

# THE THEOSOPHIST

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## ON THE WATCH-TOWER

A PROPOSAL is made by the Mahābodhi Society to build a Vihāra in Calcutta, where no Buddhist Temple exists, and a piece of ground has been bought in College Square, next to the Lodge of the Theosophical Society, for the purpose of erecting thereon a Vihāra. Application has been made, through the Government of Bengal, that the Sacred Relics of the Lord Buddha, found at Taxila, may be entrusted to the Society to be placed in a shrine in the Vihāra. The Lord Buddha was born in northern India, and He wandered far and wide over its soil. He is the glory of the Āryan Race, the Perfect, the Illuminated One. To Him all the Occult Hierarchy bow in reverence, "our great Patron," as a Master once called Him, the first of our Humanity to attain to Perfection. He the Buddha of Knowledge, who taught the Sacred Law for forty years of blessed life, gathering round Him disciples, whom He formed into the Saṅgha, thus completing the three Jewels—the Buddha, the Saṅgha and the Dharma, or the Dhamma, as the Pāli has it. From the

day when, in the deer-park near Benares, He began to turn the Wheel of the Law until the day when He left His body, He taught the Wisdom to men, women and children. By precept and by parable, by philosophy and by symbol, intelligible alike to prince and peasant, He purified the lives of men; and lest His overpowering knowledge and sweetness should lend such might to His words that human intellect should be swallowed up in rapt devotion, and authority should usurp the seat of understanding, He, whose lightest word might have been a world's salvation, bade His disciples seek salvation in themselves, and bade them also not believe a thing because He had said it—He, who was very Truth—but only when of their own selves they knew that it was true.

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To this All Glorious One, there is no temple in the land which gave Him His body of flesh. And this, though in Him the Hindū recognises the ninth Avatāra of Viṣṇu the Preserver. The reason for this is not far to seek in earlier days, yet is it fitting that now, when India is becoming more conscious of her world-mission, and when within her Empire Burma finds a place, and Ceylon truly is also hers, India should raise a temple in His honour, to Him, her wondrous Son, the Light of the World, and thus claim Him as her own. The suggestion of building a Vihāra in Calcutta, and that close beside the Theosophical Society, the youngest child of the White Brotherhood, is therefore apposite and timely, and it would be well if every Hindū who is proud of his incomparable past and reverences the Mighty Ones of his race, should place a stone, even the smallest stone, in this Temple,

and thus have a share in the homage paid to this greatest Teacher of humanity. Princes may give largely, the middle classes may give such donations as their means permit, the poor may give an anna, a half anna, a pice, a pie. What is money in such gifts? It is love that makes them golden; and the peasant's pie, who goes more hungry to give it, shines with the brilliancy of the diamond, where the gift of a lakh, given for ostentation, counts but as dull grey lead. Let all who love His blessed life, then, throw some gift into the building fund of the Vihāra.

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An immense opportunity has been lost by Great Britain, by her refusal to accept the offers of volunteer service which rained in at the outset of the War from the educated classes. They fell back, chilled and wounded, except in Bengal. There they persisted, and at last succeeded in having an Ambulance Corps, which has done fine service. But still they pressed their wish to volunteer for the front, and would not accept the official denials. Now France has stepped in, with her greater sympathy and power of imagination, and called on the Indians living under her rule, offering them an equal footing with Frenchmen in the Army and in the Republic of France. She has her reward. Joyously the young men came forward, and there has been an outburst of national joy and pride such as Bengal has not before seen. The people of Calcutta saw their own youths answering to the call of France, and rejoiced over them with an enthusiasm which showed what England might have won, if she had the insight and the statesmanship that France has shown. The way to the Calcutta station by which the little troop

was to go, drawn from the Calcutta Colleges, was lined with eager crowds, cheering wildly; the house-tops were crowded with women who showered flowers on the heads of the marching lads, and blew conches, the old sacred battle-call of the Hindū warriors, as English readers may see in the *Bhagavad-Gīta*; at the station were gathered many of the Calcutta political leaders, and the train steamed off for Chandernagore, French India, amid the blessings of the elder and the cheers of the younger men. The effect produced was so great, that the Press Association, which supplies the Indian Press with news, suppressed the fact of the demonstration, the news being sent to *New India* by one of our own correspondents.

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All this enthusiasm, this pride, this joy, would have come to England, if the men here had welcomed, instead of repelling, the offers which were made early in the War. But it would have been multiplied a thousandfold, for the British rule thousands where the French rule one. Here was an opportunity offered of binding closely India to herself, and she pushed it aside carelessly. It is the blindness shown by Englishmen in India which drives one almost to despair, coupled with their self-complacent certainty that they are perfect in the art of Government. For colonising, the Englishman is immensely more capable than the Frenchman, but in their contact with civilised coloured races, the French are the superior, and are only outdone by the Russians. Never have the English had a greater opportunity of capturing the *heart* of India than they have had in this War, and it has been most stupidly cast away; they had captured India's *head* before, but have never

touched her heart. The supreme opportunity came, and they have blundered on unseeing. All the English talk of here is: "What share of the War burden can we place on India?" It is a serious question, for India has been frozen out of her generous mood.

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The following letter has reached me: I cannot say that I think that the paying off of the Headquarters' deficit can be said to be a piece of work for the coming of the Christ, but it would certainly be work for the Masters. It has been caused partly by the necessity for safeguarding the building from the danger of flood, by the building of an embankment, a costly piece of work; partly by the very large planting of young trees, to utilise the ground and to bring in revenue in the future, partly by some roofing necessary to prevent residents from being half-drowned and partly by important sanitary improvements; loss of revenue by the War has also been a serious cause. Here is the letter addressed to the members:

DEAR FELLOW MEMBERS,

A great opportunity has been given to us to do a real definite piece of work, work for the second coming of the Christ, work for the Masters, work which will show our love and gratitude to our Founders and to those who carry on the work they initiated.

All this is offered to us in the fact that there is a deficit in the balance-sheet at the Headquarters at Adyar of £1,666.

Now a few rich members might combine and pay it off, but I think it would be so much better if the whole Society united and paid it off by each member giving a small subscription, then the whole T. S. would reap the good karma which would result from such a deed.

I wish to suggest the following plan: that every T. S. Lodge should open a subscription list with a minimum subscription of 1s. (Annas 12 or 25c.)

There are 25,696 members of the T. S. and if every one only gave 1/- we should raise £1,284, but those able to give more would surely do so.

I have often longed to be able to do some definite work to aid in preparing the way for the second coming and have heard other members express the same wish—well, friends, this is our opportunity if we choose to avail ourselves of it, and if my suggestion is adopted, it is within the reach of most of us, if not of all of us.

Hoping that some way may be adopted whereby we may all join in the work.

I am fraternally yours,

F. S..HAWKINS

We should certainly be grateful if such help as is proposed came in, as our revenue from rents will be probably affected by the War in the coming year also.

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The above was written by the Editor in the train on her way to Allahabad. Thither she has gone to attend the very important meeting of the central governing body of the Indian National Institution—the All-India Congress Committee. Mainly through her efforts, the last Congress passed a resolution which the country has received with acclaiming enthusiasm. It demanded that the Congress organisations in all Provinces should work out a scheme for Self-Government for India and submit it at Easter time to the Central body. This is now being done. The Central Committee is sitting as we are writing these lines, and before it are schemes, among them a very carefully prepared one from Madras, which has also sent a large number of its representatives. India is waiting eagerly to know the results of this deliberation. While in Allahabad

Mrs. Besant will deliver the Inaugural Address to the new Gokhale Society, and when her work is over she will visit Benares for a day or two.

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Our own Adyar Headquarters presented a scene of unique interest during the Easter holidays. For the third time the South Indian Convention met here. Some 250 members from all parts of S. India gathered here and we had a very useful time which, we expect, will yield good results. Members began to arrive a few days beforehand, and the Convention atmosphere was fully around us by Friday—Good Friday—the 21st of April. Mr. C. Jinarajadasa was there to do all he could for our members in the absence of the P. T. S., and his talks and lectures were much appreciated. There were two very interesting discussion meetings—one, of all T. S. members, regarding the problems of wider Theosophy which embraces all the forward movements in this ancient land, and the other, of the Brothers of Service—the Stalwarts—who are pledged to one or more items of Social Reform propaganda. At both the meetings there was a very animated discussion. The attitude towards Social Reform and Social Service is fast changing in favour of liberal ideas and much is being done. One brother from Calicut, Mr. S. Manjeri Rama Iyer, has set a splendid example of courage and open battle against the prejudices of orthodoxy. At both the meetings he was one of the speakers, and by his humorous but thoughtful utterances drove home to the hearts of his hearers the benefits of the cause he champions so nobly. Such men, though generally unknown and not much recognised, are makers of New India, and we are proud to have at least one such fighter within our ranks.

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Then there was the business meeting where the President and Secretary of the S. I. Convention presented their reports. Our Branch Inspectors offered suggestions for further work, and various other suggestions from Lodges and members were considered. Later the Executive of the S. I. Convention decided to engage the services of a European lecturer, who should be a science student, to present Theosophy along scientific lines to our educated classes. He is to be paid, and funds for the purpose are being gathered.

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Mr. Jinarajadasa delivered a splendid lecture to a large public audience on "The Relation of Man to God" which brought great and deserved applause. He has just returned from Bengal where he had gone on Theosophical work, and Indian members will regret to hear that he is leaving immediately for England—of course on duty. His stay at Adyar has been a blessing to Headquarters and to India, and we will look forward to his early return.

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A very useful feature of the Convention was the Cosmopolitan Dinner given by our respected Brother, Dewan Bahadur the Hon. Mr. Justice T. Sadashiva Iyer and his noble wife. There were present some 68 Brāhmaṇas, 44 non-Brāhmaṇas, 25 Christians, 1 Buddhist, 1 Muslim, 6 Parsis. Friends abroad perhaps do not realise what it means to our Hindū brothers who dare do such a thing! Outcasting and excommunication have greater terrors in this land of religious ceremonials and samskāras. The names of all present were published, but we believe orthodoxy will hide its ugly head and pass the event by without making a fuss as was done last year.

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## TOWARDS RECONSTRUCTION

By LILY NIGHTINGALE

**T**HE pace of events to-day demands giant's strides from its followers. Now, if ever, man must feel himself a pawn in a game wherein

The Master-hand  
Hither and thither moves, and checks, and slays.

Perspective itself is mercurial, changing as we watch the panorama. We can gain no idea of the true proportional values of men and their affairs, unless, by imagination's magic, we can look forward into the future, backward into the past, with that largeness of vision born from an observance of the unities, on every plane.

Here, where larches fling out a million flags of living green ; where budding heather pours its first, bitter-sweet scent, vital with promise of purple wine ; where wild hyacinths' births are celebrated in every wood, feeding the senses with a nameless yearning that begins where sense itself ends, it is impossible to feel that strife is a fundamental chord in the universal symphony. To those who, within the crimson zone of war, experience its carnage and devastation, with overstimulated senses, alternately drunk and deafened by the fury, havoc, and hellish thunder of shot and shell : to them, it may well seem that the warlike virtues are the noblest gift that can be laid on the altar of life ; that " every drop of blood spilt by England is a drop in the sacramental chalice of devotion " : to them, rightly, the life-blood of the warrior is the promise and pledge of a future wherein the rights of the weak shall be proclaimed as a rallying-call to the strong. Even as these words are written, comes news of the sinking of the *Lusitania* with hundreds of lives, not *lost*—how can that word apply to That which is " unborn, indestructible " ?—but the physical forms have vanished from those who held them dear, and once again

Man's inhumanity to man  
Makes countless thousands mourn.

Yet, for those precipitated over death's verge, terrible as were those moments of anguish, there were hands of healing and voices of aid, which made the actual passing less dreadful.

But what for us, who remain to mourn the havoc brought by murder and to try to understand the why and wherefore of the present welter ?

Philosophy at such moments is neither harsh nor crabbed. "The philosophic mind" is the rational attitude of human beings whose reasoning power is an incipient prophecy of a Sun of Righteousness beyond the light of reason, yet to which no guide save reason can lead. Humanity, for all its experience (built into the racial and individual consciousness by recurrent joy and sorrow), is still a child: and though the horror of "brute force" shrieks its Medusa-message through every age, the human consciousness, as a whole, is not yet weary of the *macabre* fascination of that voice, whose black liturgies haunt the past and echo wildly in our ears to-day. The hour of liberation from Martian thralldom has not yet struck. Repetition's cyclic law recurs with damnable iteration. True, a fresh spiral curve evolves, the result of each finished experiment, while, following the dual rhythm, ancient circles of re-becoming twine their labyrinths round the coils of manifestation; yet humanity is not old enough for freedom from all contraction. The rhythm of growth by expansion is still only a murmur, not a song of ascent for humanity as a whole. The dome of joy is starred with immortal sorrows, and is it not a truism that "man must through much tribulation enter the Kingdom of God," *i.e.*, *win* the right of self-identification with buddhic consciousness, "the Heart of Things" and "the Soul of Being"?

Now is an hour of swift evolution, a critical period, one of those mysterious struggles between those hosts we, in our blindness, name "dark" and "light" forces. There is "war in heaven" to-day, we may believe; the world-war, in all its ghastliness but a reflection of cosmic conflicts. The "lords of the dark face" are wise in the direction of their activity, perhaps even

wiser, sometimes, than "the children of light". They know how, and where to strike, when their appointed hour bids them rise to battle. Never have they failed to enter the lists at the moment of manvantaric doom.

It is not ours to proclaim which are the respective emissaries of light and darkness. We do not feel that our knowledge on inner planes suffices for such difficult distinction: the faculties of seership and prophecy do not include within themselves "all mystery and all knowledge". Yet those among us in whom seership and prophecy are developed, in however small degree, may utter the word and declare the vision according to their individual gifts of clear-seeing and hearing. To some of these it *seems* as though the floodgates of wrath are opened by our foes, as though they "bear up the pillars of it," and are its doorkeepers; they have unchained hydra-headed monstrosities whose delight is expressed through nameless deeds of rapine, wanton destruction, and orgies of horror before which falls a merciful cloud-curtain of oblivion for those whose reason cannot bear the vision of the Saturnalia of *kāma-manas*.

Yet those in whom the liberating forces work, they must know, see, and feel *all*, for so best they can help. The liberators must be lacerated, tortured, frozen with horror, scorched by the fire of anguish, that thus they may tread the burning-ground whereon weaker brethren cannot walk. And so every hideous happening, each one more appalling in its inhumanity than the last, war inflamed by poison, corroded by fiendish practices, is a Call to Fearlessness, a Cry to summon Spiritual Chivalry, Knights of the Spirit, from the uttermost ends of the earth. Knights of the Spirit

must shake off not only physical fear, that is the lesser bondage, however galling and humiliating, but those fears "that infest the soul" and attempt to invade the Spirit's citadel; the dread of consequences, the shrinking from pain that brings the temptation to drug themselves with opiates; they must conquer atrophy, all forms of inertia, rust, and the canker of immunity from sensitiveness that robs the human heart of its divine right to respond to every throb of pain.

Life must become a real thing to-day, for those who intend to fill the ranks of Helpers; they must flinch neither from the heart-shaking vibrations of joy (few know the Dionysian rapture of joy to-day), nor from the iron agony that marks the brows of the chosen. This is the spiritual call-to-arms. A call from Life to the lives. As a nation, our inner life has been far too poor, and miserable Respectability, and gospels of "thou shalt not be found out" have been "idols we have loved too long". We have forgotten that one of the most ancient roads to wisdom is the path of excess. Too long have we confounded temperance with moderation, discretion with compromise. We have been so busy with existence, piling up material possessions, that we have forgotten how to live. We have gone curtained, cushioned and foot-stooled through life, so poor in spirit that we have mistaken the saddle-bags and plush of upholstery for the curves and contours of Beauty. Following the same line of falsification and stultification of the vital principle, passion has become almost identified with vice. It is the loss of power to respond to anything great, that breeds vice, which is in reality a by-product of decadence. True response to the Life-principle, on every plane, comes

from simplification, from unification, never from multiplication of trappings on the material or sensual planes. The number of organisms is increased by fission, but individual (and racial) consciousness is enriched and deepened by the various harmonising forces whose consummation is in unity.

The gift of the Gods to their children of a diviner day is with us—a renaissance of life spiritual, mental, and emotional. We pass to this new birth, now as ever, “through the grave and gate of death”. Ever the mandate sounds for those to whom the old order, with all its face-values and surface-meanings, has passed away: “Ye must be born again.”

The outer reign of terror will not cease until the response of creative, affirmative love and life outweighs the opposing balance of hatred and destruction. This is the word of to-day. The forces of Life and Death<sup>1</sup> are locked in a struggle so tremendous that a world at war but faintly mirrors a combat before which angels veil their faces. Death's triumphs are proclaimed through the trumpet of Time, Life's victories by the Voice of the Silence. The Vision of Eternity is not revealed to the eye of mortality. Yet a corner of the veil of the temple may be raised by the hand of reverence outstretched by seer, prophet, or poet.

They have seen. These words are an echo of their vision.

Will the people but hearken?

Lily Nightingale

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<sup>1</sup> The mysterious forces represented through those words, an unsatisfactory medium.

## ON THEOSOPHICAL POETRY

By JAMES H. COUSINS

IN a former article I set side by side some extracts from the poetry of Spenser, Shelley and AE dealing with reincarnation, and showed in what respects they succeeded or failed as poetry in the presentation of a specific Theosophical teaching.

From these diverse presentations of a single subject, and the points which we have observed, we may now evolve some considerations to help us to arrive at a working hypothesis as to how Theosophy may serve the art of Poetry, and Poetry may serve Theosophy. First let it be clearly understood that all such considerations are acquitted beforehand of the crime of finality. "All theories," as Sir Joshua Reynolds remarks in his *Discourses*, "which attempt to direct or to control (the) Art . . . . which we form to ourselves upon a supposition of what ought in reason to be the end or means of Art, independent of the known first effect produced by objects on the imagination, must be false and delusive." Poetry is creation: its laws, like the Laws of God, are integral in its own nature; they are not imposed. "Reason, without doubt," as the same illustrious past member of the Brotherhood of Arts says, "must ultimately determine everything"; but the determination, be it observed, must be

ultimate ; not initial, not tyrannical, but interpretative and malleable.

Now Poetry, while it is, in its deepest sense, an immediate expression of the spiritual nature, and therefore an eavesdropper to inner truth, is conditioned in its expression by the paraphernalia of imagery, thought and phraseology which the *persona* of the poet and his or her age present to the hidden creator. Thus in respect of the great fundamentals, life and death, the perceptive side of the poet's nature—which is the earliest to come into operation—is acted upon by the apparent newness of birth, and the apparent conclusiveness of death. Something *is* that was not : something *was* and is not. The singularity of the space between is familiarised every day ; its evaluation is echoed in every brain ; and, behold, Western Poetry with an occasional exception, such as Whitman or Francis Thompson, is one lamentation at the shortness of the supposed single life of the individual, and the length and thickness of the darkness before and after. Take out of literature all poetry that is not based on this assumption (including the solace that the inherent desire for life beyond death has fashioned for itself out of the supposed goodwill of an extraneous Deity) and little will remain to serve the pride of letters.

