

# The Theosophist

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Founded by H. P. BLAVATSKY & H. S. OLCOTT

with which is incorporated LUCIFER, founded by H. P. BLAVATSKY

Edited by ANNIE BESANT, P.T.S.

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# THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The Theosophical Society was formed at New York, November 17, 1875, and incorporated at Madras, April 3, 1905. It is an absolutely unsectarian body of seekers after Truth, striving to serve humanity on spiritual lines, and therefore endeavouring to check materialism and revive religious tendency. Its three declared objects are:

FIRST.—To form a nucleus of the Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or colour.

SECOND.—To encourage the study of comparative religion, philosophy and science.

THIRD.—To investigate the unexplained laws of nature and the powers latent in man.

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY is composed of students, belonging to any religion in the world or to none, who are united by their approval of the above objects, by their wish to remove religious antagonisms and to draw together men of good will, whatsoever their religious opinions, and by their desire to study religious truths and to share the results of their studies with others. Their bond of union is not the profession of a common belief, but a common search and aspiration for Truth. They hold that Truth should be sought by study, by reflection, by purity of life, by devotion to high ideals, and they regard Truth as a prize to be striven for, not as a dogma to be imposed by authority. They consider that belief should be the result of individual study or intuition, and not its antecedent, and should rest on knowledge, not on assertion. They extend tolerance to all, even to the intolerant, not as a privilege they bestow, but as a duty they perform, and they seek to remove ignorance, not to punish it. They see every religion as an expression of the Divine Wisdom, and prefer its study to its condemnation, and its practice to proselytism. Peace is their watchword, as Truth is their aim.

THEOSOPHY is the body of truths which forms the basis of all religions, and which cannot be claimed as the exclusive possession of any. It offers a philosophy which renders life intelligible, and which demonstrates the justice and the love which guide its evolution. It puts death in its rightful place, as a recurring incident in an endless life, opening the gateway of a fuller and more radiant existence. It restores to the world the Science of the Spirit, teaching man to know the Spirit as himself, and the mind and body as his servants. It illuminates the scriptures and doctrines of religions by unveiling their hidden meanings, and thus justifying them at the bar of intelligence, as they are ever justified in the eyes of intuition.

Members of the Theosophical Society study these truths, and Theosophists endeavour to live them. Every one willing to study, to be tolerant, to aim high, and to work perseveringly, is welcomed as a member, and it rests with the member to become a true Theosophist.

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## THE THEOSOPHIST

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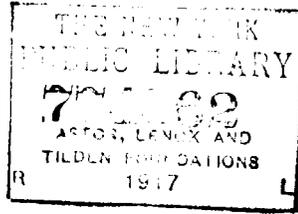
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## ON THE WATCH-TOWER

MRS. BESANT is away from Adyar on a visit to Benares and then to Lucknow, where our Convention takes place, and expects to be back at Adyar in the first week in January.

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A happy New Year to all our readers. Ānanda, Bliss, Joy, are at the very core of Being, and the human craving for happiness is but the natural expression of the yearning for Divinity which man, woman and child, in East and West alike, manifest to-day as they have manifested since the Dawn of the Great Day. Different people mean different things when they speak of happiness; the devotee craves for the rapture of Love; the man of knowledge for the rapture of Truth; the man of action for the rapture of Service. Our Indian poetess, Sarojini, has well expressed in her musical words the idea:

To field and forest  
 The gifts of the spring,  
 To hawk and to heron  
 The pride of their wing;  
 Her grace to the panther,  
 Her tints to the dove . . . .  
 For me, O my Master,  
 The rapture of Love!

To the hand of the diver  
 The gems of the tide,  
 To the eyes of the bridegroom  
 The face of his bride;  
 To the heart of a dreamer  
 The dreams of his youth . . . .  
 For me, O my Master,  
 The rapture of Truth!

To priests and to prophets  
 The joy of their creeds,  
 To kings and their cohorts  
 The glory of deeds;  
 And peace to the vanquished  
 And hope to the strong . . . .  
 For me, O my Master,  
 The rapture of Song!

Thus to each one what he desires—to each one the fulfilment of his own aspirations. From one point of view the world is made up of Theosophists only—some are conscious of their unfolding Divinity, others, the great majority, are unconscious. The savage who kills and steals is even thereby unfolding his soul-powers—his very weakness and deformities and ignorance being made, by the Powers unseen, instruments of help and progress; such is the wonderful and ever-compassionate way of God. The man of ambition, with his desire for wealth and comfort and power and love, learns through that ambition and grows out of it. The Great Economist is Ishvara, who blends harmoniously the forces of His Nature, and utilises the weaknesses of the flesh as aids to the vision of the Spirit. For the conscious

Theosophist, who has come to know something of the marvellous Plan of the Great Hierarchy of Adepts, happiness lies in deliberate efforts at the widening of his spiritual horizon, bringing him a better and deeper understanding of his brother man and Nature, with a view to serve humbly those fellow men and reverently that Nature. We wish all readers of THE THEOSOPHIST happiness in this sense, so that 1917 may prove a year of inner joy and peace, and of outer helpfulness and service to all.

\* \* \*

A few years ago our President—she was not President then—wrote an article in this magazine from which we quote the closing paragraph:

We are all parts of the Theosophical Movement, and the Society should joyously recognise this, even though the others be blind to it.

It is this which gave its impress to the late International Congress in London, which saw in painting, in arts and crafts, in music, in drama, vehicles for Theosophical thought; which welcomed to its platform representatives of kindred movements; which claimed for itself only the privilege of serving all. All the precedence the Society can claim is that it knows whence it comes and whither it goes, and its wisdom lies in the frankest, fullest, most ungrudging recognition of the fact that many, besides itself, are labouring towards the same end, and that greater than the Theosophical Society is the Theosophical Movement.

The central idea of the above she has expanded in her recent article on "The Wider Outlook" in our November number. In the coming year, let us hope, our members will vivify public institutions and activities to a greater extent. Two years ago it was written in *The Adyar Bulletin*:

The Society at large is recognising more and more that its potential influence is greater than its members ever conceived, that it can vivify more lines of human activity which make for civilisation, than was thought possible. The

speciality of the T.S. seems to be in its power to unveil knowledge at all grades of Her shining forth. The T.S. realises that it has the power to lift veil after veil of that great *pardanashin* Goddess ; that it can show Her in the very simple aspect of the teacher of the alphabet or in the very mysterious one of the revealer of the Hidden Light. To put it otherwise, the T.S. has come to self-consciousness, and has recognised that its life need not be confined, but may be allowed to permeate many walks of life, and that to its own advantage also. It has realised, what hitherto was an intellectual recognition, that greater than the Theosophical Society is the Theosophical Movement.

More and more Theosophy has been influencing the political, social, artistic, educational, religious progress of humanity. May our readers, may all members of the T.S., participate in an ever-increasing degree in that service of the world which is the surest proof of our belief in the Universal Brotherhood of humanity.

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For the Editor and those closely associated with her work at Adyar, 1916 has been a year of struggle and strife ; but throughout they have been fully conscious of the righteousness of their cause ; and on the stormiest of nights, when the wind blew and the rain poured, and the very heavens were falling, uprooting giant trees and causing damage to hearths and homes all around, in the very flashes of lightning we saw the Power of the Lord which surrounds our Society and protects our President. Through stress and storm we are progressing in our march which inspires us, and the Star of Hope lightens our weary way.

\* \* \*

The world is sore with struggle, and how can it be possible that this ancient and holy land of India should be altogether free of it? Also, how can we expect such an embodiment of sacrifice and

service as our President not to be in it? This War, let us hope, will settle the issues of freedom against slavery, of liberty against tyranny. There is a war within war going on at this moment everywhere, and the future progress of the world will depend not only on the terms of peace but on the programme of political and economical, social and religious activity which the nations on both sides will plan and carry out. The world is a heap of ruins—not only physical but moral, philosophical and religious. May this year enable our race to transform that chaos into an ordered and harmonious Cosmos, and in that great work may our Society and its members contribute their legitimate share. By the grace of the Lords of Light, who are our true Leaders, may we go forth into a veritable hell of lust and carnage and vanity, and by the end of 1917 help in transforming it into a New Earth and ultimately into a New Heaven.

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This year's Convention will be over by the time this reaches our readers, even in India. Instead of one lecturer and four lectures, this year's programme announces seven lectures, divided between three speakers. Our President gives three on "The Duty of the Theosophist to Religion," "The Duty of the Theosophist to Society," "The Duty of the Theosophist to his Nation and Humanity"; two lectures, on subjects not announced, because he arrived just in time for the Convention, will be given by Mr. Jinarājadāsa; Mr. G. S. Arundale gives two on "Education". With other meetings besides the regular Convention ones, the programme is a very crowded one.

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This number of THE THEOSOPHIST contains the first instalment of a series entitled "Letters From India" by Maria Cruz. These have been translated from the French of the book *Lettres de l'Inde*, published by friends to whom the original letters were sent. Those of us who remember Miss Cruz at the Convention of 1912, when she was staying at Adyar, will especially appreciate these spontaneous and realistic impressions. Miss Cruz had collected notes for a book which she intended writing on her return to France, but unfortunately the climate of India had affected her health, and she did not live to carry out her intention.

\* \* \*

The loved and much respected Madras leader, our brother Sir S. Subramania Iyer, though old in body, is young in his outlook on the transforming world. This trusted servant of our Masters, who has served our Society so well during a long course of years, is ever ready to help the young man or Theosophist. The students of Madras, who have formed for themselves a body of their own called the Madras Students' Convention, are holding their first session in this city in the Gokhale Hall belonging to the Y.M.I.A., which owes its birth and steady activity entirely to Mrs. Annie Besant. They have selected the old veteran, who is the prime leader of the Presidency, to guide their deliberations. The Presidential Address, read out at their meeting on 27th December, contains the following, which our readers will like to see. These are the words addressed to future servants of the Motherland :

You are eager to render service to your country, to your fellow-men ; make yourselves worthy for that high calling.

You have within you the spirit of self-sacrifice, but ask yourselves whether you have anything worth offering. You aspire to worship the Motherland, let me exhort you not to go to the National Temple empty-handed, empty-headed, empty-hearted. Let your heart be a veritable mine of sparkling gems of pure emotions—diamonds of power, rubies of love, emeralds of deep sympathy; let your head be a silent lake wherein are reflected the grandeur of the mountain peak of knowledge, the golden clouds of understanding, the marvellous foliage of logic and reasoning; let your hands carry the flowers of virtuous action—the Lotus of Duty, the Rose of Purity, the Jessamine of Faith, the Lily of Sacrifice, for no action which is not duty, which is not pure, which does not deserve faith and does not evoke sacrifice, is worthy your handling. Make yourselves ready then, do not waste your time.

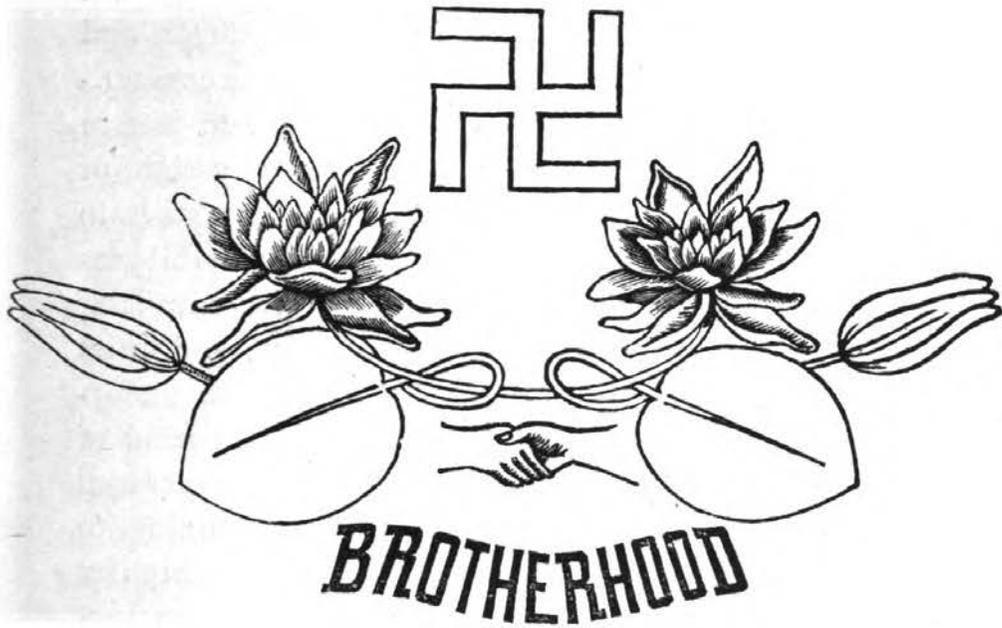
The same sage advice may be given to all our members who, ever eager to serve, are often hampered because of the lack of adequate knowledge and necessary efficiency.

\* \* \*

Those whose function it is to reveal gradually the mysteries of Nature to the enquiring mind of man, and who are always ready and willing to respond to the legitimate thirst for knowledge, appear to be using the War in an opportune manner. War is related to death, and death to the great Unknown. Human intelligence darkly gropes after that Unknown; and because of his immortality, though he is not consciously aware of it, man feels certainly that all of him does not die. He feels that there is another side of the grave, that the fire which consumes his dead body of flesh wafts to subtler regions his immortal soul. Orthodox religions do not fully and scientifically explain the conditions of after-death states, or satisfy completely the concrete mind of our concrete race. In our Theosophical literature a detailed description is given, which has brought illumination and comfort to thousands, thanks to our great teacher Mr. C. W. Leadbeater. To

the man of scientific temperament who demands first-hand knowledge and proofs under test conditions, Mr. Leadbeater's teachings appear to be only the authoritative dicta of a religious enthusiast. To such the unseen powers have also to bring some kind of aid. While thousands are dying every day on account of this ghastly War, thousands are left behind in their ignorance to mourn the "loss of the dear departed". For the latter, the new book of Sir Oliver Lodge, let us hope, will bring a comforting message. *Raymond* is a volume which we think will convince many of the fact that death is not the end of things, and that beyond is a condition of life and incessant activity. A few months ago we reviewed in these pages *The War Letters of a Living Dead Man*, which spoke of that other side; and now comes, associated with the name of one of the world's greatest scientists, another volume giving proofs, obtained by reasonable, sane and honest people, that man is not mortal and that death is but a portal to a richer and more beautiful life. What ancient Indian teachers taught in full measure in their old Universities, a modern University man gives out haltingly to a materialistic generation. But we are once again coming unto the days of Light and Wisdom, and our T.S. is the herald of their approach.

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## TOLERANCE AND INTOLERANCE

A STUDY IN NATIONALITY

By SRI PRAKASA, B.A., LL.B. (CANTAB.)  
BARR.-AT-LAW

The multiplicity of beliefs which results in . . . toleration finally results also in weakness. We therefore come to a psychological problem not hitherto resolved; how to possess a faith at once powerful and tolerant.<sup>1</sup>

AT the very outset we shall accept, as a working hypothesis, that every period of human history, describing a definite phase of human civilisation, bears the stamp of an intention to satisfy some one deep craving of the human heart, and to fulfil some one

<sup>1</sup> *The Psychology of Revolution*, by Gustave le Bon, translated into English by Bernard Miall, p. 48. (T. Fisher Unwin, London.)

insistent desire of the human soul. The ancient Hindū civilisation stood for the giving to the world a philosophic polity that divided man's life into stages, and human beings into classes, in order to eliminate competition—as far as practicable—from life, and to assure every person a definite position in society by right of his birth; and also to lead the individual from stage to stage and from life to life to the destined goal—Liberation. The ancient Greek civilisation stood for the satisfaction of the human desire for Beauty; and in its Arts it developed, to a perfection difficult to understand and impossible to underrate, the great ideal of Beauty in all its aspects. In its gymnasiums it required of every man and woman to undergo strict training, to ensure the bodies of the citizens achieving the highest pitch of physical beauty imaginable. The ancient Roman civilisation stood for the giving to the world of law and organised government on an extended scale, to satisfy the craving of the human heart for peace and order, for security of life and limb. The mediæval European civilisation stood for the realisation of the splendid ideal of the harmonious union of Church and State, so that both the spiritual and the temporal wants of human beings might be fully met. The dominant civilisation of to-day, called Modern, European, or Western, stands pre-eminently for Liberty—Liberty to every individual to think as he likes, to speak as he likes, and to act as he likes; in other words it stands for the granting, to every human being, of freedom in every branch of human endeavour, freedom in thought, word and deed.

It might be pertinently argued here that in a thousand ways we see around us how freedom is denied

to man and woman in the modern world ; there are innumerable conventions and legal enactments that bind us, and social and political pressure forces us all down. To this the only answer is that the ideal is the goal that is striven after ; it is not anything actually realised. Just as hundreds of defects can be pointed out in all the previous phases of civilisation—the Hindū, Greek, Roman and mediæval European—showing how these failed to attain their ideals, so can the shortcomings of the modern world be pointed out ; the more easily as its defects are living realities to us and we suffer under them from day to day. But at the same time we cannot deny that in every branch of life the Modern Age is *attempting* to grant to every man and every woman the utmost freedom possible. The general principle that is enunciated is that, in the exercise of one's own freedom, one ought not to take away the freedom of another. If it be regarded as an exception that the privilege of a few to abuse, if they like, their freedom, is taken away, it might be pointed out that this principle ensures the others their own freedom, and protects their honour, their persons and their property from being violated. This is done by the strict adherence to the clauses and the sections of the criminal law in every country.

How modern civilisation tries its best to grant freedom to every individual can be easily realised by taking a few facts into consideration. Freedom can take three forms : freedom of thought ; freedom of speech ; freedom of action. So far as the first form of freedom goes, all attempts that were made in centuries gone by to get at the very thought of man, to make one confess his religious opinion by putting before him the terrors

of the Inquisition, have now been abandoned. No one need now fear to entertain any thoughts on religious or other matters. In the past, for the sake of the enforced imposition of any one particular religious creed, freedom of thought has often been unhesitatingly violated, and the most revolting cruelties have been practised by the strong in order to force a particular faith on the weak.

Nowadays, however, it has been taken for granted that religion is the expression of the relationship of the individual with his Maker, and that it is not the business of temporal powers or other persons to impose their own views, by force, upon anyone that does not agree with them on the subject of religious faith. No interference is now permitted in religious matters, and every one is free to worship, or not, as he pleases, and seek God in his own way. The most vivid expression of this is seen in the successful efforts that are being constantly made to dissociate the Church from the State, by dis-establishing all churches and allowing members of every faith to maintain, or not, their own houses of worship, their priests and their clergy. Even after all these efforts some people are not satisfied. They feel that there is still a great deal of social and political pressure in such matters, and more freedom should be granted. All this goes to prove the contention that freedom of thought is demanded, as of right, by the modern world—a phenomenon not witnessed on such an extensive and continuous scale ever before, because in the past, till comparatively recent times, doctrines of faith were not discussed, and but few dared to feel that these might be questioned and argued and put to the “divine test of reason”.

Next we have the question of the freedom of speech. Subject to their laws of libel, treason and sedition, modern nations allow entire freedom of speech. This right has come to be so deeply ingrained in the human mind that in case any restriction is put upon it, even at such critical times as those of foreign aggressions or internal confusions, the subjects feel that one of their cherished privileges has been violated and that their first duty is to get it re-established.

Then we have freedom of action. Scarcely, if ever, was there such widespread security in the world as there is to-day. An inhabitant of one country can go to other lands without let or hindrance, can wander round the world safely—armed with no other weapon than an umbrella to protect him from sun and rain—and come back home after years of extended travel without so much as a scratch on his body. This is a splendid achievement of modern civilisation. It has made the world safe for all to go about at will. By its imposition of mutual understanding between country and country, it has secured freedom from molestation for the subjects of one sovereign travelling about in the land ruled by another.<sup>1</sup> It has even carried this principle to a cruel extreme, and is already attempting to grant "free trade" to all. It has almost ignored, in its desire for the spreading of Freedom, the fact that in certain circumstances the State should protect industries; and we have been witnessing the spectacle, for some time past, of a certain class of political economists demanding freedom in trade all round. In these days there is practically no pressure being exercised on any person to act in any particular way or to follow

<sup>1</sup> The abnormal conditions produced by the present war are not taken into consideration in this connection.—S. P.

any special vocation, and every human being is allowed to seek his fortune in his own way, to follow his own free will, provided always that in so doing he does not come into conflict with the freedom and the rights of others.

