

THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

IT has been a wonderful week, the National Week, in the old royal City of Lucknow, and there is no doubt of the wisdom of the decision of the General Council to have the choice of the place of meeting left open, to be decided year by year. The most important Societies in India, engaged in work religious, social, temperance, industrial, humanitarian, etc., gather round the National Congress, and all that is best and noblest in India makes pilgrimage to the political Mecca, and pitches its tents as near as may be to the central spot. The brotherly love that is the atmosphere of all the many activities is breathed in with delight; differences that seemed insuperable at a distance become dwarfed when heart touches heart; it was verily a United India, not united by a dull uniformity of opinion, for that would mean an India intellectually and emotionally dead, but an India throbbing with eager life, with innumerable differences, all merged into one Aim, one

Hope, one Will—the welfare and the splendour of the Motherland.

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Among the many Conferences, two and three a day, the Theosophical Convention was much approved. We had a very fine pandal, holding, when crowded, some four thousand people, and it was packed to the uttermost for the Convention Lectures. It was gay with pennons, and very well arranged; the whole centre was without chairs, the ground being the universal bench; at the back, and down each side, chairs and benches were arranged for all who preferred their stiffer welcome. The platform was high, so that the voice might travel far. The Chairman of the Theosophical Reception Committee was the Hon. Paṇḍit Gokarannath Misra, who was also one of the Secretaries of the Congress Convention Committee. Much of the success of both gatherings was due to his unwearied labours, for he worked day after day for months before the important Week, and was literally worn out on the last day, and obliged to gaze at the last meeting of the Congress from the depths of an arm-chair.

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Our Cadets from the Cawnpur Theosophical School, in their handsome uniform, led by their Head Master, made a gallant show. Lads who are working together the whole year round have a great advantage over those who only meet for a few days; and it would be well if every town that invites the Congress would request its High Schools and Colleges to put their lads through a regular course of military drill, in order that they may preserve order in the huge meetings of the Week. To guide delegates to the seats assigned to them, to keep

the passages open, to receive distinguished visitors, and to be useful without being obtrusive, all these duties need to be practised together, and advantage of the town's meetings during the year may be taken for such practice. An Indian paper remarks :

Of all the gatherings held at Lucknow, the Theosophical Convention was the most orderly and the best organised. Its proceedings are an example in punctuality, personal discipline and earnest devotion to a good cause. And it is a very hopeful sign of the times that, like the Ārya Samāj and the Hindū Conference, the Theosophical Society has been trying to spiritualise public life in India. Only last evening, Mr. Vernon, of the Cawnpore Elgin Mills, said that the Theosophical High School there was the best in that town. Here again Mrs. Besant has earned our gratitude. Out of her 26 Educational Institutions, this is being nurtured by the joint co-operation of the Hindū and Muslim graduates, who work like brothers. The Besant National College in Bombay will soon take shape, and the present T.S. Educational Trust will, in a short time, be constituted into a National Education Trust. It is inspiring to see that several Englishmen, like Mr. Arundale, Mr. Wood and Mr. Kirk, are working hard for it at great personal sacrifice.

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We must try to deserve all the nice things said of us by increased devotion, bearing the good fruit of earnest work. I may add that the co-operation of Hindūs, Musalmāns and Pārsīs is going on in many of our schools, for we try to find teachers of each faith to teach their own form of religion to the boys belonging to it.

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Mr. Bal Gangadhar Tilak must have felt that the intense love and gratitude which flow out to him wherever he goes is some compensation for all the agony he suffered during seven and a half years of prison life. He is the most modest of men, for all his strong views and his deep devotion to the Motherland.

He must have spoken much to his own people in their mother-tongue, for his speech is lucid, simple, in short sentences, sometimes humorous, or biting or sarcastic. It is no wonder that "the common people hear him gladly," and that the scribes and pharisees hate him. He is totally unselfish, his thought fixed only on the Motherland; no personal desires cloud that pure upspringing column; he would sacrifice his dearest, as he would sacrifice himself, on her altar. What matters it if such men live or die? Living, they lead a Nation to the Promised Land. Dead, they become a deathless inspiration and—they return.

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The great events of the Week in the political world were the reunion of the Moderates and Extremists in one National Party, and the union of Hindūs and Musalmāns into one Nation. Long may that blessed union continue for the good of the country, the Empire and the World.

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Mr. Arundale spoke to enthusiastic audiences on Education, the subject nearest to his heart. Mr. C. Jinarājadāsa also gave two lectures, on "Theosophy and the Modern Search for Truth" and "Theosophy and National Life," all to very large audiences. There was a Star Meeting on December 28th, meetings of the E.S., the Theosophical Trust, the Councils of the T.S. and the Indian Convention, and of the Governing Body of the Trust. At all three of these Council meetings resolutions of far-reaching importance were passed. At the T.S. Council, the Scottish General Secretary proposed and the Russian General Secretary seconded a resolution directing the President to

determine the book business, left for the support of the President of the Society by the President-Founder. In making the Deed of Gift, he left the power to determine the business in the hands of the Council of the Society. He valued the business at Rs. 5,000, and the monthly income was from Rs. 50 to Rs. 250. I brought into it the Theosophical Publishing House from Benares, and before the War the monthly turn-over was about Rs. 30,000. I draw from it Rs. 1,000 a month, and pay income-tax on that amount, although over Rs. 600 a month goes to school and college fees and scholarships and educational help to teachers. The less than Rs. 400 cover my personal expenses and other charities. This is right enough, but we cannot ensure always having as President a man or woman who will follow out this policy, and it would be disastrous to have a President attracted by the income of the post! So I asked the Council to determine the business, and allow me to make a new Deed of Gift, vesting the whole thing in the Executive of the T.S., elected annually by the General Council, and leaving them to assign to the President a sufficient, but not extravagant income. I retain Rs. 1,000 *per mensem* for life, so that, if I am not re-elected, the educational charities will not suffer.

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The important resolution of the Council of the Indian Section was the transfer of the General Secretaryship, with the late incumbent's glad assent, to our revered Mr. T. Ramachandra Rao, Retired Sub-Judge, with two Asst. Secretaries, Mr. Wagle for office and Mr. Harjiven Mehta specially for lecturing. Our good Paṇḍit Iqbal Narain Gurtu had broken down from overwork, and he now resumes his favourite work only, that of teaching,

as Head of our Benares Boys' School. It is right that South India should give the T.S. in India its most capable Provincial Secretary, and we look forward with confidence to the coming year.

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The Governing Body of the T.E.T. decided to merge in the National Educational Trust now forming, earmarking its funds and buildings, as all other schools can do.

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A very delightful letter has come from one of the Muffasal Pañchama Schools, managed by the Kumbhakonam T.S. The school has just been recognised up to the Third Standard, and there is only one pupil in that :

But he is helping the teacher in teaching the other classes, and is paid Rs. 3. He is a really intelligent student, and is willing to go to the Training School, and after that to take charge of the school itself. There is also another smart boy in the Second Standard and he is also being trained in the same way. The example set by these is catching, and some parents of these children are really anxious to educate them. One such parent has actually given up drinking and saved his income, with which he is now able to feed his children without compelling them to work with him and thus preventing them from going to school. You may ask: "Is this all for three years' work?" Yet, though it may appear very poor, I believe we have laid a strong foundation, and it is only in future years we can hope to reap the full reward of our labours.

All? I think it is splendid. A man redeemed from drunkenness, and using the money saved to educate his boys. Who can tell how far that example may spread? If the school were closed to-morrow, its work would have been more than worth while.

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Among good workers who have gone to the Peace from India, I must mention our Brother B. P. Oza, President of the Bhavnagar Lodge, and a most helpful

worker. "His life," writes a member, "was an ideal one." Such men will return to carry on the Great Work.

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Very beautiful is the testimony to the character and work of our Brother, Captain H. J. Cannan, D.S.O., who passed away last November, of wounds received some nine days previously. His holding of the Ypres salient for three long months, exposed to fire on three sides, won mention for him in Dispatches of January 1, 1916, and he gained the D.S.O. for exceptional bravery in the battle of the Somme and in a long series of reconnaissances. A superior officer in his Brigade wrote to his wife of his exceeding regret at his death, and a friend writes that this officer

spoke so enthusiastically of him. He said he could not think of anyone whom they admired or respected more; that he "was an example to all of us regulars, and his influence with the young officers was something quite by itself—quite wonderful". He said that Capt. Cannan was "always so modest and unassuming, that he probably had not the least idea of what they all thought of him". He said he should always remember one morning at dawn, before the Lille Gate at Ypres. General Jackson had been meeting them, and he said afterwards to this Major: "Cannan is the stoutest-hearted of them all." He said that "on the Somme every one was talking of him" (of course necessarily in their own area), and he finished by saying: "He was one in ten thousand." It means the more, all this, I think, because Capt. Cannan's manners were not what you would call ingratiating, and he never took any pains to create a good impression on the outside.

I like to mention here any such records of "our living dead".

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Mr. T. H. Martyn has been made General Secretary of our Australian Section, Mrs. John remaining as Asst. General Secretary, the office she held for many

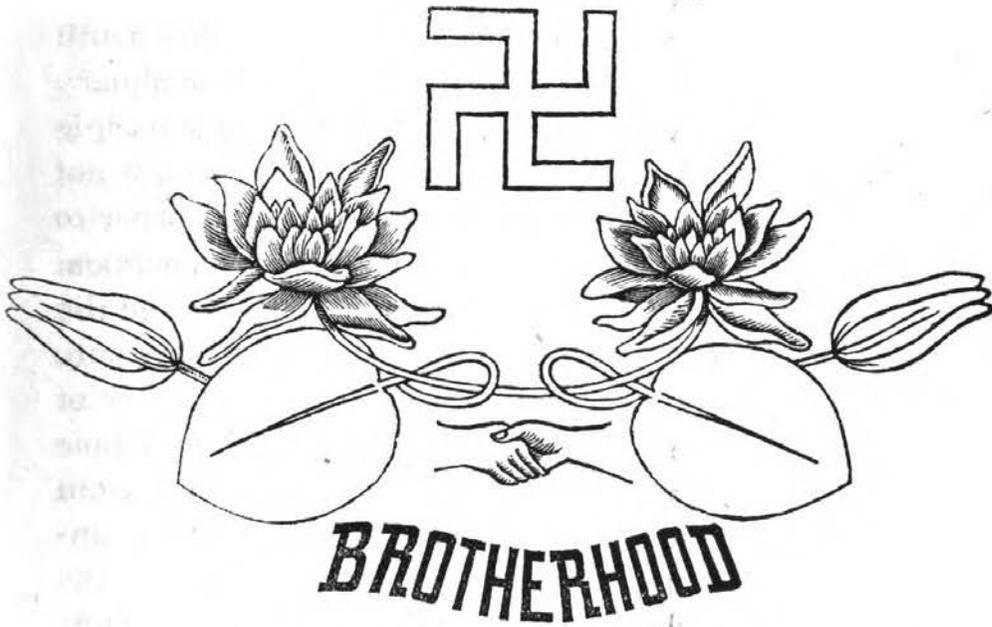
years under her husband. I congratulate the Section. It can have no better General Secretary than this quiet, strong man.

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The Asst. General Secretary sends me the following from the Asst. Surgeon, Civil Hospital, Basra, relating to my para of November last, p. 122, wherein I spoke of the Basra Lodge as founded by soldiers. I print the correction, of course, though I spoke to one of the founders of the original Lodge, when he returned to India, and he was certainly a soldier. Perhaps the original Lodge died when the regiment left, and rose again as civilian. Dr. Jacob E. Soloman, President of the Basra Lodge, must certainly know its present composition :

Will you kindly correct our President's mistake regarding the Basra Lodge which was noticed in the last month's THEOSOPHIST. Our Lodge does not consist of members from the ranks of soldiers and officers. It consists of civilians attached to the expeditionary Force, a few merchants from India, and local men. When the Centre was started here, we had four civilians and two local members, one of the latter working as an interpreter during the study classes. Shortly after that our members increased, and on 22nd November, 1915, our Charter was granted by the President. Now the total strength consists of 22 members, of whom 13 are local members and the majority of the rest are Government servants attached to the force. A few of the Indians joined the Society here and are now in India, their names being transferred to India, or are still here attached or unattached to our Lodge. Brother MATHALONE, the Secretary, is also the interpreter of the Lodge. In our Lodge there is a majority of Jews, but there are also Christians, a Muhammadan and a Hindū.

We wish the lonely Lodge all usefulness and prosperity. But why should I say "lonely"? No. T.S. Lodge can be really lonely, when it is part of the great company of the Divine Wisdom.



THE UNITY OF THE HINDŪ FAITH

By T. R. RANGASWAMI AYYANGAR, M.A.