It is quite impossible to gain even a rough realisation of the revolution in western literary arts which would be brought about if the idea, say, of reincarnation could be given as full a place in thought as the current idea of a single life. The poetry of irrevocable parting, with its dim hope of reunion "in another and better world," would be transformed into an intelligent acceptance of a familiar event, or a triumph over limitation

and illusion. The sentimental value of failure would fall to zero: the lugubrious joy that poets squeeze out of sorrow would vanish. Not only so, but the finding of a clearer spiritual perspective would lead to amazing adjustments in the whole hinterland of thought and the social structure. Crime and its punishment, in view of the law of causation which lies behind reincarnation, would take on a real dignity far beyond the wig-and-gown importance of scheduled judgments from mouldy statutes. Marriage, with its background of ancient relationships, and its rhythm of movement by one ego from sex to sex, would be seen as something more worthy of divine beings than only the propagation of human forms; and Love would assume a beauty and significance that would lift it as far above its present day caricature as the true Nirvāṇa is above its little cockney physical vulgarisation in the song that so ignorantly bears that sacred name.

Apart, however, from this enlargement of mental and emotional scope, it is within the power of Theosophy to give to the Arts in general, and to Poetry in particular, a much-needed enrichment through the extension and intensification of the instruments of consciousness, and through opening a clear way into the super-realms of nature and humanity. The black cloud of ignorance, sometimes grandiloquently called agnosticism, is not the air to nourish the poet. He needs the uplift of the heel on a mountain-side; the call of blue distance across waters; he needs frayed edges, indeterminate outlines—all the symbols that open out from the little sharp circle of his separate life to the One Life that enspheres all. But, while leading outward, Theosophy also leads inward: teaches indeed

the great truth that the path to knowledge of the outer is only safely and surely trodden when eye and foot are bent resolutely towards one's own spiritual centre. Hence the inspirational centre will not reside in the universe of things, and produce derivative verse, but will operate from the illimitable source in the Poet's deeper consciousness, and produce authentic Poetry.

It is necessary to lay stress on this point, for the danger that will beset the necessarily gradual development of Theosophical thought will be a subtle drawing away from the inner light through an externalised enthusiasm for the new teachings. This is seen, indeed, in much verse that is being turned out now-a-days that makes no approach to the quaternary of characteristics referred to in a previous article<sup>1</sup>—appearance, form, emotion, thought—but is simply rhymed statements of occult or metaphysical laws. I do not, of course, intend to convey the impression that poetry must be entirely free from "truth". Far from it. What is needed to be emphasised is that the sublimest truth is not Poetry. As William Watson puts it—and in his putting of it, beautifully escapes his own charge—

Forget not, brother singer, that though prose  
Can never be too truthful or too wise,  
Song is not truth, not wisdom, but the rose  
Upon truth's lips, the light in wisdom's eyes.

In other words Poetry must deal with thought as a vital process, not as a statement; as an act of creation, not as an answer to a sum. It is therefore necessary that the thought which must be the hidden basis of the poem should be vitalised by feeling, that is, expressed musically; but it must also possess the static

<sup>1</sup> January 1916.

qualities of sculpture and painting ; that is, it must show symmetry and imagery.

It is because of some intuitive apprehension of this necessity that the poets have personified qualities, as Spenser in the *Faerie Queene*, and Tennyson—but in a subtler way—in *The Idylls of the King*. In this way they have given soul and body to abstractions which, as abstractions, would remain for ever beyond the reach of the art of Poetry. Shelley wrote a Hymn to an abstraction, Intellectual Beauty, but neither Intellect nor Beauty as such is named. A form of some kind had to be given to it, even if only a veil of rarest ether ; and so he addresses the abstraction as the “awful shadow of some unseen Power,” the “Spirit of Beauty,” and the like, and gives to us one of the world’s master utterances.

Mr. W. B. Yeats has somewhere referred to two lines by Robert Burns, I do not remember in what connection, but they have persistently recurred to me as an epitome of the four qualities of poetry. They are :

The white moon is setting behind the white wave,  
And time is setting with me, O.

They present a beautiful picture : they present it symmetrically—the white moon, the white wave : they voice the emotion of the passing of things : they are based on the thought of the parallelisms of natural and human life by virtue of their inherence in a deeper unity : but the very analysis of these qualities exemplifies the great gulf between direct statement and Poetry.

To take the more definite matter of giving voice to experience or conviction of a Theosophical

kind, it is hardly likely that anyone would claim as poetry such a couplet as

I believe in elementals,  
Wearing sandals, eating lentils ;

yet it ought to be possible to use either of the three topics as matter for Poetry. If we cannot personify them, we are left with one alternative only—the acceptance of them as a fact in life. Shakespeare did not discuss psychic phenomena in *Hamlet* : he simply put the ghost on the stage. So, too, Yeats, an old Fellow of the Theosophical Society and a lifelong familiar of “supernatural” phenomena, does not say, “now I shall write a poem on elementals,” but in the most natural way lets his knowledge slip into his Poetry as a vital element, thus :

For the elemental beings go  
About my table to and fro.  
In flood and fire, in clay and wind  
They huddle from man’s pondering mind,  
But he who treads in austere ways  
May surely meet their ancient gaze :  
Man ever marches on with them  
After the red-rose-bordered hem.

There you have the whole doctrine of the elemental evolution proceeding *pari passu* with the human, and the condition of cognising the “invisible” worlds—not pondering in reason, but “living the life” whereby comes the knowing of the doctrine: but it is also pure Poetry.

Or take the thought of the interaction of the Absolute and the relative, with its dignifying commentary on human life and conduct when these are seen as the Divine sensorium in the world of manifestation—God’s eyes and ears and limbs, bound in the limitations of the relative, yet forever passing beyond themselves,

because of their Divinity, into prescience, inner hearing, and the overleaping of time and space in thought. Emerson tried to express this truth, and failed because he put it into psychological terminology :

For the prevision is allied  
Unto the thing so signified ;  
Or say, the foresight that awaits  
Is the same Genius that creates.

Tagore tried to express it, and succeeded, though not with Shelleyan splendour, because he gave it a body, and an emotion :

What divine drink wouldst thou have, my God, from this overflowing cup of my life ?

My Poet, is it thy desire to see thy creation through my eyes, or to stand at the portals of my ears silently to listen to thine own eternal harmony ?

Thy world is weaving words in my mind, and thy joy is adding music unto them.

Thou givest thyself to me in love, and then feelest thine own entire sweetness in me.

These examples will, I think, suffice to indicate the manner in which the at first sight unrelated activities of Theosophy and Poetry may be brought into a mutually beneficent co-operation. It is, of course, impossible to create good Poets by rule, or, for that matter, to muzzle bad ones. One's hope is that a growing love for Poetry and a growing knowledge of Theosophy will, in due time, find their co-ordination in the Art of Life—life based on a truly artistic conception, vivified by pure feeling, built on a symmetrical but free plan, and showing beauty and grace of exterior. From this basis may arise the great renaissance, in which Poetry, so long the slave of blindness and desire, will become the herald of the Spirit.

James H. Cousins

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## THE QUEST FOR BEAUTY

By H. B. HYAMS

THE world does not believe that "Beauty is truth, truth beauty," in spite of Keats. If that were true, much in our civilisation would disappear. Our literature would lose some, or perhaps all, of its fiction, and theatrical art would abolish its make-beliefs. In our houses we should find no imitation marble mantel-pieces, no imitation half-timber work, no imitation wood graining, no imitation tapestry wall papers, no tile patterns in our linoleum, no paper imitations of stained glass, no gas asbestos fires imitating burning logs, no imitation marble columns, no imitation hammer marks to metal work, no imitation electric candle lights, and so on. In our dress there would be no imitation jewellery, furs, flowers, etc., and one with a turn for logic might ask, why not leave our clothes their natural colour, instead of dyeing them? Even our food now is not without imitations, for we have vegetarian "mutton chops and meat pies". Our conduct, too, would lose many of its shams: no man would struggle to pretend that his income is greater than it is, and no woman would make out her age to be less.

But even if the world believed that Truth is Beauty, we should still be faced with the problem: What is Truth? Truth is only relative: we each see,

for a little while, only a little of Truth ; what is beautiful and true to one man is not so to another. Take for example marriage and war, as seen by the romantic type of man. He has a vision of perpetual bliss with a domestic angel at home, and of flashing sabres, thundering guns, victorious cavalry charges and routed enemies in the field. Another man sees that that romantic imagination is bound to bring, in the words of G. B. Shaw, "disappointment, sourness, grievance, cynicism, and misanthropic resistance to any attempt to better a hopeless world". The wise man knows that the real use for imagination lies in that it is a means "of foreseeing and being prepared for realities as yet unexperienced, and of testing the possibility and desirability of serious Utopias". As G. B. Shaw continues :

The wise man does not expect his wife to be an angel, nor does he overlook the fact that war depends on the rousing of all the murderous blackguardism still latent in mankind : that every victory means a defeat : that fatigue, hunger, terror, and disease are the raw material which romances work up into military glory : and that soldiers for the most part go to war as children go to school, because they are afraid not to. They are afraid even to say they are afraid, as such candour is punishable by death in the military code.

To one man the "khaki" is an emblem of beautiful heroism ; to another it is a butcher's suit dipped in human blood. Both of course are right from their own points of view, at that particular time of their own evolution.

However, to tolerant Theosophists, there seem to exist in the world two types of men, the patriot and the internationalist, and both are in quest of beauty in conduct. The patriot, life after life, fights for his country, sacrificing his life and much that is dear to him. Each time he advances another step towards Masterhood.

On the other hand, the internationalist makes war on all war : he refuses to be a soldier. Life after life, he suffers in the cause that he thinks is beautiful. He is called inconsistent because he pays taxes and because with physical strength he protects a child against a ruffian, but will not become a soldier. But he knows this inconsistency is the beginning of the end of war. When the majority become of this special form of inconsistency, there will be no war. Sometimes, when he has taken on a weak personality in an earth-life, to learn a certain lesson better, he gives way to public opinion, and becomes a soldier with the knowledge that he is doing wrong. In other earth-lives he fights better for what he thinks is beautiful. That is easy for him at the present time if he has private means, but if he happens to be on a small town council, and also be a small tradesman, it is almost impossible for him to stand alone against his town. It was much easier for him, in other earth-lives, to be shot as a deserter.

To-day the internationalists are becoming very numerous. They are becoming militant in the war against all "War". They are singing with Alfred Noyes :

Peace, when have we prayed for peace ?  
 Over us burns a star  
 Bright, beautiful, red for strife.  
 Yours are only the drum and the fife  
 And the golden braid and the surface of life,  
 Ours is the white-hot war.

It is the white-hot war because the internationalist is on the same side every incarnation. The patriot's is only "surface" war because he changes his nationality very often in his incarnations, and even his allies in a few years become his enemies. The war against war

is bound to conquer in the end; and even though it takes centuries to win, it is worth fighting for, living for, dying for. It is the only "holy war" that ever yet has been, for it is spiritual and is founded on the *will to love* and not on the *will to power*. It is waged by love, not by the sword.

\* \* \* \* \*

Perhaps a good rough working definition of Beauty would be—that which pleases our five ordinary senses and the moral and intellectual sense—seven in all.

We are conscious of certain sets of vibrations and we name these experiences the five senses. There is also the moral or astral sense and the intellectual or mental sense. Thus we have seven senses altogether. When we feel emotion we are using the astral sense, and when we understand a problem we are using the mental sense. When any of these vibrations playing upon us give us pleasure, we call that pleasure beauty. Thus we can experience seven kinds of beauty, for there is a moral beauty and an intellectual beauty, as well as a beauty of music and sights.

At present we cannot properly control the senses; we cannot hear or not hear when we wish. At present we cannot shut off our senses. Neither can we fully use more than one sense at a time. We often try to do this when watching and listening to a play; but it is probably an alternative using of the two senses. A man cannot smell the difference between two perfumes and match two colours at the same time. Many people like to shut their eyes when listening to music. When carried away with a great emotion on the battle-field, the soldier does not feel his wounds; neither can he reason. Even though our

body does things mechanically, yet any great emotion or intellectual effort will stop its habit. This is shown by the pipe of the smoker so often going out directly he begins to think. The reader of an exciting tale does not hear when he is spoken to. It seems then that it is very difficult to use fully these seven senses at the same time.

We do not use our senses enough. The eye can be trained as well as the ear. Some people can magnify far better with the eye than can be done with any instrument. Some people hear music when others hear only a noise. The sense of touch has been developed in a most marvellous manner in Helen Keller. As for our moral and intellectual senses, we have only just started to use them.

By developing the will we can learn to control and to use our senses more fully.

It seems, then, that we do not use our senses enough. And it is only by using our senses that we can perceive Beauty. If we wish to perceive new beauties, we must use our senses more keenly and in newer ways. But Habit and Shame would prevent us doing this.

\* \* \* \* \*

The soul's evolution has often been likened to a path winding upwards with very many spirals round and round a mountain. Hundreds of times the path circles round the mountain side, and life after life the soul incarnates on it, each time going a step higher.

The soul started as a spiritual germ with no conscience or knowledge, but as it progresses upward it gains these by experience. New habits are acquired, lived through, and at last thrown away as useless and

worn out. Ideas of good and evil change; the ideal becomes a virtue, the virtue becomes a habit, and the habit in its turn becomes a vice or a superstition as the soul leaves it behind and travels upwards. On the mountain path of Evolution values are always changing, the moral atmosphere is not the same at the bottom as at the top; at every step upward it gets cleaner and brighter.

If a being could look at that mountain he would see us, a great cluster of souls, millions of us, all herded together on the path. The being would see that we are practically stationary, and he would probably wonder why we did not move faster, he might wonder what it was that kept us fixed in the one place.

There are two things that keep us at one spot, and those two things are: Habit and Shame.

We are all chained to one spot by Habit. Professor William James, in his famous essay on Habit, says:

It keeps the fisherman and the deck-hand at sea through the winter; it holds the miner in his darkness, and nails the countryman to his log cabin and his lonely farm through all the months of snow; it protects us from invasion by the natives of the desert and the frozen zone. It dooms us all to fight out the battle of life upon the lines of our nurture or our early choice, and to make the best of a pursuit that disagrees, because there is no other for which we are fitted, and it is too late to begin again. It keeps different social strata from mixing. Already at the age of twenty-five you see the professional mannerism settling down on the young commercial traveller, on the young doctor, on the young minister, on the young counsellor-at-law. You see the little lines of cleavage running through the character, the tricks of thought, the prejudices, the ways of the shop in a word, from which the man can by and by no more escape than his coat sleeve can suddenly fall into a new set of folds. On the whole it is best that he should not escape. It is well for the world that in most of us, by the age of thirty, the character has set like plaster, and will never soften again.

Thus habits are the chains that hold us to one spot, in one earth-life, on the path of Evolution; they

prevent us falling back, and they prevent us going forward. We get so used to these chains, that we think we cannot live without them. If by any chance we throw a few of them off and leave the beaten track of our companions, then we get an unpleasant sensation. When we leave the moral atmosphere in which this host of souls is living, we get this unpleasant sensation ; we have entered the atmosphere of shame. We may escape our habits and walk either up or down ; if we walk downwards, then we feel a hot wave of shame ; if we travel upwards, then we feel an unpleasant sensation of a cold, cutting wind ; we miss the warm atmosphere of public approbation. Every would-be pioneer has felt this unpleasant sensation, this atmosphere of shame. Sometimes he goes back to the spot where his companions are herded together. He becomes a "good" man, lives in comfort, never does anything wrong, anything different from his companions ; he never does anything to feel ashamed about. Another pioneer, perhaps, does not go back ; having thrown off his chains he stays in the atmosphere of shame and starts to climb the mountain side. He has left the warm atmosphere of public opinion, and the cold clean air blows on him. But after a little time he becomes acclimatised to the new position he has taken up and he no longer feels the unpleasant sensation, he does not feel the atmosphere of shame, he becomes a pioneer, he becomes impudent.

This is the lack of shame that John Tanner, in Bernard Shaw's play, preaches. He says, speaking of his set of would-be pioneers :

We live in an atmosphere of shame. We are ashamed of everything that is real about us ; ashamed of ourselves, of our relatives, of our incomes, of our accents, of our opinions,

of our experience, just as we are ashamed of our naked skins. Good Lord, my dear Ramsden, we are ashamed to walk, ashamed to ride in an omnibus, ashamed to hire a hansom instead of keeping a carriage, ashamed of keeping one horse instead of two and a groom-gardener instead of a coachman and footman. The more things a man is ashamed of, the more respectable he is. . . . . Look at the effect I produce because my fairy godmother withheld from me this gift of shame. Cultivate a little impudence, Ramsden; and you will become quite a remarkable man.

We are on the mountain side, chained by our habits or scared by shame.

Beauty can be perceived by the seven senses and it can be defined as that which helps man forward on the path of evolution. Habit and Shame tend to keep him to one spot, while Beauty entices him upward.

Every spiritual germ at the beginning of its evolution had the desire for beauty, the will to live. Life after life, in the quest for beauty, it gained experiences from which developed capacities and conscience. But all these spiritual germs did not commence at the same time. They also did not all progress at the same rate. Hence, we are all at different stages in our path of evolution. It is said in Theosophical literature that there exist seven rays along which nature is evolving. If that is true, then we all differ, in addition to the above reasons, because we are on different rays: being so different one from another it is obvious that we cannot force a man to see a certain beauty or truth that may be quite visible to ourselves.

Beauty entices us onward, now wearing one dress, now another; she would not have us stay very long at one place. Change is one of her fundamental laws. The red sunset seems to us beautiful, because the sky is generally grey or blue. If the sky was always

red, then we should think a blue sky at sunset especially beautiful. "A white sail flapping on a yellow sea," is a line of Tennyson that has been praised for its beauty by one who saw for the first time the sandy yellow sea on the east coast of England. But if the sea was habitually yellow, then the critic would have thought a blue sea especially beautiful. The same thing is true of a yellow cornfield or a red field of poppies: it is the startling variety that gives beauty, the contrast. How often do we bring home some object of art, admiring it. But for how long does it please us? For the first few days we admire it, but after a time we cease to think it so beautiful.

The quest for Beauty will not let us go downward on the path of Evolution. Unpleasant vibrations in sound, touch, sight, smell, taste, morals and reason are all signs of danger, warning us against a side path. We enjoy certain vibrations for a time, but we cannot remain long content with them. If we do not change in this life, we must in the next earth-life.

Although Beauty often changes her dress, enticing us forward, yet she will not allow us to look too far ahead. We have to take the next step; we cannot make a leap. If Beauty were to show us her robe of the year 10,000, we should probably not appreciate it; it would seem to us ugly. The ape-man would probably have thought us strange freaks, if he could have caught a glimpse of us: and we should probably think the same of things that exist in the future, if we could see them.

\* \* \* \* \*

As the human spirit evolves it becomes more and more fettered by the material world, its quest for beauty becomes more and more complex. The arts and sciences

of savages are few: those of the civilised man are many. Deeper and deeper the spiritual germ plunges into matter, until we attain such a period as that of fifty years ago, when Beauty showed herself in strange ideas and ideals in arts, manners and customs. We have now commenced to leave that complex age, with its militarism and its capitalism: having attained the depth of complexity, we now begin to rise, to simplify. We now hear the song of Tagore:

Only let me make my life simple and straight, like a flute of reed for thee to fill with music.

\* \* \* \* \*

We have seen that it is a part of our nature to seek Beauty. Everywhere in the wide world man keeps on seeking, and having found, he soon finds the Beauty of his ideals change, fade and die.

The worldly hope men set their hearts upon  
Turns ashes, or it prospers and anon,  
Like snow upon the desert's dusty face,  
Lightens a little hour or two—is gone.

The Ideal is dead: long live the Ideal. We attain one: it dies; and after a little we see another far away in the distance. Life after life we do this, till in the end we despair of finding "The Beauty". Then perhaps we say with G. B. Shaw: "The quest for happiness and Beauty is folly: Beauty is a bye-product." We see that the quest of Beauty for our own happiness is bound to end in failure: we try to see the direction in which the world is evolving, and seeing that, we try to help. "That is not happiness, but it is greatness," says one of G. B. Shaw's characters.