In order to attain the highest amount of freedom and to ensure to every individual the greatest amount of liberty imaginable, modern civilisation has evolved nationalities. The world of human beings is split up into various nations, and every nation tries its hardest to maintain its liberty and its individuality as a separate nation, and to grant as much liberty as is possible to every individual that belongs to the nation.

It stands to reason that when we have limited ourselves by dividing ourselves up into nations, we have also limited our freedom to a certain extent. And in the modern world we see the phenomenon that in pursuit of liberty, human beings are deliberately restricting their individual freedom whenever it comes into conflict with the interests of their State. The State is, at times, more important than individuals, and for its defence subjects are required to yield up all their rights, because it is supposed that, by this temporary suspension of their individual liberties in defence of their State, they ensure the permanence of their freedom for evermore. Thus the State, by its laws of treason, sedition and conspiracy, protects itself from possible dangers from within; and by its recognised right to call on all its subjects to take up arms at a time of foreign aggression, to yield up all their property at critical junctures to save the State from bankruptcy and embarrassment, it protects itself from dangers from without. At the moment of danger, necessitating these extreme steps, individual rights are eclipsed in the

more insistent demand for the preservation of the State. But no sooner is the danger passed, than the old order of things must come back forthwith; and freedom, in all its varied forms, must be granted once again.

By a careful consideration of these facts we are led inevitably to conclude that the ideal of the Modern Age is Liberty, and that for its fullest possible expression in an imperfect world, nations have grown, and nationality has become one of the fundamental characteristics of the times in which we live.

And here comes a paradox. A modern man is proud of two things: firstly, that he belongs to a particular country, which country is bound to protect him through all vicissitudes; secondly that he enjoys freedom to think, speak and act as he likes. In other words he is the subject of a State that ensures him liberty. In fact it is for the granting of freedom to individuals that nation-States seem to have been established, and, as we have already said before, the only reason for which individuals have from time to time to forego their liberties is for the safety and the maintenance of the State.

Now we shall discuss how these nation-States came into existence at all. We contend (and here is the paradox) that these nation-States came into being by the forcible suppression of what they ultimately came to stand for; that is to say, nations have grown by the crushing down of individual liberty. At the time when nations were forming, there was the greatest amount of intolerance prevalent in the western world, and our contention is that strong nations could never have come into being if this had not been the case. It seems to us that historians commit a very gross inconsistency when

they admire the growth of nations and the freedom enjoyed to-day by the citizens thereof, on the one hand, and condemn their forefathers, who brought these nations into being, for their cruel intolerance in everything. For, we believe, if this cruel intolerance had not been practised, nation-States would never have been born, and the amount of freedom that individuals enjoy to-day, under their auspices, could never have been enjoyed at all.

Let us explain ourselves. During the time preceding the Modern Age, the great bond of union between man and man—perhaps the only bond of union—was the adherence to a common religion. This bond obliterated space and time; it took no account of the barriers of seas and mountains, of language and custom. The very fact of belonging to the same religious faith made two strangers friends; and the fact of belonging to different faiths made two brothers enemies. The pathetic story of the Crusades—when all Christendom poured forth from its homes to traverse distant and hostile lands to meet the foe of their faith in a far-off spot of earth—shows how strong was the bond of religion to the men of that time. Then, as the Middle Ages were ending and the “Reformation” was spreading, we find that under the influence of the members of the Society of Jesus—the last champions of the age that was dying—a brother would bear witness against a brother in a case where the two belonged to different denominations. In short, the supreme bond of religion between individual and individual was religion throughout the mediæval period of European history.

In a world like this, nationality was to be established. Nationality takes no account of the religious beliefs of individuals. It depends upon territory. The earth's

surface is divided up into various parts—sometimes the dividing line between one country and another is only an artificial one—and each such part constitutes a nation. The inhabitants of each nation owe allegiance to that nation, and it is their duty to protect it against outside attack and to strengthen and enrich it from within. The bond of union between man and man is not the fact of belonging to the same religion, but the fact of inhabiting the same territory. Religion, as a binding force, has been thrust so much into the background that we learn that in Japan, the most wonderful of modern nations, one and the same family might consist of persons belonging to different religions—Buddhism, Christianity and Shintoism.

From the “love of a common faith” of the mediæval world, humanity—at least the dominant portion thereof—had to come to the “love of a common land” of the modern world. How was this to be effected? If religious tolerance, if entire individual freedom had been permitted by the greatest and the most powerful persons of that time, and humanity left to evolve peacefully along its own lines, we fear that modern nation-States could never have grown at all. Persons who were the great magnates at the close of the Middle Ages—for selfish reasons, of course—decided that they must strengthen their territorial possessions; that the wealth of their territories should remain in their own territories, and not go to keep a distant spiritual lord, the Pope, in luxury. Stringent steps had, therefore, to be taken to suppress the people whose religious faith was stronger than their “patriotism” (a term, till then, unknown). Persons of English birth, for example, who prayed for the success of the Spaniards at the critical time of

the invasion of the Spanish Armada, needed to be put down!

If one desires the welfare of a member of his own faith in these circumstances, there apparently seems to be no harm, provided we recognise that the bond of a common religion should be stronger than love of country. But if we say that love of land should throw every other consideration to the four winds, then it is obviously criminal to desire the well-being of the enemy of one's country—even if that enemy belongs to one's own religion. Judgment on these matters entirely depends upon the *ideal* one has in view. The ideal being now that the defence of one's country is more important than defence of one's faith, it becomes essential that all subjects who belong to a religion that is not the religion of their State (and who, because of this, are disaffected towards that State and friendly to an enemy State), should be punished, and should be forced to adhere to the religion of the State. There could be no tolerance safely practised at such a time, if the ideal of a nation-State was to be kept in view. Either nationality need not evolve, with its rich possibilities of granting individual freedom; or toleration must temporarily be disregarded.

It was by the infliction of extreme penalties, by the complete ostracism of toleration, that modern nationalities came into existence: each nationality became bound to its ruler by every possible tie; it thrust out of its fold such subjects as belonged to a different creed and would not accept the creed of their State; it allowed these "disaffected" persons to migrate to lands where their own Gods were worshipped.<sup>1</sup> To take any one instance, after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes

<sup>1</sup> See Articles of the Religious Peace of Augsburg (1555).

by Louis XIV, the French Huguenots migrated to Flanders and to England, where their own creed was the dominant creed. Every denomination of the Christian religion persecuted every other, till definite territories came to form their own nationalities, based on the adherence—active or passive—of all their subjects to a common faith and a common sovereign. When such nations grew in strength from day to day; when the feeling of nationality became an all-absorbing and all-pervading passion; when the growth of science, commerce and industries showed how important and useful the bond of a common nationality was, and how unimportant the bond of a common faith; when, in short, the very mental outlook on life was changed; then no more persecution of religious faith was necessary; then every man could safely be allowed to worship God in his own way; then religion became an intensely personal matter, and came to have, practically, no part in the daily political life of citizens.<sup>1</sup>

It is necessary to mention here that, historically, speaking, religion does not only consist of the usually supposed three factors, *viz.*, (1) the enunciation of a peculiar cosmogony, offering an explanation of the beginnings of life; (2) a definite set of rights and ceremonies that the followers of a religion have to perform; and (3) a number of moral teachings regulating man's relation with man, having their sanction in rewards and penalties, if not in this, in the next world; but religion also consists of a social and a political factor. Looking at the early history of religions, we find that every religion first collected its followers

<sup>1</sup> The writer hesitates to pass his judgment as to whether this is desirable or not. He only seeks to record facts as impartially as possible.—S. P.

into a strong social union, usually at a time when the greater number of the people around were hostile to it. Both the comparatively new religions—Christianity and Islām—bear out this contention. Each of these brought its first converts into a strong social bond: the novelty of a new faith; the hostility of others; the hope that it offered of a better life to those who are crushed by the burden of the present—and this was especially the case in the history of early Christianity; the illumination that a new faith vividly gives to many searching questions of the heart—any one or all of these factors produce in the minds of the first converts a mystic relationship between one another. This social bond, developing and gaining strength by the overcoming of obstacles, becomes later on a political faith. It formulates a definite political programme, and the might of a strong belief enables people to do wonders, for they are willing to undergo the utmost sacrifice for their faith. Thus the political aspect of a religion is brought out. In this way it comes into conflict with other established political orders, which naturally try to crush this new political activity; they either succeed in crushing it out, or are in turn crushed out themselves.

If we take these facts into consideration, we shall see clearly that when we condemn intolerance in religious matters on the part of the sovereigns of Europe at the beginning of the Modern Age (and these sovereigns actually ushered nation-States into the world), we must not forget that they were not trying to stamp out merely a peculiar theology, merely a particular form of belief, but that they were attempting to put down the social and political aspects of that theology and that belief,

which, if allowed to grow unchecked, would have cut at the very roots of their desire and their mission to establish strong nation-States.

The history and the present condition of our own land might well be examined in this light. The great characteristic of the Hindū faith, that has been often pointed out—and rightly pointed out—and in which we can take legitimate pride, is its *tolerance*. But we cannot deny the further fact that this tolerance resulted in our complete inability to form a strong nation-State for any length of time. A thousand different faiths, with conflicting ideals and interests, have grown up in the country, which, because they have been strengthened by the passage of time and allowed uninterrupted growth by the feeling of tolerance, have, at all critical periods of our history, proved a great bar to national union.

Because in the East—excepting Japan—religion is still the bond of union, and the political sense, based on considerations of territorial patriotism and territorial nationality, has not yet grown, the spirit of tolerance of our forefathers—admirable and praiseworthy as it doubtless was—is to-day proving a barrier to our homogeneity and national solidarity.

Sri Prakasa

## WAR—AND WORSE

By M. A. KELLNER

**I**N the midst of its keenest agony, it seems a strange and hopeless attempt to minimise the horrors of war. Yet even in this direction, there is surely something to be said, for by our ways of thinking we are prone to magnify its all too terrible aspects.

There is war everywhere; it permeates the whole creation, as we know it, and therefore we must conclude that its presence is a law of our being, a condition of our progress. Nature, wherever we look, is one continuous, never-ending struggle between opposing forces. Wherever there is life, there is war; in the vegetable and animal worlds, a grim, relentless, all-pervading struggle—the struggle for existence and the survival of the fittest. So, too, there is war among men.

It is contended that men should have got beyond this stage, that arbitration should supersede war. So it should, and so, no doubt, it eventually will; but we shall not thereby have got rid of war. War is woven into the very fabric of our present life—it is, indeed, the very essence of that immaterial fabric—it represents the inevitable and necessary opposition between the warp and the woof.

Even when the happy day to which we look forward comes, when physical war between nations has

been abolished, other and perhaps worse kinds will remain. We shall only have scotched the serpent, not killed it. What can there be worse than the horrors of the present war?—some one may ask. If we kill a man because we hate him, the hate is more evil—incomparably so—than the physical injury. If—as most of us are prepared to grant, at least in theory—motive is more important than action, then it follows that the prompting motive must be, for those who have eyes to see it, a more terrible thing than the resulting blow. But war consists mainly in killing without hatred. Soldiers have no personal quarrel with the men they kill; therefore war must be a lesser evil than other things with which we are familiar and which appal us less—or, it may be, do not appal us at all—such things as unscrupulous competition, bad class-feeling, industrial struggles, and all unfriendly behaviour between man and man; for we have seen that it is worse to hate a man, although we do not kill him, than to kill him without hating him.

There remains, then, to explain our supreme horror of war, only its physical consequences—its effect upon the bodies of men, and the resulting separation from those we love. Both these results are facts and must be admitted, and yet both we are apt to magnify unduly.

Certain sections of that universal war which permeates nature and life, we recognise as good and desirable—that, for instance, between a man's good feelings and his bad, or between the disease germs which enter the blood and the white corpuscles which attack them. Why is it that these kinds of warfare appear to us desirable, while other kinds appear the

reverse? It is because, in these cases, we are able to have a long view, and to see and approve the *purpose* of the conflict. We realise that it is well for the individual and for the world that good qualities should overcome bad ones; and equally we see it as desirable that disease germs should be eradicated from the system; therefore we regard these forms of warfare not only without horror, but with positive satisfaction. But from the point of view of the bad qualities and the disease germs, and no doubt of the white corpuscles also, the struggle is as sad and terrible as is the present European conflict to us. They, too, must shrink from injury and death, although *we* count the destruction or crippling of the disease well worth the cost.

Can we not then believe that even *our* war has a purpose, and a purpose which is equally worth the cost? To us it seems a gigantic, world-upheaving event; but to higher beings whose view, embracing the entire universe, sees that universe as one mighty organism, the present war can be no more than a single, short-lived effort to purify the great system from some local disorder. We need to take a longer view—to withdraw ourselves, sometimes, in thought, from the midst of the turmoil, for there all perspective and sense of proportion is lost, and our minute experiences are magnified and distorted till they actually eclipse the vast purpose which lies behind the mighty scheme of which our entire universe is but an infinitesimal part.

So, too, in the case of separation from those we love—it is the longer view we need. Physical separation will remain a fact for most of us, however much we think and talk; but if we *really* believed in the immortality of man's spirit and in everlasting life,

should we regard this separation with such utter despair? We feel this despair, because those who die pass out of our ken. Were we able to see them still—to follow them in thought, and communicate with them freely, we should see death in truer proportions. It is not *death* that we fear so much, but the veil which hides from our senses all that lies beyond. Emigration would be almost equivalent to death, were there no post, cable, or passenger ships. If, standing afar off, we could see the partings of death in their relation to the unending life of man, they would seem, in the shortness of their duration, no more than the daily absence in the city of men who return at night.

Let us, then, in thinking of the war, strive to take this longer, wider view; for in so doing, its worst terrors will grow less terrible, and facing calmly the worst, we shall be able to realise that, fearful as its details are, even this war may—nay, *must*—have behind it some divine and wholly beneficent purpose.

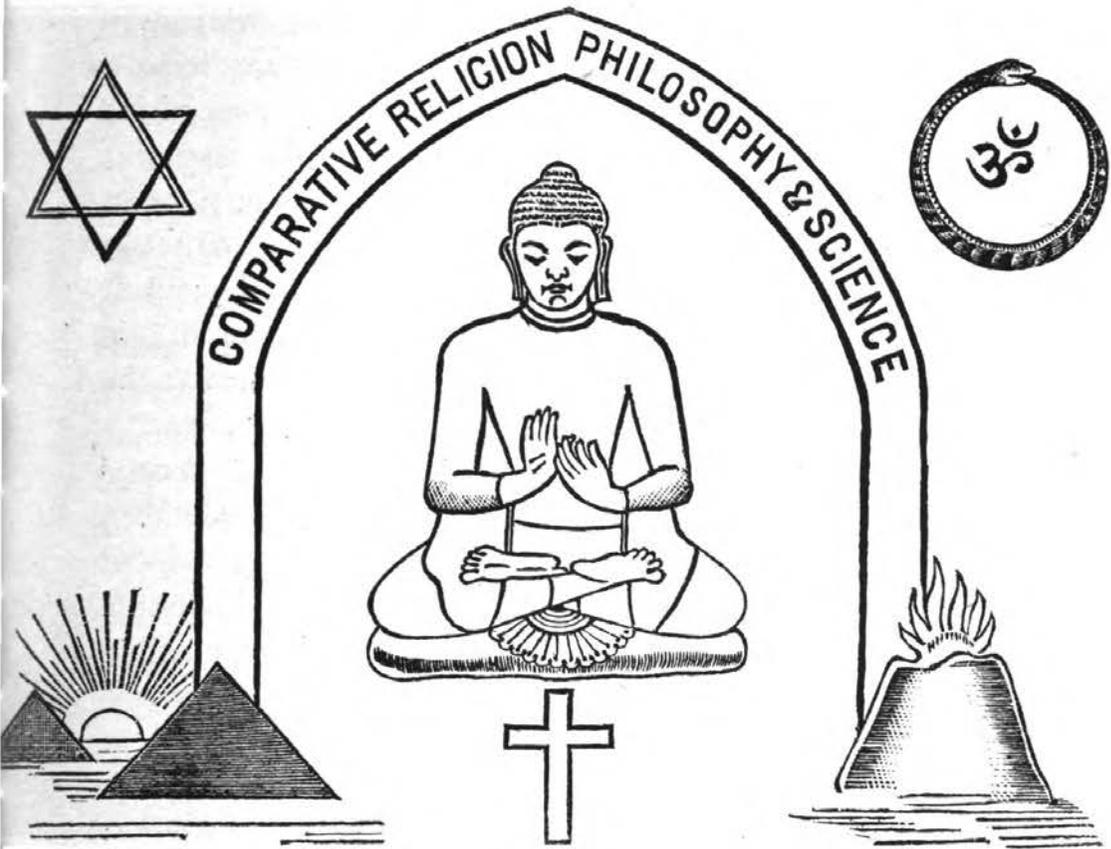
But while the horrors of the war grow less in our eyes, we shall find that other evils increase in importance. As we learn to look more calmly on the destruction of the physical body, regarding it simply as an outer garment which a man may cast off without any injury to his real self, so we shall realise more and more clearly the terrible import and results of evil thinking and bad motive. We shall see how a blow is over and done with almost as soon as given, whereas the anger which prompted it is like a festering sore in the great human organism.

Therefore the incidents of life will take to themselves new values; many things which before we regarded as undesirable perhaps, but venial—such, for

instance, as class antagonism and religious bigotry—we shall now recognise, not as minor ailments of the body politic, but as a fell disease, threatening its very life. And the lesson of the war for us will be to realise that, terrible as is this strife which we see, with its horror of bloodshed and pain and misery, yet more terrible must be the results—notwithstanding that they are invisible—of every form of hatred, malice and ill-feeling. Therefore we shall not only work, by every means in our power, to establish a better means than warfare of deciding the differences of nations, but shall seek yet more strenuously to supersede all such ill-feeling and hatred by that serene and changeless Love which, in its perfect beauty, is a foretaste and a promise of the life of God Himself.

M. A. Kellner.

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## THREE SAINTS OF OLD JAPAN

I. KOBO DAISHI

By F. HADLAND DAVIS

**K**UKAI, popularly known by his posthumous title, Kobo Daishi ("Glory to the Great Teacher"), is generally regarded as the most famous of all Japanese Buddhist saints. As a rule saints are not versatile, for their spiritual enthusiasm is generally all-absorbing. It is said that Leonardo da Vinci was called away while

painting "The Last Supper" in order that a distinguished lady might have a hot bath, the water supply being defective. He was a plumber as well as a painter, one well versed in alchemy and medicine, a mathematician and an inventor, almost everything except a saint. Kobo Daishi was equally versatile. He was renowned as a distinguished preacher, painter, sculptor, calligraphist, inventor of the *Hiragana* syllabary—a form of running script—and traveller; while we learn in the *Namudaishi*, a poem on the life of Kobo Daishi, that "it was he that demonstrated to the world the use of coal".

To the Theosophist, Kobo Daishi is of special interest as a great Occultist. He seems to have plumbed the depths and scaled the heights of Occultism without coming anywhere near St. Francis of Assisi in simple holiness of life. Judging from the almost inexhaustible store of miraculous stories associated with this Japanese saint, Kobo Daishi performed a sufficient number of miracles to embellish the lives of at least half a dozen Oriental sages. Professor B. H. Chamberlain writes: "Had his life lasted six hundred years instead of sixty, he could hardly have graven all the images, scaled all the mountain peaks, confounded all the sceptics, wrought all the miracles, and performed all the other feats with which he is popularly credited." But even if we make ample allowance for popular credulity, for an age that extolled the worker of wonders, Kobo Daishi still stands out as a profoundly interesting figure, one almost as brilliant, almost as eminent, as Shotoku Taishi himself.

Kobo Daishi was born in A.D. 774 at Byobu-gura, near the modern temple of Kompira in Shikoku.

His conception was miraculous, for at his birth a bright light shone, and he came into the world with his hands folded as if in prayer, incidents which are also recorded of other Japanese saints. When five years old he displayed none of those healthy traits associated with boyhood. He did not fly a kite or with a shout race after a burnished dragon-fly, or pretend that he was a great Japanese hero, a Bankei or a Yoshitsune. He was subject to no impulses of this kind. He was born old and wise and saintly. Indeed, when only five years old, he seems to have lifted the veil that to many separates this world from the celestial regions. We are told that he sat upon lotuses and conversed with Buddhas. The boyhood of Christ displays no such depth of initiation, even if we take into consideration some of the apocryphal stories relating to the childhood of the Master. Even at that early age Kobo Daishi was sorely affected by the sorrow and pain of humanity. Indeed, the misery of the masses, their poverty and degradation, touched him so acutely that while on Mount Shashin he sought to sacrifice his own life by way of propitiation. He would assuredly have done so, had not a number of angels revealed to him that in life and not in death lay the salvation of the souls of others. These heavenly beings consoled him in that dark hour. They told him of the great mission he was destined to fulfil. While still a child, he made a clay pagoda. As soon as his little hands had finished moulding the soft, moist substance, he was surrounded by the Four Heavenly Kings (originally Hindū deities). The miracle was seen by the Imperial Messenger, who, utterly amazed, described young Kobo Daishi as "a divine prodigy". We read

in the *Namudaishi* that while at Muroto, in the province of Tosa, a bright star fell from Heaven and entered his mouth. A few hours later he was accosted by a dragon, "but he spat upon it, and with his saliva killed it".