THE absence of a connected and rational exposition of Ontology, as conceived by the ancient Hindūs and handed down with scrupulous care to posterity, has given rise to various misconceptions and perversions. The innate indifference of the Hindū mind to creating a favourable impression in the mind of a foreigner about his own views of life and religion has easily paved the way for the grandest conception of God which the human mind is capable of, to be roughly handled, if not positively misrepresented, even by an earnest seeker of truth from foreign lands. From the earliest times it has been an established canon of the

Hindū faith not to seek converts and evince a spirit of anxiety to impress one's own views upon the mind of a foreigner. On the other hand, a seeker after truth within the fold was subject to a series of disciplinary measures and even humiliation, so that many a disciple had to give up the attempt with a sigh of pain, if not of relief. It is beside the province of this paper to account for this state of affairs, but when the political and social condition of the race in the past and the practically insular nature of the country are taken into consideration, it is no wonder that the rich heritage of wisdom acquired by the simple law of inheritance has been so zealously guarded and shut out from the prying eyes of a foreign enquirer. The unshaken belief in the Law of Karma and in the evolution of each race on its own lines of perfection or imperfection, has heightened this spirit of isolation. Successive waves of foreign incursions and domination have not been able even to shake off the external web of Hindū society woven by the hands of time and accident. But a faith which can produce a sage who complacently smiled and cried: "Yet even thou art He," when an infuriated British soldier thrust his bayonet into his bosom on the banks of the Gaṅgā, and a set of devotees who would not allow their evening meditations to be distracted by cannon shots on the banks of the Cauvery in the famous siege of Trichinopoly, must have a mysterious power within it.

The nobility of a religion must be determined by the nature and qualities of its followers shown in *actual* life, and not by the volumes of books which pretend to expound the views and life of its founder or founders. It is a true saying that nothing bad is found in print, at

least in the domain of religion and philosophy, and it is equally true that since creation more crimes have been committed in the name of religion and God than good. The burning of the library at Alexandria, the inhuman massacre of millions in the conquest of Mexico, the awful burning of Protestant heretics in Catholic Europe, the throwing of the primitive Christian into the mouth of a starved lion to glut the eye of a Roman populace, the fierce persecution of the Jain and the Buddhist by the Shaivites of Southern India during the Dark Ages—a singular instance of intolerance even in this land of peace and religious freedom—have all been done in the sacred name of God, as seen by jaundiced eyes through the thick glass of bigotry and presumption.

Be the cause what it may, even the worst enemies of the Hindū faith readily concede that as a race the Hindūs are docile, patient, law-abiding and unworldly, and that nothing can provoke them to acts of violence and resentment unless their religious susceptibilities are wounded. Even at this day, when gross materialism has entered into this land in the shape of Western culture, it is but a plain statement of fact that many a Hindū is prepared to sacrifice anything for the religion of his forefathers. There are instances on record which show that kings sacrificed their thrones, ministers their power, warriors their lives, devotees their limbs and eyes, and even women their lives and children—all for the sake of a faith with all its anomalies and diversities. To a sincere Hindū the world is only a place of toil and torment; the family, a useless encumbrance brought on by his own desires and actions; power, an easy road to perdition; and life, but a preparation for the other world. Is it possible

for a false faith to create such a spirit? The boldest reasonings of the most intellectual western philosopher fall flat upon a Hindū's ear, the proudest discoveries of science create in his mind no sense of incompatibility, the grandest inventions excite no admiration in him, and the most enlightened form of Government is only a convenient garb in which he can safely work out his own salvation. The religion of such a race of people deserves careful study and the idea of God as conceived by such a race, if properly expounded, can gratify the curiosity of even a casual thinker.

The first idea that strikes the mind of a student of the Hindū religion, especially if he happens to be outside its pale, is that it does not seem to be *one* religion, with a system of dogmas and ritual of its own, but a congeries of various *forms* of faith with different conceptions of God, the soul and immortality, and with beliefs and observances essentially differing from one another. It is not associated with the name of any particular individual claiming to be its founder, like the other great religions of the world. There is no cut-and-dried system of doctrines and principles of its own, a belief in which is essential for any man to claim to be within its fold. The grossest forms of nature worship and demon worship are found side by side with the highest form of philosophical development and the purest form of devotional worship, and all claim a common origin and base their existence on the authority of a central text-book which itself seems to be but a collection of various hymns and songs sung in the course of several ages and at several stages of intellectual progress. A student of the early Vaidic texts, like Max Müller, calls Hindūism a form of nature worship. One who

has made a special study of the later Vedas calls it an elaborate system of ritualistic offerings made by a primitive race in a spirit of terror or thankfulness to a legion of supposed deities, which are believed to preside over the destinies of the human race. A study of the Upaniṣhaṭs makes one think that the Hindū faith is a series of philosophical speculations made by a highly imaginative race in its unaided struggle to weave a rational system of religious belief. On the other hand, a student of the Purāṇas will unhesitatingly pronounce the Hindū faith to be a sort of hero worship and the celebrations of the rejoicings of tribal warfare and conquests. To a casual observer who has no knowledge of any sacred book of the Hindū religion—a western traveller or a Christian missionary for instance—the Hindū religion will appear to be a gross form of superstitious idolatry full of objectionable practices and childish beliefs.

The fault is neither here nor there. It is an infirmity of human nature not to dive into the inner nature of things, but to rush to conclusions and opinions formed by a hasty judgment, resulting from superficial observation through coloured glasses and preconceived notions. A non-Christian has as little right to condemn the religion of Christ and its soul-stirring message to the world, by observing the conduct of some of its so-called followers in a particular age and in a particular part of the world, as a non-Hindū has to condemn the grandeur of the Hindū faith by observing the gross forms of worship practised by a particular set of people in a particular part of the country. Buddhism has not lost its excellence because it has been expelled from the land of its birth or assimilated by the very faith

which made its rise possible. The religion of Muhammad has lost nothing of its grandeur and fame for wisdom, though some of its so-called followers gave it a turn of military aggressiveness. An earnest student of religion and philosophy must, as far as possible, divest himself of all preconceived notions, exercise his imagination so far as to identify himself with the race whose system of religion he presumes to study, go directly to the fountain-head with an open mind and a humble heart, cut out the weeds of obstruction on his onward march, and grasp the *genius* of the race which has evolved such a form of worship for its guidance. Then he will understand that God's chosen seeds are found everywhere, and that no particular nation, race or tribe can claim the exclusive privilege of being nearest or dearest to God. Different individuals work on different planes by the necessity of their nature and environment, and nations themselves have different ideals, but at the root of all aspirations and achievements, there is this common thread of thirst for eternal happiness, call it salvation if you like, deeply embedded in the heart of every rational soul.

A humble attempt is sought to be made here to present, as far as possible, a rational view of God as conceived by the mystic expounders of the Hindū faith and meekly accepted by their followers, who, in handing down their heritage to their posterity, cared only for the ennobling influence of the resultant force, without taking the trouble of systematically presenting the various forces at work. It is not the aim of the writer to adopt any scholarly method of historical exposition and trace the different stages of the evolution of philosophical or religious thought in this

land. It is for a more masterly pen to make that attempt.

The aim of the present writer is only to present before the reader a string of reasonings and ideas which go to prove the possibility of the existence of different and various conceptions of God and His nature, and yet all traceable to a common fountain, so that in the midst of hopeless diversity there is an undercurrent of admirable accord, and there is perfect fellowship in a society which is apparently divided by various forms of observances and worship.

Since the aim of this article is only to attempt a rational explanation of the various creeds and conceptions of God now prevalent in this land and all passing under the common name of Hindūism, it is not proposed to examine in detail the creed of each sect and trace its origin to the fountain of all creeds—the Vedas of the ancient Hindūs. It must be carefully noted that each sect is anxious to base its beliefs on the authority of the Vedas, which themselves are believed to be of divine origin—in the sense that the ultimate ideas of God, the soul and immortality contained therein cannot be the outcome of the mere human reason or imagination, but of divine revelation. This view is commonly accepted by all sects, and anybody presuming to advocate a set of views on the authority of his own intellectual greatness without pointing his finger to any part of the Vedas in support of his views, has always been looked upon with disfavour. This accounts for the immense trouble taken by even the most original thinkers, the founders of the various sects in the country, in repudiating all claim to originality, but maintaining by means of chapter and verse that they

are only expounding the truth of the Vedas in an easier and more assimilable form. The moment a reformer succeeds in tracing his view to any text or texts in the Vedas, and weaves out a consistent system in the light of his own interpretation, he is surrounded by a number of admirers and he claims to be the only true interpreter of the Vedas, exactly as an adventurer who could muster a troop of horse could aspire to a throne in the days of Aurangzeb. Themselves and their followers know that other interpretations are possible, but rest satisfied with an air of self-complacency that their own view of the matter is the most correct. Their unshakable belief in the law of Karma makes them tolerant of other views and even religions, and to the dismay of a foreign observer, the people of various sects, whose views on the cardinal points of religion and philosophy materially differ from one another, are found to live together in perfect peace and accord.

If it is true that all the various sects claim a common origin and are able to weave a consistent whole from the parent stalk, why should the parent itself, which claims to be of divine origin, be so very elastic as to render the existence of different views on the same one subject possible? The very excellence of the Vedas, commonly believed to be their bane, consists in their chameleon-like myriad-mindedness. Truth, even in the abstract, is many-sided, and a one-sided representation of it can be neither comprehensive nor perfect. The excellence of a thing is seen by its contrast, and the moment the whole is levelled to a dull uniformity, intellectual stagnation is the inevitable result—a consummation neither possible nor desirable. Even the simplest religions of the world, having pronounced views in the

clearest terms, in their essential beliefs and doctrines have given rise to various sects, which go to the length of even warring upon one another. It is as it should be ; and no genius, earth-born or heaven-born, can wipe out the existence of this dissimilarity in any society and at any stage in the progress of civilisation. Why such differences exist, is not a proper field of enquiry ; but how such differences came to exist, will amply repay investigation. Avoiding the pitfalls of interminable sectarian controversy let us dive deep and directly to the central idea of God as revealed by the Hindū scriptures, whose authority is undisputedly owned by all the sectarians who claim a Vaidic origin for their beliefs.

Since creation there has been no nation, however low, which has been completely devoid of a vague consciousness of some supreme Power controlling the destinies of the human race. Whether it is due to the impotency of human nature or an innate idea caused by the necessity of the human intellectual frame, or the mere outcome of the workings of the inexorable law of Relativity, the idea is there and nothing has been able to shake it out of existence. So then the ancient Hindūs also had their own consciousness of the existence of a supreme Power or Powers in common with the rest of humanity. For that consciousness, necessarily vague at first, to take shape and become matured into a regular conception must have been the work of ages. The point at issue is not whether it is produced by slow evolution or a sudden revelation at any particular stage of intellectual progress. A presumably mature conception in all its variety is found in a number of books, unquestionably the most ancient documents which the

human mind has created on the globe. Is the conception found there adequate to satisfy the longings of a thirsty soul, and is there any means of appealing to human experience for at least an approximate verification of the same? All knowledge is of necessity the outcome of observation and experiment or inference, and can this knowledge of God, as conceived by the ancient Hindū, be brought within the sphere of human observation and inference? Is it too grand an attempt and must it necessarily be inadequate and unsatisfactory? However, an attempt is not out of place, and failure is no disgrace.

It is not proposed to adopt the usual *a priori* method of beginning with certain generalisations and then deductively reasoning to account for the various shades of opinion prevailing among the different sects into which the believers in the Hindū faith have divided themselves. Having recourse to the more scientific method of proceeding from the known to the unknown, the present writer proposes to take an average individual man as the unit of Consciousness for purposes of metaphysical reasoning. Even an uncultured man is conscious of an entity in himself called the ego, or self, or individuality, as apart from the non-ego, or something different from himself—a living organism like himself or a material object, devoid of activity and motion, *i.e.*, inanimate in the ordinary sense of the word. He feels that his own physical body is something apart from his mind, and no amount of reasoning can make him feel that his body is only an illusory manifestation of his own consciousness, or that his mind is only the outcome of a number of physical forces evolved out of, or acting through, his body. In spite of

all the reasonings of materialism, the world will continue to believe in the existence of an individual soul, and no amount of reasoning can turn a Johnson from stamping upon the earth and believing in its separate existence, in spite of all the persuasions of a Berkeley, who would explain it away as nothing but a consciousness of expanded muscular energy. To an average mind, matter and mind are two different entities, though inseparable from each other in common experience.

Another thing that he easily realises to himself is that all animated beings are of two sexes—the male and the female, the one an active agent and the other a passive receptacle. This differentiation of sex is found to exist even in the vegetable kingdom, and the bold imagination of some thinkers would find it to exist even in the mineral kingdom. Here too an attempt may be made to deduce the one from the other, but for all practical purposes it puts no strain upon anybody's credence to accept the separate existence of the two sexes at least in the animal kingdom. Then again the individual man, the hero of our study, is conscious of three states of consciousness—the wakeful, the dreamy or sub-conscious, and the dormant or the sleep condition of his mind. It may be safely asserted that all living beings are subject to every one of those conditions at some time, and we cannot possibly conceive of any living object absolutely free from all these necessities of life. The differentiation of sex and the above-mentioned three conditions are purely of a physical nature, though they have their corresponding influence on the mental side of nature. Apart from all physical causes the average man is conscious of certain mental activities of an evanescent nature, a perfect release from which

cannot possibly be imagined as long as human nature continues to be what it is.