It follows from the above that man must begin to simplify. First, because by simplifying his own physical needs a man finds that he has more to give,

that he can work better. Secondly, because he sees that the world is evolving in that direction. The great world-wide movement, Socialism, is an effort to organise the present chaotic capitalism: it is an effort to simplify life so that there will not be that terrible waste of commercial competition with its swarms of advertising parasites. The trusts are also helping the simplifying work, but they are doing it for the good of one or two: on the other hand Socialism will do it for the good of all. Every form of internationalism is an effort to simplify. Internationalism will give us what we need, from a simple help-language to some kind of international government, thus drawing us nearer to Beauty. Instead of seeking Beauty for oneself or one's country, one will seek it for the whole world. That is how Beauty appears to some of us. It is a Beauty of science and art and a Beauty of morals wider and deeper than that of patriotism.

\* \* \* \* \*

There is another way of looking at the quest for Beauty, which is found in Sir Rabindranath Tagore's beautiful essay "The Realisation of Beauty". As we simplify we shall find it in his way more and more. He explains that the greater part of the world is to us in Beauty as if it were not. But even as science is always penetrating into regions formerly marked in its map as unexplored, so shall our sense of Beauty seek and find it in new regions. Because we do not see Beauty in a thing, it does not therefore follow that the Beauty is lacking: it may be our sense that is imperfect. He explains that at one time in our evolution our acquaintance with Beauty was in her dress of motley colours that affected us with their stripes and feathers.

But as our acquaintance with Beauty grew, we found it in a more subtle form, and now it has no need to excite us with loud noise; it has renounced violence, and appeals to our hearts "with the truth that it is meekness that inherits the earth". We now find Beauty more in the unassuming harmony of common objects, than in things startling in their singularity. We begin to see that it is our narrowness of perception that labels a thing ugly or beautiful. We begin to see things detached from our *self*-interest; we begin to realise that in time we shall see Beauty everywhere as the Mystics do.

\* \* \* \*

I have just had a definition of Theosophy sent me. The sender, receiving it from a friend, thought it was a very poor one, and asked me to give a better. As I think it is the very best that could be found, our difference of opinion goes to prove how impossible it often is for one man to show another a certain truth. The definition in question is: Theosophy is the Art of *finding* Beauty in Everything.

H. B. Hyams

## TO H. P. B.

NOT in the old, familiar face and form,  
But in those eyes that incandescent burn  
With power ; and in that great, strong, passionate heart,  
Aflame with pity for the weak, a storm  
With indignation at a heartless wrong—  
Here, in this quenchless Soul, we most discern  
Genius half-hidden by mere magic art,  
Strength of a Spirit that is Titan-strong.

You hear alway, belovèd Chief, the plaint  
Of ocean sprites ; the silver cymbals thin  
Of the Dhyânîs, infinitely far ;  
The lesser Devas' veiled voices faint.  
Now feeble men add whispers to the hum :  
We, greatly daring, hope that we may win  
This answer : " He whose symbol is the Star  
Sends One to you. Watch ! With Him I come ! "

FRITZ KUNZ



THE METAPHYSIC AND PSYCHOLOGY  
OF THEOSOPHY

By BHAGAVĀN ḌĀS

*(Continued from p. 62.)*

8. THE PRINCIPLE OF CONSCIOUSNESS IN  
DIFFERENT ASPECTS

**H**ERBERT SPENCER himself seems to have felt uncomfortable, and asked himself *how* all the richness of later development in religion could arise

from the primitive man's shadow, through ancestral ghost and gods, if the shadow was really all shadow, a pure falsehood. And he confesses (*Principles of Sociology*, Vol. III, p. 170) that there *must* be some element of truth in the primitive notions, and again, in the postscript to the last edition of his *First Principles*, he states that no views or theories of religion or metaphysic are either controverted or supported by his descriptions of facts, and that these views and theories have to be worked out for themselves by persons interested in such matters. He seems to have realised that if nothing can come out of nothing in affairs material, surely the same law should hold good in affairs psychical. The perception of the shadow and the conception of the ghost—are these, or are these not, the same? If not—*whence* the difference? The primitive notion of the ghost, and the systems of theology and religion of to-day are *not identical*; and if different, how has the difference been implanted? Professor Lombroso's investigations in spiritualism, and his conversion to a belief in the actual existence of ghosts, will explain. Having, as he thought, disproved the original Fiat, the (*a*) Primal Will and (*b*) Imagination and (*c*) Active Being or Substance of God, the evolutionist, even otherwise than by psychical research, has to accept all these again, no doubt with a more specific meaning, under the names of (*a*) persistence of survival or instinct of self-preservation, and (*b*) spontaneity of variation in (*c*) an endless activity of struggle for self-maintenance and other-resistance amidst an infinity of possible and actual forms and environments. God, who was invisible and far-away, has appeared all around us, amongst us.

## 8 (a). IN BIOLOGY

The evolutionary biologist set out with the determination to abolish the very words "vital force," and reduce into terms of the non-vital forces—as if they were any better understood and were less mysterious—all the manifestations that were ascribed by common ignorance and superstition to that mysterious "vital force". But after digging up whole mountains, he is still as far from discovering the particular mouse he wanted as ever before; though in the course of his labours he had incidentally made many other most valuable finds, like the sons of Æsop's peasant who, dying, told them to dig for hidden treasure in the ancestral field, and so ensured a deep and thorough upturning of the soil and a rich harvest. Verily the biologists' nucleus and protoplasm are the reflections of soul and body, Spirit and Matter, and the living cell's powers of reproduction and metabolism and contractile irritability are the same old discarded Will and wise Imagination and Active Being, in more specific form. God, who was distant, has come nearer, so near as to be immanent in every cell of the living temple. As the Vedāntin says, the mother, forgetting where she had put away her baby, went about distracted, crying for it all over the town; and ultimately returning home in despair, found it safely tucked away in her own bed.

## 8 (b). IN SOCIOLOGY

The growth, from the priest-king-patriarch, of the sociologists' ecclesiastico-professional, politico-military, and domestico-industrial, or, more briefly, the educative, regulative and sustentative factors of society, and the intellectual, militant, and artist-craftsman, or Brāhmaṇa, Kṣhatṭriya and Vaishya types of individuals—can be

accounted for satisfactorily only by the eternal presence in the Principle of Consciousness of the same constituent elements of Imagination, Active Self-assertion, and Wilful Expansion by means of substantial possessions.

#### 8 (c). IN PHYSIOLOGY

So also, the physiologist's nervous, glandulo-vascular and muscular systems (with their repeated triple subdivisions), evolved out of centrosome-chromatin-protoplasm or endoderm-hypoderm-ectoderm, can be really explained only by reference to the same psychological triplet of Imagination, etc., better called Cognition, Desire and Action, ever present (in mutual solution and neutralisation) in that Absolute Consciousness which is made up of the Self, the Not-Self, and the Relation of Interplay between them of Denial of one another.

#### 8 (d). IN CHEMISTRY

The chemist, too, having resolved the world of matter into atoms, valencies and composition-properties, in order really to understand what these mean, must translate them into terms of consciousness; the same old desiring and desirable Self as substance, Its activity as affinity, and Its wisdom or imagination as special sense-property, and these together as being the underlying significance of the chemical triplet.

#### 8 (e). IN PHYSICS

So the physicist, having arrived with admirable industry at the general fact and conception of Force, manifesting in many forms with many material coefficients of these forms, finds that the thing Force is wholly unintelligible. He gives it different names, he calls it energy, power, resistance, push, pull, negative,

positive, defines it in terms of weight and work and distance and measure and number—but cannot really bring it home to himself, until he sees it as Will, his own will, his own desire, with its branchings in negative passion and positive action, and its many transformations (Imaginations) in our psychical and physiological functionings, with the help of the various Substances, material coefficients, physical bases, vehicles, organs, receivers, foci, diffusers, which make up the living body we know so well yet so little.

### 8 (f). IN MATHEMATICS

Even the mathematician, that wielder of the most exact of sciences, must ultimately take refuge in the “airy nothings” of metaphysic, which, being airy, are, as the breath, far more incessantly necessary to our life than solids or liquids. Who ever saw the geometrician’s point that had a position but no magnitude, or the line that was all length but no breadth, or the sphere whose centre was really and truly equidistant from all points of the periphery? These are all purely metaphysical conceptions. The only such point that we know and feel and realise is our self-consciousness, our Ego, which is here and now and yet cannot be measured, the only such line is our memory-expectation, that stretches continuously before and after, the only such sphere is our field of consciousness, our Kṣhetra, our rounded-out being, wherein everything and all experiences exist always, and each point of which is neither more nor less distant than any other from that central Self which is the Kṣhetrajña, the owner and the knower of that field, who moves over it from point to point, at will, in the shape of attention. The geometrician’s definitions stand for Will, his axioms for Knowledge, his postulates for Action; and

out of these three the whole of his science is built. Even the arithmetician's "one," his "many," his "zero,"—are all entirely unfixable in the concrete, for none ever saw a "one" that had not many parts, and none ever held a "zero" in his hands. These are all fixable only as metaphysical conceptions, corresponding to the same Triad of consciousness, the one Subject, the manifold Object, and the relation of Negation between them, *viz.*, the unconsciousness of sleep, in which the manifold merges into Nothing.

Thus do we see that all paths of enquiry, if only resolutely pursued, bring us to the selfsame goal—that metaphysical conceptions form the very foundations of every science, and that when the house of matter is ready, the Spirit unfailingly comes in to occupy it.

But another illustration, an historical one, of this fact is that when material science had made sufficient progress, there was an inrush of spiritualism in the lower sense of ghost-phenomena as well as the higher sense of spiritual philosophy, Theosophy and metaphysic. The same facts of the life of matter out of which Herbert Spencer built up his system of synthetic philosophy, with many gaps that require filling, and many generalisations that are one-sided and require revision, and with the *why* of everything unexplained—these same facts are evolved by Madame H. P. Blavatsky in her works, written during the same epoch as Spencer's, from spiritual data, the basic principles of the Supreme Consciousness, in a manner which supplements to our satisfaction the results of the evolutionists, fills up their gaps, revises and rectifies their generalisations, explains anomalies,

and helps us on towards the reason *why* for all this toil and turmoil.

#### 9. THE SCIENCE OF THIS PRINCIPLE OF CONSCIOUSNESS OR THE ABSOLUTE

For as there is a Science of the Relative, so is there a Science of the Absolute, the so-called Unknowable, the Principle of Consciousness. This latter science is discernible as ramifying through, and indeed constituting, the very science-ness and rationality in the former. It is metaphysic subjectively and mathematics objectively. The element of uniform law and order, and balancing up, and cyclic periodicity, in the midst of unruly multitudinousness, is the subject matter of this science. In continually equilibrating up the Relative within Itself, the Absolute manifests as the Omnipotent Will which upholds as well as circumscribes Omniscient Imagination and Omnipresent Action, while It Itself finds possibility of manifestation only through them, in turn. This Universal Consciousness imposes by Force, by Might, by Energy, by Eternal Shakti, the law of unity, of uniformity, of the Axioms, upon the riot and disorder of the infinite material of the Definitions and the endless movement of the Postulates; and, in the first proposition of Euclid, creates, by the intersection of the two circles of Puruṣha and Prakṛti, the equilateral and equiangular Jīva, with three equally important functions of mind and three equally indispensable components of body. It imposes, by the wisdom of the Rule of Three, the law of just ratio and proportion on the ir-ratio-nal multiplications and divisions of the countless numbers of the world-process.

### 10. THE LINK BETWEEN THE SCIENCES OF THE RELATIVE AND THE ABSOLUTE

To bridge over the gap between the modern evolution theory and the old Brahma-vidyā and Ātma-vidyā, or metaphysic and psychology, we have to consult the History of the World-Process, as given in the *Purāṇas* and in Madame Blavatsky's *The Secret Doctrine*, for corrections and additions to such modern collections of facts as are contained in Spencer's monumental writings. These corrections and additions may be briefly noted as below :

(a) While Spencer recognises and mentions the fact of Dissolution, as the complementary reaction of Evolution, he does not bring out its full significance. It was pointed out by others, in his lifetime, that his statement of the instability of the homogeneous required to be supplemented by a statement of the instability of the heterogeneous. He replied that he had made the needed statement in the form that the heterogeneous tended to become more heterogeneous. But this only means that the element of *homogeneity still left* in the product after a course of heterogenition, breaks up further. It is not that complement and converse or opposite which is wanted, *viz.*, that as the homogeneous tends to become the heterogeneous, so, *per contra*, the heterogeneous tends to become homogeneous. These are *opposing* currents in the stream of the World-process, because it is made up of the *opposite* Factors of Spirit and Matter. This fact, of dust back unto dust, through living body, Spencer has not clearly brought out. He seems to have stopped at the half-truth—of dust to living body, and did not fully realise the other half—living body to dust again—in all its fullness, as applying to all

“systems” of planets and suns and stars, as well as “organisms” of microscopic bacilli. Theosophical literature has endeavoured to supply this lack, taking wide views of astrogeny and geogeny, which Spencer could not deal with, either in their physical or their super-physical aspects.

(b) The second fact which the *Purāṇas* and *The Secret Doctrine* supply is that of *Reproduction on all scales*. The three main events in the life of every organism are birth, marriage and death. The evolutionists have dealt with birth and growth principally; not with decay and death to the same extent, as said above; nor with marriage and reproduction as fully, though these constitute the third outstanding feature of life. The tendency to multiply by reproducing themselves is as inherent in all beings as to be born and to die. Even as a tree is born from a tree, an animal from an animal, a man from a man, even so is a god born from a god, a kingdom from a kingdom, a race from a race, an idea from an idea, an epoch from an epoch, a cycle from a cycle, an æon from an æon, a planet from a planet, a sun from a sun, a star-system from a star-system, an atom from an atom, a cell from a cell, a sound from a sound, a visible picture from a visible form, and so on endlessly. Infinity surges everywhere.

By the recognition of these two further facts, in their full significance, the work of the evolutionists is completed, so far as description is concerned, and the course of the world-process is seen to run in an endless cyclical spiral.

(c) The last addition which ancient metaphysic endeavours to make to modern evolutionary science, in

terms suited to current needs, is the addition of the Why and Wherefore, the Purpose and Meaning of evolution, reproduction and dissolution, the inner explanation and reason of the appearance which we call the world-process. It explains why (and also, in a re-arranged form, how) all this endless and ceaseless change and motion appears within Eternal Changelessness and Rest ; and makes the bewildering multitude of physical and super-physical details intelligible as a synthetic and perfectly co-ordinate unity, wherein there is an appropriate place for every department of science, and every variety of religion, and all possible beliefs and ideas. It tells us of the passionless Absolute which is the Source of the Psychic Energy without the belief in which no religion can exist, and which is also the locus of that Material Substance without the belief in which science is impossible. It also shows us that belief in personal gods of higher and higher grades is in perfect consistency with, nay, required by, strict science. It helps us to realise that this Absolute is that very Principle of Consciousness with which all individual consciousnesses are identical. It brings home to us the fact that every atom contains the whole world at the same time that it is contained in that world ; that everything is everywhere and always, because it is all of the very substance of consciousness, in eternal simultaneity, while manifestation is in and by succession—as the biologist has also discovered when he says that the primeval biophore contains all forms of all species that develop subsequently in the course of ages. Finally, it enables us to reconcile all possible differences by a judicious combination of both the opposite extremes that may be in seemingly hopeless

conflict, by means of the great fact that the two ultimate archetypes of opposites, Self and not-Self, are present in eternal and inseparable combination in that selfsame Principle of Consciousness.

#### 11. UNIVERSAL CONSCIOUSNESS AND ITS TWO ASPECTS, PHYSICAL AND PSYCHICAL

This Principle of Consciousness, Universal Consciousness, pervades all, supports and maintains all, makes possible mutual understanding and sympathy and help between living individuals and indeed all recognition by them of each other as *individual consciousnesses*, which would otherwise be wholly impossible; wills the perpetual to-and-fro swing of life and death, integration and dissolution, inspiration and expiration, under laws which are parts of Its Being, Its Nature, Its Sva-bhâva; imagines the endless forms which illustrate that swing in atom and star-system; makes and breaks souls and bodies, jīvas and koshas, cores and crusts; is ever present in, and always, and in a see-saw fashion, assimilating and also differentiating both subjects and objects, knowers and known, desirers and desired; leaving nothing inanimate, but only permitting illusive appearances of more animate and less so. It is the Principle which bridges the chasm between the psychical and the physical, for it holds together both in Its hands, imagines and creates both by Its will. Because It identifies Itself with a form and a colour by Its own will and imagination, therefore It becomes an eye which can see forms and colours; because It identifies itself with a sound, It becomes an ear and can hear sounds. There is no chasm between vibrations and sensation, between physical and psychical, *because both*

*are present at both ends of the nerve.* The vibrations are the vibrations of a *living* substance, the sensation is a sensation in substantialised or materialised Spirit. Because the Self has identified Itself, by Its will and imagination, with a material body, and not only with one but with all, in its universal aspect; therefore living bodies, pieces of matter in which the psychical aspect is more prominent, can cognise other bodies in which the material aspect is more prominent. Only by regarding all forms as en-soul-ed and all souls as in-form-ed, though in some the one aspect and in others the other is predominant, may we fill up this chasm.

## 12. INDIVIDUAL CONSCIOUSNESS AS PRODUCT OF COGNITION AND ACTION RUNNING IN AND OUT OF EACH OTHER

Even as the electric spark is the result of the two kinds of electricity, positive and negative, running into each other after separation, even so life, individualised life, is the running into each other of the forces or aspects belonging to the two halves of the principle of Consciousness, Brahman, the two poles named Spirit and Matter, Self and not-Self. The force belonging to the negative pole, or not-Self, may be said to correspond with *kāma-prāṇa*, the lower personal passion and its allied selfish intelligence; the other with *Buddhi*, the higher and impersonal passion or compassion and unselfish reason. The running together of the two makes the light of manifest life, or mentality. Thus we have the Self, or *Ātmā*, and *Buddhi*, or compassionate wisdom and higher or self-sacrificing desire, on the one hand; and the Not-Self, or Body and *Prāṇa*, or passionate vitality and lower or selfish desire on the

other ; and between them the Manas. And even as the longer-circuited and the more complexly twisted the incandescent wire, the richer the light ; even so the more complex the organisation of the material sheath and the more numerous its concatenated hormogones and mutually stimulating secretions and excretions, the richer the manifestation, in individual intelligence, of the Principle of Consciousness.

Thus then, we may see that it is this Principle which brings about the superimposition—*aḍhyāsa*—of each other's qualities illusively, on subject and object, and so, bridging over the gulf of opposition between them by the very act of creating them both from within Itself, brings them into relation with each other, and maintains the perpetual motion of this infinite world-process. It pervades all ; within It all live and move and have their being ; It cannot be upheld by anything else than Itself.

But we have to remember that it is not the individual consciousness that has this supreme power of sustaining and regulating the world-process. The dissatisfaction felt with such otherwise excellent expositions of Idealism as that of Berkeley (though that was not Berkeley's intention) is due to this impression left by them that the individual consciousness is the all in all. It is the Universal Consciousness, or if we like it better, the Universal Principle of Consciousness—for it covers all those manifestations also which are popularly called even unconsciousness, or subconsciousness or supra-consciousness, etc.—which is that sustainer of the Universe, and which includes all individual consciousnesses as identical with Itself, as so many infinite points, foci, of Its manifestation.