In the sixth century Myong, King of Pekche, one of the Korean kingdoms, sent to Japan a golden image of the Buddha, together with volumes of *Sūtras* and men who were able to expound their wisdom. The King of Pekche wrote to the Emperor of Japan: "This doctrine is amongst all doctrines the most excellent. But it is hard to explain and hard to comprehend. Imagine a man in possession of treasures to his heart's content, so that he might satisfy all his wishes in proportion as he used them. Thus it is with the treasure of this wonderful doctrine. Every prayer is fulfilled and naught is wanting." Kobo Daishi would have most fervently endorsed these words, for he himself said: "Many are the ways, but Buddhism is the best of all."

In his nineteenth year Kobo Daishi became a Buddhist priest. He was particularly interested in the Shingon doctrine, with which his name is now closely associated. According to the late Arthur Lloyd, Shingon "contains doctrines very similar to those of the Gnostics of Alexandria". It was certainly very far from being pure Buddhism as expounded by that religious zealot, Nicheren. Shingon was dualistic, for it represented the World of Light, or the Diamond World (*Kongo Kai*) and the World of Darkness. The one was fixed, eternal, the abode of permanent ideas, the other was the place of birth and death. In the World of Light the Egyptians placed the unknown I AM, whose name was

never uttered by the priests of Pharaoh. The Gnostics called Him *Pater Innatus*, while the followers of Shingon called Him *Roshana*, the Buddha of Light. Arthur Lloyd writes: "From that central and eternal Deity emanate, or proceed, four Beings—Æons in Gnosticism, Buddhas in the Shingon—who surround the central God on the Four Quarters. The Gnostics termed them Logos, Phronesis, Sophia, Dynamis. The Shingon personifies them as Ashuku, Hosho, Amida, Fujkujoju." But the Shingon sect is not exclusively devoted to the study of esoteric problems: it is also associated with magic spells and incantations, and from what we know of Kobo Daishi, it was the occult in religion that particularly appealed to him. He was undoubtedly a religious reformer, and it is claimed by more than one authority that he was instrumental in uniting Buddhism with Shinto on the assumption that the Shinto *Kāmi* are *Avatārs* of the Buddha.

All things were not miraculously revealed to Kobo Daishi. A certain abstruse *sūtra* connected with the Shingon doctrine had long puzzled him, and it was not until he went to China and sat at the feet of the great abbot Hui-kwo (Japanese, Kei-kwa) that he was able to acquire the knowledge which he so earnestly desired.

Even in China, where the great pagodas are miracles of loveliness, the fame of Kobo Daishi had spread. The Emperor sent for him and bade him write the name of a certain room in his palace. He set to work with a brush in each hand, another in his mouth, and two others between the toes, and wrote the required characters with lightning rapidity, but in a manner which suggests a certain kind of music hall turn. The Emperor, astonished by the performance, named him

Gohitsu-Osho ("The Priest who writes with Five Brushes"). Such a feat was mere child's play to Kobo Daishi, for he could write on the sky and upon running water.

When Kobo Daishi was about to leave China and return to his own country, he went down to the seashore and threw his *vajra*. It was not grasped by a mysterious hand, like the Excalibur, and dragged under the ocean wave. It flew over the sea, as if it had been a swift-flying bird, and was afterwards found hanging on the branch of a pine tree at Takano, in Japan. At this time he consigned to the waves an image of himself, which he had carved. It eventually floated into the net of a Japanese fisherman and was finally housed in a temple at Kawasaki, where it is said to have performed numerous miracles. "The trees in the temple grounds," writes Professor Chamberlain, "trained in the shape of junks under sail, attest the devotion paid to this holy image by the seafaring folk."

Without a doubt Kobo Daishi obtained knowledge of an occult kind in China, which he had been unable to glean elsewhere. If genius, as some assert, is closely connected with abnormal vitality, then Kobo Daishi was beyond question a notable spiritual genius. His wonderful sermons drew men to him. He poured light into their darkness and healed the wound in many an aching heart. He preached incessantly, and with a kind of radiant joy that must have been most convincing. In 810 he was appointed abbot of Toji in Kyoto, and a few years later he founded the great monastery of Koya-san, where he spent the closing years of his life in incessant toil. While engaged in a religious discussion

the Divine Light streamed from him. He made brackish water pure, raised the dead to life, and seemed to be in constant communion with certain deities. On one occasion Inari, the God of Rice (later known as the Fox God), appeared on Mount Fushime and accepted from the great saint the sacrifice he offered. "Together, you and I," said Kobo Daishi, "we will protect this people."

In 834 this remarkable saint died, though there were many who claimed that he did not see death but retired to a vaulted tomb where he awaited the coming of Miroku, the Buddhist Messiah. Whether he died, as we understand the meaning of that word, or whether he had solved the mystery of human immortality, matters but little after all. Those who loved him worshipped him and went on spinning their incredible stories, while others added still more wonderful details. Kobo Daishi had performed far-famed miracles, and, thought these weavers of fantastic stories, he who could write on the sky could with a glance, a magic word, stay the hand of Death. It was only adding a drop of wonder to a cup that was already brimming over with a sparkling draught of the miraculous. It is said that when the Emperor Saga died, "his coffin was mysteriously borne through the air to Koya, and Kobo himself, coming forth from his grave, performed the funeral obsequies," while the Emperor Uda received from this saint the sacred Baptism. It is also recorded that when the Imperial Messenger went to Koya and was unable to see the face of this holy man, Kobo Daishi "guided the worshipper's hand to touch his knee. Never, as long as he lived, did the Messenger forget that feeling!"

F. Hadland Davis.

## THE PROBLEM OF SPACE

By H. L. S. WILKINSON

THE enigma of Space and Time lies at the back of everything in the objective universe. We may conjure the enigma away by denying the objective reality of the universe, by asserting that consciousness is the only reality, and that outer and inner are the same. But this does not explain things as they are on the physical plane, for we are at once met with the objection that seer and seen are fundamentally two, not one. They are separate and distinct forms of consciousness. Our consciousness of outer things is different from our consciousness of ourselves. The former seems to stand in a sort of relation of *compulsion* to the latter (the compulsion of inertia) dominating and compelling it. If there is any form of consciousness which unifies the two, it must be something very different from physical plane consciousness. But one feels one would like to understand something more of the enigma of space without soaring away to this transcendental plane. One would like to understand, for instance, how the space of our solar system is related to the surrounding interstellar space, and whether it is possible by means of terrestrial geometry to gauge to any extent the distances and positions of

stars, and to ascertain the configuration of the galaxy of which our solar system forms a minute part.

Astronomers have not been backward in attacking this problem. At first one or two, and finally over a hundred stars were found to show parallaxes, that is, an apparent shifting of position round a tiny circle in the heavens corresponding to the movement of the earth in its orbit. The diameter of the earth's orbit being known, and the diameter in decimals of a second of a degree of this corresponding parallax in the heavens, the distance of the star can be calculated by triangulation, the same as in a terrestrial survey. In this way the distances of some two hundred stars have been calculated, and found to vary from 27 billion to 100 billion miles. Lately, stellar parallaxes have been found by photography very much more easily and exactly than has been found possible by a measuring instrument, and it is confidently expected that the number of stars showing parallaxes will soon amount to thousands.

With the aid of the spectroscope, which enables us to measure the motion of stars towards or away from us, and by various other methods in which guess-work and the law of probabilities plays a part, we have discovered that our solar system occupies a nearly central position in a vast star-cluster, which is supposed to have the shape of a cloven grindstone. This galaxy, familiar to us as the Milky Way, is a broad nebulous belt of stars which girdles the entire heavens, above and round the Antipodes, and is supposed to be about ten thousand light-years across; the lesser diameter or thickness of the grindstone being about 2,000 to 3,000 light-years (one light-year is equal to 5·86 billion miles).

Probing through the stratum along its lesser diameter we find practically soundless depths of space, in which, here and there, white nebulæ appear, whose spectrum shows them to be star-clusters, though our utmost telescopic power is unable to resolve them into separate stars. Their distance may be anything from 30,000 to 100,000 light-years, or about two to six trillion miles, a trillion being  $10^{18}$  or unity followed by eighteen ciphers. This distance is, of course, practically infinite, and might be represented by the symbol of infinity. Yet it is suspected that each of these white smudges in the infinite blackness is a universe of stars similar in extent to our own galaxy, or perhaps vastly bigger.

So, notwithstanding the infinite gulf which separates us from these galaxies, their light finds its way across and impinges on our retinas, though the etherial waves may have been emitted 100,000 years ago!

But if this is so, there seems no reason to stop at these universes. Number in the abstract is unlimited, and so must space be. Consequently there must be further and further chasms of space beyond these star-clusters, tenanted by further universes whose light, owing to the enormous distance, cannot reach us at all; and so on, for ever and ever, without end. We are, in fact, compelled to believe the starry universe to be infinite in extent—a sort of sphere of infinite diameter, with centre everywhere, and circumference nowhere. We are compelled to believe this, because in actual experience we never come across bounded space. There is bounded matter of some kind, but there is always space outside the boundary.

But if we try and picture this idea of infinite space to the mind, we are at once impaled on the horns of a dilemma. We find two opposed and mutually exclusive ideas simultaneously suggested to the mind, and we have to embrace both, we cannot choose between them. The consequence is, the mind succumbs asphyxiated.

The finite and infinite seem mutually opposed ideas. The universe cannot be infinite as a whole and yet composed of finite parts. If infinite, it must be indivisible into parts, for any part, however large, would be zero or nothing in relation to the whole, and would consequently vanish. All size or magnitude is really a ratio or comparison; but the ratio of  $N$ , a finite quantity, to infinity, is nothing. Consequently, all finite universes, from atoms to star systems, become non-existent, and nothing remains but infinity itself, without form, or size, or particulars at all, a blank negation or "nothing" in another form. So our assumption destroys itself. On the other hand if we consider the universe finite, our conception calls up the infinite at once like a spectre, or shadow, which we cannot evade. We are caught between a pair of opposites, and there is no escape.

Again, there is the parallel mystery of the infinitely minute. We can conceive of nothing so small that it cannot be subdivided still further; however small, it must always have parts or magnitude. Apparently, therefore, infinity stretches downwards in fractions as well as upwards in integers, and the trend of discovery in physical science appears to confirm this, for the inconceivably minute atom is now discovered to be a little solar system. It has even been said that if our

solar system was by sudden magic reduced to the size of an atom, we should not be aware of any change, except perhaps in meteorological and astronomical phenomena.

Euclid, in his system of geometry, defines the point, the absolute limit of smallness, as that which has no parts or magnitude. It is evident, too, from his definitions and postulates, and their application, that a line is made up of points, a plane of lines, and a solid of planes; so that cubic space is somehow made up of a threefold infinity of points, the cube of infinity, if that were possible; or we might rather say that space in itself, cosmic space, is an infinity of points raised to the 4th power, for an infinity of points make a line, an infinity of lines a plane, an infinity of planes a finite solid, and an infinity of finite solids infinite space.

All this may be considered to be ideal and conventional, and not actual; but this at once raises the question as to what is real. If Euclid's symbols enable us to chart the positions of the heavenly bodies, are they not real? It is commonly said that space is not *made up* of planes, lines, and points, but these magnitudes must be imagined to *move* in a certain way, and by their motion they generate the different elements of space; the point generates the line, the line the plane, and so on. But this is only another way of stating the same thing. Suppose a sphere rests on a plane, it touches it in a point; suppose it rolls, every instant there is a fresh point, an infinity of fresh points, and the original point becomes a line. Motion does not explain how nothing becomes something. Motion *achieves* infinity; strides over it instantaneously; it does not *explain* it. Euclid avails himself of the results of

motion, as in his postulate about line-drawing. But we should like to know *how* point becomes line.

In Algebra there is a similar paradox; the magnitude or cipher, Zero, is not merely nothing; it is the infinitesimal, the limit of infinite subdivision; for

$$a-a \left( \frac{1}{2} + \frac{1}{4} + \frac{1}{8} + \dots \text{ etc. to infinity} \right) = 0.$$

Also

$$\frac{N}{0} = \text{Infinity} : \frac{N}{\text{Infinity}} = 0 : N = 0 \times \text{Infinity}.$$

It is useless and disingenuous to evade the inconceivability involved in these formulæ by saying that they are not real. Pragmatically they *are* real. Platonically, they are a good deal more real than the counters and formulæ of physics and chemistry. And on this quagmire of unthinkability we base our sciences of number and measurement!

The well known paradoxes propounded by Zeno the Stoic are based on these antinomies. The following problem exhibits a similar puzzle, and is well worth thinking over.

Imagine a horizontal plane extended to infinity, and suppose the setting sun casts an ever-lengthening shadow on it of some vertical object, such as a tower. Suppose the sun sets below the top of the tower at seven o'clock. At any finite instant of time before seven o'clock the shadow of the tower has a finite length. We may decrease the interval of time remaining before seven o'clock to as small a fraction as we please, and we shall still find the shadow of a finite length, though approaching the infinite by leaps and bounds. At seven o'clock the shadow is of an infinite length, but how or when the

finite becomes infinite passes our comprehension altogether. It is a miracle, just as all motion is a miracle, and all space also. We can analyse space and time (or we think we can) into infinitesimals, but the synthesis escapes us.

The answer to the above problem is that the construction is an impossible one, as all space is relative, and consequently a tower of finite height on an infinite plane would shrink to zero, which is another way of saying what we said before, that on a background of infinity, no space, time or motion, as we know it, is possible. The idea of the infinite swallows up everything but itself, or *seems* to; and yet again this is only for an instant, so to speak; for the two ideas, finite and infinite, like all opposites are interdependent. The mind wobbles between them like the needle of a telegraph instrument between its stops.

All this perplexity seems to come from the fundamental error of imagining that the tested uniformity of Euclid's laws confers some sort of objective reality on space, apart from the matter contained in it; makes space more solid and real and persistent, more a thing in itself, than matter. The truth seems to be the other way, that as we approach reality, objectivity seems to disappear.

We find, as a matter of experience, that space extends outside all material forms, and permeates inside them as well. Therefore we look upon space as continuous and infinite, transcending all boundaries both within and without. But reflection shows that this very continuity and infinity is unrealisable in thought, and becomes a contradiction in terms. It follows, therefore, that space, to us, stands for some uncompleted

perception, and is therefore not a complete idea at all. There is something hazy and hypothetical about it, and we have no right to speak of it as if it were something constant and persistent. It varies as *we* vary, as our consciousness varies. Our consciousness is masked and incomplete, and just as *our* space is much more real than that of an insect or an animal, so our space must fall far short of that in which superior beings live and move and have their being. There are as many universes as minds, though on some plane beyond space and time, where all minds merge into One, these universes all also become one.

The universe as revealed to us by science has a threefold appearance: (1) Overhead is the firmament of stars, called by Professor Fournier D'Albe the supra-world. (2) Under our feet is the planet we live on, and around us are other planets constituting the solar system. (3) Within us, and in the stuff of the planet we inhabit, is another world below the threshold of sense, what Professor D'Albe calls the infra-world, the world of atoms and electrons. Now these three worlds, supra-world, actual world, and infra-world, are mere names or symbols, referring to different stages of consciousness. We have absolutely no right to assume that they exist in the order we have named, or that they exist separately at all. They may, for all we know, be reflections of one thing, not three different things. Size has not existence in itself—it is purely a matter of development of consciousness. Our actual world may be the infra-world of higher beings, and our supra-world may be their actual world. Our infra-world may be the actual world of inferior creatures, with our atoms their solar systems, and our molecules and masses their

stars, set in a firmament overhead. Cast out the geocentric tendency to refer everything to our own standard for comparison, and try and view the universe as it is in itself, and we literally "don't know where we are". We cannot get beyond these three appearances, and we somehow feel that size is a delusion.

If we are to consider space objectively, we must regard it as a *quality* attaching to some *substance*, and we must regard the substance as the reality, and not the quality. We must look upon the laws promulgated by Euclid as being ultimately empirical and experimental, possessing no separate intrinsic virtue or sanction of their own, but dependent on the properties of this substance. We must regard space as only one degree removed from matter, and its laws as being, in the main, material laws.

Now the only substance which science knows of, which fills every corner of space, is the ether. Evidently, then, it is the ether which somehow is responsible for our sensation of extension. If there were no ether, we should have no space, and should never have known geometry, or the science of forms, at all. It is the ether, together with matter, which supplies the objective element of space—all of it which is not purely abstract or mental. So if we would thoroughly understand what space is, we must first of all try and understand the physical properties of the ether, on which the laws of space depend.

Now science considers the ether to be a continuous, homogeneous medium, which extends to the uttermost bounds of space (*we* should rather say, which *constitutes* space) and fills up the voids between the ultimate

particles of matter. But science is still puzzling over the relation of matter to ether. It somehow looks upon the universe as an infinite globe of ether, in which stars and planets swim, as fishes in the sea. But when bodies move through water or air, there is always friction between the latter and the former, whereas, curiously enough, no trace of friction has been discovered between the moving planets and the etheric medium.

Another curious thing is that the ether is subject to wave motion, or what we perceive as light, which is propagated through it at 186,000 miles per second. But, one would think, if the medium is infinite in extent, it could not have waves travelling through it at a finite velocity, which indicates *structure* of some kind. One would imagine it to be structureless, and to transmit vibrations instantaneously. Here again we have the mystery of *form* in that which is *formless*.

But the most serious difficulty attending the conception of the universe as an infinite static sea of ether with material bodies moving about in it, arises from the very nature of motion, regarding which there is much misconception. If there is one thing which appears established by every advance of physical science, it is that *all* matter is in motion, and that motion is only relative.

Supposing we are adrift in an open boat, without oars or sail, in the ocean, and no shore in sight; a floating object passes us. How can we tell whether the object moves, or whether *we* move?

If we have oars or motive power to propel us along, we can infer that *we* move, and we can verify our inference by watching the disturbance caused by the friction of our vessel with the water. But what if

there were no friction, and yet we were propelled by some invisible *external* motive power? And supposing we had strong reason for supposing that the very source of this motive power was *itself* moving—that there was some vast current carrying along with it the ship and the very water in which, and with reference to which, the ship was supposed to be moving?

Now suppose for a moment that the surface of the ocean was flat instead of convex, and that we somehow possessed the faculty of seeing to a vast distance along its surface. And suppose we saw other ships at distances so great that after we had been moving for a very long time, there was still no appreciable change of position in any of the distant ships. But suppose that we increased enormously the delicacy of our measuring instruments, and finally managed to detect a trifling parallax, amounting to  $1/3600$  of a degree or less, in the position of one of the ships with reference to the rest. And supposing we attempted to make our own motion, and this small parallax, the basis of an attempt to estimate the ship's distance, neglecting the current by which we are ourselves being carried along, and neglecting also the proper motion of the distant ship, and any current to which it may be subject. What would be thought of our attempt at measurement? Would it not be thought laughable, and the merest wild guess-work? And supposing, not content with ascertaining, by these enormously elongated triangles, the positions of a few of the distant ships, we actually presumed to chart the whole ocean and even make some guess at its limits and the distant shores. Would we not be attempting to catch a whale with a fishing-rod, or to swim in a vacuum, or something equally absurd and

impossible? Yet it is exactly this which astronomers are doing, in gauging the distances of the fixed stars.