Psychologically they have been analysed into thirteen qualities, and morally into three guṇas—the Saṭṭva (the good), the Rajas (the active), and the Ṭamas (the bad or dark). These three guṇas are interpenetrative. Each divides itself into a number of permutative triads, and in each triad one quality is predominant with an admixture of the other two in different proportions. In other words, the three main guṇas do not act independently as absolutely apart from one another. This point should be carefully noted, as it gives an effective explanation for the various discrepancies and deficiencies found in human nature, and in the same man at different stages of his life, and for the varying moods to which a man is subject even in the course of a day or even an hour of his existence. This is no empty metaphysical theorising, as it is found to be true in the experience of every human being on the globe. The world has yet to produce a perfect saint or prophet, absolutely free from all weaknesses, nor has it produced hitherto an unalloyed villain of the worst stamp. There is no guarantee that a saint will ever be one incapable of falling into a weakness in thought, word or deed; nor is it impossible for a villain to reform and become a better man.

This threefold aspect of nature is at the root of all experience, and education or deterioration has become possible on account of its changeability. This serves as the basis of all speculation in the hands of a Hindū metaphysician. These guṇas are subject to the working of certain cosmic laws, an investigation of which is beyond the scope of the present enquiry. But it may

be remarked in this connection that nature, viewed in the light of this explanation, offers a workable, if not a satisfying, solution for many knotty problems of philosophy and metaphysics. Every state of consciousness is under the control of these guṇas, and the fleeting nature of consciousness is due to the fleeting nature of these guṇas which set it in motion, and the ever-occurring and impermanent cogitations and sensations are the direct outcome of the workings of these guṇas, from whose toils the human soul cannot shake itself free unless the guṇa germs are detected and burnt away—an apparently hopeless task.

With all the fleeting nature of the body and its functions, the mind and its states of consciousness, the world and its environments, we feel that there is something permanent inside and outside, round which the whole world seems to be revolving and have its being. Mind is only a conventional name for all the states of consciousness passing in rapid succession in varying degrees of intensity, but the feeling of this feeling and the consciousness of this consciousness is strongly embedded in an inner entity which cannot be influenced by any kind of stimuli, external or internal. This permanent something is the soul, which by its very nature cannot be mortal. Just as in science destruction means change of matter from one state to another, so in philosophy mortality means change of one order of consciousness into another order of consciousness, and just as it is impossible to get rid of the irreducible atom in the physical world, so it is impossible to get rid of the irreducible minimum in the mental world. The mysterious "I" persists in having a local habitation and a name, in spite of all the

reasonings of a materialist, a phenomenalist or a nihilist, and insists upon keeping itself aloof from any state of consciousness, and calls this his own without identifying himself with it. The very expression "my mind" implies a possessor owning a mind, and no amount of philosophical quibbling can gainsay what is warranted by the universal experience of all sentient beings.

The next thing that our hero is conscious of is the idea of time and space. It is not our present purpose to enter into an elaborate enquiry into the origin of this idea, for be it the result of intuition or experience, the idea is there and no external influence has put it in his mind. Whatever else he may try to get rid of, this he cannot shake off, and, according to the Hindū faith, not even after his physical death, till his soul becomes finally free from the bondage of the *guṇas* and its consequent activity. Ideas of home and country, birth and death, youth and age, far and near, and now and then, are only concrete embodiments of this abstract idea, and no philosopher is required to come out of his seclusion and teach us this simple fact.

The idea of limitation has crept into his soul, and the impermanent nature of his joys and sorrows, rank and fortune, and health and prosperity, has made him feel discontented with his earthly existence, and nothing can fill up the void in his heart which he is painfully conscious of every moment of his life. It is in this gloomy aspect of his nature, this longing for something else, that lies the path of redemption. In the work of creation, with growth and decay going on within him and around him, he is conscious of a mysterious Power over which he has no control, and by the very necessity of his nature he begins to speculate upon a

world beyond, a life beyond and a power beyond what has come within his own experience. However callous a man may appear to be, there is this thirst in his heart, of which he himself may not be conscious. The veil of *guṇa* is thick enough to conceal it from his view, but is not powerful enough to root it out. It manifests itself in proportion to the grossness or the subtlety of the web woven by the *guṇas* around his soul.

Summarising, then, the result of our enquiry, we arrive at some elementary notions which even a primitive man should have been conscious of, and they are the ideas of matter, mind, spirit or soul, sex, the three *avasthās*, the three *guṇas*, time and space. The first includes the perception of the world and the physical body, the second accounts for the feeling, volition and thought into which all human experience is ultimately resolved, the third is the intuitive consciousness of an individual soul apart from every physical or mental state, the fourth is the invariable distinction of male and female, observable in all living beings, the fifth is the phenomenon of wakefulness, dream and sleep, which every sentient object is necessarily subject to, the sixth is the grand moral law working in the whole universe, and the seventh is the ultimate principle into which all human knowledge reduces itself, giving rise, by the working of the law of Relativity, to ideas of God, the soul and immortality. This is the *summum bonum* of human experience, and any rational system of theology must be able to give an adequate explanation for the existence of all these notions, and since we cannot possibly conceive of something coming out of nothing, it is the duty of a philosopher, prophet, or reformer to propound a system

of philosophy or religion which gives at least an intelligible, if not a realisable, account for the existence of such physical and mental phenomena in the world—a set of phenomena which are the common property of all nations, irrespective of caste, colour or creed. A system which has no explanation for any or all of these phenomena, is at best an imperfect one, and it is the duty of an earnest enquirer and seeker after truth to compare the existing systems of philosophy and the religions of the world, and to decide for himself which gives the nearest scientific explanation that can appeal to his sense of propriety and reason.

T. R. Rangaswami Ayyangar.

(To be concluded)

WHAT IS THE OLD CATHOLIC CHURCH?

By AN OLD CATHOLIC

THE Old Catholic Church, which in the aggregate numbers from twenty to twenty-five thousand, traces its episcopal lineage to the ancient Church of the Netherlands, founded in the Seventh Century by a Briton, S. Willibrord, and consolidated by his successor S. Boniface; the hierarchy was overthrown in the sixteenth century when the Dutch provinces revolted from Spanish rule, and its place was taken, as in other countries, by Vicars Apostolic. During the persecution of the Jansenists, the Dutch Catholics extended to them sympathy and hospitality. The Jesuits, implacable enemies of the Jansenists, brought about the suspension of Peter Codde, who was Vicar Apostolic in 1702. Codde, who was elected Archbishop of the Chapter of Utrecht (which had been reformed in 1631) fought against unjust persecution until his death in 1710. The Chapter of Utrecht, supported by the Staats-General, maintained the struggle for liberty, and elected as his successor Stenhoven, the Vicar-General. The supply of priests was kept up by sympathetic French and Irish bishops, who ordained the candidates for the Chapter.

In 1719 a certain Bishop Varlet, who had been Bishop of Ascalon and Coadjutor to the Bishop of Babylon, arrived in Holland *en route* for Persia, and at the

request of the Chapters of Utrecht and Haarlem, administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to some six hundred persons, no Confirmation having been given in Holland for ten years. For this act of Christian charity Varlet was suspended. Varlet returned to Holland and consecrated successively four Archbishops of Utrecht, by the last of whom the succession was continued, and the bishoprics of Haarlem and Deventer established.

The legality of Varlet's act was defended by the celebrated canonist Van Espen. It is interesting to note that Bishop Varlet traces his episcopal succession through his consecrator Bishop de Matignon to the renowned James Benigne Bossuet, Bishop of Condom and afterwards of Meaux, the golden tongued "Eagle of Meaux," who in his turn through his consecrator was linked with the celebrated Cardinal Barberini, nephew of Pope Urban the Eighth; of such an ancestry any prelate might well be proud.

The Dutch Church has continued its existence ever since. Termed Jansenist by its traducers, it has nevertheless repeatedly cleared itself of this charge of heresy, and its Orders are unquestioned and unquestionable. It is known in Holland as the Old Roman (Oud Roomsch) Church or Church of the Clergy, and at the present day numbers some 8,000 persons.

The next step in the formation of the Old Catholic Church was taken at the time when the Vatican Council decreed the infallibility of the Pope. Dr. Döllinger, of Munich, the foremost ecclesiastical historian of the day, protested against this innovation, backed by the flower of continental scholarship. In 1871 the leaders of this movement who had remained true to their convictions,

organised themselves into Old Catholic congregations. Dr. Reinkens received episcopal Consecration from the afore-mentioned Dutch Church, and the new movement received governmental recognition, several churches being made over to them. Anglican bishops and representatives from various other bodies have attended Old Catholic Congresses, so that the movement is widely respected for its stand for liberty.

Dr. Herzog was consecrated Bishop for the movement in Switzerland in 1876, and established a Theological faculty at Berne University.

In Austria there is a "Los von Rom" movement. Dr. Ized is administrator, but no bishop may be consecrated.

There is also a branch movement in France. In Poland, the Mariavites, numbering some 15,000 and possessing three bishops (Archbishop Kowalsky, Bishop Golembiowski, and Bishop Prochniewski), have recently united themselves with the Old Catholic movement. In Switzerland the Bishop is Dr. Herzog of Berne.

In America there is a Bishop of a National Polish Church, Bishop Hodur, who was consecrated by the Archbishop of Utrecht.

There is also a movement headed by Archbishop Vilatte, who was ordained priest by Bishop Herzog and received episcopal Consecration from the independent Archbishop Alvarez, of Ceylon, who is in union with the Jacobite Patriarch of Antioch.

The validity of Archbishop Vilatte's Episcopal Orders is frequently impugned, but the doubt would seem rather to be suggested by malice prepense, than to have any real foundation.

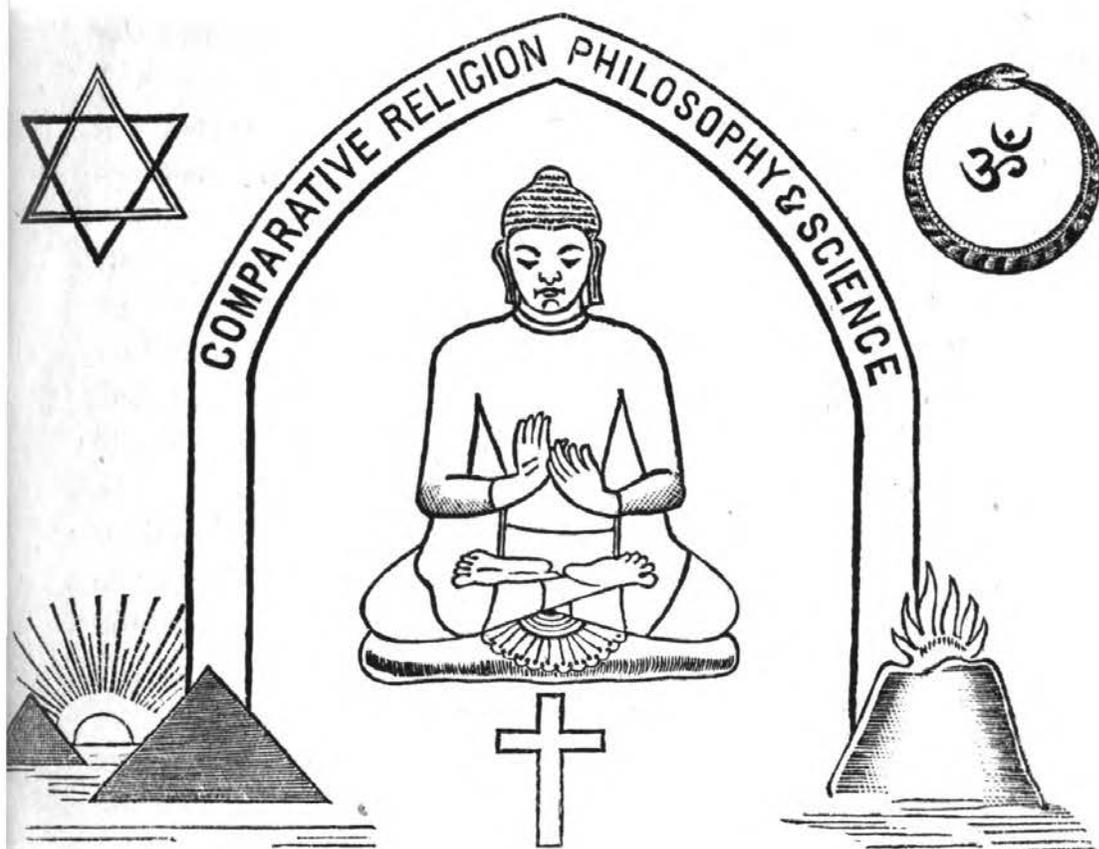
In England, the Old Catholic movement was introduced by Dr. Arnold H. Mathew, *de jure* Earl of Llandaff and Thomastown, who was consecrated by the Archbishop of Utrecht on April 28th, 1908.

Unfortunately the magnificent prospects which lay ahead of the movement were marred by some want of statesmanship in its management. The Bishop quarrelled simultaneously with the Dutch and the Anglican Churches, and few of those who were consecrated as Bishops Auxiliary remained in the movement. Eventually, having ordained several clergy with liberal outlook, the Bishop found occasion to disagree with them, whereupon in December 1915 he made his submission to Rome and addressed a letter to the press declaring that he was "absolutely and irrevocably" convinced of the necessity of actual union with the Roman See and accepted "without hesitation or doubt" the dogma of the Infallibility of the Pope.