### 13. THE NEXT STEP FOR MODERN PSYCHOLOGY AND THE SCIENCE OF THINKING

Modern psychology has discovered that no mental phenomenon stands by itself wholly unconnected with others. There is not even a single sensation which can be called a simple state of consciousness. Every such apparently single and simple sensation is also only a point, a factor, an element in and of the total complex consciousness of the moment, of any given individual; its supposed singleness is only an *appearance*, *i.e.*, an illusion, a *māyā*, due to that individual directing his attention to it, so making it *the most prominent* feature of that complex consciousness for the time. So also has modern psychology discovered, or is discovering, that thought and emotion and volition can never be completely dissociated. Each sensation is connected with a desire, each desire with an impulse, a tendency to action. There is no emotion but has a more or less distinct background of ideas; no idea but is tinged, however slightly, with an emotion; neither of these, again, but is directly or indirectly associated with a conation, however incipient. Modern psychology is thus discovering the fact of the continuum of the individual consciousness.

But it has to make a further advance. Even as a single sensation is only an inseparable and organic part of a total of individual consciousness, even so is every so-called total of individual consciousness an organic and inseparable part of the Universal Consciousness. Even as nature, the object-world, is interlinked in all its parts, even more so is the subject-world a breakless unity. The chain of causation stretches unbroken, *akhaṇḍa*, from end to end of

time; all things are acting and reacting on all other things simultaneously in boundless space; the whole contains the parts in actual and specific detail, each part contains the whole in general potency; the tree contains the seeds, each seed the tree; all sensations are being sensed, all desires felt, all acts done, everywhere, always, by the All. But at any one point, only one sensation, or one desire, or one act is more prominently attended to by that point of consciousness. Further, when any such jīva-focus, having, in accordance with the cyclic laws of its own particular being, imposed on it by that Universal Being with which it is identical, come to its finest point of personality and egoism, begins to disperse towards Impersonality, this knowledge of its own unbroken continuity with all else arises within it.

#### 14. ITS COMPLETION AND CONVERSION INTO ADVAIṬA METAPHYSIC

When modern psychology discovers this, it will become converted into metaphysic, Advaita Vedānta, the "non-dualistic or monistic crown of knowledge," which sees that there is only One Consciousness without a second, of which all apparently and illusively separate ones are so many points of manifestation. This is how Nyāya and Vaiśeṣhika, corresponding, roughly, with psychology and physics, merge into Yoga and Sāṅkhya, superphysics and psycho-physics; and these into the two Mīmāṃsās, the Unity of Action and the Unity of Thought.

An Indian apologue tells of a band of passengers who set out on a long, difficult and dangerous journey, wandered off from each other, on different errands, and

met again after long years. Then to make sure that all was well, they counted each other. But every counter counted all his companions but not himself, and so none could obtain full tale. And there was much perplexity and sorrow, till some one remembered, and counting himself also, corrected the oversight, the primal error of Avidyā, "forgetfulness of Self," and secured full and assured tale of eternal deathlessness for all. By no counting of details *outside*, no heaping up of endless particulars of physical or superphysical worlds, may *that assurance* be gained. Much interesting and instructive work, no doubt, and valuable lessons and experiences, and excellent and indeed indispensable occupation, may be gained. But until man sees himself, his Self, *the Self*, the count is incomplete, the final secret hidden, the *why* unknown, the bondage and the slavery to things and forces outside unbroken, the oneness of all life and all nature unrealised, that perfect same-sightedness unachieved which sees the same Life-Principle manifesting everywhere, the same law of the rhythmic swing of life and death, joy and sorrow, good and evil, evolution and dissolution, working ceaselessly in all creatures, from insect to Star-ruler, the Law which carries eternal assurance of all experiences and equal justice to all souls.

Metaphysic is thus the necessary completion and unification of all sciences physical and superphysical. It explains the essential laws of all the manifestations of the Universal Principle of Consciousness, in infinite individual lives of combined spirit and matter, of whatever grade of subtlety or density. It enables us to understand the *why*, as the sciences tell us the *how*.

## 15. PRACTICAL CONSEQUENCES

But what is the practical bearing, the pragmatic consequence, as it is called now, of this particular understanding? Just this. The mere *descriptions*, available in modern works, of the evolution of worlds, kingdoms, living beings, the human race, its complex societies and institutions, no more dispense with the study of this Science of the Self than a description of edibles dispenses with the actual eating of them to maintain life. Science, it is universally acknowledged, is useless if we cannot make it subserve life. The knowledge of evolution is useless unless we know also its purpose. Only when we know the purpose can we definitely and deliberately tread our proper path in life, can we make the forces and materials available help on that purpose. This knowledge of the *why*, of the Svabhāva of Brahman, which includes and regulates the ends of the pursuant and then the renunciant life, is the true spiritual knowledge, Parā-Vidyā; all else, however glorious and far-reaching in detail, is material knowledge, Aparā-Vidyā.

Bhagavān Dās

(*To be continued*)

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## SIDE-LIGHTS ON THE THEORIES OF SPACE AND TIME

By ABDUL MAJID

SPACE and Time, the two fetishes of metaphysics, have almost since the dawn of philosophy engaged the attention of some of the greatest thinkers of the world, with no visible signs of arriving at a definite conclusion. The problem—what are they?—though manifestly ontological in essence, is, however, so closely bound up with the epistemological inquiry—how do we know them?—that the four answers hitherto returned to it by the metaphysicians fairly correspond to as many types of the well known epistemological schools of Realism, Empiricism, Rationalism and Idealism. Briefly they are:

1. that Space and Time are objective realities;  
(Newton)
2. that they are abstractions from experience;  
(Locke)
3. that they are the relations of co-existent and successive events; (Wolff & Liebnitz)
4. that they are *a priori* forms of sensibility.  
(Kant)

It may not be altogether futile or void of interest to look afresh at these, though very briefly.

1. The first of the above theories need not detain us long. It is so repugnant to the ordinary views of mankind that it has hardly ever gained more than a few adherents, and is extremely unlikely to command the assent, or even the attention, of anybody at the present day. The difficulties, however, which this hypothesis was framed to meet, were by no means unreal or insignificant in their day; and if we are lightly passing over this doctrine, it is certainly not intended to minimise or underrate them. At present it stands out only as one more instance of the fact that the speculative needs and tendencies of one age become completely transformed, and are rendered incomprehensible to another.

2. We proceed therefore to consider other theories. To say, with Locke, that Space is an abstraction from experience, is to say that it is an empirical generalisation arrived at by experience of various objects. And this is only possible when these different objects are distinguished by their different sensible properties but agree in the one property that they are all spatial—that they are all outside of one another. Now this doctrine means that first we become cognisant of objects and then abstract this property of spatiality from them. But what is an “object” if not merely a unity of objectified sensations? How, then, can it exist for a conscious subject except on the condition that it is represented as in Space? Thus it is evident that without the capacity on the part of the subject of ordering sensations as out from himself and out from other objects there can be no perception of objects at all; and thus the idea of Space, so far from being abstracted from perception, is seen to be its pre-supposition. And to

conclude, therefore, that the idea of Space is derived from perception, while perception itself is impossible without postulating it, is a glaring example of begging the question.

The direct testimony of consciousness is again fatal to the theory. The plain dictum of common sense is that we cannot conceive any event whatever unless we conceive it as existing *somewhere*, and this means that the idea of space precedes every other idea.

That these remarks hold equally good in the case of Time goes without saying. For it is manifestly meaningless to say that we are conscious of certain things existing either simultaneously or successively—the only two possible modes of existence in our consciousness—unless we have already possessed the idea of Time. Thus Space and Time being the pre-suppositions of all perceptions cannot be held to be abstractions from them.

3. The doctrine maintaining Space and Time as the relations of co-existent and successive phenomena is likewise found untenable. Over and above the foregoing criticism, which is equally crushing to the present doctrine, it is very well criticised by Kant, who points out that Space and Time are essentially individual objects, and thus are not relative to several other objects. When thinking of Space we always think of it as an individual space. And if in ordinary language we talk of different spaces, we simply mean that they are *in* it, *not subsumed under it*. There are no such things as specifically different spaces; the idea of the so-called parts of Space does not precede the idea of Space as its constituents, but they are thought of as in the one all-embracing Space. This necessary consciousness of

Space, and of course, of Time as well, as a unity, proves that it is a perception, and not a conception, as the latter always involves certain abstract attributes found in many individuals. Hence, as perceptions, Space and Time cannot properly be called the relations—relation being merely a variety of the conception—of things.

4. The last theory, with which the name of Kant is so pre-eminently associated, is in certain respects by far the most convincing. His argument supporting his thesis is twofold:

First, that Space and Time, unlike the common properties of objects which are derived conceptions and are framed by the mind after it has come to know of things, are according to the direct testimony of consciousness, originally given by it; for the consciousness of every external object or event is already a spatial or temporal consciousness respectively.

Secondly—that they are *a priori* because they are the indispensable conditions of all the varied materials presented to us. We can never divest any piece of experience from the forms of Space and Time. We can conceive Space without bodies and Time without events, but we cannot succeed by any effort of will in conceiving bodies and events without Space and Time.

G. H. Lewes has, in his own inimitable way, summarised Kant's fundamental propositions in the following words:

Our sensibility, although passive, has its laws or conditions; and, to discover these conditions, we must separate in our sensations that which is diverse and multiple from that which remains invariably the same. The objects are numerous and various; the subject remains invariable. Kant calls the multiple and diverse element by the name of material; the invariable element by the name of form. If,

therefore, we would discover the primary conditions of our sensibility, we must discover the invariable elements in all sensations.

There are two invariable elements: Space and Time. They are the forms of our sensibility. Space is the form of our sensibility, as external, Time the form, both as internal and external.

Analyse sensations of external things as you will, you can never divest them of the form of space. You cannot conceive bodies without space; but you can conceive space without bodies. If all matter were annihilated, you must still conceive space to exist. Space, therefore, is the indispensable condition of sensation: the form of our external sensibility. It is not given in the materials of sensation; since you may conceive the objects annihilated, but cannot conceive the annihilation of space. Not being given in the material, it must therefore constitute the form.

Similar reasoning proves that time is also the form of our sensibility, considered both as internal and external. We cannot conceive things as existing, except as existing in time; but we can conceive Time as existing, though all things were annihilated. Things subjected to our sensibility are subjected to it in succession; that is the form of our sensibility.

Such, then, are the two indispensable conditions of all sensation—the two forms with which we invest all the varied materials presented to us. It is evident that these two ideas of space and time cannot have been given in the materials, consequently are not deducible from experience; ergo, they are *a priori*, or as Kant calls them, pure intuitions.

Kant's position is impregnable in so far as it demonstrates the unknowableness of the nature of Space and Time. But when it attempts to tell us something of the real and ultimate nature of them, and endeavours to solve the metaphysical mystery—what are they?—it appears to us that his efforts have been singularly unsuccessful.

In the first place we question his psychology. He says that Time without events is conceivable, but not events without Time. But is it so? Does our introspection bear out the truth of this statement? Can we be conscious of mere time? Answer in the affirmative

is hardly possible; we are always conscious of *some* time, either elapsing between two events or including under it some events—that is, always in reference to some quality or another. To be conscious of Time as divorced from events is no less impossible than to be conscious of events as divorced from Time. The one is quite as inconceivable as the other. Similarly impossible it is to imagine an absolutely objectless space. Any space, in order to be conceivable, must be either between two objects or include within it some object or objects. Let the reader try for himself the experiment of shutting his eyes and picturing to the mind some absolutely empty space; he is sure to have, when visualising, before his mind's eye, some colour—generally black or dull grey.

The testimony of consciousness may in yet another sense be seen to be hostile to Kant's thesis. The basic principle of his theory is that our consciousness of Space and Time is irrepressible, hence they are the subjective conditions, a part of the Ego. But curiously enough he has overlooked the fact that the same immediate consciousness, which we cannot rid ourselves of, testifies not merely to the existence of Space and Time but also to their external existence—that they exist quite independently of us—which is to say that they have objective existence. And there is no more justification for accepting one portion of the immediate testimony of consciousness than for rejecting another portion of the same.

Finally there has been a well reasoned criticism of the present theory by Herbert Spencer, who says that Space and Time, from the very fact that they are forms of intuition, cannot be intuited, as it is impossible for

anything to be at once the form and matter of intuition. But Kant, while overtly designating Space and Time as the forms of thought, covertly allows them to be also the matter of thought by asserting that it is impossible to suppress the consciousness of them. How, then, can the objects of consciousness at the same time be the conditions of consciousness? If Space and Time are the conditions under which we think, then, when we think of Space and Time themselves, our thought must be unconditioned. But to admit the unconditionality of thought is fatal to the very central position of the Critical philosophy, since with it vanishes the distinction between phenomena and noumena.

Although Spencer's criticism of Kant's thesis is not itself immune from serious objections, the weakness of Kant's position has been amply shown in the above paragraphs; and one need not be a detractor of Kant in holding his efforts, like those of his predecessors and successors, in the way of solving the ultimate mysteries of nature, to be hopelessly futile. Human nature being what it is, the note of wisdom seems to be struck, not by Kant, but by the less illustrious Herbert Spencer, whose following words, used in a private letter, may fittingly conclude this brief survey of a problem that has defied the greatest intellects of all ages and countries:

The hope that, continually groping, though in the dark, we may eventually discover the clue, is one I can scarcely entertain, for the reason that human intelligence appears to me incapable of framing any conception of the required kind. It seems to me that *our best course is to submit to the limitations imposed by the nature of our minds, and to live as contentedly as we may in ignorance of that which lies behind things as we know them.*

Abdul Majid

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## OCCULTISM AND WAR

By ANNIE BESANT

*(Based on a Lecture lately given in India)*

*(Concluded from p. 80)*

**I**N the Divine Mind, we have, of course, the working out into thought-forms, to be embodied in the emanating worlds, the fundamental truth of the Unity of Life, spoken of above (p. 76), in which "there is

nothing, moving nor unmoving, that can exist bereft of me". Hence, in the expression of that Divine Mind in Nature there must be forms which embody that which we call evil, as well as forms which embody that which we call good. If all Life is One, if we must see the Self in all things and all things in the Self, if we must see the Self in all equally dwelling, then the Self must be in the wicked as well as in the good, in the criminal as well as in the saint. The Self is not in man alone, but in animal, in vegetable, in mineral. In the finest grain of dust on the earth, the Self is present, else that dust could not exist. In the highest Lord of the Universe the same Self is present, else He, in His unimaginable splendour, would be but the airy fabric of a dream and melt away, leaving "not a wrack behind". Enveloping all, interpenetrating all, dwelling in all, transcending all, containing all that has been, all that is, all that shall be, all that can be, the One, the Life Eternal, the only underived, the only Self-existent, "there is nothing at all but I". That is the ancient teaching. That is the only teaching which is wholly, utterly, satisfying. Here, no man may lead his brother into realisation. It is not understood by questionings; it may not be grasped from subtlest teachings; these can carry us no further than: "Thus have I heard," "Thus say the Wise." Hence is it written that from THAT all thought and speech fall back. In the solitude of silence, in the depth of meditation, when thought lies dead, and life is indrawn to its centre, then in that centre, which is "darkness by excess of light," light which blinds into darkness the eye that gazes at it but which illumines all to him who enters into it and is one with it, there, and there alone,

is Self-realisation. THAT cannot be known, for knowledge implies a Knower and a Known. The Self-realiser does not say: "I know." He softly breathes: "I am."

Hence that which we call Evil in our limited struggling lives is working to one end with that which we call good. The old purāṇic allegory is true, in which is pictured Mount Meru snake-encircled, turning round and churning the ocean, with Suras—Angels—turning it round by pulling at the head of the serpent, and Asuras—Devils—turning it round by pulling at the tail thereof. In opposite directions they pull, if we look at the points of the compass on the circumference, but their pullings combine in turning the Mount Meru churn, as we see from the axis, and out of the churned ocean arise the antetypes of objects, health-giving and poisoning, and "the great God," Shiva, the Bliss Eternal, drinks the venom, and all is blended in Himself.

It is a true picture of the supreme truth that the forces which we call good are the forces which stimulate evolution towards the triumph of the Spirit, spiritualising Matter; and the forces which we call evil are the forces which retard evolution and tend to delay that triumph by materialising Spirit, giving the resistance without which no motion can be, and imposing by that very resistance regularity, rhythm, upon motion, without which motion would be headlong and chaotic, in truth, evoking motion from inertia and compelling it to become rhythmical (evoking rajas from t̥amas and compelling it to become sāṭṭvic).

Let us look carefully at the working of evolution, the Will of God guiding the course of Nature towards a foreseen, a predetermined end.

In the early days of our earth's evolution, the outward-flowing life drew round it aggregations of matter, shaping the earth's materials, and building up finally proto-elements and elements. In these the life was the cohesive and directive force, arranging the particles of matter, attracting and repelling, showing this fundamental pair of opposites, attraction and repulsion, by which the building of forms, the integration, equilibrium, and disintegration, the endless changes and transmutations, ever proceed. Life was hidden beneath the matter it attracted round it, and was recognisable only by the movements it stimulated in matter. It may be said to be submerged in matter, and the submergence was the first step towards the spiritualisation of that which submerged it. All the hidden potencies and characteristics of matter must be brought out, must be developed in every possible way, and for this the life remained hidden ever, every force latent in matter being stimulated by its presence ; in return, the resistance of the enshrouding matter forced the life to put forth effort, and so, in turn, brought out, evolved its powers. Life is stirred to resistance by the pressure of matter upon it, by the sense of opposition ; you may push matter, and if you are strong enough to overcome its inertia, it moves in the direction in which you push it ; but if you push an animal, in which consciousness, life, is present, it pushes back ; if you pull it, it pulls against you ; life ever shows self-determination and resents coercion.

Now the very quality of resistance, inertia, in matter develops thus the putting forth of the power of life. Action and re-action work perpetually, and resistance is a powerful, a necessary, factor in evolution.

Is then resistance, which is of the very essence of matter, to be regarded as "evil"? It is obvious that the word "evil" is here wholly out of place, and conveys no rational meaning. The resistance of matter is seen as a condition of progress, essential to the unfolding of the powers of the life. The inertia of matter by its opposition brought out the activity of the life, and this activity, working in the fire-type of matter came forth as Intelligence, which in its highest form is Intellect and in its lower form is Mind.

The varied powers of Mind, again, were evolved by coming into clash with the inertia of matter, by overcoming it, by shaping matter to predetermined ends. And presently, as the animal which, by continual strife with its fellows and by strife also with the non-animal environment, evolved into the animal man, and from the animal man into the savage, constant struggle developed his powers. Was this strife evil? It can hardly be said to be so, since it was essential to evolution, and while life unfolded powers out of latency so did matter evolve into greater plasticity, into finer complications, into more delicate adjustments, becoming ever a more obedient servant of the indwelling life.