In triangulating on the earth's surface, surveyors have a fixed base-line to start from, and a reasonable approach to equality between the base and vertical angles of the triangle. In triangulating on to the nearest star, the sides of the triangle are so nearly parallel, that if we were to try and draw it to scale on paper, representing the base-line, 192,000,000 miles in length, by a line a quarter of an inch long, we should require, not ten or twenty strips of foolscap, but a strip *over half a mile long* in order to draw the triangle! Consider the liability to error involved in that sort of triangulation, even on solid, prepared ground, and then ask yourself what sort of result can be hoped for when the base-line is flying through space in an unknown direction at the rate of  $12\frac{1}{2}$  miles per second. During the six months which must elapse between the two observations of the star, the whole solar system must have moved through space a distance equal to a whole diameter of the earth's orbit, that is, equal to the base-line itself. This may, for all we know, double the assumed length of the base-line, and make the calculated distance of the star enormously short of the actual. Then there is the star's own peculiar motion to consider. Surely it must be evident that to attempt the topography of flying bodies from a flying basis must be a hopeless task. There is, by hypothesis, nothing fixed or static to lay hold of but the ether itself, which is so elusive that it *will not be laid hold of!*

Apart from this, it is difficult to see how we could be aware of the sensation of light at all, let alone

measure its waves and their velocity, how in fact we could know anything about the ether or subject it to mathematical treatment, on the hypothesis that it is an independent medium, separate from the bodies which move in it. For the rays which come to us from the sun would, owing to the sun's motion of rotation and translation, every instant come to us from a different part of space. The rate of impact of the waves on our telescopes would necessarily be affected by these motions, and by the earth's orbital motion. The waves would be accelerated sometimes, and retarded at others, and the result would be a jumbled chaos of light and darkness. The ether would be a turbulent chaotic sea of waves of all sorts of periods, emitted by thousands of dancing, gyrating suns, and the result would be a chaos instead of cosmos.

Clearly, the idea of the universe as a stationary sea of ether with bodies moving through it independently is untenable. Hence arises a theory of relativity which treats all motions, and consequently all space and time, as relative to one particular system. It emphatically denies that there can be such a thing as absolute motion, and asserts that consequently space and time, considered as absolute things, are delusions.

Unfortunately the existence of the ether is an obstacle to this theory of relativity, and consequently several relativists conjure it away altogether—how, we need not stop to enquire. This constitutes a flaw in the theory. The ether has established itself too firmly to be conjured away. But what *can* be conjured away is the idea of a *separate* ether, independent of material bodies. We must try and realise

that ether and matter are not separate things, but one thing.

We usually consider matter as comprised within that portion of space which it insists on occupying, beyond which it will not extend, and within which it will not be compressed without the expenditure of force. But beyond the limits of this space, every lump of matter has an *aura*, consisting of lines of force like tentacles, which tend to lock themselves into the tentacles of other matter, to draw that other to it and to resist being drawn by it. The result is that the two bodies, under the influence of these opposed forces of gravitation and inertia, tend to form a system, the lesser revolving round the greater at a certain constant distance from it. Any attempt to force the two bodies together, or to decrease the distance between them, would be met by the same sort of resistance as the molecules of matter offer when force is used to compress them.

It follows, therefore, that solid masses which appear isolated in space, are in reality just as much bound together and continuous as their own intimate particles are, and that there is in reality just as much non-material space, or ether, *inside* as there is *outside* a body. The lines of force constituting the aura of a body outside are simply an extension of similar, but differently functioning, lines of force inside; and these lines of force *are* the ether. There is no other ether. Their properties and our reactions to those properties constitute space to us. There is no other space. The laws of geometry are a machine forged by the mind for dealing with our mental reactions to those properties. The efficiency of this machine is the sole validity geometry

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possesses. Like good coinage, its value consists in its function for exchange purposes. It has no other intrinsic or transcendental value.

Space is therefore the aura pertaining to an attracting body, including the super-physical auras. On the physical plane it is defined by the centripetal and centrifugal forces peculiar to the body. Force is therefore part and parcel of the idea of space. Take away force, and space is annihilated. Space is extension, and extension connotes force. "Position" only has meaning with reference to the aura of a larger body in which a lesser is enfolded. Outside that aura, the term has no meaning except with reference to a still larger aura enfolding the other two.

The aura of the sun, which extends beyond the outermost planets up to the boundaries of the auras of the adjacent stars, determines space and time and motion as far as we are concerned. Outside the limits of the solar aura we can know nothing of space or time unless and until we can detect the position of some larger sun, or group of suns, round which our solar system revolves. When we can sense that distant sun, we shall perhaps gradually be able to gain some idea of the scope of its aura, and to chart the positions of the stars included within its extent, and paying tribute to its sway. It seems doubtful, however, whether we shall be able to do this with the instruments now at our command, which only serve to reinforce the geocentric, or heliocentric ideas without altering their character. It seems more likely that we shall have to go to work to develop and expand the vehicle of consciousness, and to free ourselves from the limitations which now hem us like an iron wall. When we develop a superphysical

vehicle, with superphysical means of locomotion, our whole idea and conception of space will alter, and with this superphysical faculty to reinforce physical methods, we shall be far better equipped to study the great auras outside our own cosmos.

Curiously enough, when we expand our consciousness in this way, we come into touch at once with the infinitely great and the infinitely little; with the latter, in the stuff of which our vehicles are made; with the former, in the scope and field of the mighty force-vibrations to which they respond. Expansion within is *pari passu* with expansion without; which seems to indicate the interdependence and correlation of the two infinities, and to foreshadow their mergence beyond the plane of space and time.

Space is, in fact, nothing but limitation. The measure of space is our ability to burst the bonds which imprison our consciousness and restrict our freedom. On the astral plane we can overcome the resistance of the medium in which we live by a mere effort of will, and can move with the speed of light, though still restricted to the astral portions of the earth's aura. There can be no doubt that our sense of space and time under such conditions would be enormously modified.

Authentic communications from spirits working on the astral plane speak of a different measure of time to which astral dwellers are subject, the said dwellers only coming under the influence of terrestrial time when they visit the earth's surface.

C. W. Leadbeater mentions the case of an astral explorer who was marooned on the moon, owing to his missing the occasion when the astral auras of earth and moon were in contact during a part of their revolution,

and having to wait for the next contact before being able to return. All this bears out our theory.

This brings us to a consideration of the so-called higher dimensions of space. There is every reason to suppose that the unveiling of each new sense which brings us into touch with higher planes, discloses an additional dimension of space. But there is no necessity to look upon these higher dimensions as additional co-ordinates, superadded in some incomprehensible way to our familiar three. Space, not being a rigid something, but a quality pertaining to force or motion, these new dimensions may be some additional manifestation of the all-embracing force which surrounds us, or some extra manifestation of time or motion. Or, if we wish to carry on the idea of co-ordinates, we may remember that size, in the absolute sense, is an illusion; so there is as much scope for extra dimensions in the direction of the infinitely small as towards the infinitely great. Most probably it is in this way, by plunging into the *recesses* of matter, so to speak, that the higher senses are awakened, and as before mentioned, each new dimension inwards discloses a vaster area of space outwards. As we have now become cognisant of three dimensions in the outward direction, so we may perhaps look in the future to gain three corresponding ones in the inner direction, and finally, perhaps, a seventh to synthesise the other six, and in so doing, abolish and supersede space altogether.

The mystery of the absence of slip or friction between the ether and the bodies moving through it, is fully accounted for under our theory. For as the ether is itself nothing but the lines of force, the latter of course partake in the orbital revolution of the bodies

just as if they were material bonds. This does not mean that the aura of the earth or sun partakes in the *axial* revolution of these bodies. It is only the internal line of force—those which constitute the dual forces of cohesion and elasticity, and are bounded by the material surface of the body, which partake in this revolution. The gravitational lines of force partake in the *orbital* motion which they, in combination with the resisting force of inertia, bring about. If several planets revolve round one centre at different speeds, each has its own appropriate lines of force, and these do not interfere with each other.

It will thus be seen that the lines of force between two bodies constitute the space between them. There is no other space. If the two bodies are tied to a common centre, then the lines of force radiating from this centre constitute for both bodies their field of space and time.

We can of course *see* stars and nebulæ outside the aura of our solar system. But to locate them by the same triangulation by which we locate terrestrial objects is futile. We may get results, but those results are certain to be widely different from the truth. Obviously, the path of light from the star to us is bent out of the straight when it enters our atmosphere. What bending must there be at the junction of our solar aura with the aura of the star? Most probably the ray passes through at least three different orders of ether—not the physical ethers spoken of by Theosophy, but higher grades of matter, astral and mental. In passing through each of these, the ray might traverse one of the higher dimensions of space, so that all we see really is a sort of mirage of the star.

It is possible that, notwithstanding this, the observed parallaxes of the stars *do* furnish some rough clue to their distances. We are not in a position to definitely challenge the results so far obtained, except in their neglect of the solar motion. But it does appear certain that until we can find the common centre of attraction round which our sun and his neighbours revolve, we shall not be able to know much about the positions of those neighbours with reference to ourselves. As for ascertaining the structure of our galaxy, we may definitely give up any such wild idea.

To sum up. Space is not the fixed, rigid, three-dimensioned, infinite receptacle for matter which we suppose it to be. It is more a quality than a thing—more a condition than an object. It is part and parcel of matter, and what we call the ether. It is connected with our sense of weight and gravity, with our restriction of locomotion, with our feeling of motion and time. Objectively, it is that dynamic compulsion to our consciousness, which is the chief feature of the outer world, masked by the nature of our vehicles. As we react to the lines of force which constitute the aura in which we live and move and have our being, so does the sense of space arise. These lines of force constitute a great vibration, and our sense of space is our response to that vibration. Subjectively, therefore, space is the interaction between the consciousness of the Logos, outpoured in His aura, and our consciousness. The measure of our response is the measure of space to us. It is largely a matter of our Karma and our Will. The space we know to-day is the result of our thought and will-power in the past.

But the seemingly adamant bonds of space which hem us in, the pressure which girds us about on all sides as by an iron wall, is an illusion. We can overcome it if we will, and we *shall* overcome all the sooner if we give up that fatal habit of accepting the face-value of things for reality. Things are *not* what they seem, and the sooner we understand this, the sooner shall we plant our feet on the path to knowledge and freedom. To recognise matter as *force*, and space as its radius of action, is the first step.

When we overcome these bonds of space, the spectre of infinity will also vanish. Our mathematics and philosophy will be freed from delusive "pairs of opposites," and we shall discover processes which will outstrip our present halting methods as much as the calculus outstrips the child's arithmetic.

H. L. S. Wilkinson.

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## THRENODY

AH! My beloved must I sing thee now,  
Now thou art gone from me.  
The sunlight has deserted the green wood  
Where we were wont to walk,  
The very flowers that sweetened all the meads  
With their rich fragrance hang their heads and droop  
Because thou art not here.

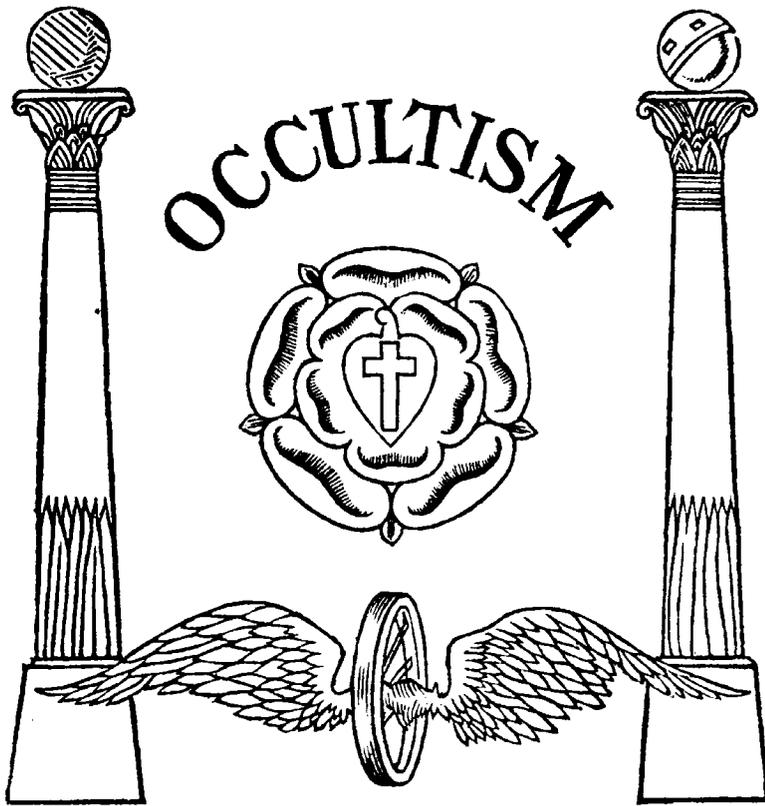
The trees wave listlessly their laden boughs—  
Laden with summer's riot of greenery  
As yet untouched by autumn's mellowing wand—  
These boughs, which used to shade thy head for fear  
The jealous sun should strike thee with his heat,  
These boughs are weary with their weight of woe  
Because thou art not here.

And only I am left to mourn for thee  
In words that give expression to the pain  
That Nature, albeit silent, shares with me  
Because thou art not here.

Why didst thou leave us, dear?  
Did the flowers' sweetness weary thee?  
Did the green boughs press heavy o'er thy head?  
Did the sun's rays strike with unkindly warmth?  
Or did I fail in any way, beloved?

Speak just one word o'er the wide distances,  
A whisper which the airs of heaven may carry  
To one whose heart is beating.  
Is there a wrong that still waits to be righted  
That if thou shouldst return—?  
*Ah! If thou shouldst return.*

T. L. CROMBIE



## MEMORY IN NATURE

By W. C. WORSDELL

**T**HIS paper is penned with a view to showing with what strides biological science is coming into line, as regards some of its most important view-points, with the teaching of Theosophy. This subject of Memory is a most important and profound one, and we may consider it under two headings:

### 1. SCIENTIFIC

Orthodox biological science, as represented by such men as Charles Darwin and Huxley, would hardly

regard memory as occurring lower down in the scale of nature than man and some of the most advanced animals. All the phenomena connected with the life of the lower animals and the plants, such as growth, nutrition, irritability, etc., they would regard as merely the reaction of the blind chemical and physical forces within the plant to the influence of the environment, controlled, of course, by that mysterious factor, heredity. They would not allow that anything psychic, any quality at all analogous or comparable to any mental attribute of man, could possibly exist in these lower organisms. Animals and plants are very complex machines, built up upon a very complex material basis, but that is all. Such was, in brief, the teaching of the last century.

But with the dawn of the twentieth century a new era of biological thought seems also about to awaken. How illuminating, to one who is at once a Theosophist and a botanist, was, for instance, the address given, as President of the British Association in 1908, by Mr. (now Sir) Francis Darwin, the son of Charles Darwin. He, on that (to me) memorable occasion, elaborated his belief in the existence of a factor in plant-life, governing and underlying its whole course, which orthodox botany had rarely heard mentioned before, *viz.*, that of *memory*. Let us see what he says :

The reaction of an organism depends on its past history, and in the higher organisms past experience is all-important in deciding the response to stimulus ; the unknown process intervening between stimulus and reaction (on which indirectness of response depends) must have the fullest value allowed it as a characteristic of living creatures. . . . The fact that stimuli are not momentary in effect, but leave a trace of themselves on the organism is the physical basis of the phenomena grouped under memory in its widest sense as indicating that action is regulated by past experience. . . . The essential features in behaviour depend very largely on the history of the individual.

This same idea had already been recently formulated by Semon<sup>1</sup> in Germany in a work of some note, in which he set out that the traces left on the organism by external stimuli, and which he termed "engrams," constituted in their *ensemble* a species of *memory* enabling the organism to react over and over again in the same way to the same stimuli. This theory is, however, as one might expect, formulated strictly along the rigid lines of orthodox science, and thus entirely in a mechanical sense. We may quote a sentence from his second chapter:

We have shown that in very many cases, whether in Protist, Plant, or Animal, when an organism has passed into an indifferent state after the reaction to a stimulus has ceased, its irritable substance has suffered a lasting change: I call this after-action of the stimulus its "imprint" or "engraphic" action, since it penetrates and imprints in the organic substance; and I term the change so effected an "imprint" or "engrave" of the stimulus; and the sum of all the imprints possessed by the organism may be called its "store of imprints," wherein we must distinguish between those which it has inherited from its forbears and those which it has acquired itself. Any phenomenon displayed by an organism as the result either of a single imprint or of a sum of them, I term a "mnemic phenomenon"; and the mnemic possibilities of an organism may be termed, collectively, its "Mneme".

Another German writer, Hering,<sup>2</sup> also formulates a theory of memory as the main factor in organisation. He says:

An organised being stands before us a product of the unconscious memory of organised matter which, ever increasing and ever dividing itself, ever assimilating new matter and returning it in changed shape to the inorganic world, ever receiving some new thing into its memory, and transmitting its acquisitions by the way of reproduction, grows continually richer and richer the longer it lives. Thus regarded, the development of one of the more highly organised

<sup>1</sup> *Mneme, a Principle of Conservation in the Transformations of Organic Existence*, 1904.

<sup>2</sup> *Memory as a Universal Function of Organised Matter*.

animals represents a continuous series of organised recollections concerning the past development of the great chain of living forms, the last link of which stands before us in the particular animal we may be considering.

This "memory" of Hering's consists of vibrations along the nerve-fibres from all parts of the body to the germ-cells, storing up in them the characteristics and experiences of every part, to be transmitted in turn to the next generation. Hartog suggests that the mechanism of memory is to be found in rhythmic chemical changes<sup>1</sup> rather than in molecular vibrations, a view also put forth by J. J. Cunningham in his "Hormone Theory of Heredity".<sup>2</sup> In this connection we are naturally led on to the consideration of the nature of Habit. It is remarkable how Francis Darwin, in the above address, testified his appreciation of the work of Samuel Butler who, in the seventies, was a most outspoken opponent of the views held by Charles Darwin. Butler, in that original book *Life and Habit*, published in 1877, sets forth that the most perfect powers or knowledge are those which have been the most habitual in the case of the individual, that unconscious actions are the most perfect, that the perfect instincts of animals are merely the inherited memory of the race; each individual organism being merely a reproduction of its parents, and thus reproducing by unconscious memory all that they ever were. That all the successive tissues and organs formed during the growth to maturity of the young animal or plant, each developed in its proper place and sequence, are the result of this same unconscious memory, perpetuated

<sup>1</sup> "The Fundamental Principles of Heredity." (*Natural Science*, Oct. 1897.)

<sup>2</sup> (*Archiv fur Entwicklungsmechanik*, 1909.)

in "generation after generation". In brief, that every function and structure of the individual and the race is perfectly performed and builded, because of their repeated recurrence through millions of generations, whereby a memory of them becomes ingrained in the organism; for the nuclear substance of the germ-cells is, of course, continuous between the successive generations, and thus such memory could be transmitted right through the race.

Let us return to Francis Darwin's statements.

"Habit" he defines as "a capacity, acquired by repetition, of reacting to a fraction of the original environment".

"When a series of actions are compelled to follow each other by applying a series of stimuli, they become organically tied together, *or associated*, and follow each other automatically, even when the whole series of stimuli are not acting."

This exhibition of "memory" is afforded by an experiment with the animalcule *Stentor*:

Stimulation by a jet of water containing carmine.

*Stimuli.*

- |    |              |                            |
|----|--------------|----------------------------|
| 1. | State A..... | no visible reaction.       |
|    | ↓            |                            |
| 2. | „ B.....     | bends to one side.         |
|    | ↓            |                            |
| 3. | „ C.....     | reverses ciliary movement. |
|    | ↓            |                            |
| 4. | „ D.....     | contracts into tube.       |

After many repetitions of the stimulus, state D is produced at once, by a short circuit, as indicated by the large arrow.

Another instance of an ingrained habit, implying a kind of memory, is afforded by the experiment with Clover, whose leaves, in normal circumstances, "go to sleep" at night, and open again in daylight. If the plant is kept in *continuous* darkness, the leaves will, for a certain period, continue to close and open their leaves at the same regular intervals as when exposed to the normal alternation of day and night! Such is the force of habit. And habits, like those shown by the *Stentor* and the Clover plant, are due to the working of an unconscious memory, which is thus seen to be independent of external stimuli. F. Darwin states that the objection might be raised that if associative action occurs in plants, this would imply the presence of consciousness; and he proceeds to say:

It is impossible to know whether or not plants are conscious; but it is consistent with the doctrine of continuity that in all living things there is something psychic, and if we accept this point of view we must believe that in plants there exists a faint copy of what we know as consciousness in ourselves.

This is surely rather startling language to come from a leader of orthodox science. He goes on to suggest that the phenomenon of ontogeny in animals and plants, *e.g.*, embryonic, and seedling development in the latter, is due to habit. As the young plant grows upwards to maturity there is a rhythmic sequence shown in the construction of each successive type of organ and tissue in the right time and place. The ingrained habit or memory would seem to work in this way: that each stage of development serves as a *reminding stimulus* for the next, *e.g.*, the formation of the cotyledons in

the seedling would be the signal for that of the first plumular leaf or leaves; without the antecedent cotyledon formation no subsequent leaves could be formed, for the unconscious memory of the plant would prove defective without the accustomed stimulus to prompt it. It is like the recitation of a poem in which each verse suggests and brings into view the next, as is shown by the fact that if a verse is, for some reason, suddenly forgotten, it can often be recalled by the repetition of the one or two preceding verses.

