeds. Nor shall we look for it even in the expressed thought of the participants in the struggle; for through the thought go impulses and motives, coloured and modified by the circumstances of the time and by the impact of extraneous thought. But beneath the thought and its manifestation in action lies the fundamental basis, the *spiritual character*, from which, in nations,

as in individuals, some revelation wells up at special times, some illuminating generalisation that co-ordinates apparent contradiction in word and deed, and discloses the true direction of progress of the individual or the nation. The laws and institutions of a people, which express the relationship of man to man, are forever changing: the creeds and ceremonials, which embody the conception of the relationship between humanity and the invisible, are in a state of constant flux. Grasp the spiritual character of a people, and you may write its history in advance; and the expression of that spiritual character, whereby we may most readily come at its secret and its message, is its *mythology*—that shadowing forth, in the universal form of symbolism, of pure and unsophisticated intuition, which is the basis of succeeding intellectual formulations in ritual and dogma.

The mythology of a country is, as it were, its horoscope, projected from its own inner consciousness. However the passing of time, and the development of directions, may disclose new phases and combinations. These will all be controlled and coloured by its initial tendencies; and a knowledge of these primal impulses, which are always few and simple, will provide a key to the things in national life which are regarded as characteristic, and also to those things that are anomalous.

It is impossible here to give even an outline of the personages and incidents of the Keltic mythos as localised in Ireland. To many students of such subjects the existence of an Irish mythology has been unknown. Now, however, in spite of centuries of obscurity, in spite of ruthless endeavour to destroy even the memory of a distinctive culture in Ireland, the fact is being made

known that Ireland possesses a mythos that is not second to that of Greece,¹ and almost equal to that of India, in expression and significance. Let us consider briefly three basic ideas of unity, duality, and trinity.

The genealogy of the major Grecian divinities takes us back stage by stage to chaos. The Gods of light and of darkness have a common ancestry on this side of the curtain that hides the beginnings of things. The Irish genealogies, on the contrary, do not meet in the realm of formulation, but carry the great opposing forces back into the invisible world. In neither genealogy have we a creating Deity like the Hebraic God! but, while the basis of things in the classical conception is a natural or material monism, the basis of the Keltic conception is a *super*-natural or spiritual monism.

Out of the inscrutable, unifying Unknown arise the pairs of opposites. From the invisible world come the radiant Gods of Day, and the positive virtues. From the invisible also come the horned or moon-faced Gods of Night, and the negative virtues which men now call evil. But their operation on one another has no great gulf fixed between them. The imagination which apprehended a spiritual unity beneath all manifestation, apprehended also the great law that, *good*, if it is to influence evil, must have something of evil in it; and *evil*, if it is to react to good, must have something of good in it. And so, along with the battles of Irish mythology, which symbolise the Cosmic struggle, we have the great marriages, which symbolise the partnership and interrelation of the forces which superficially appear to be at war. Dagda, the father of the Irish Pantheon, and

¹ Truly so. It should never be forgotten that Ireland and Greece are both Keltic, and that the Tuatha de Danaon were Greeks.—ED.

Dana, its mother, have light and darkness in their ancestry; and by virtue of a common parentage are called also brother and sister. Brigit, an Irish Athene, one of the daughters of Light, marries Bress, a son of Darkness; and the offspring of this duality form one of the numerous expressions of the 'Trinity in Unity' which appear in the Irish mythos—Brian, Juchar, Jucharba, three inseparable brethren, who become the joint progenitors of another myth-personage, whose name, Ecne, means knowledge.

With so significant a conception of Deity, one is prepared to find an equally significant conception of the relationship between humanity and divinity. Accordingly, we learn that the Druids, the shapers of the myth-stories, taught that man was the *offspring* of divinity—not an extraneous thing created by God, as in the Hebraic idea. Humanity was, therefore, a partaker of the divine essence. Reincarnation is symbolised in stories of successive metamorphoses, as the method of evolution. Consciousness is the common attribute of divinity and humanity. In what is called the first poem made in Ireland, the poet identifies himself with "the God who creates fire in the head"; he regards himself as one with the Illuminator, and hence with the illumination: the thinker and the thought are one; and here we come upon the subjective, and true mystical view of things, which is the inevitable outcome of the spiritual-monistic conception that lies at the root of Keltic thought and action.

How this view of the universe might have developed is a matter of speculation. In the fifth century Christianity took over the good-will and stock-in-trade of the pagan ritual and laws. The Danes in the tenth

and eleventh centuries made sad inroads in the records of the ancient world, which the Christian students had gathered with much industry. The Norman invasion from the twelfth century onwards disturbed, thwarted, and finally—in the all but complete destruction of the national language—misdirected the evolution of the mind of the country. Hence, a great basic ganglion of thought, which might have ramified into a philosophical system as profound and complete as the Vedānta, became an attitude, an atmosphere, a race temperament, diffuse and elusive. Here and there, however, along the line of philosophical advance, witnesses to the Keltic idea have arisen. To the Galatians—Kelts from Gaul, now France—the Apostle Paul was able to impart the allegorical significance of the Old Testament story, because he knew that they had the interpretative eye which sees through diversity to unity. In the Middle Ages, an incursion of argumentative Irishmen into continental circles caused much mental commotion. One of the number, Joannes Scotus Erigena—“John the Scot from Ireland”—became the professional philosopher to King Charles the Bald. In his monumental exposition of Dionysius the Areopagite he linked up the eastern and western Churches, brought something Grecian and Oriental into Christianity, and expressed his race tradition by lifting the whole dogma and ritual of the church to the symbolic level. In the eighteenth century, Berkeley, an Irish Protestant bishop, searching for the true behind the illusory, anticipated the most recent phases of both physical and psychological science, and ratified by pure reason the conception of the one-ness of Consciousness in God and man which his Irish forefathers had apprehended through illumination. To-day

the great doctrine of spiritual monism, which is the key to the New Theology movement, is being preached from one of the most influential pulpits of Christendom by an Irishman, the Rev. R. J. Campbell.

In the works of John the Scot, to whom I have just referred, we find expressed the two main results of the subjective view of things which arises out of the fundamental concept of the spiritual unity of the Cosmos.

The first of these results is that to which I have already alluded—the raising of ritual and dogma to the level of *symbolism*. John the Scot maintained, as the outcome of the spiritual-monistic doctrine, that, since God was the super-essential essence of all things, the attributing of the limitations of personality to him must be purely figurative. It was clear to him that the transcendent and immanent Godhead could not be forced into or fully expressed in the intellectual moulds of one, even the presumed highest, of his creation. If the less was to represent the greater, it must assuredly do so imperfectly; but since it is necessary to the human mind to express itself in terms of *itself*—whether it be expressing its own thought or the inner light of revelation—the terms must be regarded as symbols merely, and be subject to an expanding interpretation as the mind of humanity expanded.

Having thus boldly dealt with the central figure of worship, the adventurous Irishman plunged into the great mediæval controversy on the efficacy of the Sacraments, and demolished the claim of the priesthood to be the mediators between God and man, by declaring the teachings of the Church, and its ordinances, to be symbolical representations of spiritual truths. It is not to be wondered at that in later centuries, when the

Church had stamped out all independent thought, and established sacerdotalism, John the Scot was honoured with excommunication, and his writings given the dignity of a place on the *Index Expurgatorius*.

The second great result of the subjective view of things, is the acceptance of all things as part of the Great Plan in the Divine Mind. To the Seers of the ancient world there were no gaps in the Cosmos. To explain the simplest event, one would have to trace all its primary and secondary causes to their beginnings; and these beginnings could have their root no other-where than in the great underlying unification of the Will of God. Hence in the Keltic Mind the 'larger hope' was a 'larger certainty,' a Higher Calvinism, an 'optimistic determinism' as an Irish woman has called it. John the Scot maintained that the universe had come forth from God, and to none lower would it return. What is true in the Cosmos is true in the microcosmos; and the ever-present sense of destiny—divine, loving destiny—fills the mind and utterance of the people of Ireland down to apparently trifling details. If it is a fine day, it is "Thanks to God". If it is a bad day it is "The will of God". When the son of a peasant was shot in battle, it was said that "the gun that shot him was loaded from all eternity". When I told the details connected with the drowning of a young lady in trying to save a fishergirl, the old woman to whom I told them on a stony road in the Aran Islands, summed up the matter like a true Kelt and optimistic determinist: "Well, it just shows you that everything is set out for us: it was the will of God." It is this sense of nearness to the inner world, and a picturesqueness of thought and word arising from

the naturally symbolic tendency of the Keltic mind, that is the charm of the people.

But in this very quality lies what, to the mind which calls itself practical, is the defect of Ireland—a spirit of acquiescence which leads to a lack of initiative in what an industrial age regards as the important things in life. But it is this acquiescence, coupled with the assurance that all things are working together for good, that has enabled this remnant of the Keltic people in Ireland to preserve its soul, and in many respects its body, from absorption, in spite of a thousand years of ceaseless effort on the part of a powerful imperial people. In times of calamity the genius of Ireland has bent like the pine to the storm; but as soon as the stress has passed, the natural resilience of faith has raised her again towards the sky.

And thus the Divine Mind has preserved through the ages a trumpet through which to sound once more the great note of spiritual unity. This is the secret of recuperation and continuity; this is the spiritual Secret of Ireland: the recognition, as John the Scot has put it, of *One Being* as the essential source of all things; of *One Power*, which is the soul, the controller of all things; and of *One Activity*, co-ordinating all the apparently diverse activities of the universe.

This is the message which Ireland has given, and will continue to give, to the world. Abstract thought can attain no loftier conception. What is for us, as embodied beings, of still greater importance, practical life can demand no completer guide. If we recognise all things as partakers of the *One Being*, we shall overleap antagonisms, and strive for voluntary union and co-operation in aim through diversity of organisation, and

strive to attain in individual and social life the stature of our essential Godhood. If we recognise all things as manifestors of the *One Power*, we shall seek to purify our ideas of evil and of good, and to adjust our laws, and our institutions for dealing with offences against these laws, to a nobler idea of motives and purpose ; and we shall look for the one Truth underlying all its expressions in the great religions of the world, and in their sectarian sub-divisions. If we recognise in all things the operation of *One Activity*, we shall seek to understand the laws of nature and of ourselves, and so order our lives as to quicken and intensify and develop those powers which are the common possession, and those which are as yet the privilege of the few.

Finally, in thus living out the ancient Keltic ideal, we shall, as John the Scot taught, exercise a perfect tolerance and patience while losing no whit of our own enthusiasm ; and we shall experience the truth in the statement of another great Irishman, Bishop Jeremy Taylor : “ He to whom all things are one, who draweth all things to one, and seeth all things in one, may enjoy true peace and rest of Spirit.”

James H. Cousins

A WONDERFUL NIGHT OF STARS

A SERMON

By THE REV. C. W. SCOTT-MONCRIEFF, M.A., F.T.S.

For I will consider Thy heavens, even the work of Thy fingers ; the moon and the stars which Thou hast ordained.

What is man that Thou art mindful of him : and the son of man that Thou visitest him ?

Thou hast made him lower than the angels : to crown him with glory and worship.

Psalm viii, 3-5.

SUPPOSE we go out, or look out, some night when we are alone, and see above us, spangling the whole vault of the sky, the innumerable company of the stars.

We look up at them, and as we gaze we remember what the science of astronomy tells us. A few, a very few, of those we see are planets, worlds like our own world, larger or smaller, circling with it round our leader the sun. All the rest are not worlds like our earth, but each of them, suns like our sun. Some are enormously larger than it is, others rather smaller. But there they are, the hundreds of thousands that our unaided eyes can see, the hundred million more that a powerful telescope reveals, each of them suns, each of them, we may reasonably believe, surrounded by its cluster of planets.

Further, we may reasonably suppose that around each of these suns, in each one of these millions of systems, there are at least one or two planets, more or less resembling our world, inhabited by beings not wholly unlike ourselves.

And, as we gaze upon this panorama of the starry heavens, as we realise that our world which seems so big to us, so important, is but one of the smaller planets belonging to a sun not of the first size, and that that sun is only one out of a hundred millions visible to our telescopes—to say nothing of those which exist invisible beyond their utmost ranges—the heart seems to freeze within us. Human life seems so tiny, so trifling an episode amid the boundless fields of star-peopled space, in the almost infinite vistas of time during which these universes have endured and shall endure, that we are driven to cry out, in the words of this Psalm or in words like them :

What is man, that Thou art mindful of him : and the son of man that Thou visitest him ? Thou, the eternal source of all these worlds, these systems, these universes of systems, Thou, Who canst fold them up and change them as a garment, Thou unthinkable, ineffable, unsearchable One, Life, Spirit, God. What can we matter, how can we count in Thy sight ?

Try the experiment for yourself. Open your window to the starry spaces and you will feel and say what the Psalmist felt and said when, on some lustrous Eastern night, alone upon his palace roof, he sat beneath the silent stars, what millions of the sons of men have also felt and said, as they gazed upon the age-long wonder of the skies at night.

We gaze a little longer, and, as we gaze, behold—the quarrels and janglings of our fretful human life, our own private griefs and perplexities, our own failures and

shortcomings, the annoyances others may cause us, the world's wars and politics, disputes in Church and State, the ordinary religious questions and difficulties, where are all these things now? Blotted out, gone, disappeared. They may return with the return of day. They, or some of them, may be awaiting us when we step into our house again, or close our window and turn back into the warm and lighted room. But for the moment they are nothing, and less than nothing. We cannot look, really look with all our souls, at the hosts of heaven, the starry multitudes, and keep any remembrance of these daily problems and difficulties, our own and the world's. And, in the same way, our joys and hopes, our personal interests and plans, these too, for the time being, have vanished.

We are in the presence of something, of a power so tremendous, a beauty so compelling, an order and harmony so wonderful, a majesty so indescribable, that our souls are uplifted with a rapture which is also terror.

Because we are still, as it were, inwardly crushed and overwhelmed, we say:

What is man, that Thou art mindful of him? How can man count? How can I count, who am only one of many millions of men, and these the inhabitants of only one planet, a speck of dust in this immensity?

And then we shall go on to feel this, that one of two things must be true. Either we are of no importance at all, and "eat, drink, and be merry" is the only Gospel for us: or else we are of immense and eternal importance, because we stand in an intimate relation to That from which all these worlds and universes proceed.

We are nearer to That, we are a fuller manifestation of That, than all these uncounted suns and planets, regarded simply as material forms. They, wonderful,

unutterably wonderful, as they are, are but matter, and matter is but the form whose life is Spirit, the garment in which Spirit clothes itself.

But we, the real we, the immortal Self, are Spirit, God's offspring, sharers in His life, sharers in His eternity. In the great phrase of the *Book of Wisdom*: "God created man to be immortal, and made him to be an image of His own eternity."

Let us calmly think this out, and see that it must be so.

Everything can be thought of as belonging to one or another side, seen under one or another aspect; the Spirit side or the matter side, the Life or the form aspect.

Forms change, are continually changing, disappearing, and being replaced by other forms. From the tiniest leaf that falls, withers, and decays to the mightiest sun that goes out in a blaze of light, this great law everywhere holds good. Forms pass and change. But what of the Spirit within them?

Thou, Lord, in the beginning hast laid the foundations of the earth, and the heavens are the work of Thine hands. They shall perish but Thou shalt endure. They all shall wax old as doth a garment, and as a vesture shalt Thou change them, and they shall be changed. But Thou art the same, and Thy years shall not fail.

Forms change and disappear, matter breaks up and recombines and has no lasting existence in any one shape. But the Life, the Self, the Spirit, endures, is immortal, is eternal.

Now if all that is, God, man, bodies, planets, suns, universes, can be thought of under one or other of these aspects, Life and form, Spirit and matter, to which do we really belong? to Life or form, to the Spirit or to

matter, to the eternal or the temporal? Clearly our bodies belong to the matter side, to the world of perishing forms—every funeral forces that fact upon our notice. And with the body many of our thoughts, emotions and more temporary interests must disappear.

But we ourselves, the real we, the inner man, the image of God, we are immortal, not to be destroyed; we belong to the side of Spirit, we are, as S. Peter puts it, "partakers of the Divine Nature," partakers of that Spirit of which it is said:

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

And we are not the houses; we are the dwellers in the houses. And because we are sharers of this Spirit we are greater than all the universe of stars, regarded simply as forms. We can study them, look on them, think about them; they cannot so look upon or study us.

Our bodies, indeed, are infinitesimally small, very fragile, very helpless, compared with these mighty solar systems and universes. But size is only for body. It has no meaning in the world of Spirit. Even here, in our imperfection, in all the infancy of our powers, we can take them all within ourselves by the grasp of our out-reaching thought.

And if they all were this instant destroyed, resolved into the original fire-mist, into a chaos of whirling atoms, what would it matter to us? There is that in us which would remain quite unaffected, that in us which is "older than the elements, and owes no homage to the sun," a life which would go on unchanged, except

for this : that it would be a freer life, no longer weighed down by the burden of the flesh, this physical body which now we wear. If we reflect upon this fact, that, for the individual man, it would come to exactly the same thing in the end, whether he died, left his body, and so were taken away from the physical universe, or whether that universe itself were blotted out and so were taken away from him ; if we reflect upon this, we shall see how much greater we really are than all these innumerable worlds. No longer need the contemplation of them freeze our heart or stifle our thoughts. Rapture that contemplation will still bring, but now unmingled with terror. “ What is man that Thou art mindful of him ? ” Said our Psalmist beneath these same stars, and there comes the answer in the following verse :

Thou madest him lower than the angels, to crown him with glory and worship.

“ To crown him with glory and worship.” And so S. John tells us : “ Beloved, now ”—that is in our present condition, with all its humiliations—“ now ” he says “ we are the Sons of God ” (we can never cease to be that, never) and what we are going to be has not yet been shown forth ; but we know, that if it be shown forth, we shall be like Him ; for we shall see Him even as He is.

Like Him. Like Whom ? Like Christ. There is our goal. There is our destiny. There is the mark of the prize of our high calling. Lest we should grow weary, lest we should faint in running our race, lest the sense of our own littleness should crush us, lest we should wholly forget that we are temples of the living God, images of His eternity, sharers of His Life ; lest we should forget all this and be drowned in life's

pleasures, or worn out by its cares, Christ came to us and showed us in Himself what we really are.

We “grope in the muck-heaps of earth for fancied jewels;” we would defile, if we could, the Divine image within us; we go out, as Prodigals, into the far country; “Sons of the immortal King”, we forget our high destiny, refuse the thrones that are ours, turn our eyes to earth instead of to heaven.

And so He found us. So He came to us, “to seek and to save that which was lost”. “A prophet,” said God, “will I raise up unto you of your brethren, like unto yourselves”. Yes, like unto ourselves, but like our true selves, like us, not as we now are, but as we are meant to be and shall be.

Look at Him, not as He is often too exclusively depicted, as the ‘Man of Sorrows,’ the despised, the crucified. These things—that suffering, that humiliation—are but the marks that our stupidity, our blindness, our unlovingness, set upon Him.

Look at Him as He stands, triumphant, glorified, the Master of Life and Death, the Divine Wisdom Incarnate, the outshining of the Love that is at the very core of creation, the Love that made the starry heavens, that dwells in the heart of man: He is indeed Perfect God, within the limits of humanity, Perfect Man, as man is meant to be.

His eyes are “luminous with the radiance of the eternal peace,” His voice is “as the sound of many waters,” His words are power, His touch is strong to heal and to bless, His presence is the transfiguration of life. And He calls us. To what? To forget the things that lie behind, to strive onward and upward to those that lie before us.

He calls us to be like Himself, yes, even you and me. And every power that is in us now, every capacity of loving, every longing for things that are pure and of good report, every willingness for self-sacrifice, every dawning intuition of the majesty of our spiritual nature, all these are seeds which have begun, even now, to germinate, which shall expand and grow from strength to strength, shall grow and grow, reaching upwards to the Father's Life, spreading outwards in love to man; until we too, yes, even you and I, shall become as He is, Sons who know their oneness with the Father, Saviours and Helpers of their younger brethren. But:

Think not that of a sudden, in a minute,
 All is accomplished and the work is done;
 Though with thine earliest dawn thou should'st begin it,
 Scarce were it ended with thy setting sun.

And many suns may rise and set, the suns of many days, which are lifetimes; but sooner or later there comes a day, when that which we shall be will be made manifest. It is spoken of as the day of Resurrection, when the Christ in us, our hope of glory, rises at last from the tomb of this lower life and our imprisoning self-hood, and, rising, "lives for ever and lives in the eternal".

Towards that day we are moving in this life and in all the lives that lie beyond it, through all the many 'stopping-places' of the 'Father's house,' that mark our road to Him. The road is long, the way is hard and narrow. But is not life a new thing, well worth living, infinitely important, every hour of it full of possibilities, with the thought of this goal before us—to be like Christ?

We can look undismayed on these starry universes : for are we not greater than they ? Are we not—we, and such as we are, or rather such as we shall be—the end for which they exist ? Suppose there are ten million million other worlds, peopled like our own ; they are so many schools the more for the training of the Sons of God. The pupils leave the schools, passing elsewhere to wider opportunities and fuller life, and the schools may be taken away, but the pupils remain. And so these worlds shall perish, and they are ever changing ; but we are immortal, sons of the living God ; the glory of our future knows no limit. We look out once more upon the stars. We have read their secret, and it is the sure token of our supremacy. We have seen the “Light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ,” Him whose words of promise stand sure :

He that overcometh, I will give to him to sit down with Me on my throne, even as I also overcame and sit down with my Father in His throne. He that overcometh, I will make him a pillar in the Temple of my God, and he shall go out thence no more.

And there is that final word of God, of the Infinite Life itself :

He that overcometh shall inherit all things.

C. W. Scott-Moncrieff

A REFORMATORY FOR GIRLS AND YOUNG WOMEN¹

By CAPT. ARTHUR ST. JOHN

HON. SEC., PENAL REFORM LEAGUE

I SUBMIT that it is in the nature of a public scandal that no woman should have been found to contribute the paper on this subject. I fear that the audience may have reason to regret the inability of the Committee to find anyone but my poor self to fill the gap; for I am going to hide my pardonable nervousness under a cloak of audacity. Not having a close acquaintanceship with girls' reformatories in this country, and, through all my wanderings, never having found one that quite satisfies me, I propose to build one of my own—a little castle in the air. I shall build in haste, and you may knock down at your leisure.

First a few words as to the need of a reformatory for girls over sixteen. Many of the young women under consideration can, with some hope, be removed from their surroundings and put on probation—first in a temporary home or institution, and then in some situation. Others may simply be sent home. But, for many of them, we must reluctantly feel that what is

¹ A paper on "Girls over sixteen in moral danger—Punishment or Reformation?" read at a Conference convened by the Ladies National Association in London on April 26, 1912.

wanted is to place them in carefully arranged surroundings, where they can, as it were, begin again and grow afresh. This is wanted for girls over sixteen as much as for those under that age. There is no sense in drawing the line at sixteen. The only line to draw is that between need and no need, or between different degrees and kinds of need. The sixteenth birthday has nothing to do with it.

We are all grateful for the Borstal Institution for Girls as an improvement on the ordinary prison; but, even if there were Borstal Institutions enough to take in all the girls and women of whom I speak, I hardly think we should be satisfied with that. Surely not! The Borstal Institution is after all a kind of prison; and we want something very different.