The English movement continues, however, under other Episcopal auspices, and intends working quietly and unostentatiously to minister to the rapidly increasing number who find spiritual satisfaction therein.

An Old Catholic.





LIFE, DEATH, AND WHAT THEN?¹

By C. JINARĀJADĀSA, M.A.

WHEN, two years ago, the peaceful life of the world transformed itself into one of warfare, there were certain words that suited better that transformation than any others that I know: "In the midst of life we are in death." We have always had the problem of death before us as a mystery which has been little

¹ A Lecture delivered in the Maclellan Galleries, Glasgow, on Sunday evening, 8th October, 1916.

explained, but I think thousands in these lands of the West will agree that that mystery has become more profound since the days of the war. For when the war broke out for us of the Empire, what did it mean? Thousands of young men, the flower of the land, at once volunteered for a cause that did not touch them personally; they sprang forward to a great ideal, they responded to a call from God. And what was their reward? The reward has been, for thousands of them, death; and so many of us have wanted to know why these, the flower of the land, should have been taken from our midst when we could have spared so many other men.

Now if you consider, in the light of such religious ideas about after-death conditions as you profess, the fate of those who have died, you will not find the problem easy to solve. It is quite true that all the religions of the world tell you that death is not the ending of man, that there is a life beyond the grave, and that life there is a happy one or an unhappy one according to what you have thought and felt and done before you died. Take the Christian conception of the life beyond the grave; there is a heaven of happiness and there is a place of pain, and after death you go to the one or the other according to what you have been in life. Think now of all those young men who have passed away. They were called suddenly from their ordinary occupations; no time was given them to prepare themselves, to purify themselves. Had they all lived to old age, perhaps some of them would have had more opportunities of purification and so a better chance of heaven. They were not, most of them, saints; and there would be nothing for them specially

appealing in the ordinary conception of heaven. Nor were they all entirely sinners, so as to merit any kind of hell; they were like most of us, with good and evil in them. What is their condition beyond the grave? Where are they? There is the problem that so many thousands are asking. Is there any light to be had on this matter? We say yes, and not only light, but accurate knowledge.

It is true that there has been nothing in religious traditions that could be called real scientific knowledge, but that was only because hitherto men have not wanted it. For ages we have been satisfied to respond to the message of religion with faith; but in the modern world, with our scientific education, we desire to understand with the mind, not only to believe with our intuitions. It is because there is this new need of knowledge that there is a new possibility of fulfilling that desire for knowledge; and I want to show you that there is a knowledge on the subject as precise, as definite, as anything that you will get in any department of science.

Now that seems a striking statement to make, does it not? Let me therefore show you first how this knowledge is gained; because, even if you may not immediately be able to accept it, still, if only you could see a rational method of gaining that knowledge, you would be willing to investigate. That is what I would like to do for you, to rouse in you the desire to investigate.

For a few moments I must take you away seemingly from my subject, to analyse for you how we know anything at all according to such facts as science has told us. I see you before me, and that knowledge is a fact of my

consciousness. But how has that fact reached me? Now, says science, there is a mysterious substance everywhere called the æther, so tenuous and fine that it is finer than the finest gas that we have. This æther interpenetrates all substances; and the substances of the pillars, the walls, the tables and the chairs in this room, and of our own bodies, are porous to this mysterious æther. This æther is put into waves by the light that comes from the electric bulbs in the room. Some of those waves in the æther are reflected by your bodies, and are sent to my eye; and as my optic nerve is thrown into vibration by those waves, a particular centre in my brain is also thrown into vibration; and thence arises in me the knowledge, "I see". You hear my voice, but that is only because I throw into vibration, by means of my vocal chords and lips, the air in this room; those vibrations impinge upon your auditory nerve, and send a vibration to a particular centre in your brain; and then arises the consciousness in each of you, "I hear". So you see that the method of knowledge by any of our senses is by means of a response to vibrations, which vibrations are produced in a medium that exists between each of us as the knower and the thing to be known.

This world in which we live, which normally we know by means of our five senses, is, according to science, a larger world in reality than we are aware of; there are myriads of things which we do not see, which we do not hear, which we do not in any way cognise, because of our limitations. Take, for instance, the matter of sight. We know that when the sun shines, the sun's rays are composed of great series of vibrations; what is called the white ray of sunlight is a bundle of many such

series. We can sort out these vibrations by means of a glass prism, and when we do so, at once there come before our eyes the colours of the solar spectrum—red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet. But science tells us that there are colours in the sun's rays which our eyes cannot see, that before the red, which is the first colour that we see, there are the infra-red rays, and that beyond the violet there are the ultra-violet rays; and those new colours are everywhere, and they come in with their shades into the objects round us, but our eyes cannot see them. Then, furthermore, we know that we do not hear all the possible sounds. There are some people who cannot hear the squeak of a bat, because its note is too high, and there are sounds too which can be produced by mechanical means with vibrations so slow that though they are really sounds our ears do not hear them. There are many, many other vibrations all round us in this our mysterious world to which we are utterly blind, deaf and insensitive.

Now supposing we were sensitive to some of those mysterious things that are around us, the world which we look at would be quite different. It was Sir William Crookes, the great chemist, who many years ago took a very instructive simile. He said: Supposing you had a man who was so organised that he did not respond to the waves of light, as you and I do, but did respond to the waves of electricity, which we do not—for electricity to us must become light before we see it, or it must affect our nerves by a shock before we can feel it—if you had this peculiarly gifted individual, then, as he stood in this room which is now lit, it would be absolutely dark to him, because he would not respond

to the waves of light; but wherever there was an electric wire, by means of the electric flow in it he would know the room and the things in it. If he were to be outside this room at noon, when the sun was shining, there would be no light in the world to him, it would be all dark; but wherever there was an electric wire, a telegraph wire, or a telephone wire, he would see light; wherever there were two atoms moving, creating thereby electricity, there he would see light; and he would see the world around him by means of electrical waves, but not by means of the light waves from the sun. I mention these things only to show you how limited in reality we are as regards knowing the world in which we live. The statement has been made by scientists that of the knowable world recognised by physical science—to be known of course by means of vibrations, the only method—we, constituted as we are, know only about one-eighth.

Now supposing you had a person with a nervous organisation so constructed that he began to see something, if not all, of the other seven-eighths of the world that science says is not known by us; then at once would he not see many curious mysteries of life solved? Let me take a crude instance to suggest to you the line of solution. Supposing you had a man who could not see *water*, or *vapour*, but could see solid things. Supposing, then, you took him to the seaside; he would not see the water, he would see stretching before him a vast emptiness, and in this hollow he would see fishes moving about unsupported in the air, or what is to him air, and so breaking all the laws of gravity. But supposing he could see the water, then at once he would know that those mysterious breakages of the laws of

gravity were not such at all, that the fishes were using the very laws of gravity as they moved. Similarly too, when the sun was shining, and there were clouds moving across it, he would see the sun but not the clouds; and he would note that mysterious shadows fell on the ground from the direction of the sun, and that objects round him were sometimes more illuminated than at other times. We of course would know the reason, that the shadows were cast by clouds and that the sun's light was being diminished by clouds as they passed in front of it; but till he could see as we see, it would all be a great puzzle.

Now it is in such a way that the moment an individual begins to see more than others of this mysterious world of which they see normally only one-eighth, that the great problem of life beyond the grave becomes solved by him; for the simple reason that he sees that there are other worlds of finer matter everywhere round him, interpenetrating all things, and that in these other worlds the so-called dead live. You may well ask the question: How is it possible to have, here in this room, other worlds? The answer is a very simple scientific reason. Matter such as we know—solid matter, liquid matter, gaseous matter—is not so closely packed as we imagine. The hardest piece of steel, we know from our scientific experiments, is a very porous thing indeed; between the particles of steel there are enormous vacancies. You can take a piece of lead half an inch thick, and put it in the way of a discharge of ions and electrons, and those tiny particles of matter will go through the piece of lead as if it were nothing more than a wire screen. Such is the constitution of matter as we know it; matter does not fill space

absolutely compactly; there are enormous empty spaces between our atoms, and, says science, in those empty spaces matter of a finer composition can exist.

If you were to have this hall packed full of cannon balls, then, because cannon balls are spheres, as are atoms of matter, you could not pack this hall absolutely without empty spaces; in the vacant spaces between the packed cannon balls you could have thousands of tiny shot, and each shot could move about in the empty spaces without being hindered by the fact that there were those monstrous cannon balls about; and you could have a few millions of bacteria also moving about in the same room, quite unconscious of the huge worlds of little shot and cannon balls.

It is because there are finer types of matter than our senses recognise that there is the possibility in one space of many worlds. It was over thirty years ago that science came upon the verge of some of these many worlds. When Crookes put a gas into a tube and exhausted the gas so that there was only one-millionth part of it left, he found that the gas had changed; it became radiant matter, matter of a new kind, matter that glowed with a charge of electricity, matter that behaved in all kinds of queer ways. And since that time of Crookes's radiant matter, finer types of matter—ions, electrons, and so on—are the commonplace of science. It was at that time that Crookes, puzzled over the nature of his radiant matter, made a suggestion which is very striking. He suggested that the matter of a comet's tail might be this mysterious radiant matter, for the matter of a comet's tail behaves so very differently from matter such as we know. The tail of a comet is millions of miles long, and broad and thick,

and as a comet goes through space its tail is whirled at incredible speeds. Now that tail has a certain definite shape; but no bar of steel of that length and size would retain for a moment its shape at that speed; it would all evaporate into gas; but the tail of the comet does not. Crookes therefore suggested that perhaps in a comet's tail we were dealing with this new type of matter, radiant matter; and then he said that if only we could get the matter of a comet's tail and reduce it to such matter as we know, it would not perhaps fill more than a tea-spoon. Radiant matter in a tube is invisible, but in a comet's tail it is visible because of the volume there—another most suggestive idea.

It is because there are invisible worlds of matter all round us that we have here in this room finer worlds of matter than the eye can see. If my personal testimony is worth anything, I can give you this much of my own consciousness, that here, in this room, interpenetrating your bodies, my body, the walls, everywhere, there are finer types of matter; I have seen these finer types of matter for many years, not in trance, not dreaming, but awake, in full consciousness; and I see them now, as I am looking at you; what I see is not an imagination, not a delusion; it is matter, intensely real, intensely alive, moving with new movements that I suppose are fourth-dimensional; there is a far greater reality to me in this invisible world that I see, than in you, the audience I am talking to. Now this knowledge that I have is only a tiny part of a greater knowledge that I am going to describe to you; what I see is an infinitesimal fraction of the many worlds to be seen. Though I shall have to tell you many things I cannot yet see for myself, yet I do see something;

I know the invisible world is a fact, and that this which we call the world is only a part of a larger world. Others more gifted than I have gathered this knowledge bit by bit, investigating as the scientist investigates, which is by the exercise of the trained reason; the knowledge has not been gained by going into trances, nor by table-turning, nor by any kind of inspiration, but by direct personal observation. Just as the scientist, looking through a microscope at a drop of blood, sees the corpuscles there and draws deductions from them, just as he looks through a spectroscope and notes the lines there and then draws his deductions as to the composition of the object he is investigating, so has this work been done, according to the methods of induction and deduction after observing the facts.

And now I come to the knowledge itself, and I must sum up that knowledge very briefly for you. I cannot expect you to believe it, because the knowledge will seem so strange at first, but I am delivering a scientific lecture, propounding certain things worthy of your investigation; belief must be a matter of your own personal judgment. Now supposing there exists a person endowed with these added sensibilities, what does he see? He sees in this world, through it, here in this room as elsewhere, several worlds; each of its own type of matter, with its own vibrations, with its own sounds, with its own colours, and with its own inhabitants. He sees that we ourselves, you and I, have our lives in two of these invisible worlds, the two that fade off, shall I say, and are nearest to this our earthly world; and these two worlds are called in Theosophical studies the astral world and the heaven world. The first is

called the astral or the starry, for a very simple reason; every particle of matter there is so luminous, because of its rapidity of movement, that the impression you get is like millions of little stars everywhere, exactly like the effect you get when snow is lying about at night, and a gas lamp shines above it, and each snow crystal has become a tiny star. The other finer world is called the heaven world, because of the conditions of bliss there for all those who live in it.

In these two invisible worlds we have our part, as we have our part in the visible. My body is made up of matter that is in the earth; the carbon, the phosphorus, the calcium, the oxygen and the hydrogen in it are what are in the earth, but that crude matter of the earth has been transformed by the life processes into living cells and organs, into a living body. Similarly, each one of us has a part in the astral world and in the heaven world, for we have aggregated from each of them an astral body and a heavenly body; and we have these bodies here and now. As I am speaking to you, your eyes see only my physical body making movements; but could you see with the higher sensitiveness, you would see, as I talked, that my astral body, which is here interpenetrating my physical body, and also extending with an aura outside of my body, was all being thrown into waves of colour; and similarly you would see, had you a higher faculty still, that my heavenly body was being thrown into waves of colour by my attempt to make certain ideas clear to you. Now this is our normal life. As I make a movement, I use my physical body; as I have a desire or an emotion, I use my astral body; and as I have a thought of aspiration, of unselfishness, a dream

of some human service, I use the powers of my heavenly body.