As, in the long ancestry of plants, cotyledons and plumular leaves have constantly and invariably been associated according to the sequence of development so well known, the memory of this sequence and development has become perfect, *i.e.*, under all normal circumstances. But if memory and repetition were all, there would be no evolution. F. Darwin appears to have held that the individuals could acquire new characters and transmit them to their progeny, just as a man may learn or concoct a new verse of a poem and add it on to those already familiar to himself and the race, until it, like the preceding verses, becomes habitual. Most biologists, however, as well as some great philosophers, like Bergson, are antagonistic to the idea that acquired characters are ever inherited. (This subject cannot be gone into here.) F. Darwin's conclusion is that "evolution is a process of drilling organisms into habits".

We thus see from the above that modern biology is beginning to believe in a kind of psychic energy, a consciousness, in plant and animal life, which directs their growth and functions, and that these latter cannot be ascribed to the blind working of chemical and physical energies. Nevertheless, in the cases of Semon

and Hering the theory of memory remains quite materialistic.

## 2. THEOSOPHICAL

This conception of scientific men, that the organisation, habits, and functions of living things are due to an ingrained memory, is a perfectly correct one. Indeed, no more advanced or enlightened view than those propounded could well have been given from the point of view (which could not be departed from) of strict *biological* enquiry.

When we turn our attention to the far broader, more comprehensive Theosophical view of the matter, we see that the limitations which inevitably prevent a full and complete explanation on the part of the scientist lie, firstly, in his attempt to explain phenomena in terms of physical matter only, and, secondly, in the non-recognition of a *Consciousness* or Life which can function on material planes subtler than the physical.

The remarkable phenomena (so familiar that we hardly pause to consider them) of instinctual actions and functions, of organisation, the rhythmic succession of events which we see in plant and animal life, are, according to Theosophical teaching, due to memory, *i.e.*, to unconscious memory; and this memory must be, in part, purely physical. How are we to account, otherwise, for those peculiarities of gait, posture, expression, etc., in which a child simulates one or both of its parents? as also the numerous phenomena of heredity in animal and plant? Yet it is hard to believe that the vital, impelling, organising force which produces the oak tree or the lily, the sea-anemone or the elephant, is derived merely from a *physical* memory, *i.e.*, matter vibrating under the influence of chemical and physical energies;

or that this theory can explain the flight of the chick to the mother's wing on its first sight of the hawk.

At any rate, a far more plausible and comprehensive theory, once the reasonable idea of the Divine Life in the Universe and that of the graduated planes of matter can be intuited, is afforded by the Theosophical teaching of the Group-soul. That for each kind of animal and plant there is a "block" of Divine Life or Soul existing on the astral plane, portions of which inform or ensoul every new individual of that particular kind as it is born. That the experiences which each individual plant or animal goes through, leave mnemonic imprints (engrams, if you like) upon its informing soul; and when, on the death of the physical and astral forms, the soul (which had been residing in the astral body and through it receiving impressions from the physical) merges back into the general or Group-soul, it adds its quota to the reservoir of experience-imprints therein stored and, as we may suppose, uniformly distributed throughout the reservoir. Each newly born soul is a portion of this undifferentiated reservoir, and carries with it the imprints of the experiences of many preceding souls of long-extinct forms. By dint of innumerable experiences of much the same kind, repeated life after life, *habits* are set up, habits in the building of tissues and organs, habits of action under particular stimuli, habits of function, of feeling, of perception. Here is the working of unconscious Memory: the experience-imprints of the Group-soul reproduced through each individual soul as habits in the outer world. And these constitute the *instinctive* life of animal and plant, founded on the experience of the race.

If scientific methodology be alone employed, if we are to speak in terms of biological science only, following Professor Lloyd Morgan in his recent interesting book<sup>1</sup> and recognising that science deals only with process and its products, and not with the source of phenomena, then, indeed, the theories of Semon, Hering, Butler and F. Darwin are all-sufficing. But the intuition of some among us students of Nature enables us to recognise the possibility that a wider portion of the realm of truth in these matters has been explored than is given in the mere physical organism with its chemico-physical energies and material framework; and once the reasonableness of the world-theory which includes these other factors of the Divine Life and the higher planes is seen, we can most legitimately add to our scientific studies of "process and its products" those also of "source" and all the innumerable and important factors intervening between these two, which constitute the rational, as well as grandiose, Theosophical teaching.

From this latter we see that memory really inheres, not in the physical organism (for how could mere energy-imbued matter act in the ordered way of Instinct?), not even in the astral form, but in the immaterial Group-soul, of Divine Source, working through the material forms. Hence F. Darwin's suggestion that the memory of plants may be something *psychic* and *conscious*, would seem to be a tentative bridging of the gulf between the scientific and the Theosophic teaching with regard to the organisation of lower forms.

W. C. Worsdell.

(*To be concluded*)

<sup>1</sup> *Instinct and Experience*, 1914.

## MAGIC IN THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

By HOWARD E. WHITE

*(Concluded from p. 293)*

TO turn now to the Sacraments. From the standpoint of Catholic theology the essential features, called the matter and form, are very simple. For instance, in Baptism all that is essential is to pour water upon the head and repeat the baptismal formula: "I baptise thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." In spite of this, however, we have in all cases a most elaborate ritual, as already stated, and this is used on all possible occasions. The simple essential features constitute the sacramental portion of the rite, and Mr. Leadbeater has told us that in the Christian Church there exist forces which may be called down by a priest in the Apostolic Succession, that is by priests in the Roman, Greek, and Anglican Churches, and it is these forces which are poured out in the Sacraments, called down by the Words and Signs of Power. Apart from this result it will be interesting to enquire what is the precise value of the elaborated magical ritual as used by the Church. It would seem possible that the essential sacramental features complete this aspect of the rite, and that the remainder of the

ceremony is purely magical, and as such has a definite value of its own, additional to any sacramental result.

According to our definitions of Magic it is clear that the purpose of the elaboration of the ritual is to assist in increasing the power of the Magician by bringing about more definite concentration of the mind and will. Now it is true that the ritual of the Church may be considered, in connection with the words of the prayers, as explanatory of the theological aspect of the particular rite. Thus, for instance, in the ceremony of Baptism the whole of the ritual may be, and has been, interpreted as emphasising the unfortunate condition of the unbaptised person due to original sin, and, in the case of adults, to sins actually committed; and in the second place the purification of the soul—its spiritual birth, admission into the Church and the outpouring of “grace,” these being the results of the Sacrament according to the theological explanation. The question, however, that I would here ask is whether in the ceremonies is to be found an esoteric meaning, foreshadowing an esoteric or magical result; in other words whether it is possible to discover from the rituals themselves a magical intention, such as might be held by anyone performing the rite who had been “initiated into the Mysteries,” and thus in reality form a magical ceremony, as covered by our definitions, directed to a definite magical or mystical end.

We have already noticed that the Mass is the most important of all the rites of the Church, but it is far too complex to examine here; so we must select a simple ceremony such as Baptism, which will be of additional value to us as we have already considered its orthodox interpretation, and in addition its general scope and

meaning is much more widely understood than any of the other sacraments.

In endeavouring to trace the symbolism in this ceremony we shall have to do so largely by means of Kabalistic methods, correspondences of number, colour, form, and material; and to some it may seem that such correspondences are fanciful, possibly that they have been elaborated simply for the purpose of reading into the ceremony things which are in reality not to be found there. It should be pointed out that such correspondences as will be used are those which have no connection with any system in particular, or perhaps they would be more correctly stated as being connected with all systems; for they can be, and are, applied not only to such ceremonies as we are now considering, but to those of other religions, to Initiations in Occult Orders and Schools, and, I believe, to Freemasonry. They were used by the Kabalists, Alchemists, Mediæval Mystics, etc., and it is stated by those who have an extensive knowledge of such matters that the more the different Orders, Religions, Philosophies, and Schools are examined in the light of such correspondences, the greater becomes the certainty that all are but different expressions of the great underlying truths of Mysticism and Magic.<sup>1</sup>

The Baptismal Ceremony is as follows: The Priest, vested in a white surplice and a violet stole, receives the person to be baptised outside the Church, as the purpose of the ceremony is one of consecration and admission. After asking his, or her, name, he performs

<sup>1</sup> On the Kabala see *An Introduction to the Kabbalah*, by W. Wynn Westcott. John M. Watkins, London; and for complete tables of correspondences of all schools see *777 vel Prolegomena, etc.*, Wieland & Co., Avenue Studios, South Kensington, London.

the first exorcism; and we may note in passing that it is stated that the name should be that of a Saint, this being interesting in view of the occult teaching with regard to names and sounds, and the effect of their constant repetition, it being considered that a name has a definite occult value and is connected with the nature of the thing itself; while in some, at least, of the Occult Orders different names are taken at the different stages of initiation. To return to the exorcism: the priest breathes three times upon the face, the breath being a symbol of Spirit—the words “breath” and “spirit” being originally the same, as seen in such a word as “inspiration”—and it is triple, symbolising in the Kabala the Supernal Triad, the first three Sephiroth or Emanations: (1) Kether, the Crown; (2) Chokmah, Wisdom; (3) Binah, Understanding. In the different religions we have, as is well known, this Triad or Trinity; in Christianity: Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; in Hindūism: Shiva, Viṣṇu, and Brahmā; in Taoism: Shang Ti, the Yang, the Yin; and so on. We may also notice that breath, or Air, corresponds to the first of the Four Magic Powers: *Noscere*, to Know. The words of the exorcism begin: “Go out of him, thou unclean spirit, and give place unto the Holy Spirit”; and we can, of course, consider the threefold breathing as representative of the Third Member of the Triad instead of the Three, and thus connect this with the fact that it is the Third Person of the Trinity who is mentioned in the exorcism itself; this, according to the Kabalists, being Binah, Understanding; and from this we have the influx of the higher Understanding purifying the lower elements. The Priest then makes the Sign of the Cross upon the head and breast, consecrating both intellect

and emotion, and laying his hand upon the head of the unbaptised person, he repeats certain prayers.

We may notice here that there is a difference between the Sign of the Cross used by the Church and its occult form, known as the Kabalistic Cross. The former is made by touching the forehead, breast, left and right shoulders, while repeating the words: "In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen." The Kabalistic Cross is made as follows: Touching the forehead, say Ateh (Unto Thee); touching the breast, say Malkuth (the Kingdom); touching the right shoulder, say ve-Geburah (and the Power); touching the left shoulder, say ve-Gedulah (and the Glory); and clasping the hands upon the breast, say le-Olahm, Amen (to the Ages, Amen). These words, as you will notice, are the closing words of the "Lord's Prayer" as found in the Protestant Churches; they are not found in the original manuscripts and are not used in this connection by the Catholic Church. Malkuth, Geburah, and Gedulah are three of the Ten Sephiroth; Malkuth is the tenth, and is called the Kingdom; it is the lowest, and we are said to live "in its shadow"; Geburah is the fifth, and is usually translated Strength; while Gedulah is the fourth, usually translated Majesty, but more frequently known by the name Chesed, Mercy. The Tree of Life, being a diagrammatic representation of the Ten Sephiroth, consists of three "pillars"; the pillar on one side, having Geburah at the head, is known as the Pillar of Justice; and that on the other side, having Gedulah at the head, is called the Pillar of Mercy; the centre pillar, having at the head Kether, the Crown, and the foot, Malkuth, is called the Pillar of Mildness. From this it will be seen that in making the Kabalistic Cross,

the Magician identifies himself with the Tree of Life, and in repeating the names of the Sephiroth, he touches the parts of the body corresponding. These two pillars, represented by Geburah and Gedulah, are the Jachin and Boaz of the Temple of King Solomon.

To return to the ceremony. After the prayers mentioned, follows the exorcism and consecration of the salt, salt being said by the Church to be the symbol of Wisdom and also of the preservative forces of the Spirit. If taken as a material object, salt corresponds to Earth in the Four Elements, and Pṛṥhivī in the Ṭaṭṭvas; and of the parts of Body and Soul it is Nephesh to the Kabbalist, the Animal Soul, and to the Hindū it is Sṥhūla Sharīra, or, as sometimes stated, Kāma. It is, then, the symbol of the lowest part of a man's nature, which is here exorcised and consecrated, and, as we shall see later, a part of this consecrated salt is placed in the mouth, the organ of speech; and salt corresponds to the fourth of the Magic Powers: *Tacere*, to Keep Silent. If, on the other hand, we consider the salt as representing Salt in the Alchemical Elements: Sulphur, Salt, and Mercury (Hindū: Rajas, Ṭamas, and Saṭṭva), we shall again have a correspondence with Binah, Understanding, also called the Supernal Mother. The exorcism of the salt begins: "I exorcise thee, creature of salt," and continues, invoking the names of the three Persons of the Trinity, with the Sign of the Cross made over the salt at each repetition of the name; then follows: "I exorcise thee in the name of the Living God, the True God, the Holy God, the God who hath created thee," the Cross being here made four times over the salt. At the conclusion of the exorcism the salt is consecrated and the Sign of the Cross twice repeated.

These repetitions of the Sign of the Cross are interesting in respect of the exorcism with three and four ; three being the Supernal Triad and also "the Creative Mind, the divine Activity ready to manifest as Creator"; four being "God manifested in the Universe, the triad resumed by Unity, source of all combinations and origin of all forms". The consecration, on the other hand, with the double sign shows forth the Second Person, the harmony of which we shall see a little more clearly when we remember that in Hindūism the name given to Viṣṇu is the Preserver.

A small quantity of salt having been placed in the mouth, preparation is made for entering the Church. The person to be baptised is sealed with the Cross upon the forehead, the priest using his thumb for this purpose ; and the thumb is the sign of the Spirit, as the fingers are signs of the elements. The priest then lays his hand upon the head of the person, and also lays on him the end of his stole, the latter being the symbol of authority, and admits him to the Church. Prayers are repeated, and before the Baptistery is entered another exorcism takes place. The priest wets his right thumb with spittle from his mouth and touches with the Sign of the Cross first the right ear, then the left, and afterwards the nostrils, saying "*Ephphatha*"—a Hebrew word meaning "Be opened". This word is the only one in the Hebrew language used throughout the ceremony, and it is taken from the account of a miracle recorded in the Gospel. Then follows a renunciation of Satan, and after this the priest dips a small silver rod into the Holy Oil, previously consecrated, and anoints the person on the breast and between the shoulders. Of the Holy Oil we are told : "The Holy Oil is the

Aspiration, not the desire of the lower to reach the higher, but that spark of the higher which wishes to unite the lower with itself." The rod is of silver, and this metal corresponds to Yesod, the Ninth Sephira; and in man to the Ruach, the Intellect—the lower Manas according to the Hindū. It is dipped into the Oil, symbolising the consecration of the intellect by the Aspiration. Yesod is sometimes taken to correspond with the Animal Soul, which also might be considered to have been consecrated. The Oil is used to anoint the breast and the shoulders, and once again, from another standpoint, we have the same symbolism; the astrological rulers of these parts of the body are the Sun and Moon, corresponding to the Higher Self and the lower self respectively. Thus the whole man is consecrated. The priest at this point changes the violet stole for a white one, and from this again we can see the nature of the rite; violet is the colour of the Ninth Sephira and the intellect, this being changed to white, the colour of the First Sephira—Kether, and in man to Jechidah, the Self (to the Hindū, Ātmā)—thus showing the raising of the consciousness from the lower mind, the intellect, to the Highest, the Self.

Immediately after this is an expression of belief and the Baptism itself. Water is poured three times upon the head in the form of a Cross, and the baptismal formula is repeated. With regard to the use of water, there would seem to be a very elaborate system of correspondences, and we might note that it represents *Audere* in the Four Magic Powers, and in the Tarot it is attributed to "The Hanged Man," having as one of its meanings Redemption through Sacrifice. Water also is a symbol of the Great Work, corresponding to the Lotus—a symbol of attainment, and its common

use in the West is similar to that of the Lotus in the East. It should also be noticed that in the West a man is "Born of Water and of the Spirit," and in the East he is said to "Enter the Stream"; and another interesting correspondence is seen in the words immediately following those above quoted, where it is stated: "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou . . . canst not tell whence it cometh, or whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the Spirit." And we have exactly the same idea in the East, where a man who has "Entered the Stream" is called a "Wanderer".

After the baptism proper, the man is again anointed with oil, this time upon the head, showing again the nature of the Aspiration, the descent from above; a white linen cloth is placed upon his head, the colour being that of Kether, and a lighted candle is placed in his hand. Fire corresponds to Spirit—the Ruach Elohim, the Spirit of the Gods, in *Genesis i.*—to the highest of the Four Worlds, Atziluth. It also represents the third of the Magic Powers, *Velle*—to Will—and in the Tarot it is: "The Angel," the Completion of the Great Work. With this the ceremony is concluded: "N., go in peace and the Lord be with thee."

Let us now attempt to sum up some of the features of the ceremony. We have the exorcism twice performed, and the consecration of all the different elements in a man's nature, the senses, the emotions, and the intellect. We have the lower self connected to the Higher Self and consecrated by the Aspiration, the desire of the Higher to unite the lower with itself. Then we have the main purpose of the rite shown in many ways, this consisting in the raising of consciousness from its present low plane to the Highest, from

Malkuth to Kether, from our present normal consciousness to Samādhi—Ātmaḍarshana, Nirvāṇa. This constitutes the Great Work, which is symbolised by the principal element used, Water. It is the Birth of Water and the Spirit by which a man "Enters the Stream". It is brought about by the Aspiration; the Higher Self is the cause of this activity, and to this end it is necessary that the Path should be entered upon. The Four Elements, Air, Earth, Water, and Fire, are consecrated and used, showing the consecration of all the elements in a man's nature; these to the Kabalist are five, the highest is Jechidah—the Self—and the other four which are consecrated, as stated above, are Nephesh—the Animal Soul, Ruach—the Intellect, Chiah—the Life Force, and Neshamah—the Intuition. The elements also correspond to the Four Powers of the Sphinx, which are essential to the Great Work, these being—To Know, To Dare, To Will, and To Keep Silent; and the Air, Salt, Water, and Fire are all applied directly to the individual, conferring upon him these powers.

The completion of the Quest is foreshadowed in the condition of the neophyte at the end of the Ceremony: The Holy Oil is upon his head, together with the white cloth, showing forth the Crown; the lower self has been raised to the Higher through the Aspiration, the ascent has been made from Malkuth to Kether; and in his hand is the Fire—Atziluth; the highest world has been reached and transcended, all of which is again shown in "The Angel," of which it is said: "It is the accomplishment of the Great Work in answer to the summons of the supernal—which summons is heard and answered from within."

Howard E. White.

# LETTERS FROM INDIA

By MARIA CRUZ

## I

BOMBAY,

*November 1912.*

DEAR FRIEND,

They tell me that the mail leaves to-morrow, and I do not want to let it go without sending you a few lines from a hand lame with fatigue and melted with the heat. We landed to-day between two and four, in sunshine that has almost driven me mad, and found ourselves in a red-hot furnace, surrounded by trunks and boxes, with voices howling all around us in some infernal gibberish. Then, after wearing out my feet running round after my luggage, more dead than alive I started out for the hotel, the road to which was one long nightmare of fantastic faces, which I was too dazed to be able to look at. All journeys end; and at last mine did, at the hotel, where to my great satisfaction I met Mme. Blech, who had arrived that morning as arranged. She was already attended by her "boy," a young Hindu with a beard, whose name I have not yet succeeded in remembering. A dark-complexioned "brother" came to call on us, and we went for a drive towards six o'clock. As for impressions, I

remember nothing but a glamour as of the Arabian Nights: villas, or rather sparkling palaces, among the palm trees, a seething mass of turbans, a sunset beside which fire would seem pale, and against which there stood out, along the sea, the silhouettes of coco-nut palms and a line of club-buildings—the European, the Japanese, the Parsi Ladies', and so on. My poor head is bursting, and my body has been done for, ever since this morning when, with the terrible sun shining into my cabin, I packed my boxes at seven o'clock.