Let us consider the need of these girls and women. They are in danger—if they have not already gone beyond danger—of sliding into utter ruin, a menace to themselves, to those they meet, and to society in general. They are untrained and ill-regulated in life. They have false ideas of enjoyment, and probably hate or despise useful work. They lack self-respect and self-control. The task required of the community, and which the community must require of any institution that undertakes to deal with them, is to introduce a person who has a false idea of life to a truer idea; to train an ill-trained girl, who dislikes work, to self-control and a love of useful activity; to enrich the life of an ignorant pleasure-seeker with new and wholesome interests which shall drive out and supersede the old ones; to lead her to the knowledge of the true joy of life. Here we have the keynote to our Institution—the true joy of life for every one of its inmates. Our aim must be

always that they may have life, and have it more abundantly.

The elements or factors of joy are self-expression and fellowship. We must, therefore, begin by giving a foretaste of fellowship, with a spectacle of happy industry so attractive as to excite a desire to join in and help, thus giving a start along the road to self-expression and realised fellowship.

For these purposes we must have a variety of industries, out-door and in-door. We must aim at eventually doing almost everything necessary to the up-keep of the establishment by the work of the pupils. This will, of course, take time. But from the out-set there must be some variety of more or less attractive occupations, carried out in as attractive a way as can be contrived compatibly with efficiency.

There must also be plenty of good music, singing, dancing, acting; plenty of opportunities for study of nature, geography, history, literature in a practical, interesting, playful way. The aim held in view will be the cultivation of helpfulness, cheerful diligence, trustworthiness, self-reliance, resourcefulness, with joy of heart—a useful human being living and growing on every side.

The first impression to be made on the new-comer being one of good fellowship and homeliness, the efforts of the whole place must be concentrated on making her feel that she is a welcome guest. Her tastes and inclinations must be studied. She must not at first be called on to do anything that she dislikes. She must be comforted and made to feel that she is amongst friends who will cherish her and never desert her. This must be looked upon as the duty of all the girls and their

elders, a part of natural and necessary hospitality. In the meantime the new guest has to choose the cottage in which she is to take up her abode, and she will, it is to be hoped, find a chum amongst one of the members. Some will be slow to do this. The pace must not be forced; let it come naturally. In the meantime one of the girls may have to be told off to befriend her and show her round. Perhaps one will be naturally attracted to do so; or a certain number of girls might be set apart for this duty of looking after new-comers.

When the guest has settled down, and evinces a desire to be a member of the community, she will be allowed to become a Candidate for Membership. She will be asked, or advised what work, what classes, what games she would like to join in, and will at first be gently initiated into the lighter tasks or those which attract her most.

As soon as she is able to do a useful day's work, can keep her own room clean, and seems otherwise eligible, the members of her cottage or workshop, or group, may recommend her to the general assembly or council for full membership. She will then be put to severer tests, to see what hardships or inconveniences she can endure, and what drudgery. If she passes these satisfactorily she will then be inaugurated with some ceremony, and enrolled as a full member for life. All members belong to the general assembly and have a voice in the management of affairs, election of officers, etc.

Various matters concerning the business of the institution will be liable to be submitted for discussion to the members of cottages, classes, committees or other groups as a part of their school work or everyday

interests. They will be invited to interest themselves in domestic and other details, such as the raising of fresh out-houses or other buildings, the ordering of new machinery, repairs, choosing of samples of material, etc., etc. Clubs and guilds for various studies and pursuits will be encouraged.

Every endeavour must be made to ensure that the establishment shall be a model for the neighbourhood in farming, gardening, building, and other industrial and social departments.

Another grade beyond membership will be that of Fellowship. To be elected a Fellow, a member will have to qualify by a period—say at least of one or two years, perhaps more—of life and work outside, be fitted by character, and have proved that she can do work which represents full subsistence in the institution with a considerable margin beyond it. She must also have mastered some degree of simplicity and economy in living, and show capacity for helping those in need. Wherever she goes the Fellow will be a missionary and witness to the principles for which this Community stands.

The next grade might perhaps be called Guardians, some, at first at any rate being appointed from outside, others perhaps elected from amongst the Fellows. Possibly the adult officials of the Institution might belong to this grade. The terms here used—candidate, member, fellow, ect.,—are, of course, only suggestive and illustrative. It may be that better ones could be found.

How long will members remain in this home? Some may want to remain for long, even all their days—but, if so, they must be self-supporting as long as they are able-bodied. Others will be encouraged to go

out and do their work in the world, always remaining Members or Fellows, and keeping in touch with their College home. If some of these find the world too much for them, or if they fall again by the way, they will always be welcomed back again. But it must be understood that, as a rule, every able-bodied member living within the precincts is expected to be a source of profit, financial or its equivalent, to the Institution. It might be well to pay wages, and charge members for board, lodging, etc.

It would be a good plan, very often, to send two or three members out together for a time. Trips might occasionally be made by groups of Members, or Fellows and Members.

I do not believe that, in such an institution as I am trying to sketch, any other classification would be necessary than the kind of natural selection I have described, provided that the true tone and spirit were maintained, and responsibility placed upon the girls. This, of course, is not an institution for the feeble-minded, who must, I suppose, be cared for apart.

The Superintendent, teachers, etc., must place themselves as nearly and naturally as they can on a level with their charges, and be their friends. The inhabitants of each cottage will gather round the Sister, Mother, Aunt, or whatever they like to call her, but in deed and truth she must be their friend. She, whom the outside world will call the Principal and Superintendent, should be known to the Members and Fellows as the dearest sister—the greatest common friend.

These helpers or friends must be imbued with a sense of the freedom of and of reverence for the individuality of each person, and must cultivate a habit of masterly

non-interference, trying to learn by experience just where this should give place to suggestion or to peremptory control. All sensible people like to be firmly handled where the business in hand requires it, and those who are not so sensible must learn the necessity. But I submit, that, where once a right tone and atmosphere prevail, and due responsibility has been established amongst the girls, as a rule, there need be no more punishment by adults. If any be required, it should, under such supervision as may be necessary, be entrusted to the girls, properly organised for the purpose. The exact form of tribunal, and the necessary rules, I will not lay down. They must arise out of the peculiar atmosphere and sense of responsibility that evolve themselves in each particular community.

The tone, the atmosphere will be, or should be, created by the sub-conscious influence of the Principal and her assistants, in conjunction with the stronger and more spiritual characters amongst the girls. In the meantime there is a secret which, it is to be hoped, each inmate will gradually learn for herself, the more surely that it is not often formulated in words, namely, that the whole community has an Unseen Head. In a Christian community one may perhaps be permitted to surmise that He will be recognised as none other than the Lord Jesus Christ.

The best human channel of leadership, or friendship, would perhaps be a man and wife. This brings me to the difficult question of the admission of the other sex to my little Utopia. I do not believe that any education, either of woman or man, is complete that keeps the other sex out. So that, as soon as practicable, I should allow a natural intermingling of girls and boys,

women and men. I have sometimes thought that it might be well, in dealing with the special kind of cases we are considering at this Conference, to have two institutions, separate and far apart, on similar lines—one for boys and young men, the other for girls and women,—and to have a third where those from both who have had a certain training apart, may have a further training together. I am afraid we must admit that there are a few unhappy individuals who are better apart from persons of the other sex altogether.

In any case there should be, in any institution where such young women as these are trained, a strong feminist atmosphere ; by which I mean a deep permeating conviction and faith in the role of woman in the world, and in the mission laid upon her for the race, not only round the family hearth, but for the socialising of human affairs in the world at large.

Such, in brief outline, is the framework of my castle in the air. It need not remain in the air. In due time some of us are prepared to prove its practicability, if support be forthcoming. It is much needed, and not one only ; many of such are needed—a network about the land. Obviously there should be no hard and fast rules about ages. They must be organised in accordance with the necessities of human nature, physical, mental, and spiritual, and the principles of growth. First the natural man, then the spiritual. As the Spirit unfolds in a healthy body and mind, indulgences will be left behind, and greater simplicity and economy of living will facilitate, and be fostered by helpfulness and devotion. In the meantime I offer my dream for thought and for discussion.

Arthur St. John

A LOVE POEM

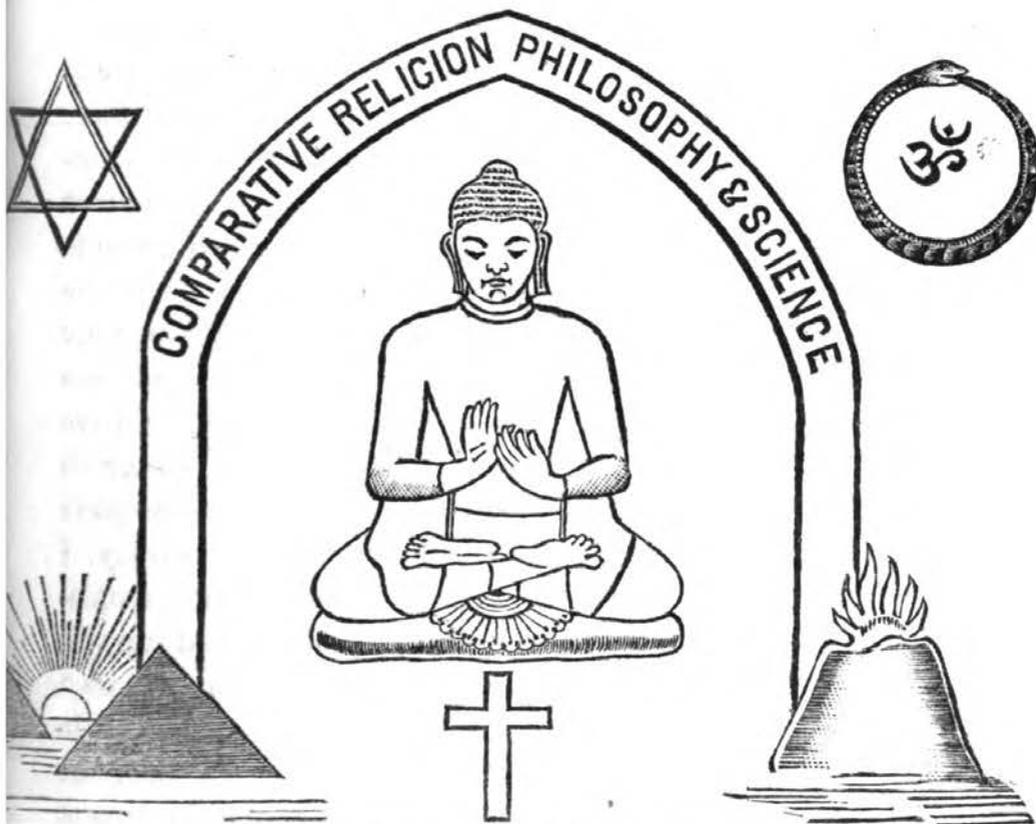
By GWENDOLEN BISHOP

If love be this—to kiss and know
More than the touch of lips conveys
In this dense air, where blind Eros,
Groping his way through earthly dross,
Seeks to attain the Effulgent Rays
That bleach his roses white, as snow :
If love be this—to kiss and know ;
Then know I, faintly, what love is.

If love be this—to subtly feel
The delicate pulsing of a soul,
The melody that shakes the blue
Of heaven to purple ; through and through,
Piercing the iridescent whole
Of Being with fine drawn gold and steel :
If love be this—to subtly feel ;
Then know I, faintly, what love is.

If love be this—to give and give,
Nor yet be bankrupt when the last
Pale gift of flesh-enshrouded prayer
Is offered by One, luminous ; there
Set torch-wise ; shadowing the past
Dead sacrifice with one alive :
If love be this—to give and give ;
Then know I, faintly, what love is.

Love, let me blend my melodies
With thine, in one great tide of praise.
Wave upon wave of love to roll
Circling the world from pole to pole,
And on beyond the world, till spent,
We in the Soundless All be blent !
If love be this—if love be this ;
Then know I, faintly, what love is.



AN OUTLINE OF MANICHÆISM

By DR. RAIMOND VAN MARLE

INTRODUCTION

Manes was an Occultist.

—H. P. Blavatsky, *The Secret Doctrine*, III, 160.

IT is a critical moment for the study of Manichæism. The discoveries recently made in Turfan throw a light upon this religion which reveals to us new aspects of it. Few have hitherto thought that there was a time

when, in the Orient and in the Occident, Manichæism was counted amongst the most important spiritual movements; however such seems to have been the case.

I have been very careful in writing this study on Manichæism, and have not touched upon some questions not yet explained, on which we may find information, when the hundreds of Manichæan documents which are not yet deciphered shall have been given to the public. So I have only stated in this study the points of the religion which are very probable, or fully attested by the documents already published, and have thus given merely an outline of Manichæism. I have tried to do this in such a way that every document which may hereafter be published shall elucidate or complete certain points. As the deciphering goes slowly, I have thought it better not to wait for the completion, especially as the documents published up till now generally confirm the statements long known to us. When for certain points we can only refer to these newly discovered documents there may be some danger that the facts we find are only true of the form of Manichæism at the time and in the country to which the documents belong.

Two other articles might follow this first one: (1) the esoteric side of the Manichæan doctrines; (2) the history of Manichæism since Manes. I certainly intend to write this last one, so far as Europe is concerned, and I hope to find definitely the link between this religion and the order of Knight Templars, which—as is known—is a later form of the same thought. I do not think that it is for the moment possible to trace the history of Manichæism in the Orient, but this also may perhaps become clear by the discoveries which remain

to be made¹. As to the esoteric meaning of Manichæism, I think that it will remain hidden for those who simply study the history of religions, and will be known only to those who still represent Manichæism in our own days.

This is perhaps the right place to give some of the statements made as to the importance of the influence of Manichæism on several religious systems.

H. P. Blavatsky says² that it was during the struggle between Manichæism and Christianity that the latter adopted the personality of the devil.

K. Vollers thinks that Manichæism kept alive some parts of the religion of Mithra when this was dying³. Through Manichæism many Buddhistic moral stories were brought to Persia, Syria and Arabia, and through the Mussulmans and Jews they came into European literature⁴.

Dr. Burnell says, that the Manichæan mission to India in the third century A. D. is the only historical fact that we know of in relation to Christian Missions to India⁵. This may be true as far as Manichæism is to be considered as Christian. It anyhow contained Christian ideas as we shall see.

¹ When I mentioned the possibility of adding supplements to this article after the publication of further documents, I did not think that the occasion to do so would present itself so very soon.

Prof. Chavannes and M. Pelliot published in the last number of the *Journal Asiatique* (November-December, 1911) which unfortunately for me came out between the writing and the printing of my article—'Un traite Manechien retrouve en Chine,' which had already been published in Chinese and which forms a part of the findings of the famous cave of Tuan-huang (*Comptes rendus de l'Academie des Inscriptions*, 1910, p. 245).

All the same it seems better to me to wait before mentioning the new elements which this publication gives us, till, from some other Texts, secrets still hidden, shall have been unveiled.

² *The Secret Doctrine*, ii, 249.

³ *Die Welt-Religionen*, p. 98.

⁴ *Idem*, p. 117.

⁵ *Indian Antiquary*, iv, 182.

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I. SOURCES

During many years the only sources which were known for the history of Manichæism were the treatises written by the enemies of this religion. In the first place we must mention S. Augustine, who was an active

combatant of Manichæism, and in addition we have Epiphanius, Titus of Bostra, Cyril of Jerusalem, Didymus of Alexandria, Diodorus of Tarsus, Pope Leo I, Theodocritus of Cyprus, Philostres of Bresse, Socrates of Constantinople, John of Ephesus, John of Damascus and Photius. Most of these authors belong to the fifth Century, or about one and a half centuries after the founder of this religion.

With the exception of S. Augustine and Titus of Bostra—who are very well-informed—most of the other authors have not much value, though it may be interesting to read Cyril of Jerusalem for the violence with which he attacks this religion.

S. Augustine had good reasons for knowing much about Manichæism. As we shall see presently, the Manichæan hierarchy was divided into five grades, the two lowest of which were the 'auditores' and the 'electi'. Though S. Augustine had been an auditor for nine years he had never been allowed to become an elect, and it seems probable that a natural human weakness turned him from an adherent into an enemy of the doctrines of Manes. In any case it is remarkable that so learned and clever a man took nine years to find all the faults in Manichæism which he exposed later on in some of his writings.

Nevertheless the Manichæans reproached S. Augustine with understanding nothing of their doctrines. Some of his writings are against Faustus of Mesene, one of the chiefs of Manichæism after the time of the founder. We know the writings of Faustus, not from the originals but from S. Augustine himself, who gave the texts before giving his arguments against them. Faustus' writings are extremely interesting, not only

for the knowledge shown of the Manichæan religion, but also as an example of early Biblical criticism; he especially attacked the authority of the Old Testament.

Some further information about Manichæism is to be found in a Greek Anathema of about 800 A.D., in which are condemned those who confess the doctrines of Manes, with a brief explanation of the principal points of this doctrine. A very curious document is the *Acta Archelai*. Several scientific men believed and tried to prove that these *Acta* were the original report of a discussion between Manes and Archelaus, but it is now generally admitted that the whole is a forgery. The original must have been in Greek.¹ If it had been in Syrian² it might possibly have been the original report. Hegemonius, the author of the *Acta*, has used old documents, but has arranged them.³ He took much out of the apocryphal *Acts of S. Peter*.⁴ Greek texts must have existed, and been used by Cyril, Epiphanius and Socrates, but also Arabian⁵ and Coptic texts must have been known.⁶ The geographical names in this document—of which the translation may date from 392 A.D.—offer also some strange difficulties. The author speaks of the town Charax and the river Stranga. Possibly this town is Cascar and the river the Tigris. Many details of the *Acta* also make us think of the North of Mesopotamia as the spot where this discussion took place, or at

¹ Beeson, in his edition of the *Acta*.

² As pretended by the first editor Zacagni in 1698 and Kessler in 1889 (against him were Noldeke and Rahlfs.) Later on Kessler also believed that the Latin text was translated from the Greek, but before the Greek a Syrian text existed.

³ Zittwitz; Oblasinski.

⁴ Ficker.

⁵ Renaudot.

⁶ Crum. All the literature on this question is quoted in Beeson's edition of the *Acta*.

least that the author thought that to be the place of the discussion.

From the non-Christian side we find an opponent of Manichæism in Simplicius, in his *Enchirideon of Epictetus*; and from the Christian side also Alexander of Lycas of the Thebaid, but neither of them has much importance.

Kessler gives in his quoted book and article—a list of fifteen Arabian authors, five Syrian, five Persian, and one Armenian, mostly dating from the 9th to the 13th centuries, and he gives one Chinese inscription, dealing with Manichæism. Saleman thinks that this list is far from being complete. Anyhow during late years many Oriental Texts have been discovered, which throw much light on certain details of the Manichæan religion, though, for the fundamental doctrines, the most important for us are the *Fihrist*, and the *Book of Scholia* of Theodor bar Khoni. The author of the *Fihrist* (text with translation and notes published by Flügel in 1862. Some parts newly translated by Kessler 1889) is Abû 'l faradsch Muhammad ben Ishak an Nadim, generally called Ibn Abî Ja'kûb al-Warâk of Bagdad. His work was written in 987-88 and followed much older documents, which he does not quote. But as these documents were probably Manichæan books, the *Fihrist* is of enormous importance. In many points it is completed by the *Book of Scholia* of Theodor bar Khoni, which is three centuries older but was discovered more recently. The author was Bishop of Cascar, about 600 A. D., and was an enemy of Manes, who tried to render his doctrine ridiculous. In his work he gives us one of Manes' own books, the *Epistula Fundamenti*, of which S. Augustine speaks. It gives us in a sort of mythological

allegory the origin of Manichæan dualism, and the struggle which was the consequence of this dualism.

Of Manes' own writings we do not know much more than the titles, and perhaps a few letters. One of the Arabian authors—al Biruni—gives a list of eight books written by Manes: (1) *Pragmateia*; (2) *Book of the Giants*; (3) *Treasure of Life-giving*; (4) *Light of Certainty and Foundation*; (5) *Gospel*; (6) *Shāhpūrakān*; (7) *Epistles of Manes*; (8) *Book of Secrets*. The *Fihrist* speaks of seven principal works of Manes but gives only six—the first, second, third, sixth and eighth of al Biruni's list, and the *Book of Prescriptions for Auditors*, with supplement the *Prescriptions for the Elected*—perhaps the same as the fourth of al Biruni. The name of the seventh is missing, but this must have been the *Gospel*, following al Biruni's order. We do not know anything about the *Pragmateia*. The *Book of the Giants* speaks of the different giants in the religions of Babylon, India, Ancient Bactria, the Jews, and Persians. The *Book of Life-giving* gives one chapter to the Marcionists; and Jacubi, another Arabian author, says, that Manes stated which particles were touched by the purity of light, and which by the corruption of obscurity. The *Light of Certainty and Foundation*, or *Book of Prescription for Auditors and Elected*, gives, of course, the rules of life for these two degrees of Manichæans; it probably gave the whole doctrine of the link between God and Man, and must have been written as letters which should be read to all the Manichæan communities. The *Gospel* had twenty-two books, the same number as there are letters in the Syriac alphabet. Here Manes is said to be the Paraclete whom the Messiah announced. Al Biruni says that the doctrine exposed in this book is the

antithesis of the Christian doctrine. It speaks of the deliverance of the Spirit out of the obscurity into the light, and of the prayers which are the only rites of the Manichæan religion. The *Shâpûrakân* was dedicated to King Shâpûr, and was in three divisions, which spoke of the different manners in which man may meet death, according as he is an auditor, an elect, or a sinner. It was possibly written with the purpose of bringing King Shâpûr into the Manichæan religion and is therefore in Persian. The day King Shâpûr came to the throne, Manes preached for the first time in public (20th March, A.D. 242). Of the epistles the *Fihrist* gives us a list of seventy-six; in the titles Kessler claims to recognise Jewish, Persian, Babylonian and Buddhistic elements. Also the *Book of Secrets*—from which the *Fihrist* quotes eighteen chapters—treats of many different subjects; Jacubi says that Manes calumniates the prophets in this book. Kessler tells us that there are Babylonian religious elements to be found in it. There are also five fragments of letters of Manes in Fabricius' *Bibliotheca Graeca* (20th edition, iii, 315). If not entirely false, these letters are parts of older writings. A part of one of them seems to be a polemic against the Christian religion. The letters are translations from Syriac Texts, but their origin is impossible to trace.

II. MANES' LIFE

Nowhere do the Eastern and the Western documents so differ as on what they tell us of Manes' life. The *Acta* gives us the Christian version of it, and the *Fihrist* the Eastern.

About the origin of Manes' name we have the opinion of H. P. B. who says in *Isis Unveiled*, ii, 208 (quoting King's *Gnostics*, etc.,) that *Manes* means chosen vessel, or receptacle, and also gives Plutarch's explanation, that *Manes* or *Manis* means masses or anointed, the vessel, or vase, of election; *Manes* is therefore the vessel full of that Light of God, which He pours on one He has elected as His Messenger.

Kessler gives an etymology of Manes' name which derives it from the Mandaean *Mânâ*, which means World of Light.