As we thus study the workings of the Divine Mind in Nature, we see that, so far, no sense of what we now call good and evil, right and wrong, had yet been developed; the life-impulses work outwards and matter moves under their action, life seeking ever fuller expansion and expression, matter serving ever more effectively as its vehicle. Not till memory is evolved and reasoning, not till evolving man begins to look before and after, can any knowledge of "good" and

“evil” be achieved, and none can guess how long any such knowledge would have taken in evolving, had human evolution on our earth gone on unaided from without, had no Elder Brothers guided the younger, and so quickened the understanding of cause and effect out of which the sense of right and wrong gradually grew. The discovery that he was living in a world of law, of settled order, that concord with law meant success and happiness and discord with law meant failure and pain, was anticipated by “revelation,” *i.e.*, by the teachings of the Elder Brothers. Never can a reasoning being, living in a world of law, believe that to be “right” which invariably results in lasting pain and loss and inner sense of discord. He learns by experience to distinguish between brief and lasting pleasure, between physical and mental satisfaction, between temporary and permanent happiness. The endurance of physical pain to achieve mental delight is, after much experience, recognised as wise and good. Physical pain, like all pain, is seen as *per se* an evil, but as a means of attaining mental or moral satisfaction it is accepted willingly, even joyfully, and so evolves the martyr, the patriot, the hero, in whom the flesh is the willing servant of the spirit. There comes at length a time when the spirit desires more rapid progress, and, regarding as evil all that delays him, he stigmatises all as evil which is an obstacle in his way. Enjoyments which once subserved evolution now retard it, and earlier good becomes present evil. While he is evolving the powers of the mind, all that draws life outwards adds to his experience and is his “good”. As intellect develops, the outward-drawing objects—

objects of desire—interrupt and hinder, thus becoming “evil”. Physical loves, which once stimulated evolution, often now hinder it, and loves are discriminated from each other, and higher forms of love are evolved and the lower become evil, as now retarding the onward evolution. As life, which had differentiated to develop powers, begins to synthesise and so to co-ordinate the powers evolved, that which was good becomes evil, and the spirit recognises as degrading that which had once been uplifting. And so we reach the generalisation: that while the life works outwards in all directions, satisfying its divinely implanted thirst for knowledge of the outer world, there is nothing that can be called wrong or evil; that when life has evolved mind, and a consciousness of cause and effect is reached, then a discrimination of results ensues and a choice of the relative value of activities arises, and the power of directing those activities is felt; then, and only then, the allowing them to run outwards to seize a transient pleasure that is followed by a weakening of the onward-pressing life is marked as “wrong,” and “morality” is evolved. Morality is the establishment of harmonious relations between man and his environment, *i.e.*, is accord with law; the persistent working towards this accord is right conduct, and the swerving from it is wrong conduct, or “sin”.

In studying evolution, the work of the Divine Mind in Nature, War, the apotheosis of physical pain, comes to be recognised as a swift means to a desirable end, as evolving admirable qualities of courage, endurance, self-sacrifice, generosity, comradeship, discipline, obedience to a leader, devotion to a man,

and then to an ideal. With these moral qualities are also evolved physical strength, alertness, vigour, health, robustness, a body obedient to the will, resistant and capable of strenuous exertion. Evolution having for its aim the triumph of spirit over matter, War is seen as a quickener of that triumph, until a stage is reached when the good evolved by it can be evolved at a lesser cost of pain, and until the animal love of ease, comfort and sloth is normally transcended and has no longer power to corrupt and ruin the average human being. So far, the great civilisations have been corrupted by these vices, and have decayed by them into putridity. The outer compulsion has been needed to prevent man from sinking back into ignoble and luxurious indolence, and hence War has remained as a necessary factor in human evolution. Western civilisation was beginning to slide downwards, luxury and sloth leading to sensuality, sensuality into bestiality, as witness the criminal statistics of Germany, and the vile outrages accompanying the early German successes. The sufferings, hardships, miseries of these terrible years will restore cleanliness to manhood. The prevalence of venereal diseases shows that western civilisation was swiftly descending the slope which leads to racial destruction. The War has saved western Nations from being stifled in that quagmire, and nothing else could have saved them. Until at least the foremost races have evolved to the point from which they can no longer sink back into vilest impurity, so long will War be necessary to restore manliness to man.

The War has revealed the quarrelling classes in western civilisation to each other, has made them recognise each other's value, has made comrades of

duke and miner. The sullen underground war of classes and trade interests, with its meannesses, its cheatings, its trickeries, its graspings, its oppressions, has been slain by the physical War, less hideous and demoralising than its predecessor. We have seen the misery that is the result of trade competition, of the struggle for world-markets, of the lust of power. It may be that the Nations will now realise that between Nations as between individuals, justice must rule instead of strength, and law instead of force.

And we may, in the midst of the present pain, take comfort in the facts of human history, which show us that out of wars good has come to both the contending parties. Though a war, at the time, be a horrible thing, although the fields strewn with corpses, with wounded and mutilated men, be a sight of horror to any feeling human heart, still we can see in history that war passes and the results of the war remain, and that the results are good and not evil, and have worked for evolution and not against it. Many times has India been invaded. Alexander and his Greeks invaded the north and they rolled back again; but they left traces of their art behind them, and Indian art became more beautiful, because the Greeks had touched it. Mussalmāns came, conquered and settled down, but can any one say that they did not bring with them a stimulus to India? Look at the buildings of northern India, and you will see that India has gained from the invasions of the Mussalmāns; they brought with them virile qualities, valuable in the growth of a Nation, and although there have been many wars in the past between Hindūs and Mussalmāns, they are growing now into a single Nation. And the name of India to-day is higher than the

name of either separately, and they are becoming the right and left hands of the Motherland, to work for the common cause, to aim at the common goal. Take England herself, and look over her history, and see how many have come and gone within her narrow borders. Romans came and left the roads that remain to the present day; for the great roads in England are still the Roman roads, the roads made by those ancient invaders. The Saxons came, they brought fire and sword, and they brought also with them the system of village communities—panchayats you would call them—and their sturdy life; and they built up the village life in England, and laid broad and strong the foundations of English liberty and of the English House of Commons. The Danes came, and they brought with them knowledge of sea-craft, knowledge of navigation, and they gave the sailor element to the growing Nation. Then the Normans came and conquered all the rest and gave protection, with oppression, to trade and commerce, so that the middle class grew up. Then north and south fought against each other, killed each other, murdered each other, until they became a United Kingdom; and thus you have a mixed Nation of many Nations, and they have all grown into Britons. The past fights, the past struggles, the wars, and the invasions of England have all built up a mighty Nation, where the qualities of all have blended into a harmonious whole. Just as the chemist mixes various things together to make a compound, so God, by war, by invasion, by revolution, blends many men of different types into a single People, all the richer for the blending. Wars leave something behind them. Every great struggle has ultimate good as the outcome, and so we

grow to understand that God is in the War as well as in the Peace, and that in these varied ways He evolves man towards human perfection. This old Hindū teaching is the modern Theosophic teaching, based on the Ancient Wisdom, common to all the eastern faiths.

Brotherhood is the key-note of the Theosophical Society. Brotherhood is the key-note of the coming Civilisation. Co-operation will take the place of competition, arbitration the place of war, friendliness between Nations the place of alienation, suspicion and distrust. We are in the midst of a great transition period, when the old is dying, when the new is being born. As the birth-throes of the mother end when the child is born, so shall the birth-throes of the Nations cease when the new civilisation comes to the birth. Then once more the highest worlds will mingle with the lower, triumphant religion will teach man solidarity, and the Nations shall learn War no more.

Annie Besant

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## THE PRIVILEGE OF ILL-HEALTH

By C. JINARĀJADĀSA, M.A.

“*YES, thank God, I have been quite ill.*” Does this sound strange? But why should it? It expresses a wonderful truth, if we but understand.

For God expects from each a harvest from the seeds He gives to each life after life. We sow, and we reap; yet are we only harvesters, not the owners of the harvest. There is only one Owner, God Himself; into His hands we commit our harvest; and for the new sowing, He selects from that portion of our store of the harvest some seeds of grief and some seeds of joy. And so we return into life, and are born again.

Who toiled a slave may come anew a prince,  
For gentle worthiness and merit won;  
Who ruled a king may wander earth in rags,  
For things done and undone.

We come to our rôle in life primarily neither to be happy nor miserable, but to make God's work easier. Our happiness is from Him, as we do His work. It is He who guides to a little child at play the happiness the little one finds in the game; it is equally He who guides the pain to him who has earned that pain. How can He plan happiness, and yet as His gift send pain?

From each of us He wants a contribution, for the building of His great Edifice. From the man to whom He gives health, He requires activity of the physical body, movement from this place to that; from the one to whom He sends ill-health, He requires activity of the finer bodies, by patience, long-suffering and resignation. Both kinds of toil—the outer of the man in robust health, and the inner of the ailing—He requires. For the former brings bricks for the Edifice; but the latter brings the mortar that welds all the bricks into one unshakable mass. To the Master Builder both bricks and mortar are indispensable, and there is before Him neither first nor last as between the offerings given to His hands.

How often, when in ill-health, have we not said: "I am no good for anything now; the Great Work is left unfinished; I am only a burden myself now, and no longer a burden-bearer." And that is true, if we cannot bring our contribution to the great Edifice. But if we understand, we shall see that while we suffer on beds of pain, we yet may be mighty workers.

What more virile than the active virtues of a king:

the king—becoming graces,  
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,  
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,  
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude.

Will not a king with this high ideal fail again and again? But suppose then in his kingdom there is a man or woman in ill-health, who is resigned, long-suffering, and patient; then to that king there comes from an inner source courage to go forward, and a gleam irradiating his darkness. Once again he will run yet another lap in the great race; but his flagging strength

was made whole by the strength of patience of a "useless" man or woman on a bed of pain. Look at the men in the trenches to-day; do they not require a limitless patience, a courage when the body fears, and a trust when all is dark? Who sends them what they need, but their fathers and mothers, sisters and sweet-hearts, men and women far away from the battle-fields, who hope, and hope ever on, for the welfare of their beloveds? And among those that help the fighters in every battle of God—now the fighter of civic sloth and corruption, now the fighter for the grace of manhood and womanhood for all, and now the fighter against superstition and darkness—foremost of helpers can such men and women become who, suffering ill-health, do not cry and complain, but are patient and understanding.

It is a wonderful purification that physical pain can give us, if we will but accept that purification. Even the vilest man scarce removed from the brute shows something white and pure when he lies in a hospital on a bed of pain. I have not been in a hospital ward as a patient, but I have been in many a ward watching, sensing, trying to understand. And this I know—that ghastly as it often is to the eyes, and pitiful always to the brain and heart, yet it is a mighty purification to be in a hospital ward even as a visitor; for those ideals one longs for in one's own battle—strength to persevere, patience to endure, trust in a health of heart once again—those ideals, not less, flash on all sides, now from the face on this bed, and now from the face on that other. As a mighty Atonement takes place when the consecrated priest transmutes Bread and Wine into the Body and Blood of a Saviour, so too, not less, another

mighty mystery is enacted in the operating rooms and in the wards of our hostels for the sick and the maimed; the priests and priestesses of the new ritual are in vestments too, white and immaculate; they too wash hands and use spotless napery. For where even one alone is working to relieve suffering there God is with him; for who may heal, but He who dealt the wound?

There are in our visible world men and women of the Red Cross going forth into the battle-fields to heal and to restore men's physical bodies. But surely there must also be on inner planes a White Cross brigade, of men and women who bear on their foreheads a cross of silver fire, who heal men's *soul bodies*? And if men and women may be consecrated with that Cross, is it not a privilege to accept the karma of ill-health joyfully as God's gift, and to join that band of White Cross healers?

If we but understood! For to suffer is to be purified to use power, and the keener the pain the greater will be the power to use. For we must all become Flame Children, to give a flaming quality to all that our hands shall touch wherever we be. So shall all things make one Flame rising up to God. One soul comes to his heritage of Flaming through uttermost renouncement, annihilating self in all its transformations; another by offering up a Love that sees no Beloved neither in heaven nor in earth. And some there are who become Flame Children by pain.

So, in deepest verity, "Yes, *thank God*, I have been quite ill."

C. Jinarājādāsa

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## INVISIBLE HELP

By P. RAJ KRISHNA GURTU

NEARLY all Theosophists who have read a fair amount of Theosophical literature must have read the book *Invisible Helpers*, in which concrete examples are given of "invisible help" rendered.

Two very startling cases of such invisible help came recently within my notice, so I have written them down for the perusal of my brother Theosophists. The first case occurred some months ago, at Lashkar, the capital town of the Gwalior State. My sister was sitting in a lower room in her house. As the ceiling of the room above it was leaking (the house being an old one), it was under repair and some fresh lime and concrete was being laid over it. Unable to bear the weight of this lime and concrete, the ceiling of the top room gave way, and fell heavily on to the floor. The sudden fall of so much material from above caused the floor also to give way, and the materials of both roof and flooring, consisting of a mass of lime, bricks, stone rafters and slabs, fell with a tremendous crash on to the ground floor. The artisans who were working on the roof were guided, all unknown to themselves, on to that portion of the roof which did not fall, and thus one and all escaped unhurt. But a miracle of invisible help occurred on the ground floor. My little

niece, a few months old, was sleeping in a cot in this ground floor room at the very spot where the whole debris fell from above, completely covering the floor to a depth of some three or four feet. My sister, who was also sitting in this very room, in the portion of it where the roof did not fall, suddenly saw the calamity, and with a frenzied shriek leapt to the spot where her little one was buried beneath the debris. All unmindful and unconscious of the imminent danger from the still tottering portion of the roof, she concentrated her whole energy in trying to remove the debris from above the body of her child. Her shrieks and lamentations drew to the scene of the accident her husband and sons, all of whom with the aid of coolies began to dig the child out from under that appalling mass of broken building materials, but all hope of saving her life was given up.

After about fifteen to twenty minutes the child was taken out—and lo! wonder of wonders, she was all safe and sound, with only a few scratches on her foot, and a little lime and dirt inside her mouth and nose. To all appearance there was absolutely no possibility of her escaping alive, and yet not a bone was broken, whereas under all ordinary circumstances her injuries would have been terrible. What is this, if not a case of effectual invisible help from above?

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The second case occurred here at Sheopur, only a week ago. Dr. G. V. Oak, F.T.S., is an assistant surgeon at the Free Hospital and dispensary in the town. Being a brother Theosophist and a personal acquaintance, I often stay with him. It was on the 22nd of this month, when I was staying with him, that he

came rushing into the hospital at noon from the house of a Mr. Pathak (a friend of his who, together with his son and daughter, were under the treatment of Dr. Oak), and began to consult his materia medica and to collect sundry bottles of medicine from the dispensary shelves. He was in a feverish haste, and with every nerve under intense strain. I somehow gathered from him that he was taking all these medicines to the house of Mr. Pathak, in order to administer them as antidotes to Mr. Pathak's four or five year old boy, who had been given strong carbolic acid (in spite of the label "Poison" on the bottle) by a careless mistake of his father. Dr. Oak told me that some ten minims, or even less, of this poison are sufficient to kill anybody within ten minutes, while in this case nearly half an hour must have elapsed before the antidotes could reach the patient, who had swallowed more than a dram of the poison, instead of the proper medicine—the cough mixture. The doctor went there post-haste with the medicines, and I engaged myself in supplications to the Lord of all, to work the miracle of saving this child, even in the face of our misgivings.

The child was saved, and is now quite well. What else is this but a case of invisible help from the throne of the Lord of Love and Compassion, may whose glorious Presence purify this sorely tried earth of all its sorrows, sins and sufferings.

P. Raj Krishna Gurtu, F.T.S.

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## THE MISANTHROPE

By ALICE R. WINTER

AS the clock struck eight Leon Bettismund seated himself at the breakfast table, sorting out one from a neat pile of letters, and impatiently pushing aside *The Financial News*.

“No trace of her to be found,” he muttered. “What can have come of them? Perhaps her husband is dead and she’s gone. . . . . where?”

Glancing a moment later at the newspaper he once more threw it aside with disgust. “The wretched things have gone up again, which means more surplus funds to be invested; and for whom, or in what?—I’m sure I don’t know. Money, money, is there a place on this earth’s face where I could go and live for a whole month without seeing the exchange of a coin, I wonder?”

As the day waned he found himself walking up the main street of a small provincial town. Just where the last row of sordid-looking shops opened out on to a country lane stood a small empty cottage. Pushing aside the gate he entered the garden and seating himself on a rude tree trunk, gave himself up to a retrospection of the past twenty years; for real life had begun for him the day he had met her, who, at that period held a better position financially than he did. But he set himself to

work hard and live close ; meeting always only the barest dues from himself to others ; thrusting home, with all the force of which he was capable, his own demands from others to himself, and never failing to extract the uttermost farthing.

It was the way of the world, the method by which the strong resolute man raised himself above his struggling but weaker neighbours ; and he meant, in a short space, to occupy a position equal with her.

Incredibly sooner than even he expected, it came to pass. He laughed triumphantly as he sought her—to learn, alas, that she had married her music master, and her world knew her no more.

From that time he became known the world over as a City Magnate ; a man of power in the money world, one who was feared far more than he was loved. But occasionally from among his important documents he would single out a letter from her, and at still rarer periods she would meet him, and he would spend an hour with her in town.

Later, and not so many years back, having business which took him past her habitation, he sent her a telegram saying he would call. Melody met him, introduced him to her husband, the music teacher, then gave him tea. On leaving her he wondered if he had successfully concealed the shock caused him by the sight of her poverty.

“Some property has come into my hands down this way, through the death of a relative, and a house full of furniture, which I fear I shall have to store, since I have no use for it,” he had told her.

“Supposing you send it to me and let me keep it for you until you require it,” Melody had replied,

half in joke, yet with a pathetic glance at her own only partially filled rooms, "it would be less expensive in the long run for you."

In his arrangement of matters he had grimly considered her proposal, but had vetoed it. Why should he contribute to her comfort, and that of the music teacher? No, she must have known what he had wanted, how he had struggled so that no sacrifice on her part would be necessary; and if she preferred the music teacher—well! she must take the consequences. He should not lend her the furniture now that she had nothing to give him back except friendship.

People did not give something for nothing, that is, men of the world did not, at least. So he paid sixteen pounds per year to have the furniture stored, until, in the course of time, the accumulated cost began to amaze him, and he saw that strictly from a business point of view he had better have adopted Melody's suggestion and sent it to her; more especially as he might never require it, for in spite of his wealth, nobody seemed to care very much for him, or seek his company.

He decided he would offer Melody the loan of the furniture, and thus had come about the discovery of her disappearance. His surmise concerning the death of her husband he found to be correct, and a contemplation of her loneliness and poverty brought to his mind a vivid realisation of his own solitude and his wealth. The curious impulse that led him to arrange to inhabit her lately vacated cottage, so that he might to some extent experience the life she had lived, he was somewhat ashamed of; nevertheless, he felt a queer delight in the undertaking. And here, away from the theatres and restaurants, as he spent the days

placidly in her rooms and about the garden, it was not difficult to imagine her spirit near him, guiding him to a truer knowledge of life and its meanings. But as his consciousness of a change of outlook grew stronger, and he began to cast about him for some means of expression of his new feeling towards humanity, a terrible difficulty faced him. To whom could he do good—whom might he be permitted to help? His few remaining relatives were all well provided for, and Melody, the one above all others capable of advising and assisting him in this new phase of feeling, and the one to whom he also now yearned to show kindness, had gone out of his life.

In the matter of making advantageous exchanges on his own side, and the enforcing of payments of hard cash from others, he was a past master, but in this new attitude of giving—this indeed was a lesson of which he had never learned even the A B C. Many ways suggested themselves, one after the other, only to be rejected, until, his housekeeper being ill, he stole out one dark evening to purchase the next day's food. Observing with what care the petty shopkeeper, with whom he dealt, watched for the turn of the scale, he indulged in a sardonic smile, albeit recognising in him the identical spirit that in past days had made himself search the papers so eagerly for the eighth, sixteenth, or thirty-second part of a rise in stock.

With an ever-accumulating interest he studied the minute but multitudinous sordidnesses that abounded in this small town, the dairyman fearing lest the measure of his milk should be over-full, the grocer sifting out his wares as though the safety of his life depended on his barter of no single grain over and

above the just weight, the fruiterer topping his show baskets with all the finest fruit, and serving the unwary buyer with inferior quality. Surely it was a selfish world; but why was it this little unimportant town that was teaching him what he had never learned in the metropolis? There he had been too busy getting the better of others, but here—where also he had made the astounding discovery that Melody had contributed towards the subsistence of her home by giving six-penny music lessons—the very pettiness of this terrible gnawing greed seemed to eat into his very bones.