Our "brother" escorted us through the native quarter, ubiquitous as a shadow, and took us to see the Towers of Silence, which, as you know, are the cemetery of the Parsis of Bombay. This brother, our guide, was a Parsi, which fact made it possible for us to gain entrance to the place, although we arrived after hours. The last part of our drive had been up a hill, tropically green, and now, on foot, we continued the ascent under a leafy canopy to a splendid garden, shady with palms and full of myrtle. The red earth and luxuriant vegetation reminded me of the Alhambra and the *Généralife*. A fountain was playing in the middle of the garden, and hospitable seats held out their arms to us. Nothing suggested a halting-place of Death; nothing, save the high, white wall which was just visible through a curtain of flowers, and on the top of which were massed together, in two close ranks, a crowd of vultures and crows.

The Parsis reverence fire too much to allow it to be polluted by the touch of a corpse, nor do they wish the dead to pollute the earth. They think the best way of disposing of the body is to throw it out to carrion

birds. A Parsi multimillionaire gave of his abundance enough to build these five towers, where the thing is done far from the eyes of men—for of the living none but the attendants are allowed inside. A model of one of these towers is shown to visitors in the garden. It is circular. Inside is a kind of grating, divided into three parts, on the first of which the men are laid; the second is for women, and the smallest for children. These compartments are crossed by gutters running down towards the centre, where there is an immense pit. The corpse, taken from the hands of the bearers, after the last ceremonies have been performed, is laid, naked, in the division allotted to one of its age and sex. From two to three hundred vultures swoop down upon it. In two hours' time they have done their work. The sun then takes up the task of drying the bones. Water is forced up through pipes and cleans the rest, washing away the bones into the bottom of the pit. Then the water, having accomplished its task, is carried away through four pipes into a bed, first of carbon and then of lime. Through this it filters and re-emerges purified, to quench the thirst of the living.

## II

BENARES,

*December 1912.*

I am writing from Benares, where I arrived a day or two ago under the wing of Mme. Blech, just when the Ganges was reflecting the setting sun.

At the station two students were waiting for us. One took charge of our boxes and the other took us in

a carriage to Headquarters. Mme. Blech was to stay with Mrs. Besant, and I in the European quarters. Picture to yourself a "finca" in America: the low houses covered with leaves, the cattle wandering all about, the Indians, half or three-quarters naked, round a fire just outside their doors; people coming and going with lanterns, and a silhouette of coco-nut palms sharp-cut against a red sky. My dear friend, it seemed to me that I was back in my own country.

On the threshold of Mrs. Besant's little house, Miss Arundale, the aunt of the Principal of the College, received us with that brotherliness which we miss so much away from our own people; and she put herself to no end of trouble to supply us with everything we could possibly want. My neighbours, two Englishwomen, also received me with great kindness, one offering me a shawl, the other a candle; and, as soon as I had tidied myself up, I started off to dine with Mme. Blech at Miss Arundale's, preceded by another sister who had come to fetch me and show me the way and lend a lantern.

Yesterday, at the rather impossible hour of noon, escorted by the black eyes and white teeth of our student of the station, we went to make the acquaintance of the Ganges. Everything swam before me in a golden dust so dazzling that, in addition to your grey veil, I was obliged to put on smoked glasses, which changed all the colours for me and made the domes and glowing walls dingy and sad—but then it was a choice between a spoiled view and ophthalmia. In two places they were burning corpses. Through the smoke from the pyre could be seen a man armed with a long stick, who seemed to be poking the fire or

else breaking obstinate bones. One could hear the crackling and frizzling of the flesh ; it was horrible. I saw a piece of a knee near a calcined skeleton ; and then I turned my back on the whole thing. Just close by, people were bathing, chatting, smoking, ruminating, meditating, sleeping, eating. From the domes and roofs of several temples, partly sunk into the water and looking like islands, people were throwing flowers into the river and saying their prayers before bathing. The whole of Benares seems to live either on the brink or in the water ; but as for me—nothing is real to me at midday.

We dined with Miss Arundale and her nephew whom you saw in Paris. He polished off his dinner in two minutes, and then left for his evening meeting, to which he had invited us. At about half-past seven Miss Arundale, Mme. Blech and I went to the hall. Mr. George Arundale was there already, wrapped in a yellow scarf and curled up among the cushions of a large arm-chair.

In an easy, informal way he received the band of students who, also for the most part in yellow scarves, glided in barefooted and silent as shadows, seating themselves on the floor in a semicircle at Mr. Arundale's feet. They asked questions and Mr. Arundale answered in the simplest way in the world ; the beauty of that scene lay in its simplicity. Few things have affected me so deeply as the sight of that young man, surrounded by students who seemed to worship him, and who come every evening to sit at his feet and listen to him as he talks of the spiritual life. To me that picture was worth the whole journey and all the solemn lectures in the world.

Yesterday morning Krishna Lal took us to the daily opening service at the College, which stands just across the road. This College, which was first begun in the palace of the Maharaja of Benares with a handful of pupils, now occupies huge buildings where hundreds of boys are educated in their own faith. Hardly any of the Professors are salaried. Everywhere one is conscious of that feeling of satisfaction which surrounds those who serve for the love of service. Before going to their several classrooms, the students sing a hymn together with deep earnestness.

Miss Arundale wanted to have a school for girls. She made a beginning with two or three little ones, to whom she gave lessons in her own house. Then, as the number of pupils increased, she finally built the school we visited to-day. It is in splendid working order, and there are about two hundred pupils. The school deserves another hundred; and what I cannot admire enough is the devotion and energy of all those people, who do not even give themselves time to eat or sleep. I am not sorry I came, in spite of the misgivings I experienced at the thought of the journey; it has cleared up many things for me which before were dark.

We expect Mrs. Besant to-morrow. I have already seen two of her dresses that she wore in Paris, hanging on a string on her veranda and warming themselves in the sun—in true Guatemalian style. We may possibly leave with her for Madras, and then it will be I who will make her tea or her soup in the train. Chimène, who would have foretold that? Rodrigue, who would have believed it? Not I, certainly!

MARIA CRUZ.

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## THE LITTLE HUNTER

By AHASHA

“JUST listen, my boy,” Jack’s father said to him one hot day in June, “it will soon be holiday time; then you will have to leave school and learn a trade; what would you like best?”

Jack didn’t know at this moment, and said: “Father, may I tell you to-morrow?”

“Of course, my little fellow,” said his father.

That night Jack couldn’t sleep, and so he was thinking about all kinds of trades, but he couldn’t come to a conclusion.

While he was staring in the dark, he saw on the wall opposite his bed a round, bright spot. This spot became larger and larger, and at last he saw the figure of a woman wearing a robe with a long train. Her eyes were kind, and she moved up and down before Jack’s bed.

“Good day, Jack,” she said.

Jack dared not give any answer. He had never seen such a wonderful thing—in the depth of the night, while he was awake, a ghost had come to his bed and said: “Good day, Jack.”

“Jack,” continued the woman, “you don’t know what you want—you have to choose a trade, have you not?”

“Yes, . . . mad—am,” stuttered Jack, and he thought to himself: “I’ll be polite; it is a pity I have not got my cap on my head, otherwise I could take it off.”

“Jack, you must call me ‘Nobleyard’.”

“Yes, Mrs. Nobleyard.”

“Look here, Jack, I’ll give you a piece of advice; you must become a carpenter, mason, or blacksmith; then you’ll be a decent man in the future. Well, what do you choose?”

“Blacksmith, if you please.”

“Very well, Jack, that’s all right; you’ll become a blacksmith.”

“Yes, Madam—I mean Nobleyard.”

The woman disappeared, leaving Jack alone.

So he would become a blacksmith.

He got up very early the next morning, and took a walk in the garden. He still was under the impression of what he had seen in the night, and couldn’t forget it.

All at once he saw a small thing running across the garden path. It looked a little like a squirrel or a hare. It stopped, and when Jack approached he saw it was a little gnome.

Jack knew there were giants, and gnomes, and fairies; but he had never seen one so near to him.

It was an ugly little man—very ugly. His little coat was brown, and so were his tiny trousers. His cap was black, and his little face was dirty. But the most disagreeable part of him was his eyes. He didn’t look straight into Jack’s face; first he looked at the ground, and then he peeped at Jack.

“Oh dear! such a little monster,” Jack thought.

“Well, Jack,” said the little man.

“Good day,” Jack said, but he didn’t like to speak to him.

“I say, Jack, you were talking with Nobleyard last night, weren’t you?”

“How do you know that?”

“My dear little fellow, I know everything, *everything*. That Nobleyard is a fairy, and she is my greatest enemy.”

“Well, she was very kind to me.”

“Ha ha,” laughed the little fellow, “do you think I’m kind too?”

“I don’t know,” Jack answered, “I really don’t know,” and he got frightened.

“No, Jack, I’m neither kind nor good; I’m a jolly little fellow, I only say—let us live and be happy.” When speaking these words, he began softly to dance, and then Jack saw he had no feet, but . . . goat’s hoofs.

“Listen, Jack,” he continued, “you mustn’t become a blacksmith. If you are a blacksmith you will work all day long, you will be as black as a nigger, and besides all this, no girl in the village will dance with you when it is fair time. Then you’ll stand all by yourself, will you not? No, my boy, you must become a hunter. That’s the best thing I know—a beautiful green suit, a nice hat with a feather, a gun, a couple of good dogs, and then to the wood; and when you see the tail and the ears of a hare, then . . . you shoot. That’s better than being a blacksmith. Don’t care what Nobleyard says.”

Jack was thinking for a little while. No girl to dance with when it was fair time. Always to stand before the big fire when it was summer. A bad job

indeed! No, rather be a hunter and be free in the wood. He was sure *now*.

“All right, I choose to be a hunter.”

“Hurrah! my boy, that’s what I wanted. Won’t we be friends?”

“All right.”

“Your name is Jack, isn’t it? My name is Lucifa; I’ll now return to my cave. So-long, Jack.”

“So-long, Lucifa.”

Jack walked home, and when he came there, papa and mamma were taking an early cup of tea on the veranda.

“Good morning, mamma! Good morning, papa!”

“Good morning, Jack; slept well?”

“Fairly.”

“Well, and, . . . and?”

“I want to be a hunter, papa.”

“Hunter? What a strange idea! Do you know what a hunter is, my boy? A hunter kills animals. So my eldest son is to be a . . . murderer. Very fine, indeed!”

“But, papa, people eat meat; and whether I kill the animals or whether somebody else does—it’s just the same, isn’t it? They have to die after all.”

“Jack, I won’t say it’s good, yet people *will* eat meat; but a hunter, you know, only does it for his pleasure; so I’ll never consent to your being a hunter.”

“Papa!”

“No, you’ll become a carpenter; you are not able to choose yourself; next week I’ll send you as a pupil to Peters.”

Papa and mamma went inside, and Jack followed.

At breakfast he didn't say anything, but in school he was thinking all the time what he could do to become a hunter.

"O Lucifa, Lucifa!"

"Here I am."

And look! his little friend sat on the desk, invisible to everybody but Jack.

"I know all about it. Go to Peters, and I'll help you."

\* \* \* \* \*

Jack was satisfied, all would be well now.

It was holiday time, and the day came that Jack had to go for the first time to Peters.

Peters was a good man. He taught him all kinds of things, and gave him books to read. But Jack didn't want to learn. The books were found in a corner, and of course he didn't get any more books.

In this way summer passed, and autumn and winter also; and it was spring already, and still Jack was working with Peters; but he wasn't a bit cleverer than when he first entered the workshop.

One evening in summer, when Lucifa was walking with Jack through the wood, he said: "Jack, we have to make an end of it."

"An end?"

"Yes, to-morrow you must tease Peters, and then of course he'll go to your father."

"All right, I'll do what you tell me."

Next morning Jack went to the carpenter's shop as usual, and when Peters said: "Jack, will you take this drying-frame to the vicarage?" he said: "You can do it yourself." Peters said nothing; but in the afternoon he went to Jack's father and said that he didn't want Jack one day longer in his shop.

Jack had to stay at home the whole day.

"Please, papa, let me be a hunter," he cried; and his mother said: "It is best for him to follow his bent. Then we shall see how it turns out."

And so Jack became a servant to the forester. He got a fine suit and a little hat with a feather, and . . . a game-pouch and a gun round his shoulders. But he had not yet a dog. . . .

It was a beautiful day in autumn; the sky was so clear, and the leaves on the trees looked so green. The sun still gave a little heat; he had to exert himself, and presently he sat down. Everywhere the gossamer was floating; on such a day Jack had gone with his gun to the wood.

Suddenly he saw a little hare running across the path. One—two—three—the hare fell down.

But what happened? He felt at the same moment that he left his own body, and he saw himself standing outside it. Was he himself? He felt that he was pressed into the body of the poor little hare, and he felt the pain of the bullet. Oh, how painful it was! And there was his body standing, looking at the poor hare. The little hare died, and the little soul rose.

When Jack was back again in his hunter's body, he threw the gun aside. "Never, never again do I want to go out hunting. Lucifa, O Lucifa, go away from me."

There stood Lucifa and grinned at him.

"Go away, far away, bad Lucifa."

"Do you mean what you say?"

"Yes, yes, I do mean it!"

Lucifa disappeared in the air, and Jack was alone—alone with the little dead hare.

"Nobleyard," he whispered.

There she came flying over the moss.

“I forgive you, Jack; you are just the same as any other little boy. It is much easier to follow *him* than *me*. You have conquered at last. Come along and let us bury the poor little hare, and then—then you must learn—learn hard, my boy.” They buried the little hare and Nobleyard continued: “Jack, you have wasted nearly a whole year by listening to Lucifa. You must regain all that time. I’ll bring you for seven years to the fairies, and they will teach you all you need.”

She placed her hands on Jack’s shoulders. Jack was in terror, his body shrank, and now he was as small as a gnome. “Now follow me,” she exclaimed, and he ran as fast as his little feet would carry him. How strange everything was now; the grass looked so high, and the mushrooms so thick. After a quarter of an hour the wood became more open.

Formerly Jack had been here very often, but how different it seemed now!

Ten or twelve gnomes were sitting there reading in books. “Look, here is my friend Jack. He has to become a blacksmith.” Having said this, Nobleyard went away.

“Well, my young friend,” said one of the gnomes, “Do your parents know you are here?”

“No they don’t.”

“Then you had better write to them, little man.”

Jack took a piece of paper and a pencil, and wrote:

MY DEAR PARENTS,

Don’t think I am dead; I have seen much, and when I come home I’ll tell you all. I have to remain seven years here with the gnomes.

A kiss from your loving son,

JACK.

A little bird brought the note to Jack's parents, and threw it into the house, and that night Nobleyard appeared to his mother in a dream, and explained everything to her. And now his parents knew all was well with him.

\* \* \* \* \*

For seven years Jack worked in the smith's shop with the gnomes. He worked from five in the morning till noon. Then they all took a bath in the brook and ate fruits and nuts. After that every one went his own way to help and comfort the people, and at night they again ate fruits and nuts, and when the sun had set, and the moon stood high in the sky, they went to the brook, and there they found fairies, undines, hares, rabbits, birds, and oh, so many other things. And then the fairies danced, and sang in the moonshine, and they talked with Jack. Those evenings were very snug.

The seven years were soon passed. Then came the time when he was to return to his parents, his village and his home. They all were quiet and serious. Jack saw they whispered to one another. One of the eldest gnomes approached him, took his hand and said: "Dear Jack, you have been a good pupil. We all love you, and know your character. We know that gold is for many people a misfortune, but with you it won't be the case. Your parents are not rich; take this lump of gold, and when you have arrived at your parents, it will just be sufficient to buy the smith's shop from the village blacksmith. He is already an old man, and would like to rest from his work." He then handed Jack the gold. Oh, the gnomes had been so kind to him, so very kind.

That night he slept for the last time in his little bed with a pillow of moss, and sheets of fern. And

when the sun rose the next morning Nobleyard came, and looked deep, very deep into his eyes, and he felt that he grew, and grew, till she turned away with a smile and said: "Now that's enough."

He was now a young man of twenty years. Nobleyard nodded her head once more, and then disappeared. She had sunk away into the earth.

\* \* \* \* \*

He hurried home. His father didn't remember him at once, but his mother did. Oh! how glad they were! Jack was *so* tall and he was such a nice young man.

His mother gave an extra good dinner that day. "Well, Jack," said his father, "take some mincemeat, and some pears." . . .

"No, no meat for me, father."

"How is that?"

"Father, I still feel the pain I felt when I was in the little body of the hare; no, never, never again will I eat meat. When I lived with the gnomes, I never ate any meat."

"Just as you like," said his father.

Jack bought the smith's shop with the money he got from the gnomes. He worked very hard. People thought him very foolish, he wouldn't eat any meat; and they called him a "vegetarian". But he didn't care. Some people said: "He will get too ill to do heavy work, through eating no meat." But Jack laughed when he heard this, and he lifted a heavy iron bar, and said: "Look at the strength of a vegetarian!"

He now understood why Nobleyard had chosen the trade of a blacksmith for him.

Ahasha.

## A FABLE

By E. M. M.

**T**H**ERE** was once a little boy who went to school, and refused to believe that two and two made four until his teacher gave him four hard strokes with the cane and made him count them. When he grew older he would not believe that the earth moved round the sun, for he saw the sun rising in the East and setting in the West, and preferred to trust his own deluded eyes rather than the superior knowledge of others. Nor would he believe that the moon had any influence on the sea, because he saw no actual connecting link between them; or that the stars were larger than the earth, because to him they all appeared smaller.

When he was getting on in years, a stranger came one day to the little village where his narrow life was spent, and told him of some of the wonderful new inventions that men had made in the outside world.

The old man laughed at him.

“ Mean to tell me that if I stood at one end of a tube and you at the other end a hundred miles away, you could make me hear what you said? Why, if you talked to me through a tube from the end of the village street, I shouldn’t hear ! ”

“ But do you mean to say that you haven’t read about telephones and wireless messages and aeroplanes ? ” asked the stranger.

"I don't read the papers much, and why should I believe what they say? Half the pictures they publish are faked. I can't fly myself, and I'm pretty sure no one else can. You can't gammon me with that kind of nonsense."

The stranger was silent a moment.

"And when this life is over—when Death comes to you—what do you suppose is going to happen then?"

"Nothing happens," said the old man. "No one's ever come back to tell me about it, and if there was any life after death you may be sure they would have."

"I am more sure that you wouldn't have either seen them or listened to them!" said the stranger. "But some day you will know, for that's a thing that even the most ignorant have to learn. And some day you'll be sorry that you weren't more ready to believe those wiser than yourself."

Before very long Death did come to the old man. For some time afterwards he was dazed and bewildered, and when at last he made his way back to his old home, to his surprise no one took any notice of him, or answered him when he spoke. Finally he sought out his little grandchild, a boy of seven years.

"Why, grandpa," said the child, "what are you doing here? You died three weeks ago!"

"Died! How dare you say such a thing? I'm as much alive as you are. . . . ."

But in the midst of his wrath he realised the truth of the child's words, for he perceived that he had no physical body. The lighter body with which he was clothed seemed full of strange knots and twists, and as he stood looking down at himself in puzzled surprise, the stranger whom he had once met on earth came up to him.

“Beginning to realise that there *is* a life after death, eh? Though no one ever came back to tell you about it! But never mind. You’ll soon be seeing much greater wonders than aeroplanes and telephones. Only first—and before my earth-body wakes up—we must try to get some of these knots undone, for you’ll have no peace or comfort until you are rid of them. Heavens! how many of them there are!”

“What are they?” asked the other meekly, for he saw that it was no use disbelieving any longer. “I don’t like them. They. . . they hurt me.”

“Good sign, that!” said the stranger. “There’s some hope when narrow-mindedness and prejudice begin to hurt. For that’s what has caused them, my dear sir—nothing else! Now we’ll set to work to undo them. But it will take a long time, and just think how much trouble you’d have saved us both if you had been a little more open-minded on earth!”

E. M. M.



## A WAR PROPHECY

By R. G. M.

MY attention has been called to a short article entitled "Una Profezia Sulla Guerra" which appeared in the Italian *Scena Illustrata* of January 15, 1913, about three months after the termination of the Italo-Turkish war. The following rendering into English may be of interest to those who are familiar with the forecast contained in Chapter XXVII of *Mun: Whence, How and Whither*. In 1903 there appeared in France and England a singular booklet which, while exhibiting no mean knowledge of politics and avoiding any apocalyptic tone, foretold—with a wealth of geographical and political detail and of exceedingly precise dates—the events which would trouble Europe during the years to elapse between that year (1903) and 1931.

The pamphlet was not one of political propaganda; rather did it seem, or was it intended, to be a means of evangelisation; in fact it described everything which was to happen according to the prediction of the Prophet Daniel. And now, after ten years, it is not without a curious interest that we glean a few items from the many flights of fancy which, with unshakable conviction and an apparently natural interpretation of Holy Writ, the author retails to us through many pages.