The *Acta* possibly contain a realistic version of a symbolic story of Manes' life. Many points in it might find their explanation in this way. As a realistic story it is difficult to consider it as true; Baur has already remarked the mythical elements in it. The story is briefly told as follows:

Scythianus, a rich merchant of Scythia, living in the apostolic times, travelling in Sarascenia on the Arabian frontier, knew the dualistic doctrine. He married a woman of the upper Thebaid, who had led an immoral life, and whom he bought out of prison. Scythianus then went to Egypt, where he came to know the wisdom of that country, and here Terebinthius became his disciple. Terebinthius wrote four books: the *Mysteries*, the *Capitula*, the *Gospel* and the *Thesaurus*. They all went to Judæa to dispute there with the priests, whom Scythianus wanted to convince of the truth of his doctrine, but in debate he was defeated. He died suddenly, and Terebinthius fled to Babylon with his master's treasures and books, leaving Scythianus' widow behind. He began to spread his doctrine in Babylon, saying that he possessed much of

the Egyptian wisdom, but he had only one disciple, an old widow. Terebinthius claimed to have been born of a virgin, and to have been nourished by angels in the mountains; he called himself Buddha.

He tried to make an impression by magic, climbed on to the roof of a house, and, calling out some magic names or words, endeavoured to fly through the air; but a gust threw him down and he died; this recalls the fate of Simon Magus.¹ The old widow—his only disciple—inherited his books and treasures; she bought a slave, Corbicius only seven years old, freed and taught him, and adopted him as her child. When he was twelve years old the widow died, and the boy inherited all her belongings, including the famous books. He buried his mistress, and went to the town where the King of Persia lived, and changed his name to that of Manes. We hear nothing more of Manes' life from then till he was sixty years old. Then, knowing the Persian doctrines perfectly, he translated the four books—we do not know from what language nor into what language—and mixed in them much of his own, which was without any value. He changed the titles of the books, and treated them as if he had written them himself. He had three disciples, Thomas, Addas, and Hermas. Thomas he sent into Egypt, and Addas into Scythia to preach his doctrine, and kept Hermas with him. After this the son of the King fell ill, and his father promised a great reward to anyone who could cure the prince. Manes came, but the prince died in his arms. The King was furious and threw Manes into prison. Also the two disciples were

¹ H. P. Blavatsky says in *The Secret Doctrine*, iii, 118, that Simon Magus and Manes knew too much of the mysteries of original Christianity, and therefore both were called the servants of evil.

brought back ; they fled again, but returned afterwards to their teacher, advising him to become a Christian. He told them not to be afraid, and asked them to procure him the books of the Christians, in which they succeeded after much trouble. Manes looked into them, seeking for texts which would be useful for his dualistic system. He also accepted the idea of Christ and some other doctrines, but with great restrictions, and he condemned a great part of the Bible. What he found on the Paraclete, Manes applied to himself and sent his disciples out again to preach his doctrine. The King heard this, and decided therefore to kill Manes, who learning this by a dream and bribing the gaolers—who were subsequently punished with death—fled to Castell Arabion. From Castell Arabion he wrote a letter to Marcellus, a Christian of Carchar (Cascar ?) known for his good works, and whom he wished to win to his belief. As messenger for this letter he chose Turbo, a disciple of Adda. Marcellus received this messenger kindly, but Archelaus, the bishop of Carchar—was furious, and determined to get Manes into his power. Marcellus, 'this excellent Christian,' wrote a short letter to Manes inviting him to come to his house. This letter was sent by a servant of Marcellus, for Turbo did not want to see or hear any more of Manes, as he had suddenly become a convert to Christianity, never missing any of Archelaus' discourses. Marcellus and Archelaus also asked Turbo what was Manes' doctrine, and the explanation which Turbo gave is the most important part of the *Acta Archelai*. Finally, Turbo said that what he had told was the doctrine which Manes charged his three disciples to preach, Addas in the Orient, Thomas in Syria, and Hermas in Egypt. After the communications of Turbo, Marcellus prepared

a debate. Manes arrived unprepared, with twenty-two youths and virgins; his appearance prejudiced the audience against him; he carried a Babylonian book under his arm. The debate was held before a large audience, and four judges were named who consistently agreed with Archelaus, the speaker for the Christian side. The public grew furious with Manes, who claimed to be a disciple of Christ, an apostle of Jesus and the Paraclete, while much honour was paid to Archelaus. Manes fled to the town of Diodorus, where he preached his doctrines to many, and, as nobody was of an opposite opinion, he gained some disciples. This Diodorus—the presbyter of this place—wrote to Archelaus—who answered very shortly, but gave enough information to enable Diodorus to challenge Manes to debate. Just as they were about to begin, Archelaus himself arrived, and with some difficulty defeated Manes; but this did not satisfy him. He gathered the public together, and told them all he knew about Manes—the story of his life up to the time of his escape from prison in Persia; Manes again fled, but was taken in Castell Arabion, and handed over to the King who—to punish him for the death of his son, and of the gaolers—condemned him to be flayed and hanged, and his flesh given to the birds. Archelaus added this story of Manes' death to the *Acta*, and said that Manes' doctrines were not original, but were also taught by Basilides and others.

That this story is not genuine has been argued on quite technical grounds—I might even say proved—by many authors. Beausobre noticed it as early as 1734. The part which speaks of the doctrines of Manes is certainly copied, or compiled, from a well-informed

source, but the rest must be a wrongly interpreted symbolical or mythical tale; the Manichæan Doctrine must have included very many mythical stories, as we shall see in the *Cosmogony*. Besides the whole *Acta* are composed to show the superiority of Christianity over its adversary, and have hereby lost all the historical value which they might otherwise have had.

Kessler tries to bring light into this chaos by identifying Terebinthus with Manes, and Scythianus with his father Patak of the *Fihrist*; this argument is not impossible, but this does not make the *Acta* and the *Fihrist* in accordance with each other.

An interesting detail is the fact that Terebinthus took the name of Buddha, and his follower Corbicius that of Manes. The names remind us that Buddha and Manas are the names of two adjoining planes. M. Rochat offers some very sound arguments to show that the *Acta*-story is not historical. I think that Rochat is quite right when he thinks it improbable that a bishop (Archelaus) would hold two public debates with an escaped criminal—which Manes was for the moment—also, the King of Persia could never have put anyone to death for pretending to be the Paraclete of whom Jesus spoke. If he were angry because of the death of his son, he would surely have at once condemned Manes to death. The death of the gaolers at his own command, would not have caused the King to take vengeance on Manes. Christian influences are also very visible in such phrases as: "The doctrine inspired by Anti-Christ," "We have shown that he was a false prophet". That Cascar was a town mixed up with the story of Manes is rendered a little probable by the fact that more than three hundred years later a bishop

of Cascar wrote on the religion of Manes (Theodore bar Khoni).

The *Fihrist* biography seems much less extraordinary than the *Acta*. Perhaps the author had read Manichæan books or documents dating from the time of Manes. Many reject this version as there are some marvels and visions told in it—indigestible elements for historians—but on the whole, the *Firhist* version does not look improbable though of course alterations and mistakes may have crept in, in course of time.

According to the *Fihrist*, Manes was the son of Patak (also called Fatak, Papah, Babah, Patik), belonging to the Abber Persian race of the Chaskans, and lived in Hamadan (Ekbatana). He went to live in Babylon where he settled in the neighbourhood of Teisifun. Here Manes was born—al Biruni says in A. D. 215-16—in the town Mardinu on the Chanal Kuthâ; but bar Khoni speaks of Abrûmiâ as the town where he was born. Perhaps the same name is to be found in Ibn abi barzâm of the *Fihrist*, but all are unintelligible. The date may not be quite exact, but no great error is possible. Manes' mother belonged to the royal family of the Aschghanies, or Arsacides. The *Fihrist* gives three different names for her—Mês, Utâchîm and Marmarjam. Kessler sees in the names of Manes' Mother only the names of the towns to which Manes' birth was assigned (Mês from Mesene, Utachîm from Kutha, Marmarjam from Mordinu) but I think that Flügel's explanations are not less probable than Kessler's. MêS, or Meiss, as Manes' mother, might be (as the Turk Kâmûs says) the name of a large tree which is called by the Greeks the lotus, and by the Turks, the wild pepper-tree. If we admit that the similarity of names in Greek for the Indian lotus

and the Turkish pepper-tree has caused a certain confusion, we find here that Manes was called a lotus-born.

Of Utachim Flügel gives no explanation, but of Mar Marjam—which he writes in two words—he says that this is still the name actually given in Syria and Egypt to the Virgin Mary.¹ One codex of the *Fihrist* gives *Marjam* only a form, which is also found in the New Testament for the Virgin. It thus reminds us of the name of several Virgin-mothers of World-Teachers. Now we must of course remember the fact that the believers in Manes tried, from the earliest times, to create an aureole of sanctity around the figure of Manes. The Greek anathema, mentioned above, gives Carossa as the name of Manes' mother, a name of which it is impossible to find the origin. Once Patak, going into the inner part of the temple to say his prayers, heard a voice which said: "O Patak, do not eat meat, do not drink wine, and have no converse with women;" for three days running Patak heard these words repeated several times. After having thought this over, Patak joined a community in the neighbourhood of Dastashan, which was called Mugtasila—"those who wash or baptise themselves"—the members of which lived under the discipline which the voice had commended to Patak. At the time of the author of the *Fihrist*, members of this sect still remained. Soon afterwards Manes was born, and his mother had beautiful dreams in which she saw some one lifting up her son, taking him through the air, and bringing him back again. From time to time this absence of the child lasted for one or two days. Later, Manes' father went away,

¹ In the Turfan fragments we find sometimes the name Mar, as for instance in the following prayer: God, Mar, Manes, deliver my soul. M. 176.

and took his son to relations who belonged to the same religion, in which Manes was thus brought up. Manes spoke in spite of his youth 'the speech of wisdom,' and at twelve years of age he received, as he himself said, "revelations from the King of the Paradise of Light". The Angel who brought him these revelations was called at-Taum, which means the companion. This Angel said to him: "Leave this community. You do not belong to its members; your mission is the purity of morals and the suppression of desires. But in view of your youth, it is not yet time to make your appearance." When he was twenty-four years old, the Angel at-Taum came again, and said to him: "Now the time is come for you to appear in public, and to proclaim aloud your own doctrine."

So Manes with two disciples—Simeon and Zakû—appeared on the day that King Shâpûr I was crowned. This was between A.D. 240 and 241,¹ and as we saw that Manes was born in the year 215 or 216, and began to preach his doctrine when he was twenty-four, the dates are in perfect accord. Only the *Fihrist* says that the day of Shapur's coronation and of Manes' appearance was Sunday, the first day of Nisan, when the Sun was in the Sign of Capricorn. These details made Flügel² think that the year A.D. 238 was meant, which however does not make much difficulty. Other historians also say that Manes appeared in public in Shâpûr's time, but do not give any precise information.³ The *Fihrist* quotes Muhammad ben Ishak, who said that Manes began his public life in the second year of the reign of Gallus. As

¹ Flügel, 145-6.

² *Ibid.* 146-149.

³ *Ibid.* 146.

the two Gallus, (Trebonius Gallus I and Gallus Volusianus) both began to reign in A.D. 251, this disaccord can only be explained if the name of Gallus was given in mistake for that of Gordianus III, whose reign lasted from A.D. 238 to 244, giving us A.D. 239 as the year of Manes' appearance.¹ We are brought to the same year by the *Fihrist* which gives us the number of years between the appearance of Manes and those of Marcion and Bordesanes, and I think with Flügel that A. D. 239 must be the year in which Manes started his public life; and as he was then twenty-four years old, he must have been born in the year 214. The *Fihrist* says then that after Manes had travelled for about forty years in different countries he turned back to the town from which he started, where he asked the brother of King Shâpûr, called Firûz, to follow his doctrine. This period of about forty years causes some difficulty, as King Shâpûr reigned only thirty-two years at the most, (possibly only thirty); besides, the word 'about' makes it possible that it was some years less; also it is not said that these forty years are to be counted from his appearance in public; it is quite possible that we are to count this period as beginning with his twelfth year, when he heard the Angel for the first time and then all the dates would be in agreement.

Firûz presented Manes to his brother King Shâpûr, and—the Manichæans say—when Manes came to the palace, it was as if two lamps of light shone from his back. Shâpûr paid him much honour, though he had decided to make him a prisoner and to kill him. But when Manes appeared before him, the King was afraid; he was glad to see him (strange combination!) asked

¹ *Ibid*, 150. etc.

Manes what he brought him, and promised even to become a Manichæan. Manes asked for many favours and begged that his disciples should be respected in Persia, and be free to go there whenever they liked. Shâpûr consented to everything. Manes had already invited the Indians, Chinese, and the inhabitants of Khurasan to accept his doctrine, and he left a disciple in each of these regions.

The *Fihrist* tells us further that Manes was said to be the Paraclete; he derived his doctrine from the Magicians and the Christians; and the script in which the religious books of the Manichæans are written must have been taken from the Syrian and the Persian alphabets.

Amongst later oriental authors, we often find Manes spoken of as having been a celebrated painter. This legend can be traced back to the Persian historian Mirchond, who, speaking of Manes, tells the following story, of which I have not been able to find the origin¹: Manes must have been an unequalled painter; he could draw an enormous circle with his free hand without the least irregularity. Once, while travelling, he noticed a cavern in the mountains, of which the air was healthful although it had only one entrance. He carried thither enough food for a year, and said to his disciples that he would be taken up into heaven, would remain there for a year, and would then return, bringing with him the orders of heaven. He told them when they should meet. During this year he painted the most wonderful pictures, which he afterwards pretended to have brought with him from heaven.² Later

¹ Kessler. *Manes*, p. 377.

² Flugel, p. 382 speaks of a book illustrated by Manes, but that is not mentioned in Kessler's translation of the text.

on, Manes is sometimes spoken of as having been a famous painter; and he is always called in Persia "Manes the painter".

The newly discovered documents published by Dr. F. W. K. Müller give us some further details about Manes' life, which are to a certain extent in harmony with the *Acta Archelai*, as they also speak of a meeting between Manes and King Shâpûr I. When Manes was announced to the King, the latter, who had been out hunting, was at dinner, and Manes had to wait till the King had washed his hands. When Manes entered, the King said to him: "I had sworn that you should not come into this country." Manes answered that he had done good to the relations of the King and had cured many from illness.¹ This last phrase reminds us of the story of the son of the King who was ill, though the rest of the description of the interview is quite different from the *Fihrist* one.

Another fragment gives us a rather incomprehensible story, how Manes, received by two brothers of the King in a beautiful garden, was asked by them—most probably in jest—whether the garden of heaven was as beautiful as the one they were in. Whereupon Manes showed them the garden of heaven in a sort of trance.² We also find the very important statement that Manes had himself said: "I am a physician from the country of Babylon."³

(To be Continued)

Raimond van Marle

¹ M. 3.

² M. 47.

³ M. 566.

ZOROASTRIAN RITES AND CEREMONIES

By SHAMS-UL-ULMA ERVAD JIVANJI J. MODI, B.A.

(Concluded from Vol. XXXIII, No. 11, p. 892.)

[In this paper, I have tried to give a brief description of the Zoroastrian rites and ceremonies. Where possible and available, for example in the case of some of the socio-religious, purificatory and the initiation ceremonies, I have given references to the religious books and have briefly explained the signification and symbolism, without attempting any justification.]

IV. CONSECRATION CEREMONIES

THE Parsis have the following principal consecration ceremonies :

A. Consecration of the Sacred Fire and the Fire Temples.

B. Consecration of the Towers of Silence.

C. Consecration of the *Alat* ; *i. e.*, certain religious requisites for ceremonial purposes, such as the consecrated water, cows' urine, etc.

(A) CONSECRATION OF THE SACRED FIRES AND FIRE TEMPLES

There are three grades of Sacred Fires :

- | | |
|---------------------------------|-----------------------|
| Three Grades of Sacred
Fires | 1. The Atash Beharam. |
| | 2. The Atash Adaran. |
| | 3. The Atash Dad-gah. |

These three have their different rituals of consecration and also different rituals for the daily prayers at the five times (*gahs*) of the day, when they are fed with fresh fuel by the priests.

It is the *Vendidad*¹ that has suggested the ritual for the preparation of the Sacred Fire of the first grade. Therein, it is enjoined, that the following kinds of fire may be carried from their places and enshrined in a *Dad-gah* (*Av. Daityo-gatu*):

The Atash Beharam.
The Different Fires that
make up its Fire

1. The fire that burns a corpse.
2. The fire that burns filth.
3. The fire that burns dirt.
4. The fire used by a potter.
5. The fire used by a glass blower.
6. The fire used by a coppersmith.
7. The fire used by a goldsmith.
8. The fire used by a silversmith.
9. The fire used by an ironsmith.
10. The fire used by a man working in steel.
11. The fire used by a baker.
12. The fire used by a furnace-worker.
13. The fire used by a tinsmith.
14. The fire used by a shepherd.
15. The fire used by a military man.
16. The fire used by a neighbour.

In modern practice, the sixteen are used:

1. The fire from a burning corpse.
2. The fire of a dyer.
3. The fire from the house of the king, or the ruling authority who represents the king.
4. The fire of a potter.

¹ *Vendidad*, VIII, 81-96. *Vide* the Revayets.

5. The fire of a brick kiln.
6. The fire of a fakir or an ascetic.
7. The fire of a goldsmith.
8. The fire of a mint.
9. The fire of an ironsmith.
10. The fire of an armourer.
11. The fire of a baker.
12. The fire of a brewer or distiller.
13. The fire of a soldier or traveller.
14. The fire used by a shepherd.
15. The fire kindled by lightning.
16. The fire from the house of a Zoroastrian.

The different processes for the consecration of the Sacred Fire of the Atash Beharam

The various processes for the consecration, gone through, one after another, are the following :

1. Collection of the above sixteen fires.
2. Purification of these sixteen fires.
3. Consecration of these sixteen fires.
4. Uniting these sixteen fires into one fire.
5. Consecration of the united Sacred Fire.
6. Consecration of the chamber of the Fire, the *sanctum sanctorum*, of the Fire Temple.
7. Enthroning the Sacred Fire.

We will not go into the details of each of the above processes, which are long, but simply state what a Fire so collected, purified, united, consecrated and enthroned signifies to

Signification of the purifying and consecrating processes of the Sacred Fire

a Parsi. A Parsi has to meditate thus on looking at the Sacred Fire when he attends the Fire Temple: "If this Fire in the vase before me, though pure in itself, though the noblest of the creations of God, and the best symbol of the Deity, had to undergo

certain processes of purification, had to draw out, as it were, its essence—nay its very quintessence—of purity, in order to be worthy to occupy its exalted position, how much more necessary, more essential and more important is it for me, a poor mortal liable to commit sins and crimes and coming into contact with hundreds of evils, both physical and mental, to undergo the process of purification by making my *manashni*, *gavashni* and *kunashni* (thoughts, words and deeds) pass, as it were, through a sieve of purity and piety, virtue and morality, and to separate, by that means, my *humata*, *hukhta*, and *hvarshata*, (good thoughts, good words and good deeds) from my *dushmata*, *duzukhta*, and *duzvarshata* (evil thoughts, evil words, and evil deeds), so that I may, in my turn, be enabled to acquire an exalted position in future?”

The fires, which are united and consecrated, are collected from the houses and places of business of men of different grades in society. This must remind a Parsi that, as all these fires from the houses of men of different grades have, by the process of purification, equally acquired the exalted place in the vase, so, before God, all men—no matter to what grade of society they belong—are equal, provided they pass through the process of purification, provided they preserve purity of thought, of word, and of deed.

Again, when a Parsi goes before the Sacred Fire, which is kept burning day and night in the Fire Temple, the officiating priest presents to him the burnt ashes from a part of the fire. The Parsi applies these to his forehead and thinks to himself; “Dust to dust. The fire, all brilliant, shining and resplendent, has,

while burning, spread around, the fragrance of sweet smelling sandalwood and frankincense. So, shall it be with me. After all, I have to depart from this transient life and my body will be reduced to dust. Let me do my best to spread, like this fire, before my death, the fragrance of charity and good deeds and hold the light of righteousness and knowledge before others." In short, the Sacred Fire, burning in a Fire Temple, serves as a perpetual reminder to a Parsī standing before it, that he must practise purity and piety, humility and brotherhood.

The ceremony of feeding the Sacred Fire five times (*gahs*) during the day is known as that of *bui dadan*; i.e., to give the perfume; it varies according to the grade of the Sacred Fire referred to above. In the case of the Fire of the first grade, the priest must be one, who has gone through the *Barashnum* and has performed the *Khub* ceremony. After saying his morning prayers, he places six pieces of sandalwood on the fire in the form of a *machi*, or throne. The pieces are arranged in a particular way. The priest washes with pure water the stone slab on which the censer of the sacred fire stands. He goes round the censer with a metallic ladle in his hand, and, standing in eight different positions, namely, the four sides and four corners, recites different parts of a prayer formula, the substance of which is as follows: "O God! We praise Thee through Thy fire. We praise Thee by the offering of good thoughts. We praise Thee through Thy fire. We praise Thee by the offering of good words. We praise Thee through Thy fire. We

The Bui Ceremony for feeding the Sacred Fire of the Atash Beharam¹

¹ For the details of this ceremony, *vide The Theosophist* of September, 1905.

praise thee by the offering of good actions. We do all this for the enlightenment of our thoughts, for the enlightenment of our words, and for the enlightenment of our actions.”

The consecrations of the sacred fires of the second and third grades are similar but simpler and the number of different fires required is less. The *bui* ceremony for feeding the fires is also simple.

The temples or buildings which hold all these sacred fires are consecrated with the recital of the *Yaçna*, *Vendidad*, *Afringan* and *Baj* prayers for four days.

(B) THE CONSECRATION OF THE TOWERS OF SILENCE

There are three ceremonies in connection with the consecration of a Tower of Silence. They are as follows:

1. *Kodari-marvi* (lit. striking the spade); *i.e.*, the ceremony of digging the foundation.
2. The *Tana* ceremony; *i.e.*, the ceremony of laying the foundation.
3. The Consecration proper.

In the centre of the spot chosen for the Tower, a priest encloses a certain place with a *pavi*¹ and performs the *Baj* ceremonies in honour of Sraosha

¹ *Pavi* (from *pav*; *i.e.*, sacred) is a kind of trench, a few inches deep. It is intended to separate a portion of a place, from the adjoining ground, in order to perform a sacred ceremony therein. No outsider is allowed to enter within this enclosure while the ceremony is being performed. The *Yacna*, *Baj* and *Vendidad* ceremonies are performed only within such enclosed spaces. In Fire Temples, the Sacred Fire burns in a censer within such an enclosed space. (*Vide* my paper on “The Kashas of the Iranian Barashnum and the Boundary-lines of the Roman Lustrum” in my *Anthropological Papers*, pp. 330–339).

—the guardian angel guiding the souls of the dead; of Ahura Mazda; of Spenta Armaiti—the archangel presiding over land, a portion of which is at the same time being enclosed for the construction of the Tower; of Ardafraosh—all the departed souls; and of Haft Ameshaspands—the seven archangels. Having performed these ceremonies and prayers, the priest digs with his own hand a part of the ground required for the Tower.

A few days after this preliminary ceremony, when the whole of the required ground is excavated for the foundation by the labourers, two priests perform, in the morning, the *tana* ceremony for laying the foundation of the Tower. The ceremony is so called from the fact that '*tana*,' *i.e.*, a very fine thread is used in the ceremony. One hundred and one¹ fine threads are woven into one strong thread or string. The thread so prepared is sufficiently long to go three-times round the circumference of the proposed tower in various directions and cross directions.² Sometime before its use the thread is made '*pav*;' ³ *i.e.*, ceremonially washed, purified and dried.