Every day, then, we are using these three bodies, though only one of them is seen. Now after the hours of active waking life—which we call “life”—each evening we put the body on the bed, and, as the phrase is, we “go to sleep”. But we do nothing of the kind, for *we* do not sleep. What sleeps is the body; we live in our astral and heavenly bodies, and there we continue our thoughts, our worries, our happiness, while our physical outer garment is on the bed. Now that thing on the bed is not dead. It has a life of its own, a curious, limited childish consciousness, sufficient to protect itself, to cover itself if the blankets are slipping off, to turn over if it is tired on one side, and so on; it does all these intelligent things with what is called the sub-conscious mind. But during this time we are in the astral world, sometimes hovering near the physical body and seeing it lying on the bed. Haven't some of you had those dreams when you seem to be outside your body and yet you see yourself lying on the bed, and you are rather shocked and wake up with a start? Sometimes it happens that you travel about the world in your astral body, and see an event at the other side of the world, and you wake up with a full, detailed remembrance of what you saw; there are hundreds of such cases of “veridical” or truth-telling dreams, which have been proved true afterwards by confirmation. It is in the astral world, and in the astral body, that each one of us lives during the hours of sleep every day of our lives. So, as a matter of fact, we play a dual rôle during life, one in the visible and one in the invisible.

Then comes, sooner or later, that change which is called death, and when death happens, nothing new happens to us that has not been happening every day of our lives. Each day we left our earthly body at night, when we went to sleep; when death comes we do it for the last time, for we do not return to the body again. So that, so far as the real you, the soul, is concerned, death is not the mysterious, awful something that you are told to expect; you have "died" every night, and to do it once more is not such a shock, and when you do so, death makes no change whatsoever in you.

C. Jinarājadāsa.

(To be concluded)

THREE SAINTS OF OLD JAPAN

II. SHOTOKU TAISHI

By F. HADLAND DAVIS

PRINCE MUMAYADO (572—621), better known by his posthumous title of Shotoku Taishi, has been described as the “Constantine of Japanese Buddhism”. He was the son of the Emperor Yomei, and acted as Regent under the Empress Suiko, that ardent Buddhist convert who issued religious edicts bidding princes and ministers possess images of Shākya Muni, and who showered royal favours upon sculptors of Buddhist deities. Shotoku Taishi, like Kobo Daishi, was extremely versatile, and to his credit it must be admitted that he was equally brilliant in his many accomplishments. He was a devout Buddhist saint and propagandist, a famous General and statesman, a distinguished artist and sculptor, as well as a notable historian.

Shotoku Taishi's influence upon Buddhism is incalculable. He was not only one of Japan's most notable saints, but he was also the first great Japanese patron of learning in its widest meaning. He was not one of those who accumulate knowledge simply for their own personal use or for their own particular glory. On the contrary he gleaned wisdom solely that

he might shed it abroad for the advancement of his people. He constantly poured into the darkness of ignorance the light of science and art, and propounded a religion that struck deeper roots than Shintoism and gave forth more profound and more vital truths than those associated with the national faith. In short, he revealed to the wondering eyes of the Japanese people the great civilisation of China.

He was not simply a mystical dreamer, for he framed the first code of laws based upon Chinese philosophy, and these laws still bear fruit in Japan. It has often been said of the Japanese people that they are not original, that they are incorrigible borrowers of every kind of knowledge, from the painting of a *kakemono* to the construction of a battleship. This opinion, so frequently expressed, is perfectly true, but we do not sufficiently appreciate the fact that Japan's genius is to be found in borrowing silver, as it were, and transmuting it into gold. That is to say she borrows freely, but always pays back at a very high rate of interest. This was the case with Shotoku Taishi's code of laws, known as the Constitution of the Seventeen Articles. The code was undoubtedly based upon Chinese philosophy; but it was very far from being simply a slavish imitation. He studied Chinese philosophy deeply. He knew its profound complexities, its tedious diffuseness, and he knew that in its original form it was much too unwieldy for the comprehension of the masses. He squeezed, as it were, the quint-essence of that philosophy into a few terse sentences, just as a Japanese poet manages to express in a verse of only thirty-one syllables a poem as brief, but as suggestive, as the bugle notes of the Last Call. The

Articles are briefly as follows: Art. I. A plea for concord. Art. II. The acceptance of Buddhism. Art. III. The dignity of the Emperor. Art. IV. The duties of rulers and magistrates. Art. V. Bribery and corruption. Art. VI. Lying and flattery. Art. VII-VIII. The evils of hereditary office. Art. IX. The result of those evils. Art. X—XIV. The responsibility of hereditary holders of office. Art. XV. The significance of sages and saints. Art. XVI. The exercise of patience and self-control. Art. XVII. "Never act on your own private initiative or authority; and never take any step of importance without consultation. In a doubtful case consult the more."

Shortly after the promulgation of his Constitution, he lectured in his palace at Naniwa on the *Saddharama-pundarika-sutra*, the *Vimala-Kirtti-nirdesa-sutra*, and the *Srimaladeni-simhananda-sutra*, known in the Japanese as *Hokekyo*, *Yuima-kyo* and *Shomagyo*. The first *sutra* dealt with theology, the second with the duties of faithful laymen, and the third with the duties of faithful women. "On these three *sutras*," writes Arthur Lloyd in *The Creed of Half Japan*, "he preached and also composed commentaries." Shotoku Taishi did not preach the wonderful life of Shākya Muni with all its simplicity and all its beauty. He did not portray the Lord Buddha as Sir Edwin Arnold portrayed him in *The Light of Asia*. Just as St. Paul added to Christianity a wealth of mysticism and revealed a sublime communion with his Master in a way beyond the conception of St. Matthew or St. Luke, so did Shotoku Taishi preach a form of Buddhism which was essentially esoteric. He represented Shākya Muni as "the Eternal Buddha, without beginning and without end,

manifested in India as Goṭama, but manifested often both before and since." Shotoku Taishi portrayed the Lord Buddha as "spiritually present with his people, giving them His spiritual Body for their worship, with four great Ministers before Him, and surrounded with a glorious company which no man can number, of perfected saints who rise to greet Him out of the clefts of the earth". It was a wonderful conception, vital, soul-stirring; and propounded by a saintly prince, it was a teaching that did not fail to create a large number of converts among both sexes.

Saints seldom, if ever, escape the embellishing hand of legend. Shotoku Taishi was certainly no exception, though the miraculous stories told of him are neither so wonderful or so numerous as in the case of Kobo Daishi. Zealous Buddhists saw in the Prince a holy man worthy of high honour. Some went so far as to assert that he was an incarnation of the Buddha. Those who were not religiously inclined were by no means meagre in their praise. They believed that this preacher-prince gave fresh life to the nation, that he raised the status of the Empire, laid the foundations of Japanese learning, fixed the laws of decorum, and dealt with foreign affairs with conspicuous success. His religious followers were not content with merely princely attributes. They very naturally regarded saintliness as of far more importance than good statesmanship, and in so doing probably failed to recognise how good and how rare such a combination is.

According to legend, Shotoku Taishi could speak when he was four months old, while we are informed that eight months later (eight is a sacred number in Japan) he turned to the East, folded his hands, and

prayed to Buddha. So potent was the invocation that when the boy opened his hands, one of them was found to contain the pupil of Shākya Muni's eye. At a much later date the Prince built the monastery of Horyuji, between Osaka and Nara, and here the holy relic was deposited. The monastery, which exists to-day, is the oldest type of Buddhist architecture in Japan. It contains paintings alleged to be the work of the founder. A heap of swords, tarnished by time, and a pile of mirrors, both simple and ornate, testify that many a believer has received an answer to his or her prayer.

Shotoku Taishi received the name of Mumayado ("Stable Door") because he is said to have been born outside the Imperial stables. He was also called Yatsumimi-no-Oji ("Prince of Eight Ears") because it is recorded that he was able to hear the appeals of eight persons at the same time, and what was much more important, able to give to each a fitting answer. When he was sixteen years old he was on the battle-field, fighting against the traitorous head of the Mononobe who had opposed the Emperor's accession. When the Imperial army had received a third repulse, the Prince exclaimed: "Without prayer we cannot succeed." He accordingly carved a representation of the Deva Kings and wore it in his hair, while to those who served him he gave pictures of these Buddhist Guardians, and bade them wear the sacred figures upon their armour. The young Prince vowed that if success should crown his efforts, he would build a temple in honour of the Deva Kings. Having invoked, not the power of ancestors, as Shintoists would have done, but the much greater strength of divine beings, he rallied

his men, and an archer killed the head of the Mononobe. The opposing army, destitute of a leader, was utterly routed.

The Prince did not forget his promise in the event of victory. He built, in fulfilment of his vow, the famous Temple of Tennoji at Osaka, which Lafcadio Hearn described in one of his letters as "a queer, dear, old temple". To-day the original dedication seems to be lost sight of. The Deva Kings sit, as it were, in the dust of long neglect, while he who prayed to them has become a god, if posthumous honour and a saintly life can make him so. There is a shrine called Taishi-do, dedicated to Shotoku Taishi, and another shrine containing what is known as the "Bell of Leading". This bell is rung in order that the saintly Prince may lead the dead into Paradise. Among the departed must be many souls of children, for various toys are to be found before the shrine. Within the temple is a stone chamber where water pours forth from the mouth of a stone tortoise. Slips of bamboo, bearing the names of those who have recently died, are dipped into the sacred water by means of a long stick, and the stream is believed to carry prayers for the departed to the great Shotoku Taishi. Running water in Japan, as in other countries, is the great highway of prayer. It leads to Jizo, the God of Japanese children, and it plays a most important part in the great Festival of the Dead.

Shotoku Taishi died in the year 621. He seems to have known the day and hour of his decease. Hyecha, a Buddhist priest who had instructed the Prince in the "Inner Doctrine," decided to pass into the Beyond on the first anniversary of his disciple's

death, so as "to meet the Prince in the Pure Land and, together with him, pass through the metempsychosis of all living creatures". Rich and poor alike mourned the loss of one who was a devout saint and a loyal and wise prince. The people exclaimed: "'The sun and moon have lost their brightness, Heaven and Earth have crumbled to ruin—henceforth in whom shall we put our trust?'" But the master-hand is never still. It guides behind the Veil. The *Kojiki* informs us that at the death of this saint the old felt as if they had lost a dear child, the young as if a beloved parent had taken the last journey of all. That is a tribute worthy of a great saint; but in course of time human love quickened into the divine, and prince and saint became a god in the eyes of his people.

F. Hadland Davis.





DEVACHAN—A WORLD OF THOUGHT

A TALK WITH A CLASS

By ANNIE BESANT

WE are often asked questions about Devachan, and specific information about it has been given in our books and in our lectures. But if you understand only stray *facts* concerning Devachan, you will really have only fragments of knowledge, for though your immediate question may be answered, it may not help

you to deal with your next question. What you want to do, if you are really to get a grasp of the laws of the spiritual world, is to take the underlying *cause*, study it and grasp it. You do not then answer questions by *facts*, but you apply the *principle* that you grasp to explain the facts that you come across. That is the only way really of gaining knowledge worth calling knowledge, because there is no end to facts and therefore no end to questions; but you can answer them yourself if you can only apply their underlying principles.

So with regard to the underlying principle of Devachan. If it is grasped, if you really understand what it means and work it out, you will be able to answer all the subsidiary questions for yourselves, instead of bringing them to other people and memorising, as it were, the answers. The object, you must remember, of all our teaching is not to give facts to memorise, as is done in the case of ordinary knowledge, but to evolve in yourselves the faculties which will enable you to understand and grasp facts and arrange them in their proper place. Of course it is enormously more difficult, but it means growth, whereas the other really only means marking time.

With regard to Devachan, the whole principle is that it is a World of Thought. That is a phrase with which the whole of you are familiar; and if you are asked what Devachan is, you can say: "A world of thought." But if you realise what those three words, "world of thought," mean, you might work out the whole of the devachanic conditions for anyone whose mental possibilities would enable him to understand it.

You have to realise what it means to be living in the mental body. It does not mean in Devachan something quite different from what it means down here. Only down here you do not realise your life in the mental body, but in the workings of the mental body as transmitted to the physical brain, which is a very different matter. You cut off at each stage a large number of your mental perceptions. It is just like shutting windows as you go down. On the mental level the windows are very, very numerous—practically continuous. As you come down into the astral, a number of those windows are closed; into the physical, nearly all of them are closed. If you do that in thought, if you use your imagination to do it, you would be able to understand practically the devachanic state, and you would give the right meaning to such words as “illusory,” and the others which are used in describing it.