Some of the predictions touch us Italians very closely, and cannot but cause us some astonishment at the present moment.

From 1906 to 1919, then, great revolutions and great wars. . . . About 1919 a Confederation of the ten States of Europe. In the same year will come, it is not stated where from, another Napoleon, who from 1926 to 1931 will be President of the Confederation. But there is still better to come. From February 26, 1924 (mark the precision of dates) to a date to be determined in 1926, the ascension to Heaven of 144,000 Christians; which superhuman event will be followed—it is not clear why—by a persecution which will last no less than three and a half years; and the persecution will at last be put an end to by the descent in Jerusalem of Jesus Christ, who will remain there at His pleasure from May 2, 1929 to April 9, 1931. Putting aside the descent of Christ and the ascent of the Christians, let us rather enquire how these ten Kingdoms have arisen? The Prophet Daniel, through his modern commentator, hastens to enlighten us, after drawing a picture of the twenty-two States which are now grouped around Europe.

And here we must draw attention to a note: “Morocco will be annexed to France; *Tripoli will be joined to France or Italy.*” We must not ask too much. France, I admit, comes in, showing some doubt in the mind of the prophet; but we must remember that the commentator was probably a Frenchman. On the other hand we know that the prophetic style is generally of this nature.

Elsewhere, however, he gives fuller details, and is more sure of himself. “The ten States will unite in

a Confederation which will take the place of the present Triple Alliance between Italy, Austria, and Germany, and of the Dual Alliance between France and Russia." And among these ten States will be: FRANCE, which will annex many smaller States up to the Rhine and to the Roman ramparts of Bingen to Ratisbon (the reason being that that river and these walls were once the frontier of the Roman Empire between France and Germany); ENGLAND, separated from Ireland, India, and all the other colonies (because these never formed part of the Roman Empire); SPAIN, with Portugal and that portion of Morocco which will not be annexed by France; GREECE, with Thessaly, Macedonia etc.; TURKEY, which will only comprise Ancient Greece and Bithynia, etc., etc.; ITALY, *probably with Tripoli*.

We must really congratulate the Prophet Daniel and his modern commentator on having been, ten years ago, more far-seeing than European diplomacy and those who thought to keep Italy on the leash.

R. G. M.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### A CURIOUS OCCURRENCE

A friend of mine, Mr. Somasundaram Aiyar of Poovalur, gave me the following information, which may be of interest to the readers of THE THEOSOPHIST—especially those who look to the coming of a great World-Teacher :

Poovalur is a small village in Trichinopoly District—about thirteen miles from Trichy Fort Station, S.I.R. There is a channel, called *Panguni*, running on one side of the village. One day Mr. Somasundaram Aiyar and some other villagers were cleaning their teeth in the channel in the early morning—as is generally the custom in our country parts—when they saw a number of palm leaves floating down the current. Some of the leaves were collected, and it was found that they contained Tamil verses written therein in the old way, with an “*yezhuṭṭāni*” (as it is called in Tamil). On trying to decipher the contents, Mr. Somasundaram Aiyar found that they referred to the Advent of a Great Leader soon to be among us, and urged us to prepare ourselves to receive Him when He comes. Unfortunately they paid no serious attention to the leaves and their contents.

*Trivandrum.*

R. SRINIVASAN.

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### THEOSOPHICAL POETRY, ETC.

On reading Mr. J. H. Cousins' article in THE THEOSOPHIST for May (“On Theosophical Poetry”), I wondered whether he was acquainted with Joaquin Miller's last poem. I enclose a copy, in case he is not. It appeared in the daily papers here soon after his death.

I think it is rather to be regretted that the recovery from poisoning by carbolic acid (May THEOSOPHIST p. 193) should

have been published as a case of invisible help. It struck me, while reading the article, that the statements therein were rather wide of the mark; so I took some trouble in turning up the literature of the subject. Instead of "10 minims or less being sufficient to cause death in anybody within 10 minutes," the smallest fatal dose I can find recorded is 60 minims in 12 hours. There are many cases where death has occurred in a much shorter time, but after taking much larger doses, though it *has* been delayed for 60 hours; and, on the other hand, recovery has sometimes followed enormous doses—as much as 900 to 1,000 minims.

Given proper treatment, it would seem from the data given in the article that the chances were distinctly in favour of a recovery, and the case for invisible help correspondingly weak. The other case—the fall of a ceiling—is much more striking.

“AT THE FINAL PARTING”

(Written on his death-bed by Joaquin Miller

“The Poet of the Sierras.”)

“*My Last Message to the World*”

Could I but teach men to believe,  
 Could I but make small men to grow,  
 To break frail spider-webs that weave  
 About their thews and bind them low;  
 Could I but sing one song and lay  
 Grim doubt, I then could go my way  
 In tranquil silence, glad, serene,  
 And satisfied from off the scene,  
 But ah! this disbelief, this doubt,  
 This doubt of God, this doubt of good,  
 The damned spot will not out.  
 Wouldst learn to know one little flower,  
 Its perfume, perfect form, and hue—  
 Yea, wouldst thou have one perfect hour,  
 Of all the years that come to you?  
 Then grow as God hath planted; grow  
 A lordly oak or daisy low,  
 As he hath set his garden; be  
 Just what thou art, or grass or tree;  
 Thy treasures, up in heaven laid  
 Await thy sure ascending soul—  
 Life after life; be not afraid.

A. HOWARD.

## THE DAY OF THE WOMAN

Miss Stark, in her illuminating note on Strindberg's naturalistic plays, says of the characters of Adolph and Gustav: "They failed to see in woman the eternal, incorruptible dignity of the individual." Truly they did, and the statement of their error leads the reader from Strindberg's instance to the wide field of life in general; one asks oneself, a little unassuredly, how many men do see the eternal, incorruptible dignity of the individual in a woman; how many are free from sex illusion.

From the present writer's point of view, the greatest need of any human being is self-respect. There is nothing that a man who has it prizes more, for he knows that upon it depends all else he values, that with its loss his very life were over; and yet there is nothing men in general less help their fellows to attain, or when it is attained to keep, than this same prized possession. Continually they break the bruised reed, continually they quench the smoking flax of this foundation of all virtue; continually they degrade the ideals of others, continually pinch out the buds of their divine virility; and very specially is this lack of brotherly kindness shown by men, in the narrow acceptance of the term, to women. How often do we not hear the phrase: "I respect"—wife, daughter, sister, it may be, or simply women—too much to let . . ."? The conclusion does not matter, for the "respect" that will not let another Soul judge for itself, rule its own life, learn by its own experience, is, frankly, not respect at all, but self-regard.

"Neither do I condemn thee," said the Master to her whom men would stone, "go, sin no more." And the woman left Him in a dream. The Prophet had not blamed her—had not questioned her right to live even as she had lived! The Prophet had not threatened her—had actually believed her capable of choosing better things! Truly "a bruised reed shall *He* not break, and the smoking flax shall *He* not quench". Truly *His* love "believeth all things, hopeth all things".

Maeterlinck, in his *Marie-Madeleine* has given a very perfect study of this scene, and of the whole question now at issue. Marie has heard the Master's voice, and her heart burns within her; she would go to Him. The men would stay her; if she must go, they would go with her; they call her mad when she declines their proffered aid, and does the thing she wills. The intellectual Silenus observes sententiously that a woman's thoughts would sometimes puzzle a philosopher; but yet, whether from an incipient respect for Marie's selfhood, or from Stoic self-control, restrains the

amazed and angry Verus from pursuit. Swift follows the attempted stoning, the Master's wonderful rebuke, His gentle words to the astounded woman. Then :

Verus s'avance pour soutenir Marie-Madeleine, qui s'est arretee et demeure droite et immobile au milieu d'allee. D'un geste sec et sauvage, elle refuse l'aide offerte, et regardant fixement devant elle, seule, entre les autres qui la considerent sans comprendre, elle gravit lentement les degres de la terrasse.

Yes, see the bruised reed straightening its stem once more beneath the cooling drops of the Lord's dispassionate "Nor do I condemn". Yes, see the long dulled spark divine kindling to flame, at the breath of the Master's faith-full "Go, and sin no more". The basis of all virtue, self-respect, is born in Marie's Soul, and with it such a mighty love for Him that had begotten it, that she is lifted on its wings into another world, stands so securely there that the worst this world can hurl upon her fails, as the last scene of the drama shows with exquisite art, to beat her back to its forsaken level.

The Day of the Woman—do we in truth believe that it is coming—is upon us? With glorious faith the writers of *The Perfect Way* thirty-four years ago began to date their publications Anno Dominae, from the Year of Our Lady. But the Day of the Woman is not yet, nor will be, until Woman takes what Man is slow to give, her liberty; takes it, as all the free have taken it, at cost of her heart's blood, compelling in the far end that respect man would not grant her of his grace.

Yet surely there are some among us who can help and will? Yes, there are men who understand, men whose respect for women is real and profound; and yet their help seems only to increase the suffering of those for whom they cheerfully would give their lives. Their fellows laugh at them, or sneer, and think still more contemptuously of those whose actions they support. A man must be most sure of the way he treads before he joins this band. To his faith he must have added virtue, to his virtue knowledge, and—difficult task indeed—to his knowledge abstinence. For knowledge scarce can bear to stand by and see badly done work it could perfectly accomplish, to stand by and see blunders made it could prevent almost without an effort. The man who knows is tempted constantly to meddle with the lives of others; now he will stand between them and the profitable pain their dharma has prepared for them, now he will push them into an experience that must needs be at the moment profitless, because untimely. "Add to your knowledge abstinence," cries the Apostle; and truly, would one be a helper of his fellows, one must learn when not to act, when not to intervene, when to stand by

and see—the ruin of a Soul? Nay, but “the salvation of the Lord”.

The man who would help woman must be prepared to see her do that which he personally, if asked, would not advise, that which he personally, if asked, would not approve; must be prepared to see her fail of her endeavour, to see her broken by forces she has over-eagerly invoked; he must be strong enough to show his perfect sympathy both with her failure and her heroism, her suffering and the bravery that brought it her. On peril of his Soul he must not say: “I warned you”; “You see what flying in the face of custom means”; “You are going the wrong way to work”; though the unregenerate man of him, keen to parade its masculine superiority of foresight, yearn for such utterance. He must wait till balance is restored, and then, if heart and brain be still for effort, he must say: “Bravo! This time you shall succeed.” If the lust of battle is still strong within the warrior, he must cry: “On! and the Gods go with you!” Counsel, if he have counsel worth the giving, he may give her—give as a man gives counsel unto men, straight craft talk, offered to a fellow craftsman for the precise measure of its worth to him and not a scruple more; to be left, at his discretion, without prejudice to fellowly relations. So only can he help—all other kind of counsel is betrayal. Weak moments come to all, and Woman in the moment of her weakness will call this faithful counsellor a brute; but when her weakness passes, if so be he has kept his feet, he will reap the rich reward of *her* respect, and of a love that is beyond the foolish thing that most know by that name, a love that sits securely in the stirless deeps beyond the surge of passion, a love akin to worship.

His men friends for the most part will not understand. They will say many things of him, and, since extremes inevitably meet, will deem him wanting in respect to women; but he who has embarked upon this quest is not concerned with what his men friends say of him; he knows the cost of his adventure, and right cheerfully he pays it. Yet, for the Cause he serves, and for the Coming Time in which that Cause shall triumph, he wishes sometimes that his fellow men were something clearer-eyed.

TUTANEKAI

## QUARTERLY LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

*Raymond: or Life and Death*, by Sir Oliver Lodge. (Methuen and Co., Ltd. London. Price 10s. 6d.)

Only the tragedy of this European War could have evoked such a book as this. It is not remarkable on account of its literary and scientific merits, for its distinguished author's reputation is already established as to these. Its unusual interest lies in the fact that it is a human document recording an intimate phase of personal experience with unsparing sincerity. Only those who understand the English character, with its impenetrable shield of reserve ever covering the deeper emotions, will appreciate adequately the sacrifice involved in this revelation. It is the kind of gift one accepts with bowed head and in silence.

A fragmentary collection of poems and character pencilings at the beginning shows the esteem in which Raymond was held by his relatives and friends, though it is not an essential part of the book. Then follows the first section of the book, which introduces the reader to the youth as he was in life. No claims are made to any exceptional abilities in his son by Sir Oliver Lodge, but the portraits illustrating the book, and the letters from the Front, give the impression of strong will, intellectual capacity and engaging frankness. Raymond Lodge went to the War at the call of duty, for he had no military leanings whatever; indeed there are hints in his bravely cheerful letters of how distasteful the whole business was to him.

The Second Section gives the communications with him after death, and it is this which will be of the deepest interest to those who have lost relatives and friends in the War and to all who are interested in Psychical Research. It is so written as to be useful alike to those who are just beginning to study psychic phenomena and also to more

advanced students, on account of its carefully arranged data. The communications are classified as verifiable and not verifiable; the former refer to facts which can be easily and satisfactorily proved by ordinary physical plane evidence, the latter relate to the experiences of Raymond in the other world and cannot be so tested. There are several interesting points brought out; amongst them the anxiety of those on the other side to get into touch with those on this, and their distress at the, to them, unnecessary grief of those they have left on earth; the fact that they find the ability to communicate quite as difficult on their side; and the different types of mediums and their various idiosyncracies.

Theosophists will find it difficult to bring some of the information given by the "Controls" into accord with their theories in relation to the astral plane. For instance, we are told of houses built of bricks, these bricks being "unstable atoms from the atmosphere" which crystallise "as they draw near certain central attraction"; of a sister who "has grown up in the Spirit life"; of clothes made of the decomposed elements of worsted; of all manner of things made from the smell of decomposed objects, and finally "when any body is blown to pieces, it takes some time for the spirit body to complete itself".

The third Section of the book is devoted to proving that Psychical Research is a genuine branch of psychological science, and that efforts to establish communication between the two worlds are not as idle as ignorant and prejudiced people suppose. The author refutes the argument for a dynamical theory of the Universe. His philosophy has its foundations in biology. Life is intelligent, it *times* and *directs*. Death is a "separation of a controlling entity from a physico-chemical organism". Experience is our only authority for existence, and it is as difficult to prove the reality of existence here as elsewhere. Bodies are merely "means of manifestation," therefore why not an ethereal body, even though it be invisible to our physical senses? There is a connection between mind and the brain, but memory is seated in the mind; it is not possible to assert that it, or "any kind of consciousness, is located in the brain, but without the aid of it memory, as far as this planet is concerned, is latent and inaccessible. "In the past and future we really live . . . the experience of the

past and expectation of the future," and the possibility of foretelling events is allied to this, for "to a mind of wide enough purview, where hardly anything is unforeseen, there may be possibilities of inference to an unsuspected extent". All these, and other facts in addition, demand an open attitude of mind in wise and earnest people towards psychic phenomena. Several chapters are given to the discussion of communication between the worlds and one to table-tilting. Then the author gives what one may call his articles of belief, based on data he has acquired of the survival of life and of individual life.

In conclusion he reviews these new discoveries in relation to the Christian views, and declares them to be firmly rooted in truth. His final words are: "God through his agents and messengers is continually striving and working and planning, so as to bring this creation of His through its preparatory labour and pain and lead it on to an existence higher and better than anything we have ever known."

A. E. A.

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*Psychical and Supernormal Phenomena: Their Observation and Experimentation*, by Dr. Paul Joire. (William Rider and Son, Ltd., London. Price 10s. 6d.)

The author of this book is a professor at the Psycho-Physiological Institute of France, and President of the Societe Universelle d'etudes Psychiques. We may expect then—and we are not disappointed—a really scientific presentment of the subject treated. In the first chapter, "Psychical Phenomena in General," the author very clearly states the position of the scientist—a position of open mind—a position which, in the region of psychic phenomena, has not always been maintained. Science is not stationary; and to reject a fact because it does not fit in with the theories of official science is utterly unscientific.

We ought only to regard as scientifically impossible that which is absurd, that is to say, contrary to mathematical or geometrical truths, the only ones which are immutable. Even opposition to a physical law should not suffice to make us deny a fact. Physical laws may be momentarily suspended or have their effect destroyed by other laws; whether we know these laws or whether we do not. . . . What is here said of physical laws is equally true of physiological laws: we must therefore deny only what is absurd.

But unfortunately the study of psychical phenomena (with the exception of a very small number) has not been subjected "to sufficiently serious observation and truly scientific analysis". There is a tendency even among scientists to despise psychical phenomena, "not because they cannot study them, but because they do not believe in their existence, and declare them impossible without having studied or even seriously examined them". It is this rigid insistence on truly scientific investigation of these supernormal phenomena, on which our author insists, that makes his book so valuable. He has studied deeply the science of hypnotism, and written of it in his *Traite de l'Hypnotisme*, but in the volume under review he rather studies phenomena which lie either on the confines between hypnotic and psychical phenomena, or go over the boundary line altogether. We are first given some of his own experiments to demonstrate externalisation of sensibility, produced under hypnotism, but manifesting peculiarities which go beyond the domain of hypnotism. As is to be expected, the book is filled with example after example of every kind of psychical phenomena. We have instances of abnormal dreams, haunted houses, telepathy, crystal-gazing, typtology, lucidity, photography of the invisible, levitation, and, finally, materialisation.

The majority of readers of THE THEOSOPHIST are not sceptical as to psychical phenomena—in many cases, perhaps, they err on the other side—and they may be rather inclined to show impatience at the apparently negative conclusions which Dr. Joire draws from the results of his experiments. But herein, to our thinking, lies the value of the book for Theosophists, who must bear in mind constantly that though the Theosophical explanations often overleap the difficulties encountered by the scientists, these explanations are in reality to the ordinary Theosophist but theories built on observation made clairvoyantly by most trustworthy persons, but presenting no evidential proof to the scientist. We may take one example. A chapter is given to "Photography of the Invisible or of Thought".

This shows the great advance made in psychical research. Actual photographs of some strongly thought-of object have been made. To the Theosophist, familiar with the idea of

thought forms, it is but a further confirmation of a truth he thinks he knows—but it is more than that; it is evidential. So with telepathy, or appearances at a distance of a newly dead person to a friend. But the mental and astral worlds, as the Theosophist understands them, are not scientifically proved. It is in a book such as the one under review, that we seem to be growing nearer the possibility of scientific proof of these hypotheses. In any case it is a distinct step towards that.

For the sceptic, the careful precautions taken by the scientists, the full and uncoloured records of their experiments, must bear the impress of truth, and he cannot disregard the evidence presented. Even Professor Richet, whose account is given of the phenomena at the Villa Carmen, though he will not admit himself convinced of the fact of materialisation, is bound to confess :

After all, it may be that I have been deceived. But the explanation of such an error would be of considerable importance. And then—need I say it?—I do not believe that I have been deceived. I am convinced that I have been present at realities, not at deceptions.

The latter part of the book is devoted to methods of experimentation in the truly scientific manner, eliminating as far as can be all possibility of fraud. The scientist, *qua* scientist, must do this, however convinced he may be of the *bona fides* of those on whom he may experiment. When we learn that there are known at least five possibilities of “faking” a spirit photograph, one sees what precautions must be taken.

As was said before, most of the book is taken up with carefully selected examples of the different kinds of phenomena. These form most interesting reading; and some of the communications gained through typtology, and their subsequent verification, are truly marvellous. We can recommend this book to all, in that, though scientific, it is not dull, and opens out the infinite possibilities of this form of scientific research. “What we find in fact,” says Dr. Joire, “is that with every discovery we make, the extent of our ignorance appears more clearly before our eyes.”

The translation from the French is admirably rendered by Mr. Dudley Wright.

T. L. C.

*Collected Papers on Analytical Psychology*, by C. G. Jung, M.D., LL.D. (Bailliere Tindall & Cox, London. Price 12s. 6d.)

As stated in the Preface, this volume of 377 pages contains a selection of articles and pamphlets on Analytical Psychology, written at intervals during the past fourteen years and now presented for the first time to English readers. The author, formerly Professor at the University of Zurich, represents the Zurich school of Psychoanalysis, differing in important points from the Viennese school as expounded by Freud and Adler. Briefly put, "the Viennese school takes the standpoint of an exclusive sexual conception, while that of the Zurich school is symbolistic. The methods of the former school are analytical and causal; those of the latter analytical and causal as well as synthetic and prospective "in recognition of the fact that the human mind is characterised by *causae* and also by *fines* (aims)".

Causality is only one principle, and psychology cannot be exhausted by causal methods only, because the mind lives by aims as well. The Vienna school interprets the psychological symbol as a sign or token of certain primitive psychosexual processes; it reduces the phantasy products of the patient to the fundamental infantile desire for pleasure or power, in accordance with scientific biologism and naturalism.