To hold this thread, the priests fix in the excavated ground three hundred and one nails of different sizes, varying in weight, from one maund to the fraction of a seer. After saying the *Sraosh baj* prayer up to

¹ One hundred and one is a sacred number, as Ahura Mazda has one hundred and one names which signify His virtues and characteristics. These names are recited in the *Yacna* ceremony.

² The number three is a sacred number, being symbolic of *Humata*, *Hukhta* and *Hvarshta*, *i.e.*, good thoughts, good words and good deeds.

³ To make a thing '*pav*', is to wash it properly with pure water, with the recital of the prayer formula of '*Khshnaoitra Ahurahe Mazdao*,' *i.e.*, "I do this for the pleasure or recognition of Ahura Mazda."

Ashahe, they proceed to fix the three hundred and one nails, reciting one *Ahunavar* while fixing each nail. These nails are fixed in different directions. The thread is then passed round, and through, these nails without touching the ground.

The ceremony of the consecration of the Tower lasts four days. The Tower is surrounded by a *pavi*, and in the central well of the Tower, called the *Bhandar*, two priests perform the *Yaçna* ceremony during the day, in the *Havan gah*, and the *Vendidad* ceremony at night, in the *Ushahin gah*, for three consecutive days and nights. These ceremonies are in honour of the angel Sraosha, who guides the souls of the dead for three days and nights after death. On the morning of the fourth day, a *Yaçna* ceremony is performed in honour of Ahura Mazda. Then the *Baj* and *Afringan* prayers are recited in honour of Ahura Mazda, of Ardafraosh, *i.e.*, the departed souls, of Spenta Armaiti, *i.e.*, the Yazata presiding over mother earth, a portion of which is now set apart for laying the dead upon, and of Sroasha. In the *Afringan* prayer, known as the *Fashan* prayer, which is recited in the presence of a large assemblage of the community, the name of the donor at whose expense the Tower is built is mentioned and the blessing of God invoked upon him. If the Tower is constructed by the donor, in honour of, or to commemorate the memory of a deceased relative, the name of that relative is mentioned. When the ceremony is over, the Parsis assembled, go into the Tower and throw into the central well, gold, silver or copper coins, as their mite, towards the cost of the construction of the Tower.

(3) The Consecration of
the Tower

V. LITURGICAL RITES AND CEREMONIES

Division of the subject This branch of the ceremonies
may be divided into three parts :

- A. The inner liturgical services and ceremonies.
- B. The outer liturgical services and ceremonies.
- C. Ceremonies which are made up of more than one of the above services.

The inner liturgical ceremonies and services are those which are performed in a place specially allotted for the purpose. Such a place is known as the *Dar-i-Meher* (lit. 'the house of Mithra') and is generally attached to a Fire Temple. Such ceremonies can only be performed by the priests who have passed through the second grade of initiation *viz.*, the *Maratab*, and who observe the *Barashnum*. These ceremonies are generally spoken of as the *Pav Mahal ni Krya* ; *i.e.*, the ceremonies of the holy or consecrated grade. The priests capable of performing these ceremonies are known as *yaozdathrugar* (lit. 'purifiers, or purity-givers').

Under this head, fall the following ceremonies :

- 1. The Yaçna or Yazashna.
- 2. The Visparad.
- 3. The Vendidad.
- 4. The Baj.

The outer liturgical ceremonies are those, which may be, but need not necessarily be, performed in a *Dar-i-Meher*. They may be performed in any ordinary or private house or place. Again, they may be performed by any priest, even by one who does not observe the *Barashnum*, or by one who has passed through only the first grade of initiation into priesthood ; *viz.*, the *Navar* ceremony and not through the second grade or the

Maratab ceremony. Under this heading fall the following ceremonies :

1. The Afringan.
2. The Farokhshi.
3. The Satum.

There are certain liturgical ceremonies which are, as it were, a group of several liturgical services of the first two classes. The following ceremonies fall under this third head :

1. Hamayasht or Homast.
2. Geti-kharid.
3. Sarosh (Sraosha).
4. Zindeh-ravan.
5. Nirangdin.
6. Gahambar.
7. Jashan.
8. Fravardegan.
9. Faresta.

Out of all the above liturgical services, we will describe a few that are common.

(A) INNER LITURGICAL SERVICES

The word Yaçna or Yazashna is the same as Samskr̥t Yajna or Yagña, meaning 'sacrifice'.

1 The Yacna

It consists of a prayer which includes the praise of God and His Spiritual Intelligences and invokes Their aid. It consists of two parts :

1. The Paragna.
2. The Yaçna proper.

The word paragna means a preliminary ceremony and recital which precede (*para*) the Yaçna (*yagna*). It consists of

The Paragna

the following ceremonies :

(a) The Barsam ceremony.

(b) The Aiwyamonghana.

(c) The Urvaram.

(d) The Jivam.

(e) The Zaothra or Zor.

(f) The Haoma.

The *Barsam* is the ceremony referred to by Ezekiel,¹ Strabo² and Dino,³ a contemporary of Philip. The *Barsam* is identified with the *Barhis*, or sacred grass (*kusha*) of the Brāhmaṇas.⁴ The ceremony consists of the process of a ceremonial preparation of the twigs of a plant. In the present practice, the twigs are replaced by thin metallic sticks or rods.

The *Aiwyamonghana* is the strip of a leaf of the date palm, which was a symbol of fertility and which also signified the tree of life. The officiating priest, qualified with the *khub* ritual, goes before the tree in the compound of the *Dar-i-Meher*, and with the recital of a short prayer, washes one of its leaves, cuts it, and brings it into the *yazashna-gah* where the *Yaçna* ceremony is performed. It is there divided into six strips and is used for tying the *Barsam* rods referred to above. The signification of the ceremony is to impress an idea of unification (*ayokardgih*).⁵

The Avestaic word *urvara* is the same as Latin *arbour*, *i.e.*, tree. The word is specially meant for a twig of the

¹ Ezekiel, VIII, 16, 17.

² Strabo, Bk. XV, chap. III, 14.

³ Darmesteter's Zend Avesta, III, p. 69.

⁴ Haug's Essays, second ed., p. 283; Journal B. B. R. As. Society, Vol. XIV, 5-15.

⁵ *Pahlavi Yasna*, IX, 26.

pomegranate. The pomegranate represented the vegetable creation and especially the fruit-giving trees. It symbolised the immortality of the soul, the fecundity of Nature and plenty and prosperity. The process of cutting its twig is similar to that of the *Aiwyaonghana*.

Every *Dar-i-Meher*, where inner liturgical services are performed, must have, beside a

(d) The *Jivam* date palm and a pomegranate tree, a she-goat for the use of its milk, called *jivam* in the ritual. *Jivam* is the abbreviated form of *gam-jivyam*, i.e., the living product of a cow. The she-goat is brought into the place of ceremonies, and a properly qualified priest first washes the udder of the goat with the recital of a short prayer and then milks it with another recital.

The *Zaothra* or *Zor* is the water consecrated for use in the liturgical services of

(e) The *Zaothra* the *Yaçna*, the *Visparad* and the *Vendidad*. Literally, it means any sacrificial offering over which a religious ceremony is performed. In the *Yaçna* recital, it is restricted to the ceremonial consecrated water. According to the *Bundehesh*¹, the ceremony seems to have been intended to inculcate the idea of preserving the purity of water. The consecrated *zaothra* water, is at the end of the ceremony, poured into the well whence it was brought. The process is called *zor melavvi*; i.e., the mixing of the *zaothra* water.

The ritual of preparing the *Haoma* juice plays an important part in the *Yaçna* ceremony. The *Haoma* plant of the *Parsis* is the *Soma* of the *Hindus*.

(f) The *Haoma* Ceremony²

¹ Chapter XXI, 3.

² *Vide* my paper on "Haoma in the Avesta" in my *Anthropological Papers* pp. 225-43.

It belongs to a species of *Ephedra*, nat. order *Gnetaceæ*. The twigs of this plant are cleaned and then purified ceremonially. They are afterwards pounded with the ceremonial recital of certain prayers. The Haoma ceremony consists of three parts :

1. *Hom pav Karvani Kriya* ; i.e., the ceremony of ceremoniously purifying Haoma.

2. *Hom galvani Kriya* ; i.e., the ceremony of pounding the twigs, preparing the solution and straining the juice.

3. *Hom pivani Kriya* ; i.e., the ceremony of drinking the Haoma juice.

The *Dadistan-i-dinik*¹ explains a part of the ceremony. It says that the four poundings of the twigs of the plant symbolise the coming of Zoroaster and His three future apostles. The triple ringing of the *Havana*, or the metallic mortar, in which it is pounded, reminds us of the triad of good thoughts, good words and good actions. The three ceremonial processes of pouring the *saothra* water in the mortar for pounding the twigs is symbolical of the three processes of the formation of rain in Nature ; viz., evaporation, formation of clouds and condensation as rain. The juice prepared as above by pounding the Haoma twigs in the *saothra* water is called '*para-haoma*.'

After the preliminary *paragna* ceremony, follows the *Yaçna* proper. It consists of the recital of the seventy-two chapters of the *Yaçna* with some ritual here and there. In the *paragna*, certain things, such as the *haoma* juice, the *urvaram* plant, etc., were prepared ceremonially. In the *Yaçna* proper, there occurs, what may be called, the consummation. All the different ceremonies, referred to

The *Yacna* proper

¹ Chapter XXVIII, p. 30-33.

above, were accessories to the principal *haoma* ceremony which prepared the *haoma* juice. In the *Yaçna* proper, after the recital of its few chapters, the officiating priest (*zaoti*) consummates the ceremonial preparation. He eats a little of the *Draona* (*Darun*) or the consecrated bread and drinks the *haoma* juice.

The word *Visparad* has two significations; *viz.*,
 2. The *Visparad* 'all seasons' and 'all lords or chiefs'. It is a form of prayer, recited to celebrate the season festivals. It is also a form of prayer, wherein all the *rads*, *i.e.*, chiefs, or the best types of the creation are invoked. The *Visparad* prayer is divided into twenty-three *kardahs*, or sections. The celebration of the *Visparad* is the celebration of the *Yaçna* with its *paragna* and with the additional recital of the twenty-three chapters of the *Visparad* proper.

Gahambars, or the season festivals, are the special occasions on which the *Visparad* is recited and the ceremony performed. Originally, it required the presence of seven priests, but now, only two are required.

The word *Vendidad* comes from the Avestaic
 3. The *Vendidad* word 'Vi-daeva-data,' *i.e.*, the law given against the Daevas, or the evil influences that lead to impurity and decay, both of body and mind. The *Vendidad* is made up of twenty-two *pargarads* or chapters. It formed the nineteenth book, out of the twenty-one *nasks* or books referred to by the *Dinkard*. It is recited in the *Ushahingah*; *i.e.*, after midnight. Its celebration consists of the ceremonial recital of its twenty-two chapters, not successively, but with the interpolations of the different chapters of the *Yaçna* and the *Visparad*. The *Vendidad*, thus mixed up, is known as the *Vendidad sadeh*.

The derivation of the word *Baj* is doubtful. The *Baj* ceremony consists of the recital of some chapters of the *Yaçna* with the addition of some Pazend prayers. The recital is made over the offerings of sacred bread, called *Darun* (Av. *Draona*), fruit, milk, water, etc. Besides the *Dar-i-Meher*, it can be performed on the down floor of a house within a place, enclosed by a *pavi*. As these offerings and recitals are often made on the anniversaries of the dead, these anniversary days also are called *Baj*.

4. The Baj

(B) THE OUTER LITURGICAL SERVICES

The word "*Afringan*" from the root '*fri*' (San. *pri*), 'to praise,' means a prayer expressive of praise to God and the Higher Intelligences. This prayer corresponds to the *Apri* of the Brāhmaṇas. Its celebration generally requires two priests, called the *Zaoti* and the *Rathwi*, but one priest alone can recite the prayer. It consists of the following three parts :

1. The Afringan

(a) The Dibacheh, or introduction.

(b) The Afringan proper.

(c) The Afrin, or benediction.

The *Zaoti*, or senior officiating priest can perform all the three parts, the *Rathwi* only the second.

The *Dibacheh*, i.e., the Introduction or the Exordium of the *Afringan* is the principal part of the prayer. It is the introductory part of the service which prepares the congregation for the main subject of the service. It is composed in the Pazend language. When recited in the midst of Avesta prayers, it is recited in *baj*; i.e., in a suppressed tone.

(a) The Dibacheh

The two main subjects that the *Dibacheh* announces are the following :

1. The *Khshnuman*. It announces the name of the *Yazata*, or heavenly being, in whose honour or for whose glorification or invocation, the service is performed.

2. The *Yad*. It announces the name of the person living (*zindeh ravan*) or dead (*anoshe-ravan*), in whose honour or memory the service is held. The name of the person (*farmayashne*), at whose direction the prayer is recited, is announced therewith.

The *Afringan* proper consists
(b) The *Afringan* proper of two parts :

(A) The variable part.

(B) The invariable part.

(A) The first part varies in the following points :

a. The number of *Ahunavars* recited varies according to the *Yazata* in whose honour the *Afringan* is recited.

b. The recital of the *gah* varies according to the period of the day when the ceremony is performed.

c. The *Khshnuman* ; i.e., the recital in praise of the heavenly being varies according to the *Yazata* in whose honour the recital takes place.

d. The *kardah* or section of the recital varies according to the nature of the *Afringan*.

(B) The invariable part contains an excellent prayer invoking the blessings of God upon

The Prayer for the King, forming the most important part of the invariable part

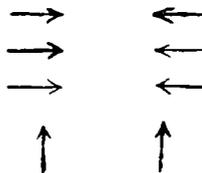
the ruler of the land, on whose stable, just and kind rule depends the prosperity of the country and its people. The prayer runs :

O Ahura Mazda! I pray for courage, victory and majestic sovereignty for my King. I pray for his rule, for allegiance to his throne, for a long period of his reign, for his long life and for strength to his body. I pray that he may have

powerful courage, God-granted victory and victorious superiority, that he may suppress those who are evil-minded, hostile, evil-disposed and quarrelsome. I pray that our King may be victorious over all those who entertain evil thoughts, utter evil words, and do evil actions, over revengeful enemies and malicious persons. I pray that our King may be victorious through his good thoughts, good words and good actions. May he smite all the enemies, all the evil doers. May he be gifted with all these boons in return for his good life. May that bring all glory to him, and may all that enhance the piety of his soul.

O Ruler! May you live long, may you live happy to help the righteous and to punish the unrighteous. May the best brilliant life of the righteous and pious be your lot.

The third part of the *Afringan* prayer is known as the *Afrin*, or benediction. This (c) The *Afrin* does not form a necessary part of the *Afringan*. Its omission would not vitiate the prayer. In these *Afrins*, the priest names some of the Yazatas, some of the departed worthies of ancient Iran, the great divisions of space and time, etc., and prays that the congregation or the parties may be blessed with the virtues and qualifications possessed by them. For the recital of the *Afringan*, the *Zaoti* has before him, on a carpet, a tray of offerings, consisting, principally, of fruits and flowers, milk, water, wine and *sherbet* or syrup. A fire is burning in a vase before him. The fire is fed with sandalwood and frankincense by the priest (*Rathwi*), sitting before the vase. The offerings thus presented and recited upon are called *myazda*. Eight of the flowers are specially arranged as shown below.



During a part of the recital, the priests exchange flowers, and point, with the ladle, to the different directions. This process reminds one of the Svastika of the Hindūs and the Cross of the Christians. The recital of the invariable part of the *Afringan* ends with a *Hamazor*; i.e., a kind of hand-fastening, which is similar to the 'Kiss of Peace'¹ among the Israelites and the early Christians. The money, given by the layman to the priest or priests, at the end of the *Afringan* and of other liturgical ceremonies, is called *Ashodad*, literally, the gift to the righteous.

The word *Farokhshi* which is another form of *Fravashi*, is the prayer in honour of the *Fravashis* or the *Farohars*.

(2) The *Farokhshi*

The *Farohar* is the guardian spirit, inherent in everything inanimate or animate, which protects it from decay and enables it to grow, flourish and prosper. Every object in Nature has its *Fravashi*. The *Fravashis* are the spiritual essences. They have something in common with the Ideas of Plato and Patterns of the Bible. In connection with the recital of the *Farokhshi*, the *Farohars* referred to are specially those of the dead, and more especially those of the particular dead, in whose honour the ceremony is performed.

Zoroastrianism teaches veneration for the dead. This veneration is founded on the belief, that the dead have a future existence somewhere, and that there exists some relation, though invisible and spiritual, between the dead and the living. The channel, through which this relation continues, is the *Fravashis*, or the guiding and guardian spirits of the dead, which comes to the help

¹ *Vide* my paper on "The Kiss of Peace among the Bene-Israels of Bombay and the Hamazor among the Parsis" in my *Anthropological Papers* pp. 283-94.

of the living dear ones, provided the latter live a pure and virtuous life and hold their departed ones in esteem and veneration. *Farokhshi* is the recital of these *Fravashis* in honour of the dead. The recital consists of the recital of the *Satum* prayer and the *Fravardin Yasht*. The offerings are the same as in the case of the *Afringan*.

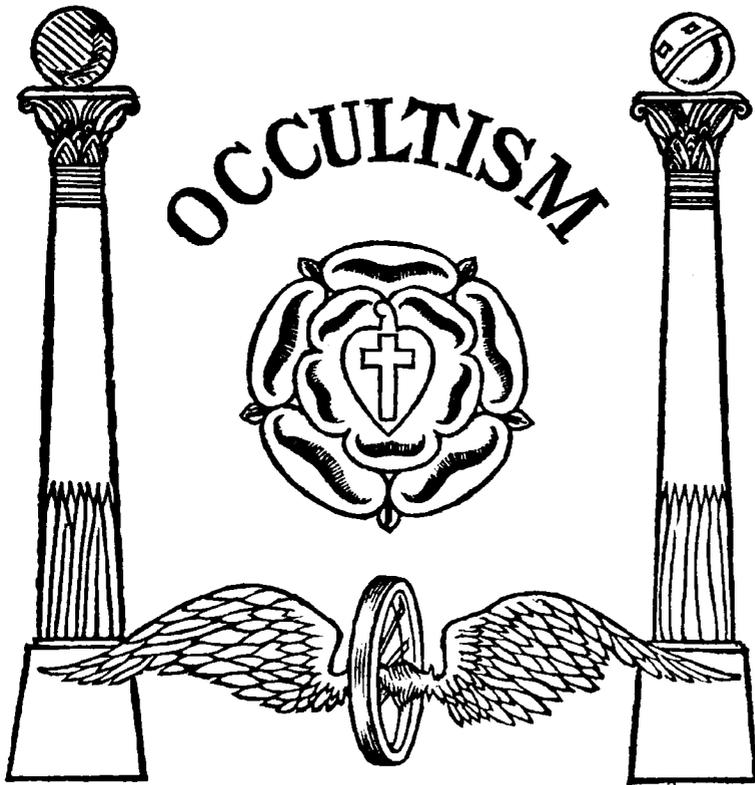
The word '*satum*' means 'praise'. The prayer is so called, because the word '*staomi*,'
 (3) The *Satum* i.e., 'I praise', occurs in the early part of the recital.¹ It is, as it were, a prayer of praise in honour of the *Fravashis* of the dead. The meal of the day is served in a tray and placed before the priest during its recital. The name of the dead, in whose honour it is specially recited, is mentioned first in the Pazend prayer, which is the same as the *Dibacheh* of the *Afringan* prayer.

(C) GROUPED CEREMONIES

There are certain ceremonies, or rather groups of ceremonies, which are performed by celebrating a number of different liturgical ceremonies described above. They are enumerated above. In the celebration of these ceremonies, the *Yaçna*, *Vendidad*, *Visparad*, *Afringan*, *Baj* and other prayers and ceremonies are performed several times, in particular orders of sequence.

Jivanji Jamshedji Modi

¹ *Yaçna*, XXVI.



RENTS IN THE VEIL OF TIME

LIVES OF ERATO

XII

ERATO was next born as a boy in a fine house standing amid large gardens in a city of ancient India. This city, which was built in a picturesque rocky valley, was the old Ajmere (4032-3987 B.C.) in Rajputānā. The people of the place were Kshatṛtriyas, a fine, tall, valiant race, and Erato's family had long been of importance and position amongst them. His

father Deneb was a high military officer, in many ways a good and religious man, yet fanatical and fierce in temper and an inveterate fighter. This was perhaps largely due to the times, which were uneasy and disturbed, with wars and rumours of wars ever in the air.

Erato grew up in luxury, and was loaded with costly jewels, most of which were spoils of war. His education, so far as intellectual training went, was simple if not meagre, consisting only of reading and writing, the latter art being practised in sand. The physical training was more varied, consisting in riding, swordsmanship and the use of the lance—arts which were taught to him by an old family retainer who took a keen delight in showing off his own prowess in these knightly accomplishments. Later on the boy began to learn mathematics and to commit a great many verses to memory. His mother Melete seems to have been a most winning and attractive soul, and to have taken great care and pains over the religious side of her son's training, ever striving to impress upon him out of her own saintly philosophy that all earthly glory was perishable and not worth pursuing. She had a hard task, however, as the boy was strongly drawn towards everything warlike and took delight in nothing so much as feats of horsemanship, and could thus with difficulty be induced to pay attention to more serious matters. He seems indeed to have spent his whole time in riding and martial exercises until he was sixteen or seventeen years old, at which age he actually accompanied his father on a campaign, a great war having arisen in connection with some question of suzerainty over a confederation of neighbouring states.

The methods of warfare were in some ways decidedly curious, and a good deal of magic was mixed up with them. For instance, one of the leaders, Pallas, would stand by a rock with a line of archers in front of him, and just as they shot, would make a sign with his staff, which by some miraculous means would not only affect the flight of the arrows, but would also increase their number, so that the men that fell wounded on the other side were actually more numerous than the arrows originally shot. The enemy also had their counter magic, and this took the shape either of a violent wind which blew the arrows back upon their senders, or of a dense fog which came up suddenly and completely covered operations. But on neither side does the magic employed appear to have gone beyond tricks of this kind.

Erato, now a tall agile young man, fair of skin and richly dressed, with a handsome jewel in the front of his turban, threw himself with zest into the joys of fighting. He was a warrior to his finger-tips, and nothing indeed could have been more different from the Erato of earlier Egyptian days, who, as will be remembered, had looked upon the whole business of war as a distasteful and irksome duty. Whether this change was purely the product of environment or was due to the definite putting down of a different portion or aspect of the Ego, cannot be altogether determined; still, the contrast is sufficiently interesting to suggest a profitable line of investigation.

At length hostilities ceased, and a temporary truce was concluded. Erato returned home, to the unbounded joy of his mother and younger brother, who had often trembled for his safety. The fact that peace had been declared however made little difference to his habits of life, and he went on with his warlike exercises as keenly

as ever. The love of art, which had been so prominent in some of his earlier incarnations, can hardly be said to have shown itself at all in this. If it did, it was under the very military guise of a liking for well made and skilfully decorated weapons, and for all kinds of inlaying and damascene work.