Try to think of yourselves without the astral and the physical bodies. You know I have often told you that one of the most useful exercises is to take the physical body as it is, and shut off one of your senses mentally, taking first of all that which affects you the least, and so going on and on until only one sense is left. You will find, if that is then eliminated, the physical world is out of contact with you. H. P. B. was very fond of teaching her pupils to do this. She would say: “Go and meditate as though you were blind.” You would shut out your sense of sight, think, as far as you could, as though you had not the sense of sight. It is difficult to do that, because of all the mental impressions that you gained through that sense in the past. That is where the real difficulty comes in. You

can shut out the sense of sight by thinking of yourself as in the dark, but it is far more difficult to shut out all that that sense of sight has impressed upon you during the whole of your waking life, and to get back into the condition, say, of the man born blind, who has never seen.

I remember trying to do that once in Avenue Road by talking a great deal with people who used to come to the meetings from a blind asylum close by. I made friends with them, and gradually they came to tell me how the world seemed to them. Of course there was an enormous difference between the person who had been born blind and the person who had seen and could re-create the world around him. But the ideas of the man who had been born blind were very peculiar. His ideas of the world were based on what people said to him about it, and he had to add to their words meanings of his own which they could not convey. Take the idea of colour. To convey the idea of colour to a man who has been born blind is an almost impossible thing. You have nothing to go upon with it.

In that fashion you can practically learn something at least of how the world seems to these people; then you can imagine this in meditation. Again, a way of getting some ideas on the subject would be to take the biography of Helen Keller, who was practically out of contact with the world, you might say, except by touch. From that you would see what the world was to her, and how it gradually changed with the very beautiful course of instruction through which she was taken.

It is only by this kind of definite, practical effort of the imagination, trained by facts, not allowed to fly all

over the place, that you will really gain the power of isolating yourselves from the physical sheath deliberately and consciously. Then you try to do the same thing in the astral world ; then observe what you come to in the world of mind alone. You take with you, of course, into that world of mind all the impressions which have been made through the physical and the astral bodies. The workings of the mind have been thus focalised, and the result in that manner is not fabricated but is nearer the truth. If you can work that out, not hastily, but slowly and gradually and steadily, you will be able to get a very clear idea of the devachanic state, because all that you have left there is the mental body as a means of contact with the outer world. Hence, of course, as you know perfectly well, the immense importance in your present life of gaining a very great variety of mental impressions, a rich consciousness full of impressions, and above all full of what you have made out of the impressions, which is the real work of thought ; not the mere bricks which have been given you from this outer world of the senses, but the houses that you construct out of those bricks, because that is done by the building power of mind.

One valuable thing H. P. B. taught us was that you do not jump at things in Occultism ; you gradually, bit by bit, build them up. Her idea, for instance, of creating the picture of the Master was very different from the idea of most people when they do it. Of course I know that if you have a strong power of visualisation you can do it very quickly, but even then, if you want the training that she laid so much stress upon, so that every power that you have becomes a tool for your use, you would find her method very helpful.

She told us that the way to make a picture of the Master was to begin at the feet and to work up step by step as though we had a paint brush in our hands, and paint the picture mentally bit by bit. Not one of the impressionist pictures, because that is not the sort that she wanted us to do. She wanted an accurate picture of the physical thing, very, very carefully created. I am not saying that that is the highest form of painting, but I am only telling you what she wanted us to do. If that is done, you may say that it is done once for all; and that you can do by concentrating the mind.

Similarly when you are trying to realise this mental state apart from the continual checks that your thoughts receive by the grosser matter of the physical world, which you are not able to affect very strongly by your thought. If you take the pains to do that thoroughly and carefully, you will find that the result is that you get a clear idea of the devachanic state.

There are two points about that which need special notice. One is that there is no check upon it from outside. When you are thinking here in your brain, your thoughts are constantly corrected by outside happenings, and constantly corrected also by the working of the reason from the impressions of the senses, which is a very important factor. The senses convey the *impressions* which they receive from outside; there is no guarantee that those are accurate as regards the *facts*. The senses are perfectly accurate so far as the impression goes of what they get; but the conclusion drawn from that impression is very often entirely wrong, as you know. For example, take the common illustration of the sun rising. You see it rise; there is no doubt

that you see it rise. The eye is perfectly accurate in conveying to your brain the impression made upon it. But the conclusion that the sun is moving is, as you know, quite wrong. Hence with every mental impression you get a double action: you come up against certain physical facts that you can't get away from; then by your reason you have to correct the impression they make upon you.

There is nothing of that in Devachan, and that makes an immense difference naturally. Hence the importance of accurate thinking here, if Devachan is to be useful. You must train your imagination not to be controlled by the impression which physical plane facts make upon your senses. Then in your Devachan you will not have a very mistaken sort of idea of things in general. The use of the physical plane is to make your mental powers precise and accurate, to give them a precision which in their own plane they have not got, until the mental powers of that particular person have been subjected to a long amount of training from the physical plane. It is only that which takes away the vagueness, the cloudiness, such as you will find, for instance, in all the inferior ranks of devas.

The devas have the vaguest and cloudiest conceptions of things; very beautiful from the artistic standpoint, exceedingly beautiful, but inaccurate so far as facts are concerned. They don't know the facts; they are not living in the world of physical facts. They have no experience of it except by playing upon it from outside, and they are not corrected by it in any sense. That is one of the reasons why we are told that while a deva friend may be an exceedingly interesting person, you had better be very careful how you follow out his

ideas, because he may lead you into the most extraordinary bogs; not only bogs of inaccurate thinking but also bogs of exceedingly immoral conduct, judged by the ordinary standard. That is a danger from the lower order of devas—not, of course, from the higher: they are not in themselves immoral at all in their world, but they are entirely different from us. They have no relation to the facts in which humanity is evolving, because, as I think I once explained to you, they see only the end and they don't care one scrap about the means. A certain thing has to be done and they do it. And that is all right in their world. But supposing they tell you to do it; you come up against all the facts of this world, among which there are laws, such as: "Thou shalt not kill." Now the deva's particular business may be to kill at the moment. He cares about nothing except that particular thing which he has to do. But if he used you as an agent, as he is quite willing to do sometimes to save himself trouble, then naturally you come into contact with the forms of human justice. Hence the unwisdom of taking a deva as a guide; I am not speaking about the high Devas, of course, but of most of the devas on the astral plane, the nature-spirits as we often call them, who are most in contact with human beings. They are very pleasant friends, because they can be very loving creatures, and there is no earthly reason why you should not enjoy their company, provided you realise that the power to make pictures does not necessarily go hand in hand with an understanding of human affairs. As I have sometimes told you, when such a deva occasionally comes in contact with a human being and guides him, that human being becomes the most

annoying and troublesome person; very charming, but most troublesome in ordinary human society. You don't know what to do with him or her.

When you come to Devachan you carry into it just the mental furniture that you have—neither less nor more. You should therefore take advantage of your stay in the physical world to make your thinking accurate and precise, because the amount of inaccuracy in people's ordinary talk is something astounding when you begin to analyse it. You had better find it out in yourself first; it always answers to make one's experiments in one's own body. If you try it, you will find out how extraordinarily untruthful you are. I am not being rude, because I found the same thing in myself, though I rather prided myself on being very truthful and accurate. Without thinking, you colour things; without thinking, you make a nice story about a thing, a little more or a little less than actually happened, and so on. All those things will very much limit the usefulness of your Devachan, because you will carry with you a whole mass of imaginings and fancies which are not in either heaven or earth. Hence you will not get out of Devachan all you should get, the growth of all experience into faculty, which is one use of Devachan.

That lack of correction, then, by the hard outside experience which you cannot manage, is one thing to think of; and remember that in the mental world matter answers to whatever you think, at once responds and takes shape according to your thought.

The other important point, which you should specially notice with regard to your stay in Devachan, is your inherent shades of perception and your capability

to appreciate. That is the other great limit. You know in Devachan everything to which you can answer, and nothing more. You can increase that capacity in Devachan if you started here on any point, but you can't begin a new starting point there. It is not a world of causes; it is a world of effects. Hence the great importance of multiplying, so far as possible, your points of contact with other minds, as well as your points of contact with the outside physical world, so as to get many starting points of new lines of development in Devachan.

Every great mind that you come into touch with is one such germinal capacity for evolution in the devachanic state. Where you begin is the great point, for you will thus make endless opportunities for evolution in Devachan. I think on the whole that the "capability to appreciate" is the most important point as regards the devachanic life. Think for a moment of the very little that we can appreciate in the Master. We do not know the Master; we know only the impressions to which we are able respond to that He makes upon us. You come, let us say, in the night-world, in the world when your body is sleeping, into touch with the Master. You feel you are coming into touch with Him, which is perfectly true; but only with a little bit of Him, that fragment in Him to which you are able to answer.

You want to increase your capacity to respond to greatness; and there are two ways of course—by the expansion of the intellect, and by the expansion of devotion. The expansion of the intellect is the more difficult and slow work. It has to be done, of course; you must not neglect it. The expansion of the heart by love and devotion is comparatively rapid, and the

tendency, when you come across anyone who is a good deal greater than yourself, to try to appreciate rather than to criticise, means that you are increasing the part of you which is responsive to that which is beyond your present capacity.

It is not necessary to limit that to persons greater than yourself. One can learn something from every individual one meets, because every Self is unfolding in his own way, not in yours nor in the way of anybody else. He may be very much less unfolded than you are yourself; but on the other hand he may have unfolded a particular point that you have not unfolded, and one way of profiting by people around you is by trying to come into touch with them on the point on which you do not sympathise. If you sympathise, that would mean that you had the power to respond; when you do not sympathise, it means that you have not the power to respond to that particular point. That is the simple answer. Instead of thinking of the person: "He is irresponsive, he is uninteresting and very dull" (I dare say he may be), adapt yourself to him and try to find something in him which you do not appreciate and which you ought to appreciate.

A witty Frenchwoman once said, when she had been to a party and was asked if she had not found it dull: "It would have been very dull if I had not been there myself." That is exactly the spirit you want. There is nothing dull in this world for a person who is himself intellectual and responsive; and if he finds it dull, it is because he is lacking in something which he ought to supply.

Every one who does much in the way of leading, or who has what is called the power of leading, is a

person who, whether he knows it or not, is always learning something from every person he meets. A person may be very dull, stupid, undeveloped, but instinctively the person who is a leader at heart and has the power to lead, will meet that man on the one point that the man knows more about than he does, and he will learn something from him. The attitude of receptivity makes the man open out, and he will explain the best that is in him, and the leader will get that out of him, and so much will be added to his own capacity to respond, while the man will love him.

That is one of the most practical and useful lessons that I know. When you study Occultism you come into it with an understanding as to why you are doing it, which you did not have before, but it is a wonderful thing which is instinctive in a person who has the power to lead. The very fact that he leads means that he is more developed along a certain line than the other people whom he leads consciously. Hence his need to be able to come into contact with very large numbers of people, because he is not effective as a leader if he does not get a big following. Some do this naturally, and I suppose instinctively; but Occultists do it deliberately. With every person whom they meet they say, as it were, to the ego of that person: "What have you got to say to me?" and they do not try to push what they have to say on the other person. They give the other person a chance to explain himself.

If two people happen to meet who are both trying to do this same thing, it may be a little amusing, because each is trying to find out the point on which he does not contact the other. Well, then the stronger

wins, and the one who has the more power of assimilation is the one who will get the most out of it. But this deliberate effort is comparatively rare, and if you will really practise it, you will find the world becomes enormously more interesting; you never will find it dull, for the reason that you are always learning something.

That is one of the practices which makes Devachan rich. You have developed an enormous number of points of contact with the outer world of thought, and along each of those you can work. That is what makes the Devachan of the developed person who goes there so very long; he must have time to work out all these different things, and his progress is enormous. I think I have said to you before that there are two sides to that, and that the very, very long Devachan is apt to take a person too much out of touch with the world and thus make him forget it, as it were, so that when he comes back again the world has changed so enormously that there are a great many things in it to which he does not respond and he has to learn to do so.

You cannot have everything in character and responsiveness at the present time, until you reach perfection—perhaps I won't say perfection—until you reach the Jīvanmukṭa stage. There is always a certain lop-sidedness growing out of our past, and we gradually learn to understand our own lop-sidedness.

If you can follow out these lines of thinking, you will be able to answer all the questions put to you on Devachan, and that is the value of it to you. It should help you not only in your own experience at present, but also in helping other people to understand. This clear appreciation of what Devachan means will be

found helpful in answering people's questions, which seem sometimes puzzling to you.

It has been said that our ideas in Devachan are of the ego's own making. Do not mistake that, as so many people do, by thinking it less real than what your ego is going through down here, because the whole of your contact with the world here is also of your ego's own making. He cannot alter the facts that he meets that are not his own, so to speak, but he alters his attitude to the facts, and so the impression that the facts make on him.

Each one of you in his own world is living quite separate from everybody else in his own world. You only know the impressions that other people make upon you, modified by your own receptivity. You do not know other people. Just because one of them, who may be stronger, can knock you down physically, you think that is real. That does not make him real to you. It only means that down on this physical plane one kind of matter does not readily permeate another, and if one kind bangs up against another, the stronger knocks the weaker down. It is merely that one fact.