Then one day, while the fruiterer was so carefully portioning out his purchases, he placed a gold coin on the counter, and hastily grabbing at his parcels, “never mind the change,” muttered he shyly, as he hurried away, not, however, before he had caught the half crafty, incredulous look, followed by a wonderful wave of joy, that swept over the man’s features.

From that time forward it became an adopted plan by which he brought release from anxiety, and a smile of happiness, to the faces of his neighbours which soon began to reflect itself in his own countenance. In the course of time he found he had earned the happiest nickname man might possess. If doubts existed as to his identity, he was referred to as the one who always said: “Never mind the change.”

One evening while repairs were being executed to his motor bicycle, having been necessitated by a journey in the surrounding district, he entered the picture hall of a very much smaller town than the one he now called his own. Here, having settled himself in his twopenny seat amongst the farm hands and foundrymen who made up the assembly, he was

prepared to enter with all the zest of his companions into the "thrilling drama" about to be exhibited, when the soft but penetrating tones of a violin caught his ear. Conscious, yet as though in a dream, he vaguely watched the pictures, hearing the laughs, hisses, and groans of the audience until the playing of the National Anthem became the final signal for departure. The last to leave the hall, he waited beside its gates till she, for whom all his life long he had seemed to wait, appeared.

"Melody?"

She let him tuck her hand in his arm till they reached another cottage smaller than her former one. Here, he found, she lived alone with her books, her music, and a miniature garden full of old-fashioned flowers. He had been used to tell himself he had tasted deeply of life, but was anything of all his past experiences comparable in ecstasy to this of his present feeling, as day after day he cycled over to see her, and to wait for her while she played Bach and Chopin four hours a day to her enthusiastic, if ignorant, audiences—for sixteen shillings per week?

What so greatly added to his happiness was that Melody, while accepting him as an old friend whose companionship she was delighted to renew, evidently recognised in him that curious change that so close a proximity with the drudges of the earth had seemed to bring about, and every day to accentuate; for always a sympathetic smile lit up her countenance, as in their daily journeyings she would catch the murmur of what had become to him quite a familiar formula with those with whom he dealt, and even she avowed her intention of considering the advisability of adopting it as his general cognomen.

“What are my duties to-day, Madam?” asked he playfully, as he left his motor bicycle, fitted with a new side-car for Melody’s benefit, at the gate.

“You can either dig the potatoes or pick the apples off the tree, I shall require both for dinner,” laughed she.

Ten minutes later a basket of vegetables and fruit stood at Melody’s door.

“I was tidying up my own garden at five o’clock this morning,” said Bettismund, “when a motor-car filled with ladies passed down the road. ‘Look,’ cried one, ‘that must be a simple life crank.’”

“Did you feel flattered?” enquired Melody. “It is rather extraordinary, I suppose, when one comes to think of it, to see a man trying to make himself a trifle less helpless than his kind,” taunted she roguishly, “so much so that it becomes noticeable; not so with a woman, however; too many of us know what it means to work. But one’s struggles can be overcome with a bit of pluck,” she added more seriously. “Even though fiddle strings have gone up in price since the War, I can still pay my rent, buy my clothes, grow my food, and put in the savings bank the sum of one whole shilling per week out of my sixteen; and, as we both know, many thousands of lonely women have to manage on less than that to-day.”

His heart gave a great thump as her words brought home afresh to him the years of bitter, biting poverty she had cheerfully faced. Once he had thought her a fool, who would assuredly awaken to a realisation of her mad folly, but now all things were taking on another aspect before his eyes. After all, had she not been true to the best within herself? If she had sacrificed, had it not ennobled her? To-day was she not

independent, free—free of convention, of the baser desires which bind and enslave?—free, not only to live her own life, but even to spare some part of it for the helping of others?

Again his mind flew back to the carping pettinesses that actually made and filled up the lives of the struggling poor about them. Here, where he lived, were no refinements to shade off the grasping calculations of one against another. Out they came, crude and bare; revolting in their nakedness. Every one ticketing up his own wares as the most perfect, and belittling his neighbours' as much as the law would allow him. All this and more, a quiet country town had taught Bettismund; he wondered where Melody had learned of the realities of life? Probably among her own set, while he had been busy making money with the intention of becoming one of them. Anyway, both had tasted of wealth, and had found that it did not necessarily bring happiness—a thing every one sought in a million different ways, and so few, alas, found.

He glanced at Melody and concluded she was one of the favoured few. During their motor ride the problem still occupied his thoughts. Where was the road to happiness? Everybody wished to find it, and it was a legitimate enough desire; why, then, did it elude so many? Were there lessons to learn in its seeking? Would it be found in the gratification, or the suppression, of what were termed natural cravings? These, and many other questions of a like nature, filled his mind throughout the day and night, and though no solution of them seemed to suggest itself, yet as he cycled over to Melody's cottage on the following day, he thought he was certainly on the way to finding one in Melody

herself. Surely she understood more of these things than he did, and if she would become his life's teacher, his constant companion, his wife? . . . . Yes, she would fill the want that, in his lonely hours, so persistently tore at his heart. Formerly he had been denied her because he was not fit to have her; there were things he had had to learn; he saw that now, and hoped he had grown, and had thus come nearer to her.

The bicycle sped along the road at its fastest rate; would Melody be at the gate to welcome him? How had he borne to see her daily, and not realised it must end like this? Good heavens! Had he ever known what it was to want a thing in all his life as he wanted her now? Her thoughts, desires, her outlook on life; all suited so entirely that he could not endure another hour away from her. This of course was the way to happiness. He had learned the necessary lessons, and now Heaven itself was going to be kind to him. Melody would soothe him; her voice, as her soul, was music; one had but to look at her finger tips to see the artist embodied within her.

Thrusting aside the gate, he waited a moment at the door's threshold, listening to the thrilling notes of the one instrument which spoke to him as did no other in all the world; then he tip-toed towards a small room, the door of which he had never before found open. Here he stood as if transfixed, while the music poured itself out in floods that tore at his very heart strings. Not two feet away from him was Melody, playing on a violin he now saw was sacred to that room. In front of her hung a portrait of the music master, and below that stood a small table bearing his violin case, and a

vase of flowers. His chair, music-stand, a pile of his favourite concertos, all were noted with a gradual but terrible sinking of the heart of the silent watcher. Would she ever leave off, he wondered, as he still stood glued to the spot, his lips and throat too dry to articulate a groan. At last she did, and he knew he would never forget the sight of her tender handling of the instrument as she laid it in its case. Still he stood, though she must soon see him, and would certainly resent his spying; but no, instead of coming towards the door she threw herself in the musician's chair, and leaning her arms on the table, buried her head in them. He tiptoed nearer, and was about to touch her when, through her sobs, her voice gasped: "It cannot be so long, now, before I meet you again."

Somehow he reached the garden, and when half an hour later Melody stood at the gate, he managed to look as though he had just arrived.

"You. . . look quite unusually pale, have you had an accident or something?" asked she concernedly.

"Not a bit if it, but *you* don't look particularly rosy," he replied gaily. "Supposing we go for a spin before dinner?"

"And I thought to marry her; her—with her heart in heaven," he thought to himself, as they raced along the country roads and his glance scanned her almost transparent features. The journey left time only for a short meal before her duties began. As was now his habit, he walked with her to the picture hall; when they reached the door, Melody turned, and pushing her key in his hand said: "I've forgotten my resin, you'll find it on the mantelpiece, will you please fetch it for me?"

Having secured it, he ventured to open the door and once more enter the scene which, a few hours back, had so materially changed his whole life.

“God, it’s too cruel,” he muttered brokenly, “but if it is to be, I suppose an end will come to the pain some day—as she said this morning.”

Locking the door, he again went out into the night, and thinking only of her, and that he must never even tell her of his loss, he did not hear the approaching car that brought—for a spell at least—the end.

When they picked him up from under the wheels, and the doctor had made him understand the seriousness of the accident, he only smiled, leaving a last message for Melody which the physician could make nothing of.

“He said,” explained the doctor later: “‘Tell Melody I have left everything to her, and tell her I said: Never mind the change.’”

Melody gave a comprehending nod.

“But I do not understand such a remark,” persisted the medical man.

“It’s this way,” began Melody, attempting to gratify his curiosity, “there is a time in all our lives when *we* want the best of a bargain; then, later, as we learn better, we are willing that the other side should have the advantage.”

The doctor nodded, but still waited.

“He was a very rich man,” Melody continued, “whose early custom was always to take; but one day, wearying of wealth, and watching the sordid cupidity of others, he took the first deliberate step towards the helping of the weaker by making a payment which far exceeded the value of the trifles he purchased. And

that action grew into a habit, until in any transaction it became second nature to him to accept the least advantageous side of a bargain."

"That's clear enough so far, but what I do not understand is how such a message should apply to *you*"; and like a schoolboy he repeated the phrase again; then, as the light was turned full on and for the first time he gazed into Melody's face, a comprehending smile broke over his rugged features. "Of course, it's plain enough if I were not such a dullard," he muttered. "Poor fellow," he sighed, examining once more the still form before him: "Tell Melody everything is for her, and—never mind the change."

Alice R. Winter

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## IN WAR TIME

By JOCELYN UNDERHILL

IT is strange that the War, which is playing such havoc in so many lives, is being made the means of bringing about events, that otherwise offered well-nigh insuperable difficulties, in the lives of others. Yet it is so, the Great Ones who are working from behind the Veil are using the very conditions of the greatest and most terrible of all wars to bring about some measure of equilibrium in other directions. It is the calm and passionless Wisdom of those Great Ones which sweetly and wisely ordereth all things; which adds to the stability of the world and helps us to make for individual righteousness. So in these present days, when the coming of the four corners of the world together in arms has necessitated the gathering of large bodies of men, there are individuals more or less closely connected in the past, bound in some cases by indissoluble ties, but barely linked together in others, who are being brought into close communion. Many whose lives seemed to point to clearly defined avenues of labour, lines very divergent from those of friends in the Great Work, find themselves thrown together by reason of the common call and the common need, united for the one great purpose, and the future may well be filled with tremendous results.

How simply these things are being brought about, is illustrated by one or two happenings within the last few months. A well known Australian member of the T. S. embarked on a transport with many hundreds of troops on board. Several days later, further troops were taken aboard at another port of call. With them was another member. A trivial incident, a matter of absolutely no importance, and which happened again and again, threw them together, and a lasting and valued friendship resulted. But it did more—separated in the strange land wherein they found their sphere of duty, they yet managed to keep in touch ; and in the process of his military duties, the elder of the two met, seemingly by the merest accident, yet another member of a Lodge in Australia, widely distant from his own Lodge and that of his friend. This new member knew still two more members, from other Centres, and very soon another, from another State, joined the party, making six in all, covering practically every State in Australia. A close intimacy was rapidly established, and the first member to embark took charge of the studies of the various members, all of whom were in quite different units, and co-ordinated the general work. So in the varied and complicated press of military duties on active service, it was thus made possible to continue work and study.

Three of this group journeyed to the pyramids recently. They were the youngest in years and in membership, and were all fired with the desire for further knowledge. It was the suggestion of the writer that they should see the pyramids by moonlight, after the crowd had departed, and the noise and heat had died away. So late in the afternoon we made the ten miles journey

from Cairo to Ghizeh. As we approached, we saw the pyramids black against the sunset, covered with splendour and lowering majestic against the glory of the western sky. We walked very slowly through the short winter twilight to the buried granite temple, close to where the great brooding Sphinx watches ever for the coming of a grander dawn. Very silently we walked its empty, echoing corridors, wondering at the genius that conveyed those tremendous granite blocks, some of them fifteen and sixteen feet long, by many feet thick and wide, brought from far away Assouan, and fitted together by sheer craftsmanship, so exquisitely that not even a knife blade could penetrate the joints. Silently, too, we took our places in the porch, waiting for the moon to rise. I took my seat on a great fragment of granite, that might once have been fashioned into the likeness of Osiris Himself, and the others seated themselves, cross-legged, on the sand. Young in years, huge of physique and worthy of the young land to whose service they had given themselves, they were old enough in soul to realise the necessity of a wider knowledge and a greater Wisdom, so with their pipes aglow in the temple dusk, they listened to many hints on Occultism and the laws of the Higher Life.

Now and again a sharp question interrupted the talk of higher things, each question showing how earnest the enquirer was to be fully able to understand. How many ages it is since the Ancient Wisdom was thus spoken in that old, old temple is perhaps known only to those who read in the Book of God's Memory, but the teaching itself was as alluring, as soul-satisfying, as when spoken in the tongue of ancient Khem. Death was spoken of, and sacrifice, and each young man there

was ready and willing, should the Gods so will it, to give his physical life for a great ideal. There was nothing suggestive of boasting, no brag whatever, in the quiet way that each expressed his entire willingness to accept what the War might bring, not even asking that it be counted to him for righteousness that he made no claim on Karma, but gave all.

Far out beyond Cairo the moon rose slowly, showing in silhouette the wonders of that gem of architecture—the mosque Mohammed Ali—with its two slender, needle-like minarets and its wondrous group of domes—black against the moon's silver face. Slowly its radiance bathed the great figure of the Sphinx, and then, for the first time perhaps, we realised something of the true mystery of that colossal piece of sculpture. In the moonlight the face, always dispassionate and removed high above the common things of life, took on a new expression of aloofness, an austerity, a majesty never before realised. In complete silence we watched the mighty face gazing so intently across the desert and into the future. God alone might realise, perhaps, the full measure of what those sightless eyes will yet look upon—it is far beyond all human ken.

The pyramids, too, took on a new beauty as the moonlight softened the rough edges, and filled the worn hollows where the despoiling hand of time had touched less lightly than elsewhere. It would have been easy to have stayed all night in contemplation of the great works of the dead and gone Egyptians, but the faint, far call of a bugle, exquisitely sweet across the desert, was the reminder of the passing hour and the present duty.

Jocelyn Underhill

## THE SONG OF MY LOVE TO GERMANY<sup>1</sup>

(A REPLY TO THE HYMN OF HATE)

### 1

Thou hast sung to me thy hymn of Hate, my brother, now shall I chant to thee my song of Love.

And my song of Love shall prevail over the hymn of Hate, and the worlds of men and gods shall proclaim me to be the master-singer, forasmuch as in my song is a truer and sweeter human note than in thine.

### 2

And by the power of my song I shall subdue thee unto the dominion of my King of Righteousness, and thou shalt become the most willing and most obedient subject of my Prince of Peace; and thou shalt yet serve him more faithfully than I have served him.

### 3

By Love I shall heal thy soul of its frenzy. By Love I shall deliver thy mind from thy self-created madness.

For it is not really thee, my brother, who sings this hymn of Hate, but an evil thing which obsesses thy fair soul.

Therefore thy hymn of Hate hurts me not. Nay, but I find in it a certain comfort, for to me it is a sure sign that thy madness is passing from thee.

For a hate, such as this, only comes to the soul or conscious state of man or society that is about to pass away. It is the shriek of its death agony; it is the sore crying of its last struggle.

### 4

My brother, my own brother, son of my own Father, son of my own Mother, I will to thee now the best that can be given thee of Heaven. And thou knowest, sure as I chant to thee my love, so sure would I serve thee in the best way I can.

<sup>1</sup> Some one has sent us this, whether original or copied we know not. But it is worth printing.—ED.

And no better way can I see to serve thee well and for thy good, even now in this the hour of thy dire need, than to seek to save thee from thyself.

For thou hast generated a false self, thou hast created a hideous thing, a monster of death, a phantom of hell—an image who is verily a masquerade of thy true Self, a fiction of thy lower nature, a creation of all thy unworthinesses.

Unreal, yea, a lie is the very existence of this eidolon, yet hath it the power to destroy thee.

Strong hath the monster grown, and already it is strangling thee, yes, even thee, my brother.

Yet is thy virtue, yet is thy virility, yet is thy strength, and thy strength alone, in its clutch.

For thou hast long time nourished it well and right willingly on the finest elements of thy human soul and body.

## 5

O Brother, know that this self-engendered, self-nourished monstrosity obsesses thy fair manhood, deludes with foolish imaginings thy true, thy native mentality, puffs up with vanity thy soul, possesses with an insane pride thy whole nature.

Know that its will is, and can only be, to destroy thee. Its desire is, and can only be, to lure thee unto its hell, to win thee for its devouring.

## 6

O Brother, my own Brother, child of the one Mother, son of the one Father, during these woeful months I have sent thee Love, ay, the best love that one human soul can send to another.

And I know that this love shall find thee, I know that it shall save thee, I know that it shall slay thy destroyer, I know that it shall set thee free.

## 7

Hear my chant, my Brother; for if thou wilt only listen to it for a little time thou wilt perceive in its harmony the note of the Christ-melody.

Hear my song, my Brother. It is the song of thy lover.

Surely, surely, thou canst now feel how great and true is my love of thee.



## CORRESPONDENCE

### THINKING ANIMALS

In the February number of THE THEOSOPHIST reference is made, in an article "The Calculating Animals" by Susan E. Gay, to the interesting problem of animal intelligence and education which I ventured to illustrate in two papers, namely: "Thinking Horses" (THE THEOSOPHIST, August 1913) and "Reasoning 'Rolf'" (THE THEOSOPHIST, July 1914).

It was not possible for me in those papers to do more than call attention to the subject, and to such facts as I had had the occasion of gathering personally from one of the scientists who had studied the cases on the spot. But for much of the subjective side of the question, and for those problems of psychology that would chiefly interest THE THEOSOPHIST, I referred the reader to Dr. Mackenzie's books and other literature on the subject, which deal particularly with those problems touched upon by Susan E. Gay in the above article.

As a lover of animals it is sad, by the way, to have to inform those interested in the above articles that at the outset of War the "*Kultur*" that Germans so boast about as their exclusive possession in no way impeded their mobilising these highly trained and sensitive horses, along with the rest, for war purposes, and offering our Elberfeld friends Mahomed and Zarif and others as "food for cannon". Such is the heart of the Hun!

As to the dog "Rolf," I have no information; but it would not in the least surprise one to hear that the last calculation regarding him was a matter of ounces and pounds on a meat-ticket, and that "*Kriegsbranch im Kriegslande*" is the fetish that justifies all sacrifices on the altar of this omnivorous German Moloch.

Truly, as the Bible says: "A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast, but the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel."

W. H. K.

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## THE T. S. AND THE WAR

## V

I have read with much interest Mr. Van Manen's letter about the T. S. and the War, published in February's issue of THE THEOSOPHIST. I am one of the neutrals invited by him to protest against Mrs. Besant's attitude as regards the War. Though I am not an Occultist, I, as a neutral, fully agree with Mrs. Besant's statement that this War is not a matter of politics, but of Good and Evil. We do not need revelations to convince us that the general trend of the German policy is not one that, at the present period of human history on this globe, makes for evolution. Therefore it seems to me as impossible for any mind that is enlightened and intent on the welfare of humanity to remain neutral in this matter, as it is for an Occultist.

Mr. Van Manen's sister, Dr. Ch. A. van Manen, has recently written a book in Dutch, called *The Growth of Germany and the Prussian Supremacy*, a very learned and well documented study, the first thousand of which was sold out in a few months. It is now being translated into French. The author wrote to me concerning this French translation of her work saying: "I hope you will do your utmost to spread it, so that everyone will understand clearly how *impossible* it is for us ever to join the Boches," and she further explains how, as a matter of course, we only can have sympathy for the party of the Allies. The book expounding these views, written by a Dutch citizen, has been published and sold out in *Holland*, and the French translation will also be published in *Holland*.<sup>1</sup> What about the neutrality Mr. Van Manen makes such a fuss about, saying that "any Dutch citizen is *by law* compelled to remain *absolutely neutral*". I have lived in *Holland* from August 1914 till December 1915, and I have always declared that I was not neutral. The *Dutch Government* is neutral, but all individuals are free to publish and say what they choose, provided they do not commit or attack the Government.