At the age of twenty-one Erato married. His bride Concordia, who had been selected for him according to Hindū custom, was much younger than himself and of a timid, shrinking disposition. The marriage ceremony was on a most magnificent scale, and included many elaborate banquets and costly entertainments. Much money also was given away in alms in honour of the occasion. After his marriage Erato lived for some time in his father's house with Concordia and his younger brother Ausonia—the latter a psychic, mystically minded sort of boy, affectionate but capricious, somewhat weakly in body and perhaps for that reason inclined to be wayward and irritable. Erato was deeply attached to this boy, and always tried to help him on in every possible way, so that life went on very happily, until a few years later he was called away again. This time the occasion was an important embassy to Egypt upon which Erato and his father were sent by Mars the reigning Emperor of Bārāṇāsi (Benares). Obedient to the command they set forth, taking with them bales of costly presents and jewels of fabulous value. Travelling westward on elephants, until they reached the sea-coast somewhere in the neighbourhood of Cutch, the party embarked on four ships somewhat resembling the modern dhow, in appearance, highly decorated yet exceedingly clumsy for purposes of seamanship. They sailed north past Karachi and across the

Persian Gulf by Ras-el-had, hugging the coast the whole way. Compasses apparently were not in use at this period, and so the flotilla was forced to guide its course exclusively by charts. It passed in turn by Socotra, Aden, and Berim, and sailed up the Red Sea, calling for provisions at many flourishing cities along the Somali coast, and finally entered a canal connecting the Gulf of Suez with the Nile. After journeying for a while up the canal, which seems to have entered the Nile somewhere below Memphis—for which city the embassy was bound—the ships were left at anchor in a lagoon and the last part of the journey was performed on land.

Memphis had grown still larger and more magnificent than when Erato had dwelt there as Court Architect in his last incarnation. A descendant of the Pharaoh whom he had then served sat upon his ancestor's throne, but of the court life of that age only one relic now remained, namely the dome-shaped regal crown described in the last life. Everything else was different and on a much more gorgeous scale.

Amongst the officers told off to receive the embassy were Sirius and Castor, who soon struck up a fast friendship with Erato and saw a great deal of him during his sojourn in the royal palace which had been set aside for the ambassadors, taking him with them on many river expeditions and sometimes on hunting excursions.

There seems to have been no hurry, and so it was only after a year had passed in this fashion that the ambassadors began to think of returning home. At last they set forth, laden with presents of every description—elaborately worked fabrics, vessels of agate and onyx,

elegantly designed lamps and other articles of virtue—and carrying a complimentary letter to the Emperor at Benares. The parting present given to Erato by Sirius and Castor was a polished stone figure of a God, to be worn as an amulet. The return journey was made by the same route as before, and after some months of travelling the party reached Benares, where Erato and his father were warmly welcomed both by the Emperor and by their own family. Melete's influence was still strong in the family life, although she was beginning to age in appearance and was not so strong as she had been. Ausonia was still a curious youth, well-meaning but strange and capricious. Erato for his part re-entered the home circle only to resume his old life of horsemanship and military exercises, which he now varied by more or less regular exercises at court. So things went on until, when our hero was thirty-two, the domestic life was broken up by the recrudescence of the old dynastic war in which Erato had seen his first service.

He now had to set forth again, and, much against everybody's advice, decided to take his younger brother Ausonia with him, a decision destined to have a profound and tragic influence on his after life. The fact was that in spite of all the elder brother's care, the young man's rashness and unwillingness to obey orders were a perpetual cause of anxiety and ended at last in his death by an extraordinary mischance. The headstrong youth happened, during a skirmish, to have pressed forward too eagerly, and had been completely cut off by the enemy. Seeing this Erato rushed furiously to the rescue, hurling his javelin as he ran. But just as he was in the act of throwing it he himself was struck; and this caused the javelin to swerve from its

course. Guided by some malign influence, it flew straight at Ausonia and pierced him through the heart.

Erato was stunned by this terrible misfortune, and all his old zest for fighting left him from that moment. He decided to abandon the army and returned home, bringing the sad news in person to the bereaved family. As may be imagined, poor Melete was inconsolable at the loss of her son, while Erato himself, broken down by grief and feeling that the whole tragedy was due to some previous bad karma which it was his duty to work out in full, ultimately determined to forsake wife and children and to go forth into the world as a wandering ascetic.

So carrying his sorrow with him, he commenced the new life, roaming through woods and jungles and subsisting either on ripe fruits or on occasional offerings which he might receive from towns and villages on the way. Yet so different was this mode of existence from all to which he had been accustomed that he was conscious all along of a profound discomfort in it. The restless mind of the soldier refused to be brought under control and, shorn of all that had once provided excitement and interest, life grew every day more intolerably monotonous.

It was in such a mood that he came one day to a secluded spot in the mountains where was a cave inhabited by Spica, an aged ascetic. He approached the old man, who welcomed him hospitably and listened kindly to his tale, and ended by offering to instruct him in the philosophic mysticism of the Hindūs. Erato, glad of a companion and of an interest in life, whatever it might be, accepted gratefully; and so for many years the two dwelt together, eating of the wild fruits of the

forest and drinking from a clear mountain spring that flowed hard by the cave. Meanwhile our hero proved so satisfactory a pupil that Spica was encouraged to unfold to the full his store of mystic knowledge; and, under the influence of what he thus learnt, Erato grew gradually calm and resigned. He had not, however, as it turned out, long to live, for at the early age of forty he died, predeceasing his venerable teacher by some years. Yet in the time during which he had lived in the cave he had succeeded in gaining a reputation for sanctity through all the countryside.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

- MARS: ... Emperor.
 DENEBO: ... *Rajput Chieftain. Wife: Melete. Sons: Erato, Ausonia.*
 PALLAS: ... *Leader who employs magic in battle.*
 ERATO: ... *Wife: Concordia. Egyptian friends: Sirius, Castor.*
 SPICA: ... *Ascetic. Mother: Sirona. Wife: Fides (dies young).*

NOTE.—A further list of Dramatis Personæ will be found in the XXV life of Alcyone and the XIX life of Orion.

MR. A. O. HUME, C. B.

FOUNDER OF THE INDIAN NATIONAL CONGRESS

By C. S. BREMNER

TO all who know and love India, the passing of Mr. A. O. Hume is an event of no mean importance. As founder of the Indian National Congress his name is known and honoured in that vast continent from the Himālayas to Cape Comorin, from Sindh to Assam, as the 'Friend of India'. He inherited the will and capacity of the reformer, since he was the eighth child of Joseph Hume, the Statesman and Economist who led the Radical party for thirty years during the earlier half of the nineteenth century. It is an interesting coincidence that this year marks the centenary of the connection of father and son with English public life, for in 1812 Joseph Hume purchased the right to represent Weymouth in Parliament. Students of history are aware how great were his services to his country. He worked for parliamentary reform, the repeal of Catholic disabilities, and of those that pressed on Nonconformists in the Corporation and Test Acts, the repeal of the Corn Laws, the satisfaction of Ireland's claims, the abolition of severe laws pressing on labour, of flogging in the army and impressment in the navy; no measure that aimed at greater justice and equity in our social

relations but found a friend, a determined supporter, in Joseph Hume. He caused Retrenchment to be added to the Liberal watchword 'Peace and Reform ;' the self-elected guardian of the public exchequer, during most of his life he questioned every item of public expenditure, and condemned the wasteful system by which the taxes were collected. He died in 1855, he and his gifted son having served the State contemporaneously for six years.

Mr. A. O. Hume was born in 1829, educated at Haileybury and London University, and in 1849 entered the service of the East India Company in Bengal. The theatre of the father's labours had been the British Parliament ; that of the son was India. At an early age he showed seriousness and earnestness of purpose, mastering the languages which were necessary for a successful administrator, entering into friendly relations with the people among whom he dwelt. He had the qualities of a ruler and organiser, the determination not only to deal with difficulties when they arose—such as at recurring famines—but to search out their causes and if possible prevent their repetition. During the Indian Mutiny, when he was at Etawah, Bengal, he raised and drilled a local force and rendered such service that he was made a C. B. and received the medal and clasp. His rise was fairly rapid, for he became Magistrate and Collector in the N. W. Provinces (now the U. P.) ; Commissioner of Customs ; Secretary to the Government of India. Whilst recognising and appreciating the essential greatness, the purity of aim, the solid achievements of our rule in India, Mr. Hume was one of that small band of men within the Civil Service who considered that things might be even better, and that we had not yet attained absolute perfection. Perhaps the continuance

of our Empire in India depends more on our capacity to furnish men of this stamp than on any other factor whatever. Reformers are always the men who see life in its true perspective, who are eternally trying the Present not at the bar of the Past, but of a Future yet to come where greater justice and freedom shall distinguish our mutual relations.

When Mr. Hume retired from the Indian Civil Service in 1882 he devoted himself more than ever to the welfare of India, to the study of grave questions such as the increasing poverty of her peasantry, her social and political difficulties, the increase of centralisation, the atrophy of such ancient local government as existed in villages and towns, which in the nature of things must suffer under a foreign rule, the disorganisation of her ancient industries, which resulted from her connection with a country where capitalism is supreme. He attracted to himself men of like mind and capacity, such as Sir William Wedderburn, George Yule, Sir Henry Cotton, Garth; Indian leaders and thinkers like Messrs. W. Bonnerjee, Ghose, Dadabhai Naoroji. In 1885 Mr. Hume founded the Indian National Congress, which ever since has met yearly, with the exception of 1907, at some large town.

The Congress deals with the hardships, which are to some extent inevitable, bound to arise where one nation governs another, with the incidence of taxation, reform in the land laws, the separation of judicial from executive functions in the same individual, the reform of the police and the liquor-laws; with the introduction of a representative element into the Provincial Councils; with the employment of Indians in government posts; in a word it exercises that kind of control over the

administration that the representatives of the people exercise over government at home by means of questions in the House of Commons. Mr. Hume, who ever since the Congress was founded, had been one of its two Secretaries, explained at a great meeting at Allahabad in 1888, that it was only one outcome, though at the moment the most prominent and tangible one, of the labours of a body of cultured men, mostly Indians, who some years ago bound themselves together to labour silently for the good of India. That Association had three main objects: The fusion into one national whole of all the different and, till recently, discordant elements that constitute the population of India; second, the gradual regeneration along all lines, spiritual, moral, social and political, of the nation thus evolved; and third, the consolidation of the union between England and India.

To this immense undertaking Mr. Hume brought no mean gifts. He was a born ruler and organiser, skilled in the management of men, ready to spend himself in India's service, devoted to her people, whom he knew and loved and who revered him in return, as they always have revered a small minority of the Civil Service, even to the point of worship among the humbler classes. An educated Indian, only a year or two since, alluded to Sir William Wedderburn, a life-long friend and fellow-worker of Mr. Hume, as one of the "rishis vouchsafed to us from on High". And Mr. Hume too was counted among these elect ones who laboured for India's good in season and out, who, when they had retired from the Service, and might have lived easily and softly to the close of their days, redoubled their energies, toiled as they had never done before, and

reaped from their own nation little but obloquy, blame, detraction, at times, downright scurrility. "To Mr. Hume" said one of the minor press of a great city in the North of England, "belongs the dubious honour of having initiated the Congress movement." And yet when Lord Macaulay introduced the entire system of western education into our great Empire, using the English language as the vehicle, he foresaw that Indians would one day claim a share in the Government of their country and declared that such a demand would be "a title to glory all our own". The founding of the Congress raised a storm of violent opposition and vituperation among the men who had not foreseen that its coming was a mere question of time. The Englishmen who assisted the movement were treated pretty much as deserters to the common enemy. Yet the whole course of reform in India proceeds along the lines the Congress laid down. During the Viceroyalty of Lord Minto and with the hearty co-operation of Lord Morley as Secretary of India—merely to cite one reform among many—was passed the India Councils Act, 1909, reconstituting the Provincial Legislative Councils, conferring on them wide powers of discussion, and providing for an elaborate system of election of their members on a representative basis, or of nomination wherever election was impossible.

It is in fact the beginning of Representative Government for India. Whilst this Act was on the stocks, India celebrated the fiftieth year of Government by the Crown, and the King Emperor sent a message to the Princes and peoples of India. They were reminded how, from the first, representative institutions had been gradually introduced, how important classes were claiming equality

of citizenship and a greater share in legislation and government. "The politic satisfaction of such a claim"—so the Message runs—"will strengthen, not impair existing authority and power. Administration will be all the more efficient if the officers who conduct it have greater opportunities of regular contact with those whom it affects and with those who influence and reflect common opinion about it." These wise and weighty words form the complete justification of the Congress movement, nor will those who realise the unparalleled difficulty of a mere handful of foreigners ruling 315,000,000 of people do aught but admire the acumen and foresight of those Englishmen who helped to voice the national aspirations, and who voluntarily associated themselves with their fellow-subjects in India to adapt the British Rāj to the needs of India. The Councils Act came into force when Mr. Hume attained his eightieth year, so that he "saw of the travail of his soul and was satisfied".

From 1887 onwards Mr. Hume lived in upper Norwood, but for some years nearly every cold season saw him back in India, organising and extending the work, finding funds, making programmes, sifting and collecting evidence of grievances. He was the author of several well-known pamphlets, such as *Audi alteram partem*, *The Old Man's Hope*, *The Star of India*. On the occasion of his last visit to India, his farewell speech was reprinted as *Mr. Hume's Farewell to India*. It can never be said that Indians idolised him because he flattered them, for in this farewell speech he reminded them how dear are truth and straight dealing to the British people and how necessary it is for the sake of their great cause to allay those jealousies which spring

up and rob men of the fruit of their labours and mar its achievement.

Mr. Hume's was a many-sided nature ; more than most men he reminded one of the fact that Life has many Mansions. In his day he had been a great *Shikari*, and the walls of his library at Norwood were covered with the heads and horns of the ibex, Himālayan sheep, and big Indian game, which bore witness to the prowess of himself and his friends. He had become a Theosophist, and in his later years, a vegetarian and anti-vivisectionist. He was a great authority on Indian ornithology, and joint author with Col. C. H. T. Marshall, of a classic work on the subject; his magnificent collection of specimens, said to number 70,000, was bequeathed to the nation many years ago.

At the age of seventy, his untiring energy, which Sir William Wedderburn characterised as the cause of admiring despair among his colleagues, was diverted to the gentler study of botany, and the last years of his life were devoted to, and it may have been too much consumed by, its pursuit. He started another enormous collection ; no outing but had a botanical end in view. Gradually his house became more and more encumbered with huge metal cases of the latest pattern ; between 30,000 and 40,000 specimens were collected, many of them gathered by his own hands, and all mounted, arranged and classified under his personal supervision. He was involved in a considerable correspondence with other botanists. A house was taken at 323, Norwood Road, and only a few months ago the collection was removed there. It was informally opened to the public last February by means of a lecture. It was presented to the enormous population South of the Thames as the

South London Botanical Institute, and its permanent endowment arranged for by the generous founder, so that its facilities might be offered gratis to students. Mr. Hume was unable to be present at the opening, his health having failed during the last year of his life. For many years he was President of the Dulwich Liberal and Radical Association, nor would the executive ever consent to accept the resignation which he tendered more than once. Mr. Hume led many a good fight in the Liberal interest in his constituency, but always without success, Dulwich being a Unionist stronghold. Had Mr. Hume consented to stand for Parliament himself, as he was several times requested to do, the result might have been different. It was thought that he, Sir W. Wedderburn, and Mr. D. Naoroji would have made a particularly capable trio of Friends and Representatives of India, whilst ably and earnestly upholding the cause of Social reform at home. As is well known, his colleagues entered Parliament and Mr. Hume rendered them valuable aid outside, keeping in close touch with the Indian movement to the end of his life.

Mr. Hume was a man of very distinguished presence, tall, well-built and exceptionally handsome. His manners were a blend of dignity, old-fashioned courtesy, kindness and benevolence. The keen eye of a life-long naturalist served him well in the management of men. As Chairman of Committee he insisted on a hearing for every objector, and from opposition extracted an elixir which allowed him a great deal of his own way, whilst persuading his colleagues, and sometimes his opponents, that it was wisest and best.

[Miss Bremner adds, in a letter, that she had often heard Mr. Hume say that he was a disciple of the Mahātmās—a 'lay chela,' to use Mme. Blavatsky's phrase—and he possessed a large number of valuable letters from the Masters. He drew from the Theosophical Society the inspiration to found the National Congress, and it was, in fact, founded during a T. S. Convention. It is an interesting touch, as regards his love for India, that—while himself a rigid vegetarian—when courtesy demanded other provision for his guests, he would never allow beef on his table.

The reverent gratitude of Theosophists for his work for India will follow Mr. Hume to his rest, and will hope for his return.—Annie Besant.]

DR. FRANZ HARTMANN, M. D.

Dr. Franz Hartmann has passed away. He died on August 7, 1912, from heart-failure. He was one of the oldest members of the T. S., and was a friend of the Founders, as is well known. He was attracted for a short time to Mr. Judge's successor in America, but soon returned to his allegiance to the Theosophical Society. He will long be remembered for his writings, and for his years of earnest work in Germany before the National Society was formed; he established there several groups of people who followed him, without becoming members of the T. S. Neither he nor they felt themselves able to co-operate later with Dr. Steiner, so he remained always an unattached member, and they never joined the National Society.

A. B.

THE SECRET OF A STAR

By EVA M. MARTIN

(Continued from Vol. XXXIII, No. 11, p. 775)

III

Whom the rain and the wind purgeth,
Whom the dawn and the day-star urgeth,
In whose cheek the rose-leaf blusheth,
In whose feet the lion rusheth. . . .
Him Nature giveth for defence
His formidable innocence.

Emerson

AS autumn passed into winter, and snow fell, and people sat closely round the fire-side on cold dark evenings, strange stories began to circulate in the village about little Lucien of the Red Farm. It was said that some boys, picking up acorns in the woods, had seen him sitting beneath a tree with a bright companion, and that the wild birds and the squirrels had gathered round the two, eating out of their hands, and betraying not the smallest sign of fear. It was told how an old farmer, coming along the high road in the wintry twilight, had seen two figures before him, and how, as he drew near, the taller of the two had suddenly seemed to be carried away by a rush of wind, while the other . . . turned out to be Lucien. To his astonished questions the boy had answered only by

peals of laughter and the repeated assurance that he "must have been dreaming"; and no doubt many would have taken this for the true explanation, had not the farmer's tale been amply supported by others of a similar kind. The most circumstantial was that of the afternoon when a group of school-children, passing old Barley's cottage, had been amazed and enchanted by strains of wild and wonderful music which issued from it, and had stood long by the gate at the foot of the little garden to listen. They had wanted to go up to the window and peep in, but "somehow they hadn't dared," and of the music, all that they could say was that it sounded like a violin, "but not like old Barley played it." The shoe-maker himself declared that he had not touched his fiddle that afternoon, that he had in fact been dozing over his work, and had waked with a start to find Lucien in the room and a "queer cold air" blowing through it. And the strangest part of the story was that several grown-up people who passed by had heard nothing at all, and had wondered why the children were standing by Mr. Barley's gate, so silent and so intent.

"We must be more careful, my son," said Hermes, a little gravely, as he and the boy sat one day in the sheltered hollow that had been their first meeting-place. "This won't do. Now in the good old days no evil would have been thought. The people would just have known me—more or less—for what I am, and there would have been no fuss and no gossip. But if this sort of thing goes on we shall be having investigators sent down by the Society for Psychological Research, and *Daily Mail* reporters, and heaven only knows what horrors besides."

But in spite of all precautions the reports continued and grew. Curiosity had been aroused, and there were many spying eyes about—though the most spying ones, fortunately, were blind to aught beyond the physical world—till at last Lucien's adopted uncle, who for long had turned a deaf, incredulous ear to any rumours that reached him, was stirred to action.

He arraigned the boy one evening in the farmhouse kitchen, when he came home from school.

"I've been hearing queer tales about you lately, Lucien," he said, with the abrupt harshness of a phlegmatic nature when it is at last roused, "and I just want to tell you, once and for all, that this kind of thing must be stopped. I'll not have it said any longer, that any member of my house-hold, child or grown man, is going about in league with the devil—for that's what's being said about *you*. D'you hear me? It's outrageous. What have you got to say for yourself?"

The boy turned scarlet and then white at the unexpected attack. For a moment he was dumb. Denial seemed so futile; explanation so impossible.

"It isn't true, uncle," he said at length, with a quiet, childish dignity. "I wish . . . I wish I could explain, but I don't think I could make you understand. You see, I don't quite understand myself yet."

He looked up at his accuser with an assurance and a fearlessness that made the man stare.

"What d'you mean?" he demanded. "You don't mean to tell me that there's any truth in these silly tales? Who is the man that's been seen with you? What's his name? Where does he come from?"

"You may have heard some of the truth," Lucien answered. "I don't know about that. But there is nothing evil, and nothing to be ashamed of."

"Then you'd better tell me all about it," said the other, angrily. "I'll not have these secret goings-on. Out with it! No more beating about the bush. Who is the man?"

Lucien was silent. He could not bring himself to pronounce in this atmosphere of derision and scepticism the name that meant so much to him. He could not give any explanation. There seemed nothing for him to say.

His uncle grew more and more baffled and exasperated. There was something in the boy's whole look and manner that silently rebuked him, making his anger and his loud questionings seem vulgar and insulting as a physical attack upon a rose. But he worked himself up into a considerable passion, and the interview ended in Lucien's receiving a thrashing and being sent supperless to bed.

As he lay alone in the dark, hungry and greatly puzzled, his heart rebelled against the injustice of his punishment. Why were older people so blind, so slow of understanding? It was only natural that he, a child, should not fully understand, but surely grown-up people ought to know better. His mother would have known! She was one who understood! Even little Maggie understood to some small extent. She had been with him once or twice when Hermes had come, and though she had seemed only in a vague, half-blind way to be aware of a third presence, she had taken it quite as a natural thing. Lucien had had to make her promise not to say anything about it at home, on pain of not

being allowed to go out with him again, and as she was very fond of him, the bribe had so far been sufficient.

He lay awake for some time, troubled and hurt, and yet vaguely conscious that there was something in him, some quiet centre, which as his mother had told him, was not, and could not be, hurt by any outside thing or person; and suddenly it was borne in upon him that the room was all alive with gentle sounds and with the smell of damp earth after rain.

He sat up in bed.

“O Hermes,” he whispered. “Are you there? Dear Hermes! Please come to me.”

“So thou dost still want me? Thou art not going to cast off thy old friend?”

The God stood looking at him from the foot of the bed, with eyes that were sad and yet full of faint laughter. Lucien was fascinated by their expression.

“Old?” he cried. “You’re young, Hermes! Oh! how young you are! Younger than me, younger than anything else in the world. When I look in your eyes I seem to see everything that is young. Why is it? Why are you so beautifully young?”

“Young I am,” said the other slowly, “and yet old, too. That’s immortality, Lucien. But I want to speak to thee of something else to-night. Thou hast been getting into trouble about me—a kind of trouble which I fear I cannot prevent, and in which I cannot help thee. In fact it comes through me, and if I were to keep away, there would be no more of it. To-night, I think thou must choose what the future is to be. To choose me means to earn probably the hatred, certainly the distrust, of thy fellow-men. To give me up means that life will be comparatively easy—as far as life ever

can be easy for a nature like thine. If thou dost not give me up, Lucien, there will be much trouble in store, both now and later, and a great battle to fight. Do not answer too quickly. This is a serious question, and needs thought."