You are already living in the world of your own making. That is what I want you to realise. It is not real; it is a world of your own impressions only, and that is what you are living in, and that is why you make so many mistakes, which we all do and have done. It is because we are living in an unreal world among other people, each of whom is living in his own unreal world; it is because we come tumbling up against each other with all our unrealities that we naturally misunderstand each other. If you saw a human being as he is, you would misunderstand,

you would understand him. Then you would never quarrel with him. It is because you see him, not as he is, but as he appears to be, that you have misunderstandings and quarrels and all the rest of it. Unrealities make these; not realities. So you are truly living now in a world of your own making.

In Devachan the difference is that all the disagreeable things are kept out. Of course that makes a great difference in your happiness, but they are artificially kept out, just as artificially as, when you go into your own room, you close the door and thus shut out the outer world.

Annie Besant.



MEMORY IN NATURE

By W. C. WORSDELL

(Concluded from p. 416)

WE saw that Hering, Butler, and Sir F. Darwin held that the line of living organisms, generation after generation, is perpetuated; like producing like, time after time, by means of a process of memory transmitted by the germ-nucleus from parent to offspring; Hering holding that vibrations along the nerve-substance from all parts of the body impinge on the germ-nucleus and therein store up impressions.

Now the Theosophical teaching is much akin to this. But while, in the scientific view, physical matter only is considered; in the Theosophical, many planes of matter and, in the case of man, an immortal Ego are added factors, giving a much more comprehensive outlook upon the subject. In Theosophy, too, we have the teaching of the Divine Life, as a force distinct from that of the chemistry and physics of the cell; a force guiding and controlling these lower energies.

For each group (composed of allied individuals or species) of mineral, vegetable, and animal forms there is a block or reservoir of this Divine Life, spoken of as the "group-soul". In this, not in the physical germ-cell only, as science would have us believe, is stored the

fund of experiences obtained by the Divine Life during its separate incarnations in each of the physical forms. For on the birth of each new organism a portion of the group-soul-life flows into it, giving it the Instinct whereby its destiny is guided and controlled. This Instinct, the result of the accumulation of many separate experiences in the common group-soul, is the unconscious memory of the race exhibited in each individual organism. Hence the embryo plant remembers how to build up its tissues and organs in the right order and way, the duckling remembers how to swim, the young crystal the proper angles to lay down.

Organisms cannot be adequately explained on the basis of their ensoulment by chemical and physical energies only. It is necessary to postulate another factor, that of Life. If the chemico-physical energies dissipate, as they do, with the break-up of the physical form, this Life does not likewise perish, but persists; not as something transcendental, outside of the world of matter, but, in the case of the mineral Life, on the higher levels of the physical plane; in the case of plants, on the astral; and in that of animals, on the mental plane.

Thence the idea of the group-soul is a natural one, and explains in a rational manner the growth and development of organisms.

In the being known as Man there is the added factor of the Immortal Ego, corresponding to the group-soul of the lower kingdoms. At each incarnation a portion of the Ego enters the new body to guide and control its destinies, and on the death of the body returns to the common reservoir, the Ego, with its

quota of experiences gained. Each new incarnation is directed according to the experiences passed through in previous incarnations, and this direction is due, as in the case of the group-soul-life informing every new animal and plant, to an unconscious memory of the past. For the ordinary man has no self-conscious memory of his past lives.

We saw that in the case of the animalcule *Stentor* the response or reaction to stimulus was indirect, an internal change occurring before the succeeding state was produced. In the same way the experiences of each human incarnation may be regarded as the stimulus causing a reaction or response in the form of the succeeding incarnation or state; but this reaction is indirect, an internal change first of all taking place during the after-death life, especially in *Devachan*, where a readjustment and assimilation of all experiences occurs, before the natural successor to the last incarnation supervenes.

When once incarnation has taken place, it is the unconscious memory of past incarnations, in the form chiefly of character and faculty, which gives the stimulus for all desire, thought and action in the present incarnation. It is thus more or less a blindly working stimulus like that of the instinct of animals.

The physical, astral, and mental bodies go through much the same activities as they did in the previous life, because the permanent atom or germ of each has brought over, stored within itself, all the characteristics and the essence of all the experiences of the body of which in the past it was the living centre and nucleus. Just as Hering postulated vibrations travelling along the nerve fibres to the germ-cell and storing within it

the characteristics of all parts of the organism, in the same way the Theosophical teaching postulates a similar process of which vibrations from all parts of the body impinge upon the permanent atom or unit, giving it the characteristics (*multum in parvo*) of the whole body. Following this potent stimulus, there is, on the death of the body—physical, astral or mental—a period of rest, during which, doubtless, internal adjustments occur with the permanent germ until, on a new incarnation supervening, the awakened life-impulse within the germ sets up vibrations similar to those it erst-while received; but they are this time outgoing and not incoming (action and reaction being equal and opposite), and the unconscious, instinctive memory within the germ enables it to organise a new physical, astral or mental body, as the case may be, along lines congruous with those of its organisation in the past incarnation.

In each of these bodies a *habit* of acting, feeling, and thinking has been set up, which is faithfully reproduced life after life; just as in each generation of plant or animal life (as Butler and F. Darwin suggested) the features of the ancestry are reproduced as a result of habit. The successive incarnations of human life correspond in this respect to the successive generations of plant and animal life; and the permanent atoms or units of the former correspond to the germ-nuclei of the latter.

But in each incarnation some fresh experiences are passed through, and thus gradually fresh habits of acting, feeling, and thinking are acquired, or the old ones are modified, and in this way evolution takes place. The development of a habit shows two stages: firstly,

that of conscious effort in the same direction, repeated over and over again many times, and secondly, the natural result of this, unconscious, effortless activity, which is the perfected habit. Hence our physical body gets into grooves of action, our astral body into grooves of attachment, our mind into grooves of thought. But a habit persisted in for a long period of time leads eventually to exhaustion, and the desire for something new. The complete fulfilment and exhaustion of any stage of development acts as a kind of stimulus for the inauguration of a new stage. The tense condition produced in the nervous system as a result of its fullest exploitation tends to awaken the etheric body to activity. Again, the completest exploitation of the lower astral plane activities leads to a revolt therefrom, and a desire to experience those of the higher levels of that plane. As regards the lower mental body, its activity consists in logical or inductive reasoning, ratiocination, moving by graduated stages from one concept to another, each stage serving as a reminding stimulus for the next, until a generalisation is reached. In order to reach this generalisation all the stages of induction must be passed through, none may be missed out, just as seed-formation, the consummation of plant development, can only be reached after all the earlier stages of the flower and vegetative growth have been passed through.

Now if ordinary logical thought along some particular line, say Theosophy, is persisted in for several incarnations, that part of the lower mental body concerned would tend to become so tense and alert as to arouse corresponding vibrations in the higher or causal body, giving rise to abstract thought, which last, in its turn, would tend to produce, at a still higher level, the faculty of

intuition. The habit of thought along certain lines, carried on during many lives, induces automatic action, the conscious effort of induction at each stage being dispensed with, and an *unconscious* process established in its stead. Here once more, as was the case in the lower physical and astral world of instinctive actions, unconscious memory appears upon the scene. In the lower world there is the unhesitating, perfect action of the instinctive life, followed by the hesitating, imperfect, erring action of self-conscious mentality, this followed in its turn once more by the unhesitating, perfect action of the more spiritual mind. At this higher stage truth is grasped immediately, without the intervention of the steps of inductive reasoning. Why? Because of the habit of thought set up in the past along that particular line, this habit inducing automatic action which precludes the necessity for recurrence of the stimulus of each successive stage of inductive thought in order to reach the final generalisation. In the case of the Stentor, after the successive stimuli had been given a sufficient number of times, the *final* state of the creature was produced *at once* in response to the first stimulus given, the intervening states being omitted. Again, in the development of an individual, animal or plant, the stages in the evolution of the race are all passed through before its own mature condition is reached; in many cases, however, these early stages are passed through so rapidly as to be practically imperceptible to observation, the mature state appearing upon the scene without anything that can be seen to have led up to it.

It is thus with the development of that mento-spiritual faculty known as Intuition. Like the Stentor,

it leaps to the conclusion, apparently omitting all the intervening steps. Some writer has said that intuition "is but the conviction arising from those inductions or deductions of which the processes are so shadowy as to escape our consciousness, elude our reason, or defy our capacity of expression". And doubtless this is an important factor in the origin of intuition: a process of extremely rapid reasoning, which is wholly unconscious and therefore is no longer reasoning such as we know it in the lower world of thought, but an unconscious memory of all previous stages merged into one. But the vibrations which cause the flash of intuitive thought in that arūpa or formless world are congruous with, because complementary to, and initiated by, the vibrations of inductive thought in the rūpa world. For both worlds are departments of the mental plane, and must therefore be closely allied.

But though what has been said above indicates the substantial factor in intuition, that which gives it its foundation in experience; nevertheless, some of the vitality and illumination of this faculty will doubtless come from the downflow of vibrations from the Buddhic principle, attracted, as they would be, to mingle with those set up in the Causal body.

All the phenomena of life in the lower Kingdoms are due, therefore, to unconscious memory of the past; every human incarnation is but a reminiscence of those long gone by, and, for most men, an unconscious reminiscence. For the advanced Egos, however, each incarnation is a conscious memory of the past ones, for the powerful vibrations of such a conscious memory are not able to shatter or injure the perfect balance which at that stage he has attained, as they would

upset the equilibrium of those who were less evolved. Finally, the great phenomena of the world itself and the solar system of which it is a part, are but the Memory of the Logos, His Consciousness reproducing in matter that which it has experienced in a bygone Universe.

W. C. Worsdell.

T.S. CONVENTION, 1916

By C.

A CITY of ruined splendours is Lucknow, the ancient capital of Oudh, its origin dating earlier than the records of any written history, where still the bones of her Nawabs lie entombed. Even to-day it is beautiful—a city of trees, of mosques, palaces and tombs, of domes and minarets innumerable, that gleam and glitter in the noonday sun or reach up as black silhouettes into the red and gold of a sunset sky. This style of architecture is peculiar to Muhammadan India, and although this is an old Hindū stronghold, it marks the period when Lucknow passed under the Mughal dominion. And yet, beautiful as it all is still, wandering down the wide avenues and through the green parks, at every turn we seem to glimpse between the bars of locked gates the dim but glorious past; we touch the pulse of a life-current that has ceased throbbing, and while we wonder, another Lucknow slowly rises into being.

As now I write, I sit among the ruined turrets of the Great Imambara, itself a monument to brotherhood and a human brother, for the building of this magnificent palace was begun by the fourth Nawab of Oudh, Asaf-ud-Daula, to relieve the starving populace in a time of famine; and now it stands, his

own befitting tomb. I look down upon what might be mistaken for stretches of wood and forest, were it not for the inevitable cupolas and minarets rising from among the trees. This palace itself is crowned with score upon score of tiny cupolas and minarets, and one wonders how long it took to build them all; one wonders also at the numerous passages just wide enough to walk in between walls some seven to ten feet deep. A waste of labour and materials, our moderns would call it, but in those days use was not given pre-eminence before Beauty, and no Buckingham Palace, nor Windsor Castle, nor hardly even Hampton Court, can touch this for majesty and splendour, ruined now though it be. This is India! Here one breathes the spirit of the glorious past; one goes back to the time when the Court of Oudh was the most splendid and sumptuous in India, when this city was a celebrated centre for the sale of gold and silver fabrics, fine muslins and rich pottery. Nay, back with me further still, back into the mist of undiscovered history; for is there not facing me the dazzling white mosque erected by the Emperor Aurangzeb to mark the oldest site in Lucknow, the stronghold of Lakṣhman, Rāma's brother, from whom the city derives its name?

We might dream here for ever, but you will ask: What has this to do with Convention? Everything. For having lifted the veil of the past and breathed with me for one moment the spirit of Ancient India, let us turn to the present. Remember that although this is the International Convention of our Society, we are in India; this is called "the National Week," for in this week will be held the All-India Social Conference, in this week will meet the All-India

Muslim League, the Brāhmo-Samāj, the Ārya-Samāj, and first and foremost, the Indian National Congress. Come with me along the streets, where the great crowd walks under the flying flags to the large *pandal* decorated with flags and tricolour, where ten thousand of India's most enlightened men are assembled; hear how they are cheering her patriots as they walk through the crowded gangway to the platform; and our own President is one of them, and Tilak is another, and Gandhi, and others, arriving one by one. To see how they love our President and feel her one of themselves—an Indian—and to think how largely all this has been her work, and ours! Not a few are the fair-skinned faces sprinkled among the crowds, our Mr. Arundale, and also Mr. Horniman, President of the Press Association, among the foremost. Suddenly that mighty assembly is quiet, and slowly and sweetly, like a mellow violin, rise the voices of women from the platform, singing the *Vande Mātaram*, India's National Song. Here are no drum and fife, no warlike bursts, no marching metre, for this is another people, a new race being born. The music is sweet, spiritual, sacred, falling on the ears like a mantram, and these are the words in English :

Hail mother, we bow to thee!
 Nature supplies thee with all thy wants,
 With sweet water and with luscious fruits ;
 Thou art soothed by balmy breeze,
 Ever verdant with green herbage ;
 Thy nights resplendent with silver moons,
 Bedecked thou art in flowery plants,
 Ever cheerful, ever bright,
 Full of promise and of hope ;
 Mother, thou bestowest
 Sweet pleasure and happiness divine,
 Thy cause championed by thirty crores of souls,

Twice thirty crores of arms to defend thee.
 Who says, mother, thou art feeble?
 Thou commandest immense strength,
 Our salvation lies in thee:
 Hail mother, we bow to thee!
 Thou hast power to ward off foes,
 Mother, we bow to thee.
 Ever happy and ever simple,
 Ever bright and ever beautiful,
 Thou our support, our nourishment,
 We bow to thee.