The Zurich school, while recognising the value of this conception, "considers it to be but a half-truth, and has in view also the final result of analysis, regarding the fundamental thoughts and impulses of the Unconscious as symbols indicative of a definite line of future development". It is from this point of view that the papers collected in the volume before us are written. They contain a view of life as yet unrecognised by present day science, which is based as a whole on causality and, as Dr. Long remarks in his editorial preface, "they will come as a relief to many students of the Unconscious who will see in them another aspect than that of a wild beast couched, waiting its hour to spring".

In fourteen chapters on the Psychology and Pathology of so-called Occult Phenomena, the Association Method, the Significance of Number Dreams, the Psychology of Dreams, the Importance of the Unconscious in Psychopathology, the Content of the Psychoses, New Paths in Psychology, etc., the author presents most interesting and valuable material in support of his theory. Speaking of dreams, he shows how an

apparently senseless dream is quite full of sense, and deals with extraordinarily important and serious problems of the soul; how the dreams and phantasies of patients may be interpreted so as to yield a clue to their real meaning and to the treatment of the mental disease.

In his "Association Method" he employs a number (100) of definitely chosen words (head, green, water, to sing, dead, long, ship, to pay, etc.) to which the test person is asked to answer as quickly as possible with the first word that comes to his mind. From the time of reaction and the nature of the reply he is able to obtain a definite insight into the test person's mind. As an example he shows how by this method the person guilty of theft was discovered among a number of hospital nurses.

Chapter IX contains the most interesting correspondence between Dr. Jung and Dr. Loy on "Some Crucial Points in Psychoanalysis," in which Dr. Jung explains his reasons for giving up hypnotic suggestion in favour of his method of psychoanalysis, though recognising that the former, as every other method, has its use in particular cases, and none can be employed in all cases. He makes a distinction between the practitioner who employs certain methods and the scientist who investigates new ground, who searches for truth and for newer and better methods.

These are but a few indications of the contents of the book, which are naturally of a technical character, most of the papers having been prepared for medical congresses. They are not, however, incomprehensible to the lay mind; on the contrary, the book can be read with profit by anyone interested in the problems of dreams, mental disease, and psychology in general. The author is not only a scientist, but also a philosopher, broad-minded and tolerant, and it is not possible to follow his exposition without feeling that one has gained a new and deeper insight into the working of the human mind, and recognising that the new methods of psychoanalysis, at present in their infancy, may lead to great results in the future. We highly recommend the book.

A. S.

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*Principles of Plant Teratology*, by Wilson Crosfield Worsdell, F.L.S. Vol. I. Issued by the Ray Society, London. (Dulau & Co., Ltd., London. Price 25s.)

As the author remarks in his preface, "during the last forty-five years our knowledge of abnormal structures has increased enormously". He explains that his intention is to carry a step further, both in respect of matter and mode of treatment, the work of Dr. M. T. Masters on *Vegetable Teratology*, issued by the Ray Society in 1869. In his introduction he gives clear reasons for the importance he attaches to abnormalities as clues to the relations between different varieties and their original forms. He contends that such "freaks of nature" are not isolated exceptions to the rule of purposive adaptation to conditions, but are themselves adaptations to abnormal conditions; also that they are by no means invariably reversions, but often actually progressions.

Non-vascular plants, such as fungi, are first dealt with; then vascular plants, the consideration of which naturally takes up the greater part of the volume. The former are classified under types of abnormality, and the latter under the headings of the various main organs or parts of the plant—root, stem and leaf—the second volume will treat of the flower.

A standard work of this kind is of course too technical for anyone but a specialist to appreciate or even follow, but to those of our readers who are botanists the merits of the book will be obvious. Apart from the value of the information *per se*, a fruitful field is opened up for the testing and elaboration of Theosophical principles by examples taken from vegetable life. To the mere layman the illustrations, especially the excellent plates at the end of the book, are a pleasing incentive to the study of this complex subject, a study that will be much facilitated by the glossary and copious bibliographies that are included. The volume is got up in a style worthy of its contents.

W. D. S. B.

*The Witness of Religious Experience*, by the Rt. Rev. W. Boyd Carpenter, R.C.V.D., D.D., D.C.L. (Williams and Norgate, London. Price 2s. 6d.)

As a Christian, the author claims that God may be known by the individual as a great reality, and in this series of lectures—the Donnellan Lectures delivered before the University of Dublin in 1914 and in Westminster Abbey in 1916—he tries to answer the questions: Is this claim a legitimate one? What is the nature of the religious consciousness? Whence comes this active force we call religion? How does this force manifest itself in human lives?

The most interesting part of the book is that in which the fourth question is dealt with. The first three are disposed of in a rather unsatisfactory and superficial way. According to the author the religious consciousness is a fact—no distinction is made between knowing God as a great reality and any form of consciousness that has ever been called religious—for although efforts have been made to find some race or tribe without religious rite or feeling, these have all proved unsuccessful. This mysterious force, religion, he then proceeds to analyse, showing that it is one which permeates the whole of life, and comparing its influence with that exercised by Art, Science or Ethics. This unexplained force, this religious consciousness “is after all due to the fact that He was in us, and it has led us on to the discovery that we are in Him who is true”. The author now compares the religious experiences of St. Paul with those of Jesus, and describes these as typifying the two main varieties of religious consciousness. St. Paul is the “twice born” soul, to use Professor James’s phrase which the author himself adopts, and Jesus the “healthy-minded”. This comparison, to which three of the lectures are devoted, is very interesting. The conclusion drawn from it is that though the actual experiences which a soul undergoes, because of this impelling force of religion, vary according to his temperament, in essence they are all of one kind, namely, that which leads to the “unselfing” of the man. They stimulate the highest in him and lead to self-surrender.

A. DE L.

*Hungry Stones and Other Stories*, and *Fruit-Gathering*, by Sir Rabindranath Tagore. (Macmillan, London. Prices 5s. and 4s. 6d. respectively.)

The former of these the two latest productions of this distinguished author consists of thirteen short stories translated from the original Bengali with the assistance of several of the author's friends, and in one case by the author himself. They are for the most part simple tales of Indian life, lit up with flashes of rare poetic insight. The rich shades of local colour, both in temperament and surroundings, are blended with all the subtlety of a master artist; the tragedy is sharp and poignant, but transmuted by unexpected revelations of nobility; the humour is free and natural; and the whole is guiltless of exaggeration.

To Theosophists, by far the most interesting study is to be found in "The Devotee," portraying, as it does, a phase of Indian religious life almost incomprehensible to western minds. The situation on which the story hinges is the homage paid by a woman who has renounced the world, to a man apparently unknown to her, but whom she worships as an embodiment of the Deity she lives but to serve. The man at once understands her point of view, and is neither gratified nor disconcerted at being addressed by a strange woman as "my God," but listens in complete sympathy while she confesses the disillusionment that drove her forth to seek for truth.

Another story of more definite bearing on Theosophical teaching is "My Lord, the Baby," in which a supposed case of reincarnation supplies the motive of the principal character. Raicharan, a man-servant, is devoted to his master's little son, so much so that when the child is drowned while under his care, he allows the mother to accuse him of having stolen her son, rather than confess to the child's tragic death. When, however, his wife gives birth to a son not long afterwards, he recognises in his own baby all the winning ways of his former charge, and takes for granted that his "little master" has come back to him. Acting on this belief he spends his last penny on the boy's education and brings him to his old master and mistress, who believe that he is their own child and that Raicharan has really been keeping him away from them. This is the bitterest part of his renunciation, for he is turned away from the door of his son's new home.

The first story, from which the book takes its title, is of a haunted palace, and conveys a realistic impression of "borderland" experience, incidentally introducing a "theosophist kinsman" with some humorous references to his credulity. Of the remainder, "Once there was a King," "The Home-Coming" and "The Cabuliwallah" linger foremost in the memory as gems of child-study, especially the latter story. "We Crown Thee King" and "The Babus of Nayanjore" are full of quiet humour, the former providing a delightful Indian commentary on Anglo-Indian self-sufficiency.

*Fruit-Gathering* is a worthy sequel to *Gitanjali*, now a household word among lovers of mystical poetry. Through all these songs of praise and prayer runs a confident and almost familiar affirmation of the divine life in man and nature. Theosophists may not be able to pick out odd "texts" in support of their more specialised tenets, but none the less will they find the very essence of Theosophy expressed in thoughts and measures of intrinsic beauty; hence the wonderful power of these lines to create an atmosphere of self-forgetfulness and aspiration.

This later work possibly connotes a field of vision wider even than its predecessor, though its general tone is more subdued and sometimes sombre. "The Oarsmen" is a fine example of the poet's later and bolder style, whilst a picturesque background is formed by several anecdotes from the life of the Lord Buddha and other spiritual teachers. It is certainly difficult to make selection from among so many treasures, but perhaps the following is characteristic of Tagore's message:

I will meet one day the Life within me, the joy that hides in my life, though the days perplex my path with their idle dust.

I have known it in glimpses, and its fitful breath has come upon me making my thoughts fragrant for a while.

I will meet one day the Joy without me that dwells behind the screen of light—and will stand in the overflowing solitude where all things are seen as by their creator.

In these troublous times, when national barriers are being fortified all round, it is well that the world still has a few men who can strike the lofty note of universality, and we should ever remember with gratitude that India has rendered such a service in the works of Tagore.

W. D. S. B.

*The Coming End of the Age: Its Imminent Nearness and What It Means for Our Race*, by Dr. C. Williams. (Jarrold and Sons. London. Price 1s.)

Written to prove the nearness of the end of the age from Biblical prophecies, this book also contains very strong condemnation of the Higher Critics, especially when they attack the Book of Daniel, the chief source of the prophecies mentioned.

We also find much attack upon Christian Science, Theosophy, the New Theology, Spiritism, Mormonism, etc., and read that those who follow the above "forms of infidelity," as the author's expression is, will have a worse time in the future than the faithful Christians, as they are followers of "doctrines of devils and of false prophets"—expressions which, in his opinion, clearly point to Madame Blavatsky, Mrs. Eddy, etc., and their adherents.

We are promised further information later, which of course we shall look forward to, for he gives us such exact details as to the date of the end of the age, also the coming visit of Satan, who is to rise from obscurity to be a statesman, military commander, and ultimately a king. We are even told what his manner and appearance will be like, also that he will be attended by two satellites called in Biblical prophecies "the Antichrist" and "the False Prophet". They are to have supernatural power, for they will bring fire down from Heaven and will make statues speak, establishing a new religion which the author seems to think will be a mixture of Paganism, Spiritism and Buddhism. He does not tell us what will happen to this religion when the coming visitors are cast into the "Bottomless Pit" and "the Lake of Fire," which is their ultimate fate, or why they have these different warm places reserved for them and are not put away together, but perhaps these details are left for the promised second volume.

E. S. B.

*The Village Gods of South India* ("The Religious Life of India" Series), by The Right Reverend Henry Whitehead, D.D., Bishop of Madras.

The book under review is one of a series of little volumes intended "to produce really reliable information for the use of all who are seeking the welfare of India". Editors and writers of this series promise to work in "the spirit of the best modern science, looking only for the truth". We are told that they will seek "to bring to the interpretation of the system under review such imagination and sympathy as characterises the best study in the domain of religion to-day". These editors and writers declare that they had "religious intercourse with the people who live by the faith described" and that they have persistently questioned "those likely to be able to give information". The pious hope expressed by them is that readers in India will recognise the value of this practical method of bringing out the salient features of Indian Spiritual Life.

One expects after this declaration a constructive criticism on various superstitions that might be associated with the worship of the village Gods in South India. The expectation increases when one sees that the Bishop of Madras, ably assisted by his wife, has undertaken such a task. Both the learned Bishop and his wife have long associated themselves with the social activities of the Hindus in this Presidency, and they are supposed to have a sympathetic attitude towards their religious beliefs. At any rate the Bishop and his wife know, or ought to know, that the Hindus themselves are working in the direction of reform and trying to root out superstitious beliefs from amongst their community. The Social Service League, the Social Reform Association and other similar institutions are not unknown to the Bishop. These reformers want reform and not destruction. What has their friend the Bishop to say to them? Says he: "We can only condemn it (the system of worship) from a moral and religious point of view as a debasing superstition, and the only attitude which the Christian Church can possibly take towards it as a working system is one of uncompromising hostility." The most sympathetic and constructive remedy that he suggests is, in his own words, as follows: "The first step towards any religious

progress in the villages of South India is to cut down this jungle of beliefs and practices and rites and ceremonies, and clear the ground for the teaching and worship of the Christian Church." The Bishop finds one hopeful sign in this village worship, which is that no particular caste has any predominance in it, and that there is still the instinctive craving of the human heart for communion with God. He concludes that this attitude of mind towards the spiritual world is to a certain degree a preparation for the Gospel and thus not a bad foundation for the Christian Church to build upon.

Thus does the learned Bishop of Madras, perhaps following the traditions of the early Muhammadan invaders of India, try first to destroy the Village Gods of South India and then to build upon that destruction the Church of Christ. His chief instruments of destruction are the animal sacrifices that take place in some of the village temples, and the habit of drink. The Bishop thinks that the object of these sacrifices is to propitiate various spirits, good and evil. Animal sacrifice is never justifiable, but one must be consistent in condemning it everywhere. It is equally wrong to sacrifice animals by thousands in slaughter houses to propitiate the tongue of man, and the sight in a slaughter house cannot be less repulsive than that in any stray temple of a village God. While the Hindu Reformers are paying attention to the improvement of their backward classes, will it not be better if the Bishop will turn his attention to his brothers in Christ who sacrifice animals to propitiate themselves and to add to the beauty of their dress? Similarly must the habit of drinking be condemned, but the Hindu religion does not give it any encouragement—at least not more than Christianity does. What about the licences given away profusely, not only in towns but in villages and in almost all localities—at times even against protests from the residents thereof? Are Hindu Gods responsible for these also? The Salvation Army has been doing splendid work among soldiers, and has cured people by crores, but their work is real, and so less noisy.

V. R. S.

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*Man's Hidden Being*, by Annie Pitt. (L. N. Fowler & Co., London. Price 2s. 6d.)

The inspirer of this book is "Aziel," who is supposed to be but the mouthpiece of a powerful band of "spirits," some of whom are very ancient, and are engaged in mission work, chiefly in South Africa. This band, which is called "The Love Circle," is said to have its Hall of Praise in the Sixth Sphere of Paradise, a region too lofty to permit many of its most high and holy members to come near the earth plane. Their teaching is therefore brought by Aziel, and transmitted through his medium, Mrs. Pitt, who receives it either through trance or automatic writing.

This particular message, written in very simple language, is full of uplifting and helpful advice for the perfecting of human nature. It traces the spiritual progress of a soul seeking light, up to the point where it attains illumination; then follow the rewards attending such seeking; but the whole amounts to little more than the "be good and you will be happy" philosophy. Three truths are elaborated—"perfection is our goal, angels are our guardians, and God is our Father".

G. G.

*Science From an Easy Chair*, by Sir Ray Lankester. (Methuen & Co., London. Price 1s.)

Science used to be a rather severe and appalling word in the ears of the untrained, non-scientific person, but of late years many of the secrets of nature which science has discovered have been presented to the public in a very simple and attractive way. One of these glimpses into the Fairyland of Science comes to us through the present collection of essays. The book has reached its eighth edition in its original form, and now a popular edition—the ninth—has been published, with a very few omissions only. The thirty-six little essays are illustrated by 64 woodcuts.

A. DE L.

## THEOSOPHY IN THE MAGAZINES

## THE NEW EDUCATION

In *The Nineteenth Century and After* appears an article by the Bishop of Carlisle under the above title, which shows how the truer view of education that inevitably follows from the application of Theosophical principles, is slowly but surely gaining ground among the leaders of public opinion. The first complaint the Bishop has to make is that hitherto national education has been too much of a machine through which all children are passed, irrespective of their inclinations or capacities.

The radical defect of our present national education is not that it is systematised but that it is over-systematised; not that it is scrupulously organised but that it is scantily vitalised; not that it has become methodical but that it is growing mechanical. Just as the universality of machinery is perverting much labour into monotonous drudgery and is killing the labourer's joy in his work, so our mechanical education is devitalising our schools and killing the children's delight in knowledge. It should be impossible for even the most backward child to regard his school as a prison, and look forward to the day of his final leaving as a day of glad emancipation. Yet what the coming of legal age is to the hungry and expectant heir, that, or something like that, the growing out of school age has become, through our "system of education," to multitudes of our mechanised children.

The writer blames neither teachers nor administrators, in fact he gratefully acknowledges the generous supply of voluntary service that distinguishes this branch of public work; what he is trying to find is a practical remedy. In his opinion the compulsory establishment of "continuation" schools does not go to the root of the trouble, if it merely continues a routine already hateful to the young, while the increase of scholarships may have quite the opposite effect to what was intended, by imposing undue strain on the unformed brain of the average child. The fundamental "heresy" that he sees beneath all educational progress before the war, lies in "the illusion that education is principally an affair of the head, and that schools are the all-supreme instrument in the development of children". He considers that the home should play as important a part in education as the school, by reason of its influence on the heart; and yet parents seem to think "that when they have sent their children to school they have done all that is required of them and that everything will turn out right".

The next step, according to this writer, is to form a clear idea as to the real aim of education, and here, we think, even a slight acquaintance with the Theosophical outlook would obviate much dissipation of well meaning energy. It is not enough to lament the fact that material success has so far been the only standard by which education has been judged—even in this respect it is generally a failure—but the creative impulse must be understood, evoked, and directed by true ideals of life. However, it is something to find the writer laying such stress on the development of a strong and altruistic character; even though such efforts be limited to the sphere of “morality,” they will be some guarantee against a lop-sided mentality of the kind the writer cites in the case of Germany. The following extract contains the pith of his recommendations :

To gain this great end it is essential that boards, committees, inspectors, managers, and teachers should intelligently, diligently, sympathetically study child-nature and master the laws of its development. Our old education had a superabundance of logic in it, not unfrequently based on doubtful premises. It gloried in miles of tape that did little but tie. Our new education must build less on dubious logic and more on sound psychology. It must labour under fewer fetters and rejoice in more freedom. Every child is a seed; but all children are not the same seed, or even seed of the same kind. They need, therefore, different soils, different tillage, different methods of cultivation. Hitherto these beneficent diversities have received but scanty recognition. Children have been treated too much as if they were all alike. They have been taught the same things, standardised by the same measure, run into the same mould, forced into the same bed.

We find no mention of the need for better remuneration in the teaching profession, not only to attract the most capable teachers but to give the profession its proper status in the eyes of the public. However, the article winds up in a hopeful tone as to the fresh impetus that we may expect education to receive after the war.

Our State ideals are steadily, although slowly, ascending; and no inconsiderable proportion of our teachers and managers are craving for larger freedom to foster their own ideals. So are our universities, both ancient and modern. The influence of these latter in some of our great cities is most benign. They are creating around them an intellectually lucent and morally bracing atmosphere. Some of the Professors are recognised leaders of thought and civic progress. They dwell among the people and identify themselves with the best interests of the communities in which they live.

The results to be achieved by “the new education” are summarised as: (1) the narrowing of the gulf between “classes” and “masses,” (2) the growth of a corporate

national consciousness, and (3) "the exaltation of labour to its proper and inherent dignity".

Another article of more definite interest to educationists is one in *The Contemporary Review* by Sidney Webb. It is entitled "Half-Time for Adolescents," and is the first of a series under the title "The Coming Educational Revolution". After calling attention to the premature employment of boys and girls in competitive industries, often of the "blind alley" type, to the detriment of their efficiency as adults, Mr. Webb outlines a measure for providing further training for adolescents. His main propositions concerning this measure are as follows: (1) The measure must be made compulsory on employers. (2) It must be made simultaneously obligatory on all Local Education authorities. (3) It must be made simultaneously applicable to all employers. (4) It must come into force gradually, by yearly stages. (5) Its requirements must be made to vary according to the conditions of each industry. (6) It must provide for more than technical instruction in a particular industry. (7) It should apply equally to both sexes. (8) It should stipulate for "Half-Time for Adolescents". (9) It should involve practically no increase in the local Educational Rate. (10) It should not be made an excuse for any diminution in the present inadequate scholarship ladder, or in the provision of secondary schools, which both need to be greatly increased.

Each of these propositions is backed by solid arguments, stated in the businesslike manner one associates with this exceptionally effective social reformer. Theosophists will understand his impatience with what he calls the feeble-minded philanthropist, and will appreciate his clear-cut demands for specific legislation.

W. D. S. B.

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