The boy checked the quick words that had sprung to his lips. Hermes was standing close beside him now, but Lucien did not look at him. His eyes were fixed on space, with a strange, inward gaze, as if he were searching his own soul. After a moment or two, he slowly and deliberately reached out in the darkness for the God's hand, found it, and pressed his brow against the back of it with a gesture of absolute surrender.

"I am yours", he said, simply.

There was an instant's silence. Hermes looked down at the small dark head, bent in unquestioning homage, with a smile of unspeakable radiance. Then he gently drew his hand away.

"That is well said, my son. Thou hast made me very glad. And now, if thou chooseth, we will start on a journey together, for it is time the children had their dreams."

"Oh, may I come and see you bringing them? How lovely!" The boy clasped his hands excitedly. "Let us start at once, before the others come up to bed. But what will they say when they find me gone?"

"They will not find thee gone. They will find thy body asleep, and that is enough for them. There! Dost thou see?"

He laid his hand over Lucien's eyes, and, almost immediately it seemed, the boy found himself standing by the bed looking down at his own body which lay there peacefully asleep.

“How did I get out?” he cried. “O, how lovely I feel! So light and jumpy!”

And he danced madly around the room till Hermes caught and held him with a firm hand.

“Gently, gently! Thou wilt awaken thy body, and I want to take thee far away from it. Later thou canst dance and jump as much as thou pleasest.”

Somehow their earthly surroundings disappeared, and Lucien presently found himself floating down what seemed like a stream of coloured sunlight, among a crowd of laughing, eager children. He caught a glimpse of Hermes flying on before, surrounded by a cloud of floating, airy creatures of every imaginable colour, that shone and glistened like a sheaf of rainbows.

“Follow him! Follow him!” cried the children. “Don’t let him escape. He’s playing with us. He has the loveliest dreams! Look! look at their colours!”

And they hurled themselves as fast as they could go after the fleeing figure of the Dream-God, Lucien with the rest, while through his mind there rushed radiant words read with his mother long ago:

“See how the child of Heaven with winged feet
Runs down the slanted sunlight of the dawn!”

“Where are we? Where are you all going to?” he found breath to ask.

“We’re in dreamland We’re going to the children’s playground . . .

We’re going to find our dreams . . .” answered half-a-dozen voices.

“We’re in kâma-loka,” called back a little dark-eyed Hindû boy, who seemed able to run faster than any of the rest.

"We're on the astral plane," said a little girl close to Lucien. "Everybody comes here when they're asleep, only they don't remember afterwards."

She seemed rather proud of her superior knowledge, and he would have liked to ask more, but at that moment they arrived at a wide, flowery meadow through which there ran a limpid river, singing and shining in the sun.

On the river-bank stood Hermes, with the many-tinted dreams hovering around him, a floating web of colour. His eyes were full of smiles and of promises too sweet for words, and the children flung themselves upon him in a clamouring, impatient swarm.

"I want to finish the dream I had last night . . . Please give me a dream about the sea-side . . . And me one about kittens ! . . . I want to go and play with my little dead sister . . . Please tell me where my mother is . . . I want to dream something very exciting ! . . . And I want a dream with a fairy princess in it . . ." These were a few of the demands that Lucien heard, as he stood looking on in amazement. He noticed that as each child was given its wish Hermes lightly touched its forehead with his fingers, and before long all were satisfied, for the God seemed able to provide everything that was wanted without a moment's difficulty.

Then he turned to Lucien.

"And what do you want ?" he asked, smiling.

Lucien did not hesitate.

"I want to understand," he said boldly. "I thought you took the dreams to people. I didn't know they had to come here to fetch them."

"That was the old belief," said Hermes. "No doubt your mother told you the story. And the Greeks

were not far wrong, you see, for I have the dreams in my keeping—the real dreams—though people have to come here to find them. Any dreams they have, when they do not come to me, are dreams of their own manufacture, dreams made by the brain turning over and over mechanically the thoughts that have entered it during the day—dull and meaningless dreams are those.”

“And the dreams the children asked you for?”

“It is like this. The children know that any special dream they ask for will be remembered when they awaken next morning, and to some of them this is the chief pleasure of dreaming. My touch upon their brow ensures the memory of the dream. Some, you see, do not ask for dreams at all. They are perfectly happy playing or resting here. See those who are paddling in the river over there, and others picking flowers—but they will not remember anything when they awake.”

“Have I been here before? Shall I remember?” asked Lucien eagerly.

“Of course you have been here—often!—nearly every night. And this time I think you will remember. The time has come for you to learn about these things, and you are already beginning to imprint what you see now on the brain of your physical body. Very few of these children can do that—except, as I say, when they ask for and are given some special dream—and very few grown-up people, either.”

Lucien still looked puzzled.

“But what *am* I now? What am I . . . wearing?” he asked.

Hermes laughed.

“You are wearing what a large number of people on earth have agreed to call your astral body. It is as

good as any other term, so we may as well use it. This is what is called the astral plane."

"A little girl told me that," said Lucien. "But she said everybody went there when they were asleep. Is it true?"

"Quite true—though not all grown-ups have the entrance to this special part, which belongs to the children. Some people don't know that they come to the astral plane, because they are so wrapped up in their every-day thoughts and their bodily dreams—or night-mares!—that they wander about blindly, as if enveloped in a dense fog of their own making, and see nothing of the beauties around them. Others know while they are here, but forget directly they awake, because they have not learnt to connect their astral consciousness with their physical brain, and without that connection there can of course be no brain-remembrance afterwards."

"But it looks very like the earth," said Lucien, "only brighter."

"It is like the earth—or at least many parts of it are—except that it is all made of finer, more ethereal matter, just as your astral body is made of finer, lighter matter than your physical body. Beyond this there are other planes of finer matter still, and the life-vibrations of each plane are at a higher rate than those of the one before. But you will learn about them later on."

Lucien pondered for a moment. There was a good deal that he did not quite understand, and yet he knew dimly that he had heard much of it before. But his attention was suddenly distracted.

"Why, look, there is Maggie!" he cried. "And there is a little soft grey cloud floating all round her!"

“She is sad, because you were beaten and sent hungry to bed,” said Hermes. “She does not know that she is in the children’s playground. Go and put your arms round her neck, so that she can see and be happy.”

Lucien ran to his little cousin, and very soon the grey cloud that enveloped her had disappeared, and she was playing happily among the flowers.

“Will she remember?” he asked, coming back to Hermes.

“I think not. But she will wake up feeling quite happy again in the morning.”

Lucien sat silent for a little while.

“I heard one of the children ask for her little dead sister,” he said at last. “Could I not find my mother here?”

“She can come to you here,” said Hermes, “though she has already reached a much higher and more beautiful plane than this. But I think she is very near you to-night, for she knows that you are going to remember.”

“O Mother! Mother!” breathed Lucien longingly, and in answer to his thought he saw her coming swiftly towards him over the flowery grass.

“O Shining One!” she called, as she drew near. “O King of Dreams! Have you brought the child? Is he awake?”

“He is awake,” said Hermes. “The eyes of his soul are opened. This night he hath chosen me against all the world, and henceforth will he be my child for ever.”

Lucien saw his mother’s face light up with an inexpressibly radiant joy, and then her arms were round him and his head was on her breast.

In the warm glow of their love the hours flew past on golden wings, and he woke with her kiss on his lips, and her last words ringing in his ears :

“ Burn bright, my little lamp ! Burn bright ! ”

(To be Continued)

Eva M. Martin

CORRESPONDENCE

A REJOINDER

To the Editor of the Theosophist.

I wrote to the P. T. S. for ‘ Chapter and Verse ’ for the alleged ‘ insults,’ supposed to have come from me to O. S. E. members, either directly or indirectly ; Mrs. Besant replied as follows :

“ I see no reason to print details as to insults ; I lay down a general principle as to the liberty of members of the T. S. to join an Order without being attacked. Such a general statement injures none ; readers of our periodicals can judge for themselves the criticisms levelled at the Order ; to quote ‘ Chapter and Verse ’ would perpetuate unkind feeling and make the sound general statement a personal attack.”

It is refreshing to know that the page in *The Theosophist* was *not* a personal attack ; it sounded so very like one.

“ It does not seem to strike Mrs. Charles that the frequent attacks made by herself, and by others stirred up by her, on members of the T. S. who exercise their constitutional liberty. . . . If members in New Zealand, South Africa, France, or India venture to express a view of which she does not approve, she attacks them A member of the T. S. has as much right to belong to the Order of the Star in the East without being held up to public odium . . . without being exposed to insult . . . ”

So this all refers only to my printed articles and letters. Well, that is one good thing cleared up. As the P.T.S. remarks, in these matters readers can judge for themselves.

M. HILARY CHARLES

THE POONA MISSION

FATHER ELWIN'S VIEW OF THE INDIAN CHARACTER

By ANNIE BESANT

SUCH is the heading under which *The Church Times* of May 24, 1912—which has just come into my hands—publishes the feeling with which Father Elwin regards the people among whom he lives, and whom he is, presumably, trying to bring to Christ. It is a sad indictment, not of the Indian, but of the Christian Missionary, and if this is the view held by many missionaries their failure in India is intelligible. Here is his 'view,' given to English people, and published in an English paper of very large circulation; it was probably not intended to reach India:

Well, as a result of extensive acquaintance with what Hindus (educated and uneducated) believed and thought and did, he said that the old ideas of old missionaries like Bishop Heber—that Hinduism was the invention of Satan—was perfectly true. He would tell this meeting why he had come to that conclusion. It effectually separated man from God, for it gave man something to worship which was not God. It also separated man from man; it destroyed the brotherhood of men. And he could not say it was ever different—it was always so. And, what was worse, it was thoroughly saturated with evil; so much so, that sexuality and all that pertained to it formed part of the regular talk and life in India: the ordinary daily conversation, the stories, the jokes, the songs were all tainted with the same evil; and there was no Hindu in India living a moral life as Christians understood the term. They said so frankly, that it was impossible for a man to lead a moral life. And, no

doubt, without Christian grace, that might be so. But, what was even more pathetic, there was in India no such thing as the innocence of childhood. Living in such an atmosphere it was impossible for children to retain their innocence of mind. Even as to their Christian children, with all that was going on round about them, with all that was the subject of common and ordinary talk, it was impossible for them to retain what Christians would call innocence of mind. It was sufficiently pathetic that their Christian boys, so early in life, had to take their place in the very front of the battle. Happily, through the power of Christian grace, there were numbers of boys leading lives of beautiful self-denial. An old Brahmana had said to him, with a ferocity he could not imitate, that "the Hindu religion was a most infernal religion". The man was not saying something to please the missionary: he had been a Government Inspector, and had his pension, and did not mean to become a Christian; he was simply giving his opinion, and illustrated it with facts which it was impossible either to print or to tell. If those present remembered that old man's testimony as to the Hindu religion, they would do their part in trying to bring people out of it.

Another thing, people spoke of the great depth of the Indian character, from his knowledge of India, he believed that what they thought a great depth was really a shallow. Let them realise that the Indian character was beautiful as far as it went, but that it did not go very deep, and they would understand what seemed confusing. They would then understand that India had never done anything great in the world. There was no great history of India: its history consisted only of raids and counter-raids. He did not think that India would ever take a great place in the politics of the East. When she became Christian, she would be a happy and free country, and other nations would be afraid to touch her. If her enemies did touch her, she would say, with Indian complacency, "Let them fight; it does not concern me". What was true of the nation as a whole was true of the individual. Christianity deepened character, but the character remained Indian. When sometimes they had disappointments, and one of the boys in the Mission went off, and perhaps they never saw him again, they were apt to say, "How ungrateful!" No; it was not that. He was quite grateful, really affectionate, as long as it lasted, but it was not deep, and when the difficulty came, it did not carry him through.

India was really waking up, but not awake yet. It was most essential that, as India woke up, Christianity should be there to teach her to say her prayers and to tell her what to do. The Indian boy was not interesting, rather troublesome, and he asked this meeting to place those boys amongst that inner circle of people for whom they prayed regularly and earnestly.

The Indians might, perhaps, return the compliment by praying that Father Elwin may become more intelligent and more charitable.

The only excuse for these cruel and monstrous misstatements is that Father Elwin, like other missionaries, has come chiefly into contact with the lowest of the people, and there is no more reticence among them as to sexual matters than there is among the lowest of our East End population. If a stranger spent a day in one of our East End police-courts and then based a description of English character on what he had there heard and seen, his view would be as true as that expressed by Father Elwin. I also have a wide and intimate acquaintance with Indian life, and I say, *as the result of nineteen years experience*, that the Hindu is as pure, noble, and right-thinking a gentleman as any who are to be found in the West. Man for man, any noble English type can be matched in India. There are bad men everywhere, in India as in England and America. It is true that the baser type of Indian is fond of bringing accusations of sexual crime against any Englishman he wishes to injure, but decent people ignore him there as they do here; an Englishman has to reckon with that if he devotes himself to Indian work; shocking stories are often told about missionaries and others, and this fact lies behind the coldness of manner of many officials; they adopt it as a measure of precaution. But, after all, this is only true of the baser sort, and blackmailing is not unknown in England.

It is interesting to learn that India has never done "anything great in the world". And the Upanishats? and the Six Systems of Philosophy? and the Brahma-sūtras? and the *Bhagavad-Gita*? and the teachings of

the Lord Buddha? and the great temples, some of massive, and some of graceful architecture? and the exquisite arts and crafts of the manual workers? Father Elwin must be dreaming. If the Indian be shallow, what must be the shallowness of the English who have none of these things to their credit? "The Indian boy was not interesting". Why, even the Pariah boys are extraordinarily bright and attractive, and the boys of the higher castes are perhaps the most lovable and winning of all the boys on earth. And this is generally recognised, outside missionary circles. But the depths of the Indian character must ever remain veiled to those who despise—because they do not understand—Hinduism, and who outrage all that is dearest and most sacred to the Hindu heart.

Let me add that all Christian missionaries are not as insulting as Father Elwin. Some are gentle, self-sacrificing and earnestly desirous of helping, without arrogance and contempt. But one such speech as the above does more harm than many loving and unselfish lives can remedy.

Annie Besant

DIFFICULTIES IN GERMANY

THE following letters explain themselves. Up to July 31, no answer, not even an acknowledgment, has reached me, so I print them here, asking German friends to translate and publish them. I thought the *Mitteilungen* was a quarterly magazine, but I am told that no number is likely to appear before the spring of 1913.

DEAR Dr. STEINER,

I have just received a copy of the *Mitteilungen* for March, containing a copy of your speech to the German Convention in December, 1911. In that speech you sorely misrepresented me, I am sure from ignorance of the facts. You will readily, therefore, I feel certain, send to the Editor the enclosed correction.

I am very grieved that you spoke so harshly. You say you do not attack me, but your speech is all an attack. But however much I regret your speech, I do not challenge your right of attack on the President or on any one else.

Sincerely Yours,

ANNIE BESANT

DR. STEINER'S CONVENTION SPEECH

TO THE EDITOR OF THE *Mitteilungen*

DEAR MADAM,

The speech of Dr. Steiner on pp. 32-33, of your issue of March, which has only now reached me, contains an unintentional misrepresentation regarding Adyar and myself, which I must ask you to allow me to correct.

Some years ago the German Section expelled Dr. Vollrath, and the General Secretary reported the matter to me. Expulsion from a Section does not carry with it

expulsion from the Theosophical Society ; I was not asked to ratify it, thus making it an expulsion from the T. S. ; Dr. Vollrath made no appeal to me ; hence I had no duty to look into the rights or wrongs of the matter, and to this day I do not know them. Dr. Vollrath has published some of our Adyar books, when other publishers would not do so, and to that extent I owe him thanks.

In the summer of 1911, when the question arose of a representative of the Order of the Star in the East in Germany, I proposed Dr. Hubbe-Schleiden. The Order is not under the T. S. and Adyar has nothing to do with its direction. The whole attack on Adyar is not fair, for the Adyar Executive has had no knowledge of, and has done nothing about either Dr. Vollrath or the Order. In talking over possible secretaries to work under Dr. Hubbe-Schleiden, I suggested Dr. Vollrath, not in any sense as the representative of the President—who cannot be represented in the Order—but as secretary under Dr. Hubbe-Schleiden.

This was agreed on, but, on his return to Germany, the good Doctor found that Dr. Vollrath was looked on as antagonistic to Dr. Steiner, and thereupon the selection was cancelled. That is the true story of what occurred, and I fail to see in it any insult to Dr. Steiner or to the German Section. We had no reason to suppose that his exclusion from the Section should be held to exclude him from every kind of useful work outside the T. S. But when we found that his selection *was* regarded as antagonistic to the General Secretary, it was cancelled, to avoid giving offence.

Dr. Steiner speaks very warmly about a pamphlet by Dr. Vollrath, and makes this pamphlet a ground of offence with me. But I have never read a line of the pamphlet, and have absolutely no idea of its contents. Had I known that an offensive pamphlet had been issued against Dr. Steiner, I certainly should not have suggested Dr. Vollrath's name as a Secretary, for I have always shown respect to Dr. Steiner, both as General Secretary and as a friend. It would perhaps have been better to have asked whether I had seen the pamphlet, before such speeches were delivered. However, I am satisfied, in reply, to make this bare statement of facts, which should be enough to show that I had no intention of showing any antagonism either to Dr. Steiner or to his friends.

82, DRAYTON GARDENS,

LONDON, S. W.,

May 8, 1912.

Sincerely,

ANNIE BESANT, P. T. S.

CORRESPONDENCE

TO THE EDITOR OF THE THEOSOPHIST

We shall be glad if you will allow us, in the columns of the Theosophist, to draw the attention of all likely to be interested, to the following announcement :

1. All readers of *Esoteric Christianity* and of some of Mr. Mead's works will be familiar with the idea of the Christian Mysteries.

2. There is a strong and widespread hope among many students of these matters that the Mysteries, in ways we can not yet imagine, may be restored and so supply a deeply-felt want in the Christian Church.

3. In this hope and with the conviction that the time is now ripe, the "Guild of the Mysteries of God," has been founded, with these two objects :

a. The gathering together in one body, knit together by solemn pledges of service and strong ties of comradeship, of those Christians who, in humble readiness to be used as He may see best, will consecrate their lives to the service of the Christ, and who will live, study, pray, and work, in this hope of the restoration of the Mysteries.

b. The common study of Christian mysticism and mystical legends and traditions, of Christian ceremonial and symbolism, and of all scattered allusions to the Christian Mysteries which may be discoverable.

Fuller information may be obtained by all who are interested and who may feel moved to associate themselves with this work, on application to the Rev. C. W. Scott-Moncrieff, M.A. (Warden of the Guild) at Gatchouse-of-Fleet, Scotland, or to the Rev. F. W. Pigott, M.A. (Chaplain) at Hornsea, Hull, E. Yorks. A stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.

It should be pointed out that the first object of the Guild is based on and implies a belief in the near Coming of the Lord. It is hoped therefore that many Christian members of the O. S. E., interested in ceremonial and symbolism, may see their way to joining the Guild, and may find, along the lines of its work, a definite opportunity of helping to prepare His way, and to make His paths straight.

Yours most respectfully,

C. W. Scott-Moncrieff, F.T.S.

F. W. Pigott, F.T.S.

QUARTERLY LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

REVIEWS

Education as Service, by J. Krishnamurti (Alcyone).
(THE THEOSOPHIST Office, Adyar, Madras, India. Price: Cloth 12 Ans. or 1s. or 25c. Wrapper 6 Ans. or 6d. or 12c.)

Alcyone sends out into the world another little volume—an application of the Qualifications for Discipleship to the work of education. The idea is an original one, and the result is an inspiring little book, which should be in the hands of every teacher of children. Himself a born teacher, he speaks from his heart, and describes the life in an ideal school, where love rules and inspires, where the teachers feel the greatness of their office, and where the students grow into noble adolescence under their fostering care.

Foremost of the Qualifications for the office of a teacher is Love. “Just as a boy shows his natural capacities at an early age for one profession or another, so a particularly strong love-nature would mark a boy out as specially fitted to be an instructor. Such boys should be definitely trained for the office of the teacher just as boys are trained for other professions.” To a teacher thus qualified a boy shows himself just as he is, and the teacher is thus able to help and to guide as he could never do if fear marred their relation. Intentional cruelty in the form of punishment, and unintentional cruelty arising from thoughtlessness should be utterly banished from schools, and the children should grow up in happy ordered freedom, gradually learning the self-control which true education should develop and train.

Discrimination should show itself in discerning the dharma—the right line of evolution—of each pupil, so that the

precious years of school life may be utilised to the very best advantage. It is needed in "the choice of subjects and in the way in which they are taught," and the fact of the One Life must be the basis underlying all. The ideals held up in the brief religious service which opens the school-day must be carried out in the methods of the school. "The duty of the strong to help the weak is taught in the religious hour, and yet for the rest of the day the strong are set to outstrip the weak, and are given valuable prizes for their success in doing so." The development of the body is strongly insisted on: "The boy can go on learning all his life, if he is wise enough to wish to do so; but it is only during the years of growth that he can build up a healthy physical body in which to spend that life." Home lessons ought not to be imposed; the school hours give time enough for all that a boy should learn in one day.

Desirelessness is needed by the teacher that he may subordinate his own advantage to that of his pupils. He should not try to force the boy along his line, but to help him along that natural to the boy, for if each teacher tries to push the boy in his own subject, the result is disastrous. "There are many teachers," Alcyone quaintly observes, "but only one boy."

The "six jewels of the mind," or Good Conduct, are taken one by one, and some very valuable suggestions are made as to self-control of mind and body. The section on mental self-control is one of the most useful in the book both for teachers and taught. Tolerance is strongly urged: "If care is taken to train children to look on different ways of living with interest and sympathy instead of with distrust and dislike, they will grow up into men who will show to all nations respect and tolerance." "In India I think that customs separate us much more than physical distance or religious differences." Cheerfulness must be the atmosphere of the school, for depression lessens energy and deadens faculty. One-pointedness must be found alike in teacher and pupil, and confidence must be felt, because each is "a spark of God's own fire," and all is possible for the One Life.

Such, briefly outlined, is the scope of this little book. Happy indeed will be the nation wherein the schools are guided along these lines. Perhaps we may yet see the establishment

of a really Theosophical school, wherein the ideals set forth shall be realised. At any rate, it is very well that such ideals should be held up by one whose manhood shall help to their realisation.

A. B.

The Cheerful Way, by Lady Doughty. (A. & C. Black, London. Price Rs. 2 or 2s. 6d.)

Pleasant optimism, sound common-sense, and a great practicality, bringing in their train a certain inspiration to lead the better life, are the marked characteristics of the book with an attractive get up. Its simple chaste language adorns the subjects under consideration and among the latter are: Failure, Destiny, Home, Worry, Individuality, Taste, Observation, Punctuality, Affinities, Resolution and Resolutions, etc. On good humour the clever author writes:

Good humour never exists cheek-by-jowl with evil. It is in antipathy to wickedness. It shows the highest courage. The courage that faces big enterprises with a smile of good humour is the best in the world. The good-humoured patient who, facing an operation to have a diseased eye extracted, said, "Doctor, you are taking away half my eyesight, so don't expect me to see more than half your bill," showed a splendid manner of facing pain and sacrifice. It is given only to a few to possess such irresistible and unconquerable good humour, but it is, fortunately, common to find the great quality in less degree animating healthy human nature, where a good digestion and a bright contented mind are in combination.