A few words about neutrals being traitors. Mrs. Besant very clearly means Occultists. Yet her assertion might be extended even beyond that circle without becoming untrue. A traitor is some one who breaks the allegiance given to a cause or person. Many members of the Theosophical Society *have* pledged themselves to the cause of Right and Justice and Evolution. The story of history and glaring facts convince us that the Prussian militarism, the Pan-Germanistic politics, and the lack of scruple shown in general by Germany, are

<sup>1</sup> I understand this book is also to be translated into English.

working against that cause. Therefore, to remain neutral, that is, *indifferent*, would be a treason to the cause many of us made it our duty to serve by thought, word and deed.

I am not under the illusion that the Allies are all white ravens. Each of them has faults, very great ones even. But our attitude in this case must be determined by a broad, bird's-eye view of the two main directions represented by the two main parties, and an honest consideration of the value for the world as a whole of the triumph of one of these two parties as a whole.

As to the other problem, Mr. Van Manen alludes to the Theosophical Society as a "free platform" on the one hand, and the Theosophical Society as "the body chosen by the Hierarchy" on the other hand. Methinks this problem will subsist as long as the T. S. exists on the physical plane, and will never be solved. On the physical plane, Brotherhood means equality and individual freedom: in short, a democratic system; on the higher planes, Brotherhood means Hierarchy and free co-operation with Elder Ones whose superiority is freely and wholly recognised by their helpers: an ideal aristocratic system. The Theosophical Society has its head in heaven and its feet on earth. Heaven speaks its law, but the body on earth is free to accept it or not. In most religious bodies harmony is secured by dogma and authority imposed upon the body on earth; but the Theosophical Society is true to the highest wisdom, that never constrains, and accepts only free allegiance and enlightened acquiescence.

Therefore it is quite true to say that "*The Society as a body remains neutral as to the authenticity or non-authenticity of any statements issued as from the Mahatmas,*" that "*every member is free to assert or to deny the authenticity of any such statements, and that no member can be bound to accept or to reject, on any authority outside himself, the genuineness of any such statement*".

But all this does not exclude the possibility of *the Theosophical Society* being at the same time "*the body chosen by the Hierarchy to proclaim to the world the message of the Divine Wisdom,*" with all the moral results thereof, one of the first and foremost being the discrimination between right and wrong, where world interests are at stake. The T. S. may be the body chosen by the Hierarchy and not know it at all, or even deny it. Our admission or non-admission of a fact does not alter the fact. If anyone urge that it is *not* a fact, let him prove it. Also the Society can very well remain *neutral as to the authenticity of any statements*, whilst at the same time Mrs. Besant, as *President of the Theosophical Society*, cannot remain neutral in a question where right and wrong are

concerned, and this on grounds alleged by her as facts, to be accepted or rejected by any of us, or by the Society itself.

It does need some gymnastics to bring these diverse statements concerning the T. S. into harmony. It is easier to find contradictions than to solve them. But they *can* be solved, and quite honestly too, without casuistry, without any hypocrisy. The conflict will only cease when the body on earth will be sufficiently enlightened to freely share the truth from above. Until that day of the initiation of the Theosophical Society (which perhaps is never to be), the body here below will be torn and rent, violent discussions will arise, and one crisis will succeed another, and inspired leaders will be misunderstood by well-meaning followers.

Were the Powers above to stop endeavouring to use the Theosophical Society, the strife would cease of course, and we should have a quiet, democratic body, governed according to the Brotherhood of the earth. May this never happen. And since we can have no heavenly choir, no Eleusynian fields, far better a Kurukshetra than a stagnant pool.

This is not written by an "apologist," able or not, of Mrs. Besant. I would not have the cheek to assume such a part. It is merely an attempt, first, to clear up the position of the "neutral," and secondly, to solve one of the numerous riddles of the Theosophical Society—that offers an unlimited number of riddles—the most complex and most fascinating Society I know of. More than any organisation, it seems endowed with the elasticity and the spontaneity of life, living, changing, now apparently on the brink of destruction, then reviving again, adapting itself to new conditions, adapting itself—superhuman task—to the realities of a number of planes at a time.

May it thus remain, untamed and untameable, contradictory,<sup>1</sup> puzzling, intense, never to be formulated, but alive with the life that spreads beyond all the frames of the mind, and plunges within the very depths of the world. And blessed be those who endow it with such a life.

BARONESS MELLINE D'ASBECK

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<sup>1</sup> Do I contradict myself?  
Very well then, I contradict myself,  
I am large, I contain multitudes.

—Walt Whitman.

## THE T. S. AND THE WAR

## VI

I have just read Mr. Van Manen's very able letter on p. 558 of the February THEOSOPHIST. I say very able, because it strikes *me* so, but as in other matters I have noticed that the writer seems to have a mind of a type similar to my own (as, for instance, in literary criticisms, articles, etc.), it may be that this will not be so general an estimate as I anticipate.

The question at issue is, to put it in my own words: Ought not the T. S. as a body to be neutral as regards this War, whatever opinions individuals may hold, and on which-ever side individuals may fight? The question is an old one, and received the following answer on an historical (or should I say legendary?) occasion: "He that is not with me is against me; and he that gathereth not with me scattereth abroad." (*Matt. xii, 30.*)

It seems to me there are two kinds of neutrality. There is the neutrality of the Judge, and the neutrality of the Voter—the voter who does not care which side his vote is given. The neutrality of the Judge is not for the Society as a body, since it is not in the position of Judge. The Decider of the Combat will exercise *that* neutrality, and will award the victory to the side which has the suffrage of the world: for this is a World Combat, let who will deny it.

The neutrality of the Voter: may God preserve the Society from that! In the domestic history of T. S. Lodges with which I have been associated, I have seen something of *this* kind of neutrality. On one occasion a member was unable, for some or no reason, to be present at a Council or Annual Meeting, and asked another to record her vote "the same as the majority"! No, Mr. Van Manen and others, let us make up our minds which side we wish to vote and VOTE—it's all we can do, some of us, Occultists can do more—and whether we choose well or ill we shall have chosen, shall have taken our stand, and shall be worth *somebody's* lordship or leadership.

Does anyone, I wonder, who speaks of neutrality stop to reflect that neutrality means sterility?—not merely as a play upon words, but as a fact in nature: a-sexual is not the same as androgyne, either in botany or anything else.

Better than any argument for or against neutrality is a realisation of what neutrality means. A loaded coal-cart is being driven up hill, and the horses are pulling with might and main, zigzagging this way and that in their efforts to accomplish their task. A bystander may do one of three things: he may jump on the cart and get carried up the hill

—if the horses can manage it ; or he can push behind, either because he is sorry for the horses or because he wants the coal to be delivered ; or he can look on in philosophic detachment, and wonder whether the person who is waiting for the coal will get it.

Mr. Van Manen will call this rhetoric. Quite right, it is rhetoric, if it is anything at all in the way of conveying an idea. Was it not Demosthenes who said that the most convincing eloquence was the orator's thump upon the table ? True, because when the orator has reached that point of his speech which is the very pivot of his thought, his strong sense of this compels him to movement, and, all unconsciously, he thumps the table—and with the thump goes the thought, straight to the minds (I don't mean brains) of the audience. So here. My story of the coal-cart is my thump upon the table. It is up to the Theosophical Society to decide whether it will *ride* or shove or look on.—“Choose ye this day whom ye will serve.” It is said that in some of the old initiation ceremonies the candidate was blindfolded before admission and until after the oath had been taken.

P. S.—Mr. V. M. may perhaps object that I have not dealt with any of his arguments. Well, here is one. He says you are so changeable we cannot be sure of you for more than a few years. Let him perform the following subtraction sum :

$$\begin{array}{r} 1916 \\ 1889 \\ \hline 27 \\ \hline \end{array}$$

I myself would not call 27 a “few” years, I should call it a generation. Yet you entered the T. S. in 1889 and are still in it in 1916 ; is that inconsistency ?

But he may be speaking unwitting truth in saying we cannot be sure of you for more than a few years. It is my sure conviction that every nation has the ruler it deserves ;<sup>1</sup> and by parity of reasoning, every Society has the President it deserves. Let us hope we may continue to deserve you ; and I say this not as one of your “born admirers,” if I may use such an expression without impertinence, but as one who, opposite if not antipathetic by temperament, has been forced to a reluctant, though honest, and I hope grateful, admiration by a close study of your official conduct during the years you have held the Presidency of the T. S.

ALFRED H. BARLEY,  
F. T. S. since 1900.

<sup>1</sup> A study of their horoscopes adds cogency to this conviction.

## THE T. S. AND THE WAR

## VII—AN OPEN LETTER TO MR. VAN MANEN

I have read with "considerable interest and care" your letter to the President, which appeared in THE THEOSOPHIST for February. It has "filled me with dismay and provoked my utter indignation". It has also provoked a good deal of surprise and—dare I confess it?—not a little amusement. Your pathetic picture of the Theosophical Society as a flock of sheep following its leader is decidedly funny. You didn't intend it so? Evidently not, but that enhances the humour of it. You assert that "the President leads us into a most regrettable quandary". And again, "she leads us astray". Really?

For my part, I have always considered the T. S. to be composed of people who could and did think for themselves on every subject. Are we not having it drilled into us at every step of the way that we are not to "hold a thought just because many other people hold it, not because it has been believed in for centuries, nor because it is written in some book which men think sacred"? Therefore, whether a Theosophist be neutral or not, he surely is using his own discrimination in the matter and acting according to his own reason.

As to the quite delightful suggestion "that mere membership in an avowedly unneutral body might render such a member liable to prosecution," is not that sentence just a trifle "slipshod"? Are you not aware that many citizens of neutral States are actually fighting in the Allied Armies? I have not heard that their Governments have breathed out threatenings against them.

If your letter means anything at all, it means that you consider repression of evil an error. If that be so, let us be logical; let us do away at one sweep with policemen and Courts of Justice. These exist for the protection of law-abiding citizens and, incidentally, for the repression of vice. We, as Theosophists, look forward to a time when they will be unnecessary; when righteousness shall flourish on the earth; when every man will love the Lord his God with all his heart and soul and strength, and his neighbour as himself. Shall we hasten the coming of that time by giving lawlessness a free hand?

You do not appear to have grasped the fact that this War is not an ordinary war for the possession of a frontier line or a colony. It is not a question of Nation against Nation. It is most emphatically a War of Honour against Dishonour; Justice against Injustice; Freedom against Tyranny; Right

against Wrong. Many Germans know this ; more will know it in the near future when the glamour cast over them shall be dissipated. Have you not read *J'accuse*, written by a German? If that book have any meaning, if the official documents of England, France, Russia, be not mere "scraps of paper," to what conclusion can we come?

"Keep the Gods out of it," you say. Why? The belief in the Mahatmas is one exceedingly dear to most Theosophists. Many amongst us live our daily lives in the constant realisation of the existence of these Great Ones who have trod the Path on which our feet are learning to walk. We stretch out our hands to Them as the toddling child stretches out its hands to the loving mother who is guarding and encouraging its feeble efforts. To Them we turn instinctively in all of weal or woe that may come into our lives. Why then, in this greater issue, "keep Them out of it"? Convinced as we are that this ghastly War, *forced* upon Europe by the Kaiser, is a War of Principles, how can we doubt on which side stand our Revered Masters? Their disciples, our instructors, have told us in no uncertain words. But even had the President and Vice-President held their peace, could we have been in doubt? I trow not.

The personal element of your letter is so objectionable that I hardly like to touch on it. One point, however, I cannot leave unnoticed. When you say that the subject of Mrs. Besant's advocacy "has changed too often and too radically to make us ever feel sure that we can depend upon it for more than a few years at a time," I can only hope you did not weigh your words. The statement as it stands is a piece of specious reasoning likely (I hope not intended) to mislead the unwary and set the gallery of thoughtless discontents a-cheering.

It is true that the subjects of Mrs. Besant's advocacy have changed "radically". The corollary you draw therefrom is unjust, illogical, and untrue. In changing the subjects of her advocacy, Mrs. Besant is in good company. St. Paul did the same, to the equal consternation of the small minds of his day. "As for Saul, he made havock of the church, entering into every house, and haling men and women, committed them to prison." (*Acts*, viii, 3.) "And straightway he" (Saul) "preached Christ in the synagogues, that he is the Son of God." (*Acts*, ix, 20.) There's a radical change for you!

We have not all got "the manner" of which you complain. We cannot all drive home an argument as our President can. For one thing, many of us lack the scientific knowledge and precision of thought which are hers. That is our loss, and,

incidentally, the world's loss. But still I fancy most Theosophists have changed the subjects of their advocacy pretty considerably since the light of Truth dawned upon them. We—most of us—were not born Theosophists. We have fought our way thither through many tribulations, and the non-comprehending may be forgiven if they dub the earnest seeking after Truth inconsistency. But I should hardly suppose it possible for a Theosophist so to speak, more especially in reference to another Theosophist. As a matter of fact, the inconsistency would be in not changing front as a higher Truth dawns on the Soul. Is a butterfly inconsistent when, emerging from the once necessary but now useless chrysalis, it wings its way through the azure?

E. B. YEOMANS, F.T.S.

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### PRINCIPLE OR PUBLIC OPINION

I have read with some surprise a letter entitled "Principle or Public Opinion" by Mrs. Cousins, in the January issue of THE THEOSOPHIST, which deals with an article of mine on "Our Attitude towards Physical Life". Since I am quite sure there was no intentional misrepresentation on her part, I can only imagine that she has, perhaps, read my article a little hurriedly, and so has put it down with a false impression on some points as to what I really do say.

To cite a few of the many points I might mention—Mrs. Cousins has failed to notice that when I speak of Public Opinion, it is not from the point of view of how, by praise or blame, it affects us as individuals; but how we, by our action, affect the public; and in no way do I place Public Opinion in opposition to Principle as a motive for conduct. What I do is to enquire whether, seen rightly, Principle does not demand a recognition of Public Opinion.

Then again, I do *not* recommend the abandoning of individual ideals—very much the contrary. Mrs. Cousins constantly uses such phrases as "abandoning ideals," "lowering ideals," etc., in her letter, whereas it is only the question of *action* which I am discussing throughout, and this is, of course, a difference of vital importance.

What I say is that it is not always wise, from the point of view of its effect on others, to adhere with absolute rigidity to our private ideals as far as public action is concerned. And here I am careful to draw a clear distinction between action in our public capacity, as members of a State or nation, and

action as private individuals, when, as I distinctly state, we are free to act as we please. On p. 262 I say : "As individuals . . . we are at perfect liberty to regulate our lives, if we please, by a code other than that of the people round us . . ."

If she had borne this sentence in mind Mrs. Cousins would not, I think, have stated that according to my argument "our vegetarian Theosophists have been wrong all the time"; since she will hardly contend that whether or no we are vegetarians is a matter of national moment.

On one point I think Mrs. Cousins really does disagree with me—on the question whether it is ever, under any circumstances, desirable to subordinate one's private idea of what is right and wise to any form of outside authority whatsoever. She is indignant with me for my "pernicious doctrine" that, as members of a nation, we must sometimes "be prepared to submit to the code appropriate to, and accepted by, the State at large"; but is it not the same, or a similiar thing, which we all do continually, when we obey laws of which we may not personally approve, simply because they *are* laws of the country in which we live?

Personally, I confess to approving this practice, not so much on theoretical as on practical grounds, and because of the difficulties in which the other course, if persevered in, would land us. If Mrs. Cousins' individualistic principles were followed to their logical conclusion, "States" at all would become impossible. If everybody always acted according to their private judgment, there would be no such thing as government. If we never obeyed a law unless we were convinced of its wisdom, there would speedily cease to be any laws; the whole social machine would immediately fall to pieces, and we should return to that exceedingly primitive condition which prevailed before "States" came into existence.

Whether or no this is a consummation to be desired, is not a matter which can be discussed here. To me it would seem to be a retrogression and a calamity, the deficiencies of our present civilisation notwithstanding. I believe we shall eventually reach a stage of evolution when it will be perfectly safe to allow every man to be a law unto himself, but I fear we have not reached it yet: and in the meantime I think that we are not only justified in obeying the laws of the country, but unjustified in doing anything else, although—since laws are a more or less accurate representation of the current standards and ideals of conduct—we are thereby (in Mrs. Cousin's sense) "abandoning our ideals" and "bowing to public opinion". At any rate, the fact that we all do, at one time or another, obey laws of which we disapprove, supplies a

precedent for that which I recommend in my article. I would suggest that the proper course, if a law is bad, is to alter it, not to break it while it still continues in force.

In recommending this occasional subordination of action to the general ideal, even though this ideal be lower than our own private one, I have tried to show that there should be two objects, and two only. The first is to fulfil well and to the utmost *all* the obligations of life, public as well as private: the second is to raise the level of the general ideal. I fully agree with Mrs. Cousins that this is a duty for us all, and a most important one; but I wish to urge that in attempting to do so, wisdom as well as enthusiasm is needed, and, as pp. 264 and 265 make plain, it is only undue haste and lack of wisdom which I deprecate. The raising of the national standard of conduct must be accomplished gradually, and not by leaps and bounds, or, as I point out on p. 265, it will not be done at all. "If we aim too high . . . we shall achieve no result other than to put ourselves entirely out of touch with our hearers, and to arouse their antagonism or contempt." The "wisdom of the serpent" has its uses, and it is sadly true that many an idealist has failed, as far as this world goes, to achieve much for want of it.

But in seeking to acquire this wisdom, there is no need for us to relinquish one jot of our idealism. That which seems to me the greatest achievement is to keep our eyes fixed always and everywhere on the Vision in its utmost purity, so far as we are able, while seeking to adapt and use, as skilfully as may be, existing conditions.

There is, however, one point on which I am glad to find myself in complete agreement with Mrs. Cousins—in the belief that in this, as in all other matters, every man must judge for himself. I have no desire to censure those who are persuaded that it is their duty not to fight—they have a perfect right to their opinion. But I think there are others who feel that in abstaining they are failing in a duty, and who yet find it difficult to reconcile fighting with their ideal as Theosophists. It was with this class mainly in mind that I wrote the article.

M. A. KELLNER

## II

It is confusing to the ordinary truth seeker to be confronted with such views as those of Mrs. Cousins in your January number. How much more so must it be to the single-minded youth, who, unmindful of comfort, offers his very all, health, prospects, limbs, life itself, in defence of his home and womankind?

What is *his* inevitable conclusion? What can it be but that there are good people who do more harm than bad people, who are productive of greater evil, who invite and promote more wickedness, who are a greater danger to their fellows, and to the State, than the ordinary non-professing sinner.

There is that sloppy sentence "to teach people that war is wrong,"—standing out in crude indefiniteness—lumpish, in shapeless stupidity, yet enveloped in an atmosphere of pretentious piety.

Who is there requiring such teaching save the Germans?

The young men I have encountered on their way to wounds or death have been of one mind that war is hateful beyond words—they go to stem its awful tide, to check its ravages, if possible to extinguish it for ever.

The German, on the other hand, goes forth drilled and dragooned into the conviction that war is altogether glorious, and noble beyond all other occupations.

"To teach people."—What people?—Where is the teaching?

What is there of light or lucidity in this nebulous nonsense?

Where is the "noble quality" of Discrimination?