The book bristles with bright paragraphs and is sure to bring sunshine to many a dull or joyless nature, and young spiritual plants will receive through it a rich nurture for further growth.

B. P. W.

Henri Bergson: The Philosophy of Change, by H. Wildon Carr (T. C. & E. C. Jack, Edinburgh. THE PEOPLE'S BOOKS Price 6 Ans. 6d. or 12c.)

Life! Life! Ever yet more life! is the cry of the human spirit and it may be that the Bergsonian philosophy has met with such immediate popularity, because of its response to this cry. What is reality? Reality is life says this philosopher. A truth, simple, obvious, yet so far-reaching, so universal in its sweep that it meets with immediate and equal acceptance by the sage and by the clod. It is perceived by an unerring intuition and accepted with a conviction that no power can

shake ; it needs neither intellectual nor mystic powers to analyse or to fathom it, for it is "the living consciousness of the living". You are real, not because you know, feel, or even act, for these are but adaptations of the life principle, you are real because you live. You are a living unit in a great universal stream of life, a wonderful vitality pulsing through every plane of nature, a stream in which there are two currents, one ever ascending, the other opposing—spirit and matter. The first in its irresistible flow bears man from the life of the body to the life of the spirit ; the second evolves the intellect which equips him for action in the physical world.

Reality may be interpreted in two ways ; as "that which endures without changing" or as "that which endures by changing". The former is the view taken by science which uses the intellect as its instrument in investigations of the material universe. That it is not a completely satisfactory view is proved by the fact that it leaves Science unable to solve the problem of life itself. Philosophy, therefore, bent upon discovering the secret of life, takes the second view and must find a means which will transcend the limitations of the intellect. It is found in the intuition, an aspect of consciousness recognised by every philosophy but the value of which as a philosophical instrument for gaining a true conception of reality, is for the first time emphasised by Bergson.

Intellect is only partial mind, a focus, round which is a wide fringe of consciousness including instinct and intuition. As the guide of man in his conquest of matter, it is more valuable than instinct or intuition ; for by memory and anticipation it presents, and represents, similarities of experience whereby he may choose his present action. Intuitional knowledge more perfect in its insight, yet leaves no room for this choice. Instinct though part of man's mental activity, finds its highest development in certain insects ; the intellectual aspect of consciousness is most completely expressed in the realms of science ; whilst intuition finds its completion in all works of genius, for genius means synthesis, it means creation, it means sympathy. To understand matter, we must first understand the meaning of time. To the scientist all things are moving, and time is but a condition which is not essential to the existence of the things themselves ; whereas this philosophy

regards time, true duration, "as the stuff out of which matter is formed". Matter is the result of the interruption of the flow of the life-stream, brought about by another movement. By an effort of the will we may listen to a speaker so intently that we enter into the life of his thought, become one, for the time, with it and him; or, relaxing this effort, we may be aware only of a mass of words, sounds, or pictures. This illustrates how extension in space (matter) may be brought about by the detension of a tension. With regard to the problem of free-will, "there is no place for it in a mechanical world such as physical science presents, therefore we have to prove that we have a spiritual as distinct from a material nature if we are to prove the will is free. And this philosophy introduces us into the spiritual life". "It may give us neither God nor immortality in the old theological meaning of those terms, and it does not show us human life and individual conduct as the chief end, purpose, and centre of interest of the universe. But the reality of life is essentially freedom." "Life is a free activity in an open universe."

These are but a few fragments of thought gathered from Mr. Carr's interesting epitome of the philosophy of Henri Bergson and the little book will surely fulfil his hope and inspire his readers to a more detailed study of this fascinating subject. A portrait of the philosopher, forming the frontispiece, adds attractiveness to the volume, for it reveals a face strong, sensitive and refined, in which are set the luminous eyes of a devotee of truth, of one who regards, with perfect serenity, all the issues of life.

A. E. A.

Body and Mind, by William McDougall, M. B. (Methuen & Co., Ltd., London. Price 10s. 6d. net.)

This book presents the case for the existence of the soul on a purely logical and scientific basis, and with an impartiality that can be best understood by the following quotation from the preface.

For I can lay claim to no religious convictions; I am not aware of any strong desire for any continuance of my personality after death; and I could accept with equanimity a thorough-going materialism, if that seemed to me the inevitable outcome of a dispassionate and critical reflection.

Accordingly the reader need not expect any attractive digressions into the by-paths of metaphysics, but will find a mass of carefully selected evidence, conveniently classified, and brought to bear on the main question at issue, the relation of consciousness to the processes of the brain. The salient answers of philosophy, physiology and psychology are mustered and ranged in two opposing groups representing Materialism and Animism. The former term is apparently applied to any form of belief which regards all the phenomena of life as the result of inevitable interactions between material particles constantly moving according to recognised laws, and repudiates the inference of purpose or direction. The term Animism is taken to include all beliefs that grant to man, at least, an existence other than that of his physical body, an existence which can interact with the processes observed in the body and which can survive the body. Such an existence has been generally called the soul, and is regarded for the purpose of this book as identical with the mind.

The author opens with a history of psychical concepts, starting from the ghost-soul of primitive races, touching on the Grecian and later western philosophies, and tracing the rise of the materialistic school of thought to its doubtful triumph in the last century. A large part of the book is then occupied by a statement and examination of the claims and alternative theories advanced by Materialism, which are followed by a consideration of the arguments generally used against Animism. The next part consists of an enquiry into many facts of consciousness which, it is argued, cannot be accounted for by purely mechanical action, however intricate. Finally, the most recent developments of psychology are so arrayed as to form an almost unanswerable demand for the more extended outlook on human faculty provided by Animism.

Lest it should be supposed that the case for Materialism is overlooked, some idea may be given of the lines on which this standpoint is dealt with. Materialists are considered as advancing four distinct theories of the relation of consciousness to cerebral activity. (1) Epiphenomenalism, which regards each change in consciousness as the separate product of a change in brain tissue, the causal connection existing in the brain tissue only; (2) Psycho-physical parallelism, which

grants an independent causal connection to changes in both consciousness and brain-tissue, but recognises no interaction between these two parallel chains of causation ; (3) Phenomenalistic parallelism, which assumes a single causal connection between changes in an unknown something which produces separate changes in both consciousness and matter ; (4) Psychical Monism, which is the opposite to (1), since it regards the causal connection as existing in consciousness only, and each change in brain tissue as the separate product of a change in consciousness. Number (1) is soon disposed of, leaving (2) as the only theory of Materialism to be compared with Animism. It is rather difficult to understand how (3) and (4) can be regarded as purely materialistic theories, though, in so far as they exclude the existence of individual souls they are certainly anti-animistic, and, at least in the case of (4), unconvincing.

Considering the materialistic standpoint as a whole, the law of conservation of energy is admitted to be one of its strongholds. How, it is naturally asked, can an unknown cause, such as psychical influence, add energy to any part of a closed system in which the sum total of energy is constant? We must confess that the suggested counter-hypothesis of changes in direction produced by psychical causation, as in the diagram on page 212, does not appear to meet the objection, since no change in the direction of a moving body can be produced without the application of a corresponding physical force ; but we decidedly concur with the further suggestion that psychical causation may transform the potential of existing energy from a lower to a higher level ; in fact we look in this direction for an escape from the gloomy conclusion of the materialistic view, sometimes called 'warm death,' that the energy of the universe is steadily 'running down' to one level through dissipation. Of the arguments used in support of Animism, two of the most striking are the unity of consciousness and the significance of 'meaning'. In illustration of the former we may quote the experiment of holding a blue glass before one eye and a red glass before the other, when the effect on the vision will be one of purple. Since no physical connection between the two sets of optic nerves can be found, the author fairly deduces the existence of a synthetic faculty unrepresented in the brain. We cannot, however, agree with the assertion that the idea of one unit of consciousness being part

of a larger unit is illogical. The treatment of 'meaning' is ingenious, especially in the chapter on memory, and must be read as it stands. The evidence of the Society for Psychical Research is referred to sympathetically, but is not considered sufficiently conclusive to be placed beside the more solid groundwork on which the structure of the book is built. We cannot leave the subject without reference to the strong suggestion of reincarnation to be found on the concluding pages, and the hope that our readers will not ignore the value of a comprehensive work such as this because its premises are confined to demonstrable conditions, and its sole appeal is to the reason. Though possibly the style of argument may appear, from the Theosophical point of view, to be somewhat laboured, the importance of its effect on the development of psychology as a science must be recognised by all who desire to keep in touch with modern thought.

W. D. S. B.

Maurice, the Philosopher, by Harold P. Cooke (W. Heffer & Sons, Ltd., Cambridge. Price 2s. 6d. net.)

The time-honoured problem of the nature of happiness is once more discussed in this little volume. It contains two Dialogues 'Love and Happiness' and 'Happiness the Good' together with a poem on 'Love and Life'. The very pleasant setting of the Dialogues—a house near Oxford where three young men, college friends, are met together, is well suited to the author's style and to the views expressed by his characters. The gentle calm of the summer evening on which the first conversation took place, and the fresh gladness of the summer morning of the second are reflected in the ideas and the language in which these are clothed.

A. de L.

In Light and Darkness—Hope. Verses by Irene E. Toy Warner. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co., Ltd., London. Price 1s. 6d. net.)

The reading of this little book has given us pleasure, and if there is a slight hesitancy of rythm, here and there, it is scarcely noticeable under the spell of the idea. Perhaps we cannot say more in its favour than that, in reading it through, we decided one verse was so good that it must be quoted, but that, after finishing the book, we found it difficult to decide which verse it was that had so struck us.

A. M.

By-Ways of Belief, by Conrad Noel. (Frank Palmer, London. Price 5s.)

We are always glad to read honest criticism of Theosophy and the T.S., as we often learn thereby. The book under review contains a criticism under the heading of 'Theosophic dogmas for Escaped Ethicists,' but, from beginning to end, it is a mass of false notions based on faulty preconceptions. The chief aim of the writer is to show the 'grandeur' of the 'Holy Catholic Church Universal' and this he does by running down various schools of modern thought.

A little examination of the writer's rigmarole about Theosophy shows his ignorance of the subject he is handling. The cloud of prejudices through which he attempts to look at the Goddess of Divine Wisdom, the cock-sure attitude that he has the possession of the final secret of man's immortality, and the tenacious belief that his conclusions are final, all leave the reader unconvinced. A perusal will show his gross carelessness in the study of his subject and his unsympathetic attitude.

"The theosophists, unlike the rationalists in almost every particular, have this in common with them, that they do not seem to have contributed anything to what may be called the Science of Morals." What a familiarity with our literature!

"Mrs. Besant, in her agnostic and pre-theosophic days, was a constructive Socialist and a vigorous social reformer. Her practical work has to all intents and purposes ceased." We wonder, if our writer, reads regularly and carefully the newspapers and magazines of the day!

Mme. Blavatsky possessed "an effective though somewhat shallow knowledge of Oriental thought". Let the writer produce a few paragraphs of profound philosophy and depth of spiritual thought—which bring illumination—of the kind with which Mme. Blavatsky's bulky volumes are replete.!

It is of little use to waste space over the superficial deductions of the writer. The final wrath (so foreign to real Catholicism, or Theosophy) of the writer is fine—"Theosophists are sweet, tolerant, patient, and charitable, but they lack the adventurous spirit, and are not moved with indignation." The possession of these *Christian* virtues by Theosophists is perhaps a reflection on the modern so-called

followers of the Christ ; and, therefore possibly our writer, surrounded by the light, not of Christianity but of Churchianity, grudges all the broad religious and semi-religious movements of the time their growing popularity.

The book is a hotch-potch of trash not worth wasting time over.

B. P. W.

Themis. A Study of the Social Origins of Greek Religion, by Jane Ellen Harrison. (University Press, Cambridge. Price 15s. net.)

Whatever literary work comes from Miss Harrison must needs be of first rate quality, full of information, the product of solid learning. So it is with her most recent volume, a stately octavo of near six hundred pages all in all. Outwardly characterised by that care in execution which we are accustomed to expect from the Cambridge Press, with four excellent methodical indexes—the student's delight, a very useful and full tabular list of contents, and illustrated with more than one hundred and fifty instructive figures, the form is worthy of the contents. A special feature is the brief introduction. Here the author follows a most commendable plan in concisely sketching out, not only the main subject and problem of each chapter in the book, but also the genesis and general results of the labours resulting in the production of the book. This preliminary general survey is of great help in the study of the work as it furnishes the reader beforehand with a canon of proportion.

To sketch out and discuss the full contents of the book itself is out of the question, it is too many-sided and too voluminous for that. What do we not find treated of in these fascinating pages ? The rites of rebirth amongst the Wiradthuri of New South Wales and the Akikuyu of British East Africa, the Titans, orgiastic dances, the Dithyramb as a birth song of Dionysos, magic sleep as a sleep of initiation, the meaning of magic, magical rain making, thunder and taboo, the medicine bird, totemism, sacrament, sacrifice, the bull sacrifice, Satyrs and Helios, the King as year-god, the boiling of Pelops, marriage of sun and moon, the snake as a symbol of palingenesia, Themis and *Doom*, the Swastika and Tao, etc., etc. : all these subjects and many more furnish matter for discussion.

Let us, with the aid of the author's summary, briefly glance over the thread of argument running through the book. Its basis and, indeed, its cause and impulse are two ideas: (1) That the mystery-god and the Olympian gods express, the one duration (in the Bergsonian sense) or life; and the others the action of conscious intelligence which reflects upon and analyses, life. . . . In other words Dionysos is a god of religion; the Olympian gods are gods of intellectualism. The one is primitive; the others are artificial. (2) That amongst primitive peoples, religion reflects *collective* feeling and *collective* thinking.

Chapter I describes the recent discovery in Crete of the *Hymn of the Kouretes*. This Hymn is made the starting point of the whole work. Its analysis shows that it represents the Kouretes as the initiated youths. The Daimon they invoke is not the Father of Gods and Men, but the Greatest Kouros. The Kouros stands for the unity of the Kouretes. Amongst primitive people, the child, by his first natural birth, belongs to his mother, his life is of her life. By his second Birth at Initiation, he is made one with the life of his group, his 'soul is congregationalised'. The new life emphasised is the group life.

Chapter II. The Hymn discussed belongs to the family of ancient religious and ritual chaunts of which this Chapter studies the origins, elements and developments.

Chapter III treats mainly of thunder rites and the conception *Mana* of Melanesian magic and endeavours to analyse the conception *sacred*.

In Chapter IV magic and taboo are discussed and Chapter V is mainly devoted to the discussion of the meaning of the word *sacrament* in connection with totemism and sacrifice.

The above two chapters exemplify man's reactions towards the various forces in the universe and his desire for union with dominion over outside powers.

Chapter VI is mainly engaged with the spring festival and its magic affinities.

Chapter VII is contributed to the volume by Mr. F. M. Cornford and treats of 'The Origin of the Olympic Games'.

Chapter VIII deals with 'Daimon and Hero' and the next with the sequel 'From Daimon to Olympian,' whilst Chapter X speaks of 'The Olympians' themselves.

Finally, Chapter XI discusses 'Themis,' the social conscience on which depends social culture. And this brings us back to the original starting point, the *Hymn of the Kouretes*, of which the last words are 'leap for goodly Themis'.

Professor Gilbert Murray contributes an appendix to Chapter VIII on 'the ritual forms preserved in Greek tragedy'.

The whole volume is extraordinarily attractive, replete with interesting items, valuable suggestions and illuminating comparisons. To Theosophists it should be of great interest.

On one point we cannot see eye to eye with the author: it is in her discussion of the reincarnation idea. She speaks of it as "a grotesque system of purification for the individual soul, . . . a doctrine against which our common sense rebels" (p. 271) is after all expressing a personal opinion with which we disagree but which has equal right with our own contrary view. But when she adds the following we think there is a mistake in fact, or at least a deplorable confusion between two totally different conceptions. I believe that already Wilken, in his work on Animism amongst the Malayo-Polynesian peoples, has shown that the Indian and the Polynesian reincarnation conceptions have arisen independently from each other and are different in nature. But our author adds:

Reincarnation is, I venture to think, no mystical doctrine propounded by a particular and eccentric sage rather it is, I believe, a stage in the development of thinking through which men naturally and necessarily pass, it is a form of collective or group thought, and, as such, it is a usual and almost necessary concomitant of totemism. Whether my view in this matter be true or false, thus much stands certain, a belief in reincarnation is characteristic of totemistic peoples.

Now, first of all, in our own midst we have certainly absolute proof that a general belief in reincarnation by a great body of people may be directly traced to the teaching of 'a particular and eccentric sage,' namely H. P. Blavatsky in the case of Theosophists, or Allan Kardec and his spirits in the case of the Spiritists. The same seems to me to hold good for Pythagoras, notwithstanding Miss Harrison's contrary opinion.

Secondly a conception of reincarnation starting from reflections about man's soul and body and their mutual relations must be different from one starting from the periodical rejuvenation of the vegetable kingdom and only afterwards transferred from the lower to the higher kingdom of man. And this seems to be the difference, between Indian and Australian reincarnation, though we admit that the reincarnation doctrine is still little studied and understood in its purely historical aspect. Anyhow the few hundred thousands of modern western believers in reincarnation cannot possibly be described as totemistic.

J. v. M.

When the Sun moves Northward, by Mabel Collins. (The T.P.S., London. Price 2s. 6d. net.)

Lovers of the writings of Mabel Collins will welcome this new work from her pen, and will find in it the cycle of ideas which she has already hinted at in *Green Leaves*. The symbolism under which the teachings received on the higher planes are communicated to the world is Egyptian, and a few suggestive hints as to its translation are given. "The gates of gold are those portals which admit to the spiritual life." "The iron bar. . . is that artificial and temporary consciousness which makes of men separate and isolated beings." All is taught by symbol: "I found myself in a high thicket of myrtle, which was all in flower. Above me was the blue sky. For a moment I was full of a keen consciousness of the sweet fresh air and sunshine, and the strength and joy of the plants. Then, as I looked, the myrtle was all gathered and thrown upon the ground, covering the great floor of the Hall. Someone who stood beside me said: 'Behold, the harvest has been laid low. The little tree of personal life has been cut down; it lies beneath the feet of the *one who walks*, and with every step it gives forth an inexpressibly sweet fragrance, which will never again depart from him.' This fragrance is that mysterious product of the incarnations which remains with the ego thenceforth, when incarnations are at an end." The book is "a Treatise on the six Sacred Months, containing the Mystic Ritual". Lovers of this method of teaching will find much to help and to inspire, and M. C. wields a magic pen.

A. B.

The Wisdom of the East Series (John Murray, London.)

The Buddha's 'Way of Virtue': a translation of the Dhammapada by W. D. C. Wagiswara and K. J. Saunders. (Price Re. 1-8 or 2s. or 50c.)

The world-famous *Dhammapada* though read and re-read is like the *Bhagavad-Gita* always new and always life-giving. The volume under review, in the admirable series, has its advantage in the fact that one of its translators has been for many years a Bhikkhu, and can naturally therefore enter into the depths of the book and bring such inspiration to its readers as a lay student, however learned, cannot do. The *Dhammapada* is intensely practical—a fact that has misled Mr. Saunders into affirming that “mysticism in short finds no entrance here;” this is true perhaps of ‘mysticism’ that is sentimental, emotional and hysterical. It is because of its practical nature in the region of spirituality that the *Dhammapada* is a gospel of high mysticism, as the *Gita* is a gospel of active service; and its great worth lies in the fact that it makes possible the unfolding of qualities which make us practical mystics. No Theosophist should fail to possess a copy of the *Dhammapada*.

B. P. W.

Taoist Teachings from the Book of Lieh Tzu. (Price Re. 1-8 or 2s. or 50c.)

This new “ambassador of good-will and understanding between East and West” is a translation of the teachings of the Chinese philosopher Lieh Tzu. What little is known of his life, Mr. Giles gives in his introduction, together with a skeleton outline of the history of Taoism. Lieh Tzu belongs to what the translator terms the middle period of Taoistic influence—a period marked by all that is greatest in Chinese Art and literature—when, from being the philosophy of the few, Taoism became the religion of the many. Its wide Catholic spirit enabled it to incorporate all the riches of ancient Chinese folklore and mythology and so provided a fount of art-inspiration for generations to follow. Lieh Tzu’s work consists of eight books; seven of them, each book forming a chapter, are included in the present volume and into its narrow compass a veritable feast of worldly and unworldly wisdom is packed. Golden precepts, pointed phrases and pithy stories, punctuated by quotations from the writings of

Chan Chau, a distinguished Chinese nobleman, are strung together by the translator's own running commentary. A Book of this nature cannot receive adequate treatment in a brief review. From the origin of the Universe, to an old skull, is a long journey yet each provides a subject for instruction for our sage. Problems of sociology, of ethics, of philosophy, of evolution, are all touched upon, and the stories with which this master of anecdote and lover of laughter illustrates his teachings contain profound truths often closely veiled in subtle draperies of humour. Teachings are given concerning the characteristics of the Sage, the qualifications for discipleship, the relative nature of life and death, the use and abuse of intuition, the power of faith, and the necessity for minding one's own business, for the cultivation of discrimination, concentration and good manners. Underlying all is the supreme teaching that happiness is only to be found in wisdom, the one Reality—Tao. Towards this end all life is a pilgrimage, upon which are found vagabond and fine gentleman alike and though the latter is more highly esteemed by the world the Sage consorts with neither, for both have lost their way. He seeks those only whose thoughts are fixed on 'The Returning,' (the Nivritti Marga of Hindu philosophy). And, we would add, those who are so fortunate as to travel in the company of such as Lieh Tzu will find enough and to spare of pure fun, delightful fancy and kindly sympathy to cheer them on their way. We feel sure our readers will welcome this entertaining and instructive addition to 'The Wisdom of the East' series.

A. E. A.

Buddhism. A Study of the Buddhist Norm, by Mrs. Rhys Davids, M. A. [Home University Library of Modern Knowledge, No. 47.] (Williams & Norgate, London. Price Re. 1 or 1s. 6d. or 40 c.)

This little work constitutes a valuable contribution to the literature about Buddhism. It is exclusively devoted to a study of Pali Buddhism, and of that variety only from one distinct point of view. The author leaves out of her survey anything historical, except in some brief remarks in the introductory chapter. The body of the book is devoted to an analysis and discussion of the Buddhistic conception of Dharma and

the subject is treated largely from psychological and philosophical standpoints.

The Dharma is considered under four heads, in accordance with a fourfold definition of the term as given by Buddhaghosha :

1. The Doctrine, as a verbal, or literary composition, to be learnt and mastered ;
2. Condition, or Cause ;
3. Right, or Righteousness ;
4. Phenomenon, or Non-entity, Non-substrate, Non-soulness ;

So we find successively an exposition of the Dharma in chapters on :

The Norm as theory of no-soul ;
 The Norm as law of causation ;
 The Norm as moral law, and
 The Norm as ideal.

Some introductory and concluding chapters, a chronological note, a bibliography (restricted to Pali books, and too limited in extent), and an index, complete the little book.