When a nation, wholly imbued with war ideals, proceeds with deliberate and cold-blooded calculation, through decades of preparation, to forge tremendous armaments, to pile up mountains of munitions, to plan docks, canals, harbours, fortresses, railways, and the whole scheme of its educative system with a view to seizing the favourable opportunity to leap upon its fellow man, and with force and frightfulness to crush, rob, and terrorize him into abject ruin and slavery; how does your correspondent's school of thought propose the crisis should be met? Apparently *not* with war. "War is wrong," according to this "Teaching". What then is the "Teaching"? Does it go beyond the mere negative "not war"?

It is useless to tell me that Jesus Christ would have offered no resistance. On the face of it that assertion must be false. The righteous man who became enraged with the comparatively trivial offence of money-changing in the temple, and resorted to personal force with the offenders—the tender-hearted, true gentleman who could picture drowning

with the help of a millstone as too good a death for such as should hurt a little child, could not conceivably have acquiesced in the tens of thousands of blood-curdling horrors in Belgium, Serbia, Armenia, Poland, deliberately directed by Germany in this War. Unfortunately we do not know what Christ would have done, but we *do know*, beyond shadow of question, that he *would not* have offered no resistance. What would have happened to England, her women and children, or say, to your correspondent, if no resistance had been made? Here is the German nation, pulsating with prosperity, wealthy beyond the most florid dreams of fifty years ago, mainly through our complacency—having secretly burrowed into the trade of the world, needing to lie low only a little longer to command the whole, not content, however, with practical control, but bursting for visible authority—“Germany over all”—the one nation with the least reason to complain. It suddenly ignites the torch of war, and erupting upon her harmless little neighbour, resuscitates with hideous glee, “as to the manner born,” each horrid practice of the darkest ages, its marching millions instinct with lust, brutality and greed, more monstrous than the so-called barbarous incursions, in that, lacking the excuse of primitive ignorance, it came armed with all the aids and accessories of modern science. How was this invasion to be met?

The violation of Luxembourg's neutrality was a virtual declaration of war on England, the advance upon Belgium was an actual attack upon the soil of England—days before we made a move. *This* is what may be correctly called *making* war, and so we reach some light at last. I assume no pose of teaching, but it seems to me there must be Discrimination as to war. It does *not* take two to make a quarrel, one is enough. There are those who make war, and those who have war thrust upon them. It must be war of aggression which deserves the denunciation of your correspondent—war of defence against lust, brutality and greed must be innately holy, and those who can discover a convenient conscience to excuse them from taking their share of risk and effort therein—do not they leave their dear ones to be saved, if possible, from indelible shame, by others—by those, in fact, whom they presume to rebuke and condemn—adding to their burdens?

W. M. Ross

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## WHAT DOES THE T. S. STAND FOR ?

It was with something like a shock that, while reading the Editor's remarks on my article "What does the T. S., as such, stand for?" I saw myself in the light of an advocate of dogmas and creeds. Something is wrong somewhere, I have either been misunderstood, or I have not made myself clear. In any case I beg to be allowed an early opportunity of saying that nothing was further from my thoughts than that the Society should ever so far forget itself as to be willing to exchange its freedom and catholicity for the fettering and parochial restrictions of dogmas and creeds. There is, so it seems to me, a wide difference between the crystallisation of certain beliefs into dogmas and creeds and the acceptance of them by the Society, and a frank and prominent acknowledgment of those truths which, it is not denied, are accepted as such by the majority of us. For my part I cannot see how the flexibility of the Society, or the freedom of its members, would in any way be impaired by the insertion, say in the inside cover of THE THEOSOPHIST, of some such statement as the following:

Amongst the truths taught by the leaders of the T. S. and held by probably the majority of its members—though of course binding upon none, all truths from the man-side being relative—are, the Universal Brotherhood of man, Evolution, Reincarnation, Karma, the existence of the Masters, and the underlying unity of all Religions.

On the other hand I think it would draw attention to these truths, and add force and weight to our advocacy of them. It is true that "The statement of a fact is a husk containing a kernel of truth," but in this case is it not rather the "truth" itself and not our views of it that is meant?

Our view of the truths of Brotherhood, and of Karma, etc., will doubtless change in the centuries that lie ahead of us, but will not the truths themselves remain?

However, if what I have suggested is *really* a step in the direction of dogmas and creeds, the thin end of the wedge so to speak, well then, let it be "scrapped," and let us be grateful for the discernment and wisdom of those who have so far kept the T. S. ship safely off the rocks and sandbanks of some dogma or another.

ERNEST KIRK

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## BOOK-LORE

*Theosophy and Life's Deeper Problems*—Convention Lectures of 1915, by Annie Besant. (T. P. H. Adyar, Price: Re. 1 or 1s. 6d. or 40c.)

Students of Theosophy everywhere always look forward to Convention lectures published in a book form. It is in a way the book of the year. Those who attend our Theosophical Conventions look forward to these lectures as the chief attraction of the programme, and year by year those who have not been able to attend have eagerly sought for the publication. These lectures, as a rule, embody results of mature thought and careful study.

In recent times when the T. S. has taken more than ever, and legitimately, its burden of public service in the wide field of Kriya—Activity—its many members have found most useful the teachings of the many Convention lectures. And as more and more of that public work is undertaken, the themes of the Convention lectures and the handling thereof are made to conform to that high duty. From that point of view the latest set of lectures before us is the best ever given.

The Theosophical philosophy of life and conduct, and therefore of public action also, as a permeating influence is believed by us to be quite supreme. The man of the wide world, as a rule, does not comprehend the importance we attach to our teachings as of practical utility; and therefore, for him, a special presentation, suitable to his evolution, environment and civilisation becomes necessary. This we find in the volume under review.

This special presentation gains all the charm of lucidity, of order and method, and of sequential linking up, which are Mrs. Besant's; add to it her great gift of putting ideas concisely

and yet in a very clear cut fashion ; and you get a book worth perusing by oneself, worth presenting to others. Our members and sympathisers will find familiar teachings brought together in a very able way and so presented that the volume brings a message all its own : it enables us to recognise our place in the midst of all public work and life, and teaches us how adequately to respond to these and contribute our Theosophical share towards them. For the man in the world it is priceless, and our immediate duty to these Convention lectures is to spread them far and wide.

The subjects of the four lectures are linked up : the Nature of God and our conception of Him enables us to understand and to affirm our idea as to the nature of Man ; this brings us into the field of Right and Wrong, and so we learn the lessons which orphan humanity is darkly groping after ; finally the world is made to emerge in the Light of Brotherhood, where Peace takes the place of strife, Bliss that of sorrow, and Power kills impotency and expresses Wisdom.

A book of one hundred pages which, if it be read and its teachings taken to heart, would work a marvellous change for the man in the street, and our solemn duty is to put it in his way.

B. P. W.

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*Problems of the Borderland*, by J. Herbert Slater.  
(William Rider & Son, London. Price 3s. 6d.)

This book purports to be an explanatory rendering of the introductory chapters of "The Book of the Elements," and in the preface the author announces it as a summary of some of the elementary teachings of a very ancient faith which, though not generally known, have nevertheless been preserved to us, to some extent at least, by the writings of mediæval and later adepts and by tradition. The written sources from which almost all the information herein recorded has been extracted are said to be "cryptic in the extreme". All this sounds promising, but disappointment awaits the hopeful reader.

For how much of what follows the Book of the Elements is responsible, we do not know; nor can we tell where the author's own explanatory exposition begins and ends. All we can say is that the writer is not to be congratulated on the fruits of his search through the cryptic documents which have been the source of his material. The bulk of what his book contains—all that is of any value—might have been gathered from the elementary writings of Theosophists and spiritualists; and the rest, in which he tries to analyse the constitution of man, to define body, soul and spirit, and to divide the universe for us into two parts—the three-dimensional sphere in which we live, and all the rest, vaguely called “the fourth dimension”—must surely be a travesty of the teachings of the “mediæval and later adepts” to which its origin is traced.

If the volume had been more modestly sent forth into the world, if its purpose had been defined as simply to put before the average common sense reader some of the facts concerning the invisible worlds which have of late years been rediscovered, it would have been a useful and sensible book. In fact parts of it are very useful as it stands. It deals with death and what it means, the relation of disembodied entities with ourselves, dreams, and various phenomena familiar to students of spiritualism and the “occult arts”; and deals with them in a sane and normal way which will appeal to very many people who would be frightened away by the technical terms and phrases of the more vigorous writings of spiritualists and Theosophists, a class of people whom their conservatism has taught them to distrust. In this way the book will help to spread valuable knowledge among a section of the people not easily approachable on these subjects and will thereby help to dispel the mists of conscious or unconscious materialism which still envelop the majority of human kind.

A. de L.

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*A Dictionary of the Choctaw Language*, by Cyrus Byington. Edited by John R. Swanton and Henry S. Halbert. (Smithsonian Institution, Bureau of American Ethnology, Bulletin 46. Washington Government Printing Office.)

The influence of Christianity on linguistics is one of amazing proportions. Innumerable are the dictionaries and grammars which have been the direct outcome of missionary enterprise, and of its needs for good material to aid the adequate translation of the Bible and other books into various vernaculars. The present dictionary is another illustration of this truth. The Rev. Cyrus Byington (1793—1868) began his dictionary quite early in his missionary work, somewhere about 1820. He continued to add fresh materials to his MS. until his death, but he never came to a thorough revision of the whole, so that it was never finally edited for the press. Now two competent scholars have published the work for the Smithsonian Institution. As Mr. Byington's labours, however great in importance, were conceived on a plan and on philological principles now out-of-date with regard to Red Indian languages, the editors have not revised the whole work, but with the elimination of evident mistakes and with slight additions here and there, have presented the work as it was left by the author. They have only added an excellent English-Choctaw index. So the work represents a storehouse of linguistic record for future utilisation by professional linguists rather than a present day scientific statement of our knowledge concerning the Choctaw language. What gives the book its especial value, under the circumstances, is that it embodies profuse data gathered by a careful and competent recorder between three-quarters of a century and half a century ago. Much of the information then easily obtainable must have disappeared since, because its knowledge has since been forgotten by the tribe. Besides, the dictionary records not only valuable linguistic but also ethnologic information.

J. v. M.

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*The Civilisation of the Ancient Egyptians*, by A. Bothwell Gosse. (T. C. & E. C. Jack, London. Price 5s. net.)

This publication comprises one of the "Through the Eye" series, which aims at presenting educative matter in the form of pictorial illustrations aided in a secondary degree by the text. The idea is that in this way information is more readily assimilated, and such may very possibly be the case.

The present volume is an interesting one, and within the necessarily limited extent to which the subject is treated, offers a well selected and useful range of information on matters Egyptian; the temperaments and domestic lives of the Egyptians are dealt with, their education, professions and occupations, amusements, etc., not omitting interesting chapters on architecture and engineering skill. The latter subjects are of such magnitude that it has not been possible to deal with them at all exhaustively, but a sufficient insight into Egyptian methods is given us to show that in many respects their knowledge in those days exceeded our own present experience, though of course there are ways in which we have progressed in such matters beyond the point at which the Egyptians left off.

A curious study is that of their sculpture and painting; the statuary they produced has become famous over the world, not only for its colossal proportions but for the fineness of its execution, and we have a vigour and freshness in many of the small pieces which is not surpassed by Grecian work or by present day sculptors. In painting also it would seem that most of the mediums now in use were known to the ancient Egyptians, including oil and water colour, and a process giving a pastel effect. A method employing coloured wax, applied in the melted state, was also in use and was largely employed to decorate mummy cases.

The religion of the old Egyptians receives a long and interesting chapter, showing how their conception of the Deity based itself largely on the idea of Divine Immanence, which appears so strongly in Theological teachings of the present day. The history of religious evolution in Egypt is interesting to follow, tracing the manner in which new Gods

rose to power, and the final formidable range of the Egyptian pantheon.

As a race the Egyptians were very loyal to their Gods, and there was only one religious revolution recorded which met with any measure of success; this was effected by Amenhotep IV in his introduction of the worship of Aten, which cult he succeeded in making take the place of that of Amen-Ra; only for a time, however, did the new God hold sway, and after the lapse of one or two short dynasties the national worship of Amen-Ra was again paramount. Besides the foregoing there are a number of further subjects dealt with, and the general arrangement and style of the book make it an admirable introduction to the subject for anyone taking up the study of old Egyptian affairs.

I. ST. C. S.

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*Sons of Tumult and Children of Light*, by Spencer Arden. (J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd., London and Toronto. Price 2s. 6d. net.)

There is an element of luck in a reviewer's work, similar to that of a gold-digger who turns up much soil without success and then suddenly comes on a fine nugget of pure gold. Such a find has been the above book, both as regards literary merit and philosophic content. Its title is not prepossessing, and when one first sees that it is all about Balaam and Balak, one is not further drawn to it; but when once begun, every page has its own fascination and its own sparkling epigrammatic way of bringing home-truths and deep human wisdom to our ken.

The author takes the character of Balaam for his hero because he is so typically the Apostle of Culture in one of the great crises of Barbarism in the past. He stood as the champion curser of unpopular causes, a really popular prophet, until his testing came in the temptation to gain honours, or to cast his pearls before swine, through Balak's invitation to curse the Israelites. The book re-creates the whole story in terms of such universal application that the past and the present are one, and the

Eternal Now gives the Old Story, with its dramatic Scenes on the Road, a new power. Details become interpreted by spiritual insight into principles of conduct which reproduce this same story in every individual's life, such as Conscience (our ass), Imagination (the Angel), and Faith holding the scales between Duty and Honour, Ambition and Compromise.

With these searchlights the author very cleverly, in the vein of the old satirists, himself indulges in a little mild cursing of modern politics, present day sons of Tumult, the nations which seek to gain rather than to serve, and chiefly those who make friends of the Mammon of Unrighteousness. He says:

A conscientious blasphemer will curse only things really worth cursing, things that deserve cursing and ought to be cursed by every honest man, things already under the curse of God, things that sooner or later will bring their curse upon us if we do not lay them under our curse now.

The trouble is that the sons of Tumult often desire curses on what the Balaams of the day recognise to be "the Will of Existence". If the man compromises between his "Supreme Imperative" and the Barbarian sophistries, he becomes a "futility". Cleaving to the best he knows, he is a "utility".

He who keeps faith with his soul's ideal *does* all that any one man can do to establish every right and abolish every wrong under the sun.

Yet, he goes on to say, once having taken a step in the right direction:

It is a mercy from heaven to most of us that again and again in life, before we knew all we were in for, we were so hopelessly committed to the right course that we dare not turn back when all was revealed. When we know all, we funk all.

Not only is the form side of this book brilliant and original, the essence of it is still finer, and in these days of drought its brave message of idealism will give all its readers (and may they be many!) fresh courage, and send them on their hard way through the desert of misunderstanding refreshed with the Wine of the Spirit.

M. E. C.

*Annual Report of the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institution for 1913.* (Washington.)

This excellent Annual Report keeps up its reputation for quality and interest. The Report proper covers 140 pages and the General Appendix fully 650 pages, giving some 35 separate essays on scientific subjects, together forming a sort of review of recent scientific progress in the domains of astronomy, magnetism, geology, physics, chemistry, zoology, palæontology, archæology and economics. These papers, some original, others selected from various sources, all profusely illustrated, are written for the general cultured reader, and though from the pens of the *creme de la creme* of experts, are popular in the best sense of the word. The magnificent volume calls for a grateful salute to the American Government and to the Smithsonian Institution for their enlightened policy of liberal dissemination of scientific facts, and the skill and learning shown in the execution of their self-imposed humanistic labours.

J. v. M.

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*The Shining Gateway*, by James Allen. (L. N. Fowler & Co., London. Price 1s. 2d. net.)

Another posthumous volume from this author comes unexpectedly, telling us of additional phases of human nature, and the ways of overcoming its evil tendencies. The unregenerate man, who is subject in turn to desire, passion and sorrow, finds his way to quietness and peace by reflection, meditation and faith, and by realising the simple principle of "what our thoughts are, such are our characters". The nature of temptation and the process of regeneration are analysed to indicate how character is an accumulation of deeds, and how adherence to a few fixed principles will guide mankind to its high destiny of becoming the finished product of evolution. All such books have a message to the world, and may this one deliver its message as have the previous ones from this well known author.

G. G.

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## THEOSOPHY IN THE MAGAZINES

## OUR SPIRITUAL COMPLEMENT

Among a number of excellent articles in *The Quest* for January, one written by the Editor under the above title seems to call for comment. It is not light reading, but it reveals the earnest and reverent spirit of enquiry that is to be found in Mr. Mead's books. The central theme is man's striving for completeness, wholeness, a state of consciousness that shall fill in all the gaps of the personal consciousness.

While careful to remind his readers of the limitations under which all who attempt to record their inmost experience in words must inevitably suffer, the author maintains that the study of such records, especially those of the mystics, has a definite value to the seeker after truth. For though we are still aware of many imperfections, yet the mere fact of this recognition and of the dissatisfaction that accompanies it, is witness to a diviner nature by whose standard the personality is judged. To this complementary, but as yet unrealised, aspect of our nature Mr. Mead applies the term "spiritual complement," a welcome change from the beautiful, but, alas, hackneyed words—Higher Self.

When then I speak of "our spiritual complement," I desire to indicate the master mode of this reality, which will in due time fulfil every promise and develop every potency of our individual bodily, vital and mental activities, and order all into an harmonious whole which will eventually make us consciously free of an entirely new order of being. And I do not mean this in the sense simply of a higher rung of the ladder of grades of partial existence, but intend it to mean conscious realisation of the wholeness of life.

As a means to attaining this end, the writer agrees that the "practical intellect," as he calls the concrete mind, must be supplemented by the "contemplative intelligence" which sees beyond the outer happenings of life. But he does not advocate the suppression of the former, and a withdrawal into the latter as a paradise of dreams; he counsels that these out-going and in-coming breaths of the one Spirit shall be made mutually effective in service.

And if the practical intellect is the means of knowing externally the nature of the out-going energy of the spirit, the contemplative intelligence is the means of coming to know internally the manner of how it takes up its exteriorising energies once more into itself and perfects them by the inwardising

of its own processes. It is therefore only when these two necessary agencies of self-knowledge mutually yield themselves to one another and blend, that they are further nourished and nurtured and fulfilled by the spirit itself into a new order of wholly self-conscious being.

One of the greatest obstacles to Self-realisation, continues the writer, is the persistent clinging to memories of the past ; a habit more noticeable in the West, where it has actually gone as far as a belief in the resurrection of the same physical body, than in the East, where "the fleeting nature, not only of the body, but of all that constitutes the 'me' of present consciousness, has been recognised by most thinkers". Some interesting conclusions are drawn from the comparison of our present consciousness with that of our childhood, when it is found no longer possible to understand the ignorance that limited our ideas and actions beyond even our present shortcomings. From this he argues that the ultimate responsibility for mistakes committed in ignorance is borne by the greater Self or spiritual complement, as our present knowledge is still inadequate for a just evaluation of the past.

But the reader is warned not to be content with metaphysical abstractions, and the article concludes with a powerful plea for a practical embodiment of the "wholeness" that is the Spirit.

Already our dawning sense of the nature of true wholeness compels us to the faith that God must be sensed and recognised and found in and through creation and not apart from it, in and through the whole of nature, in and through every living creature and most of all in and through our fellow-beings. This is the most immediate way of the spiritual life, the most practical means of the fulfilment of ourselves by union with our spiritual complement, which then becomes present and actual to us at every moment of our existence.

Such careful and original writings help to bring the reality of the spiritual life within the comprehension of the educated man and woman of the world.

W. D. S. B.

# THE THEOSOPHIST

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