The whole exposition is thoughtful and merits careful study ; the style however is laboured in many places ; many a sentence reads clumsily. The rendering of Dharma by Norm is open to all such objections as can be raised by similar attempts to render fundamental Oriental philosophical or religious terms into English. 'Norm' has an academical flavour not present in Dharma.

It is a pity that in this little book Pali Buddhism is again so exclusively presented as sufficient to furnish materials for portraying Buddhism. A booklet entitled Buddhism *tout court* ought at least to contain chapters on Tibetan, Chinese and Japanese Buddhism ; and its bibliography ought at least to refer to some of the more important work done in that direction. It is, to a certain extent, to be regretted that several of the recent English popular expositions of Buddhism have been written by either Mr. or Mrs. Rhys Davids, for by their self-limitations the general public will, for a long time, be prevented from fully understanding Buddhism as a whole. For this reason, as well as

for another, we would have preferred that the little book should have appeared, not in a popular series of manuals, but as a separate work, and under a more appropriate title. The work might then have come more readily into the hands of those to whom it is likely to be of most use ; and would probably not be so widely bought by others, who would be better served by another type of exposition. We want, however, to make it quite clear that we regard the work as one of great value for anyone who is already somewhat familiar with the outlines of Buddhistic teachings and history. It should, however, be regarded as a book to be studied with others, and by no means as a sufficient general introduction, in itself, to the subject indicated by its title. To put it from quite another point of view and in another way, we consider frankly that this booklet is too good to form part of a cheap series. The Indian sage in 'rags' is as yet an unwonted apparition in the occidental book world ; perhaps Messrs. Williams and Norgate, together with Messrs. Jack and Messrs. Dent & Co., will familiarise him to us by their unwearying energies so that we shall soon meet him as frequently in the West as his human prototype is met with in Oriental literature. The present unfamiliarity may, in the meantime, lead to misunderstandings.

In conclusion we must give one quotation. All readers will remember the difficulties in the way of a satisfactory explanation of the chain of twelve nidanas. Mrs. Rhys Davids gives an exceedingly simple and ingenious solution of the riddle by simply spreading the twelve categories over past, present and future lives, instead of applying the chain to an all-embracing cosmic process. Here follows her table which speaks for itself :

Past Lives	{	Because of ignorance, actions ; ,, actions, (fresh) consciousness (causing rebirth) ;
Present Life	{	,, that consciousness, (new) mind and body ;
		,, mind and body, sense-organs ;
		,, sense-organs, contact ;
		,, contact, feeling ;
		,, feeling, craving ;
Future Lives	{	,, craving, grasping ;
		,, grasping (the disposition for) becoming (or rebirth) ;
		,, becoming, rebirth ;
	{	,, rebirth, decay, death, grief, mourning, pain, sorrow and despair.

J. v. M.

Personality and Telepathy, by F.C. Constable, M.A. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co, London. Price 7s. 6d. net.)

Telepathy undoubtedly provides evidence of superphysical relations which cannot be ignored by the unprejudiced investigator, and Mr. Constable claims for his book the credit of utilising this fact to establish a spiritual conception of man. The first part of the book, which the author frankly confesses may be skipped without detriment to the second and third parts, reads almost like a commentary on Kant, mainly advocating the term 'intuitive self' in preference to the time honoured word 'Soul'. The definition of this intuitive self corresponds closely to the Theosophical 'ego,' namely a spiritual individuality of which the personality is but a limited representative, but we cannot help remarking how incomplete the picture seems without the background of reincarnation. Still the author's attachment to his particular term is evident recognition of the intuition as the essential function of the real man, and it is interesting to find how modern philosophers are turning their attention to this latent capacity for knowledge beyond the scope of the laborious mental process. And, striking as are the facts of telepathy, the arguments in the first part of the book do not entirely depend on them; for the mystery of memory is clearly presented as undeniable witness to a faculty transcending the limitations of physical time and space.

The second and third parts contain an interesting collection of actual cases of transference of impressions by means other than the normal senses. These cases have been selected from the archives of the Society for Psychical Research, as being of irreproachable accuracy, and include many forms of hypnotic experiment and of what is ordinarily called clairvoyance. They are co-ordinated by comments and suggestions, and related as far as possible to the simpler phenomena of telepathy; in fact the author's desire to synthesise the maze of phenomena into one master faculty diversely translated by the brain, strikes one as an intuition in itself, though, as is modestly acknowledged, the task is no light one to undertake unaided. In this connection we were delighted to read of the author's personal experience of a touch of higher consciousness, but, judging by the almost apologetic tone of the 'digression,' he seems scarcely aware of the interest many will attach to this passage. So we cannot resist quoting from p. 70 in full :

No few of us have known moments of mystic experience which we can recall in memory: experience which cannot be referred to cognition, cannot be referred to bodily state. The very feeling exists in Self-consciousness of non-self in time and space: of the non-existence of the human personality, and yet in the finding of one's real self in this negation of human personality. Anyone who has had such experience remains through earthly life impressed with living belief that he exists in some reality of which his human existence is but a passing shadow.

This passage probably supplies the key to much of the writer's meaning. On the whole, therefore, though frequent repetitions and a somewhat pedantic style, especially in the first part, call for some exercise of patience, we may expect the book to carry considerable weight with that praiseworthy band of investigators whose mystical tendencies remain subservient to the more cautious methods of psychical research.

W. D. S. B.

The Mysticism of Colour, by Finetta Bruce (William Rider & Son. Price 3s. 6d. net.)

We have often thought that certain phases of 'New Thought' require a particular kind of mind for their comprehension; this volume confirms that opinion. Its construction is original. The first part opens with a kind of parable, which is followed by some pages of indifferent versification called 'My Book of Life;' then succeeds a series of essays on the meaning and value of Colour, the Aura and the Rainbow and—more verses. The second part contains a selection of Bible quotations illustrative of various qualities attached to the prismatic colours which are personified as the 'Seven Spirits of God'. This is the best section of the book. After it follows another series of essays, a kind of colour crescendo of all the virtues. To those fortunately trained in a New Thought atmosphere the *Mysticism of Colour* may prove pleasant and profitable reading; but the matter-of-fact student will vainly knit his brows in the search for coherent thought. Out of the multi-coloured haze of mixed metaphors, inapposite similes, more or less exact science, smatterings of physics and of art, pages of Biblical allegory and verse, and all the colours of the rainbow and more, rise the shadowy outlines of a few central ideas: that colour is symbolic; that it has a practical as well as an æsthetic value; and that it may be utilised as an aid in man's spiritual unfoldment.

A. E. A.

A Child's Visions, by Daphne Allen. (George Allen and Co., Ltd., London. Price 6s.)

Theosophists have often heard that in this age children of strange powers and possibilities are being born; a concrete instance is the twelve years old girl whose forty-two drawings in colour and pen and ink are reproduced here, "selected from many hundreds preserved from among the many thousands which she has drawn since she first attempted to portray the Crucifixion at the age of three". A quotation from the Introduction will describe better the merits of this interesting album :

How simple and direct is 'The Remorse of Eve,' how ably the interest is focussed on the figure, and with such economy of line. Note the tenderness of the drawing in 'The Virgin and Child with St. John,' the easy grouping of 'The Holy Family,' the sense of space in 'After the Temptation,' the boldness of 'The Return from Calvary,' the rhythm of 'The Taking Down from the Cross,' the imagination and the sense of decoration in 'Christ, the Healer,' and the beauty, as of the pure in heart, of the idea of 'The Child Christ in Glory'. Once again I can only express my astonishment that such facility, imagination, and variety should proceed from a child.

Can it be that young Daphne Allen is the reincarnation of some famous religious painter who has a special mission connected with the new age now opening?

B. P. W.

THEOSOPHY IN NEW AMERICAN PUBLICATIONS

By CLARA HENDERSON

Routledge Rides Alone, by Will Levington Comfort. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia, Publishers. Price \$1.25.

She Buildeth Her House, by Will Levington Comfort. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia, Publishers. Price \$1.50.

Fate Knocks at the Door, by Will Levington Comfort. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia, Publishers. Price \$1.25.

In the early part of 1910 a novel by a new author appeared in America. This, in itself, is not of sufficient rarity to merit special mention, but, aside from the fact that it was a very readable book, full of thrilling adventures and quickly shifting scenes, it was notable for two things.

It was, in the first place, a powerful arraignment against the ravages and desolations incurred by war; so much so, that the Michigan State Federation of Women's Clubs, numbering 17,000 women, in October, 1910, passed a resolution endorsing Mr. Comfort's novel, *Routledge Rides Alone*, and recommending the author as "one on whom the Nobel Peace Prize

might worthily be bestowed". It was a gracious thing to do; this swift recognition of meritorious work by a hitherto unknown author by the women of his own state. It speaks quite as much for their keen intuition as for the quality of work by which Mr. Comfort earned their approval. And their action was later confirmed by the well-known writer, Mr. Edwin Markham.

The story deals with the experiences of Cosmo Routledge, a war correspondent in the field during the Russian and Japanese war. The fact that Mr. Comfort has twice visited Asia in the United States Army Service, and was a war correspondent in Cuba and the Philippines, as well as in China and Manchuria, enables him to give a vividness to his story that fairly grips the heart at times.

But, even more important to Theosophists is the rich vein of true Mysticism running through the book. It begins in the first chapter where Routledge—at home on a visit in London—is relating some of his experiences to the girl he afterwards marries. He says concerning a friend of his:—"Rawder told me I should find him in India next—said that he was called to the heart of India by a dream. He is to find his teacher. Is it beyond belief to you, Miss Noreen, that there is a great meaning in this Indian shadow which has fallen upon my bravest man? I have known Hindus who could look beyond the flesh of men—despised by their own race—and discover souls of stirring evolution and inspiring purity."

Later in the book the Theosophical Society is mentioned in a kindly and humorous manner. One of the minor characters goes to visit the Adyar Headquarters at the request of his sister, who is a member of the Theosophical Society in Syracuse, New York. "Go to Madras, James," his sister had told him. "By all means, go to Madras. Our Headquarters and our libraries of occult literature are there. It may be that our President and Founder will meet you personally, or Annie Besant, the most noted woman in the world. Don't call it Besant, like the author, but as if it were spelled '*Bessant.*' There are reasons, James, *esoteric reasons.*"

Of course no loyal Theosophist is going to read that without finishing the book straightway. And although it is apparent that Mr. Comfort is misinformed on some esoteric matters, the main details are so accurate, and the honest intention

so apparent that one felt justified in looking for much more of our teachings and conceptions in Mr. Comfort's next book.¹

His second book, *She Buildeth Her House* appeared early in 1911. It is a tremendously big book in some ways, but it is on the whole, not so well balanced as was *Routledge Rides Alone*. And it is full of Occultism of a higher and finer quality than was apparent in his preceding work. In Bellingham, one of the leading characters, is depicted so true a type of the Black Magician and his powers for evil, that the orthodox book reviewers scoffed at what they were pleased to term the utter absurdity of his achievements. It is unfortunately true that the majority of our literary critics to-day are much less able for unqualified prejudice than for sympathetic tolerance concerning subjects with which they are wholly unacquainted. As Mr. Comfort puts it in a private letter concerning this class: "This is the type of mind that always hurts me—the mind that gives no benefit of doubt to what it does not instantly comprehend—but condemns forever."

After so much accomplished in Mr. Comfort's first two books, you can easily imagine with what impatience—not unmingled with anxiety—we on this side of the continent who were interested in his work—awaited the appearance of his next book. Would he attain poise in it?—a quality somewhat lacking in *She Buildeth Her House*. Would he develop the critical ability which looks after the detail work of a book in such a manner that it is finished, complete and pleasing? This is a quality in which women writers excel; could we expect it of a man? Would he give us a hero who would be innocent but not ignorant; wise but not self-complacent; gentle, but not lacking in manly courage?

And when *Fate Knocks at the Door* came fresh from the publishers, we lost no time in hunting through its pages for that hero; the hero for whom we had dreamed and hoped. Sufficient poise, careful detail work; these were apparent as we continued our search, but we did not find the hero of our dreams. In Andrew Bedient we found a character much nobler and vastly finer than anything of which we had been able to conceive. He must be studied, this man of simplicity and greatness whose literary education consists of years of

¹ This book was reviewed in our Magazine; see THE THEOSOPHIST, September, 1910.

study of the Bible and the *Bhagavad-Gita*; whose opportunities have been nothing more than those given a forlorn nameless waif, turned adrift to fend for himself at the age of seven; and whose heart turns longingly to India by the time he has reached manhood. Here he entered into the Forestry Service and imbibed the brooding mystery and the spiritual potentialities of that land. Here he began to lose the sense of personality and to find himself "one with some Unity that swept over the pageant of the universe. . . . That was his first departure and he was in his twenty-eighth year." In a disappointed love affair and the consequent suffering that comes to him some years later, Bedient enters consciously upon the Path of Initiation and finds in his heart ever after, love for all womankind with desire for none.

Curiosity as to the personality of the writer followed the completion of a book so full of wisdom and spiritual guidance; and this prompted a letter of inquiry to Mr. Comfort's publishers. By return mail came his address, together with the suggestion that we write him, as he would be very glad to answer any questions. In answer to our letter Mr. Comfort states that he is thirty-four years old, and he has been a member of the Theosophical Society. And he continues:

About eight years ago I wrote a newspaper article on Reincarnation and an editor asked me if I were a Theosophist. I said I didn't know. He said I wrote like one and I became intensely interested—hardly knowing why. He gave me Mrs. Besant's little book, *Thought Power: Its Control and Culture*, and it was, I think, my greatest reading experience. I joined the Lodge here at once, and was chosen the year following (1905) as a delegate to Chicago to hear Mrs. Besant. Circumstances made it impossible for me to go, which I found very hard at the time. I consider Mrs. Besant the greatest living woman. Meanwhile I had been covering continents of Theosophical literature, from *The Ancient Wisdom* to the *Doctrine* itself. The experiences of Routledge, Charter and Bedient are largely my own experiences, though I did not have quite the Indian incidents related in the first and third books. Of late years I have met the tendency to read straight at the fount of the Hindu philosophy, especially the *Bhagavad-Gita*, though I take every opportunity to thank H. P. B., Mrs. Besant, Leadbeater, Sinnett, Judge and Olcott for the marvellous meanings they have brought into my life. Mrs. Besant was literally my spiritual mother in those early years of study, and I say frankly that my love for the *Bible* to-day, and for the Sacred Writings of the Farther East, as well as the uncommon inner tendency of my work as a modern American novelist are all directly traceable to that first little book of Mrs. Besant's.

In Mr. Comfort we have found, it would seem, one well fitted by study, temperament and natural endowments to further the truths of Theosophy in an intelligent, fascinating and powerful manner. We can but be grateful that such a bit of good karma has been accorded us.

Clara Henderson

NOTICES

The Occult Significance of Blood (T. P. S. 6d.) by Dr. Steiner is an original esoteric study. *Charmides and Other Poems* by Gascoigne Mackie is a volume of very readable verse (Blackwell, 2s. 6d.). *The Lady Sheila* (T. P. S. 2s.) is "the story of a few of the most notable of my marvellous psychic experiences through the mediation of my dear wife, narrated by me as faithfully and as truly as I have been able" by J. L. Macbeth Bain. *The Key to Perfect Health* is "a practical guide to both Operator and Patient" by Arthur Hallam of the Psycho-Therapeutic Society (St. Clements Press). *The Trend of Psychical Research* by H. A. Dallas (Watkins, 6d.) is a reprint from *The Quest* and the same publisher has to his credit *Notes on the Lord's Prayer* by E. Thurlow Harrison (6d.) which are short meditations written for friends and published at their wish. *Seven Sketches* by Val Evans may interest some (no publisher, no address). *The Mask* by J. Redwood Anderson (J. Thornton & Son, 4s.) contains twenty-one admirable poems of originality and subtle charm. *Bon-Bons* (astral)—good!—by F. P. Savinien (Routledge) is another volume of verse full of good sentiment. *The Depressed Classes* (Natesan) is an enquiry into their condition and suggestions for their uplifting. *Indian Industrial and Economic Problems* by Prof. Kale (Natesan) is full of useful information. *Persian Gems* (2 Vols.) are badly printed unattractive pocket editions of some really good verses. *A Social Interpretation of Religion* and *Sadhu Hira Nand—a Saint of Modern Ind* are both by Prof. T. L. Vasvani. *Truth Newtold* by Edward Willmore is "a plain statement of the Real Things of Life, of what Religion really is Against obscure obsolete dogma. Against a paid ministry. Against Agnosticism. In favour of a practical piety"—all told in thirty-one pamphlet pages and obtainable at 6d. *Simple Rules of Health* by Philip Oyler (known to the readers of our magazine) is a pamphlet of suggestive thoughts and will be found useful (3d.). *The Threefola Way* (T. P. S., 6d.) by A. H. Ward is an admirable pamphlet and we recommend it to our readers. The New Zealand division of the Order of the Star in the East is issuing a quarterly magazine entitled *The Halycon*. The first number has reached us; it is a creditable production. We heartily wish it success. *Some Forgotten Truths of Hinduism* by J. Sreenivasa Row (THE THEOSOPHIST Office, Adyar, Madras, 4 Ans. or 4d.) is in the words of Mrs. Besant "quite admirable. It should be widely circulated."

THE LATEST FROM THE PRESIDENT

A very warm welcome awaited us at Bombay ; after depositing our luggage at the station, we were driven to the Gaiety Theatre, where the Bombay Theosophists were gathered in force, and whither some had come from other towns. Dr. Trilokekar, F.T.S., presided, and an address was read from a large number of western Indian Lodges in the Bombay Presidency and Kathiawar. Then followed others separately from the Blavatsky Lodge, Bombay, from Porbandar, from Rajkote, from the Kāshī Taṭṭva Sabhā, Benares, two from the Order of the Star in the East, and one from the Sons of India ; two more from Benares' groups of the Golden Chain met me on the journey. Telegrams from Lodges at Poona, Hyderabad (Sindh), Junagad, Indore, Madura, Adyar, Benares, Kumbakonam, Rangoon, Quetta, swelled the note of loving welcome. Garlands, including two from the Co-Masonic Lodges of Bombay, weighed down the recipient with their wealth of flowers, and two beautiful silver caskets were provided for the addresses. A brief speech of gratitude from myself was all that time permitted, and then the Sheriff of Bombay motored me back to the station, and we shortly steamed off for the north.

* * *

The country was lovely in its brilliant greens and rushing waters, and was restful to eyes tired with the gleam of the sea. We tore onwards at a tremendous pace—the postal specials always seem to me to run dangerously fast on the not very smoothly laid roads—and the Benares party, Mrs. Sharpe, Dr. Rocke and myself, abandoned Mrs. Kerr and Miss Stewart, who were going on to Calcutta, and

stepped out on the platform of Moghal Serai into a crowd of cheering boys, and not less pleased though more quiet elders. Mr. and Miss Arundale, Bābū Bhagavān Dās Sahab, Paṇḍiṭ Chheda Lāl, Miss Willson, Mr. K. Nārāyaṇa Swāmi, were among the familiar faces, and it was good to see them all again, young and old, and to feel their outstreaming affection. Soon we were on our way again, in the Benares train, and at the Cantonment station there was a yet bigger crowd. A gorgeous state coach, covered with garlands and the wheels hidden with flowers, engulfed Mr. and Miss Arundale, Mr. Bhagavān Dās and myself; the dear lads wanted to draw it home themselves, but against this I rebelled, and the horses were reharnessed, and went at a footpace. The very small boys were kindly provided with conveyances by the Managing Committee, but the Cadet Corps, Guard of Honour and Scouts all marched gaily along, flanked by non-uniformed lads. Thrice we stopped, once at each Boarding-House, for the garlanding ceremony, and thus reached Shānti Kuñja. On Sunday came a special welcome from the T.S. Lodges, and on Monday welcome from College, Pāthashāla and School, in an address signed by every Professor and Master on the Staff. Never have I been met on my return with a welcome so warm and so unanimous. May I have strength to be worthy of the love and trust so freely outpoured.

* * *

On Monday, September 9th, I had the pleasure of opening the new Training-School for Girls, established by Miss Arundale's energy and devotion. One of our Adyar residents, Mrs. James, is giving herself to this work, and some Hindū matrons have come forward to guide it on right lines. It is in the grounds of the Indian Section, and an additional piece of land is just being purchased and will be presented to the Section, and then rented from the Section for its use. The building was dedicated to the Masters for the use of Their Indian children.

* * *

I quite unintentionally alarmed some of his Indian friends by saying, in the May THEOSOPHIST, that England, France and Holland much wished for Mr. Leadbeater's presence. It has been translated into the idea that he might not return to India, but I had no such thought in my mind. I only intended to indicate the high esteem in which he is held. My words, however, have provoked a pleasant and earnest entreaty that I will not send "our great teacher" to these Sections.

We, of the Indian Section, appeal to you, earnestly requesting the favour of his presence in India as early as possible. Mr. Leadbeater does not, in our humble opinion, belong to any particular Section, but to the T. S. as a whole, and it is but fitting, that he should be at the central Headquarters of the T. S., where he can write without distraction his great books for the benefit of the world, instead of giving help, however splendid, to individual Sections.

India, the Motherland of spirituality needs and may rightly claim the presence and services of a personality of such spiritual greatness as Mr. Leadbeater.

The first six names on the list of signatures are those of Sir Subramania Iyer, late Chief Judge of the High Court, Madras; the Hon. Justice T. Sadāshiva Aiyar, Judge of the same High Court; Mr. Chandrasekhar Aiyar, Judge of the Chief Court, Mysore; the Sheriff of Bombay; the Dewan of Bhavnagar; Shrī Durbar Sāhab of Hadala. Then follow sub-judges and other eminent men. It has been understood, since he left, that Mr. Leadbeater would return to India either with me, or shortly after my arrival at Madras. That arrangement has remained unchanged, the only question being in what ship he could secure a cabin to himself. This has caused the delay of a few days, but he has obtained one in a steamer of the Austrian Lloyd line, and sails from Trieste early in October.

* * *

Theosophists all over the world will be glad to hear that, as soon as the University of Benares is fairly launched, steps will be taken to found a Theosophical College in Benares. There will, of course, be no distinction of race or creed; all will be equally welcome. It is the

hope of those who will found it that it will be a unifying element in India, drawing together all the separate factors which make the Indian nation. The principles laid down in Alcyone's admirable little book, *Education as Service*, will be followed there in practice.

* * *

With the New Year, we shall commence the issue of a new Magazine, intended for the young—not for children, but for lads and lasses of High School and College age—teaching Theosophy along suitable lines, and specially explaining the teachings of the various great religions in the light of Theosophy. Later, it will become the official organ of the Theosophical College of Benares. It will be of the size of THE THEOSOPHIST—but not of its thickness!—and will be published at 2s. to yearly subscribers post free, or Re. 1 in India. Single copies will be 3½d. post free, or 3 annas. It will be sold at our usual publishing offices in India and England. It is to be called *The Young Citizen: A Magazine of Theosophical Education*. I want to ask my friends everywhere to help me in making this Magazine known, and even more earnestly, because the matter is more pressing, to help me in increasing the circulation of the C.H.C. Magazine during 1913. I am going to pay a great deal of attention to this Magazine during the coming year, and should be very grateful to my friends everywhere if they would subscribe for both for the year 1913. The C.H.C. Magazine will be published, as usual, in Benares, the new Magazine at Adyar. Further details about both will be given next month.