This, then, is New India, or Young India, or India of the future—call it what you will. Can you wonder if the spirit of it permeated our own Convention, where most of our brothers were Indians? And why not?—for this is brotherhood. While over in Europe our members are giving their lives and their labour for the freedom of an outraged people, for the sacredness of pledges, Theosophists on this side are carrying out the same principle of brotherhood by helping this Nation to realise itself as a free people and maintaining the pledges made to them by the Queen-Empress. We are trying to realise Alexander's dream of two thousand years ago, of "an Empire of an eastern and a western people having equal rights and privileges"; this is indeed a work of brotherhood, worthy of our Society and its great President. Theosophists are not party politicians, taking this or that side, they are only brothers of humanity, taking always God's side, the side of the future, the side of the wronged, the side of the weak and helpless. Such are our politics, and our party is always that of brotherhood, and our leader the greatest human brother we know—Annie Besant.

Such also was the tune of her message to us in her three morning lectures—"The Duty of the Theosophist to Religion," "The Duty of the

Theosophist to Society” and “The Duty of the Theosophist to the Nation”. After all our doubts and fears concerning internments and Provincial Governors’ orders, it seemed too good to be true that she was really standing there on our platform in our own big *pandal*, as powerful, as stately, as humorous, as ever; that her voice resounded once again as a cathedral bell on the ears of her three or four thousand listeners; for what, as she asked us, should she fear who is only doing God’s work, and what may she lose whose hands are empty but ever filled for the helping of humanity? We did not have her with us quite so much, perhaps, as we should have liked, but we gave her up gladly to humanity’s work, as she knew we would.

Mr. Arundale refused to let us weep, by giving us humorous discourses on Education, though of course there were pills somewhere in the jam, such as some underlying ideals and principles. One thing that he was clearly aiming at was a National system of education in India and a National Educational Trust.

Mr. Jinarājadāsa, bringing with him Mrs. Jinarājadāsa, Mrs. Besant-Scott and Mrs. Christoffel, joined us in the middle of the week, having barely returned from England. He introduced an element of Westernism, giving two lectures on “Theosophy and the Modern Search for Truth” and “Theosophy and National Life”. He restored a healthy normality to the pulse of Young India (set throbbing rather violently by Mr. Arundale) by reminding them that there are a few things, such as railways, organisations and institutions, as well as a common language, for which India is indebted to the English, as contributing to her solidarity as a Nation. One might say that the Englishman spoke for India and the Indian spoke

for England, thus cementing the tie between the brother races that are to form the great Empire of the future.

Mr. Jinarājādāsa also presided over a Conference of the Theosophical Educational Trust, which, as remarked by one of the speakers, Mr. Kilroe, the Assistant Director of Public Instruction, U.P., was of exceptional practical value, each speaker giving the results of his own experience. Some of the main principles agreed to were: that happiness and an element of play should be aimed at in child-education; that discipline can be perfectly maintained without corporal punishment, or even any punishment at all; that sex instruction is advisable from childhood upwards, proceeding gradually from plant life to animal life.

One morning, on December 28th, a little before 8 a.m., a small sparrow fluttered into a covered yard. "Tweet! tweet! look here! look here!" he cried, and another sparrow fluttered on to the roof-edge beside him. "Look at all these people sitting on the floor," they cried, "what are they going to do?" Some other sparrows joined them, and an elder sparrow said: "It is the Order of the Star in the East, and they are going to talk about the Great Teacher who loves all the world and who is coming to put everything right. I heard them announcing it yesterday, and do you not see how they all wear a little silver star?" "Then we need not stay," said the second sparrow, "it's for the people." "No," said the old sparrow, "for He is not only coming to the people, but to the animals, the birds and the fishes, and also to the flowers." And then they all broke into a sweet, joyful song. Afterwards Mr. Jinarājādāsa gave a beautiful address. He told us that the Great Teacher would not be so likely to teach

us about God, nor how to find Him through religion, but rather how to find Him in our brother man. Brotherhood would be the key-note of His teaching, and to realise Him each should turn to the man sitting beside him and call him "Brother". He told us also of His love for children, which is His special characteristic, and how we should serve the children and make them happy, especially those who are children now, but who will gather round Him and serve Him as men and women when He comes amongst us.

On Tuesday, December 26th, the Convention proper of our Society was held, our President herself taking the chair. Not a few were those who received words of praise from her this year, prominently Mr. Arundale, for his energising and vitalising work as General Secretary of England and Wales, Mr. Jinarāja-dāsa, also for his fine work in England, where he brought so much of beauty and culture to bear upon it. "Happy is the Society," she said, "that can claim such a worker." She spoke of Mme. Kamensky's courage and steadfast devotion while the Russian Society was in difficulty with the Government, such as would not pass unnoticed by the Great Masters. Also she told us of Miss de Normann's good work in England, and how she has given up her Government work in order to spread Theosophical ideals in education. Other details will be printed at length for all to read. I will now close this report by quoting our President's own closing words, her call to her own soldiers, as she said: "Come with me into the darkness and the peril. There is no failure for those who march beneath the Shining of the Star."

C.

LETTERS FROM INDIA

By MARIA CRUZ

III

BENARES,

December 1912.

THE celebration of the fortieth anniversary of the Hindu College began last night with matches in various English games, which did not interest me at all except from the point of view of colour. Mrs. Besant, who came on the 6th, was present, with Mme. Blech and Miss Arundale. The prize distribution was presided over by H.H. the Maharaja of Benares. He sat on the platform between Mrs. Besant and his son, who looked like his brother and acted as spokesman for the speech he addressed to the students. This function took place on the roof of the ancient palace which the Raja had given for the founding of the school. In the distance, one could see against the blue sky a tall, solitary palm; nearer there were red walls, and, seen through an open door, a line of huts which looked like the "ranchos" of a village in Guatemala; nearer still, in the middle of the courtyard, the white temple of Sarasvati, the Goddess of Wisdom, corresponding to Minerva.

A little to one side of the Raja, they had built a kind of loggia of green venetian blinds, and in

this were seated the "purda" ladies, who must keep out of sight. The emancipated ones, whom we often see about, were scattered through the audience. They wear no veils and are as shy as gazelles, and look out of the corners of their eyes, frightened by their own boldness. These are the wives or daughters of some of the professors, often Cambridge graduates, who themselves, the first in their Province, are reading for their degree at the school which Miss Arundale has founded for girls. The dress of the students is sometimes half Hindu and half European, sometimes entirely that of the Province to which the man belongs. They wear a red cap or turban, or perhaps are simply wrapped from head to foot in an ample robe. In their midst were the cadets of the College in their gala dress of white, with large turbans striped white and mauve and topped with plumes of mauve and silver. Mr. Arundale looked very fine in this costume with the black gown of a University man over it.

The Maharaja, or rather his son, opened the proceedings. Then G. Arundale spoke. Here, in a word or two, is the gist of his speech: This school is the first where is taught the *spirit* of religion, which unites men and makes them tolerant one of another, and not the *letter*, which separates them and provokes quarrels. The Hindu entering the College full of hatred towards the race of his conquerors, leaves it loving his English brother. In this way, then, this College has done more than an army could for the consolidation of the Empire.

Mrs. Besant was the next to speak. Again a summary: Words of gratitude to the Maharaja whose munificence has made possible the realisation of this

great work. Reminiscences, full of feeling, of the days long ago when, with the plan already in their minds but without a rupee to give it material form, and furthermore, discouraged by those who feared that the establishing of such a College, based on religion, would only make the hatred more bitter, they one evening crossed the Ganga and went to see the great Raja. He expressed himself as not at all unfriendly to the scheme and promised help. After indescribable difficulties, overcome with the greatest trouble, they succeeded in opening a small school. Then the Raja presented a Moorish palace, and little by little were built the beautiful buildings which to-day we look upon with admiration, and where hundreds of students "live" brotherhood and devotion. During the year just passed, not a single misdemeanour has had to be punished; brotherly love is the only discipline; and seeing such results, the Raja of Mysore and the Raja of Kashmir also wanted Central Hindu Colleges in their domains, constructed on the model of this one and guided by its principles. Then followed more expressions of gratitude to the Maharaja, who, having acknowledged the graceful tribute and being due elsewhere to fill another appointment, retired with his son, between two rows of white cadets.

Then we had recitations in Samskrit, in Bengali, in Hindi (all Greek to us), and tea to end up with.

* * * * *

On the morning of the 9th we went to Sarnath, where the Buddha preached His first sermon. There is nothing there now but a museum of archæological remains, the ruins of a great monastery, of which there is almost nothing left, and those small bell-shaped monuments called "stupas". In the evening at five o'clock,

dressed in a white sari, barefooted, standing on a little square platform just large enough for one to sit on, Hindu-fashion, Mrs. Besant addressed the Theosophists on the subject of the seven paths which liberated souls may tread. She left that evening at eleven o'clock. Several people went with her as far as Moghal Serai junction; they got back at one or two, and at five were up again at work. We went next day to Buddha Gaya. We were scarcely out of the train when the brothers to whose care Mrs. Besant had entrusted us (when I say we, you understand that I refer to Mme. Blech) were already attending to our luggage, lantern in hand. In a horrid, tiny little carriage, all closed up, without springs, much less rubber tyres, we were jolted through dark, narrow streets lighted by smoky lamps or by the lanterns of passers-by, to the "Rest House". Our brothers put us up there, as there is no hotel. We made a little supper, and the next day, in the same excruciating vehicle, we went on to Buddha Gaya, to see the tree in the shade of which Gautama reached illumination.

The way there was fortunately not so dry and dusty as were Agra and Delhi; groves of palms, of mangoes, of tamarind, and the low hills on the horizon delighted our eyes. People were at work ploughing the fields and watering them; there seemed to be hope of a harvest where the spectre of famine had stalked. The temple stood in a hollow; excavations are being made all round it, and the relics, which to the uninitiated are merely pieces of carved stone, were on view. I know nothing as yet of all that the learned see in them, but I think the Library here will inform me. The tree is called "Pippala"—I am sending you

one of its leaves. The Buddhas inside the temple are enormous, gilt, painted and covered with tawdry trappings, in Spanish or Italian style. By the way, the whole shrine is bespattered with clarified butter, so we fled hastily, our sight and smell equally offended. Ever since our arrival we had been assailed by a crowd of guides and beggars, who did not leave us a moment's peace, and it was with difficulty that we managed to break through the circle of them and get to our carriage past their black, outstretched arms.

The Theosophists of Gaya—about sixty-six in number—are all poor. There are some who live on seven rupees a month. For all that, they are already at work on a building which is to contain even two or three rooms for the use of visiting members.

From Gaya to Calcutta is a night's journey. The landscape grew more and more varied, green and tropical-looking as we proceeded. Calcutta is a splendid city with broad streets, fine buildings and fine shops. And furthermore, it has the generous Ganga instead of the meagre Jumna, which, at Delhi, looks smaller every day. I cannot imagine why they don't keep it as the capital.

IV

ADYAR,

December 1912.

At Madras Mrs. Besant was waiting for Mme. Blech in her motor-car. I was put between them, and so it was that I passed under the archway brought there by H. P. B., and arrived at the Guest House opposite the Headquarters' buildings, where we were to

be put up. We are there alone for the present, but during Convention several others will find harbourage there. It is a one-story house—again rather like a Guatemalian “finca”. Mme. Blech’s room is octagonal and all windows; a regular lantern. Mine, next door, is more modest. We have our meals in a corner of the little courtyard; but, my dear, what patience one needs! Mme. Blech has a boy; an ayah had been provided for me, but she refused to sweep, and so this morning she was succeeded by a boy who knows something about cooking. We have been obliged to buy crockery and provisions, at least for our early morning meal and our evening dinner, for it takes twenty minutes to walk to Leadbeater Chambers where the general dining room is.

By way of spiritual exercises we have substituted for meditation the preparing of tea, coffee, chocolate or soup, according to the needs of the moment. Still, I hope that soon our household will run on automatically and leave us some peace.

Immediately after our arrival Mme. Blech’s friends came to see us, and in the evening we went to our first “Adyar Talk”. We all gathered in the Hall and sat facing the life-size statues of Mme. Blavatsky (seated) and Colonel Olcott, standing beside her. The Hindus and others who were shoe-less sat down on a carpet, the rest behind on seats; the important people had cane arm-chairs. Mrs. Besant and Mr. Leadbeater came in together and sat down at the foot of the statues. The talk began, and was informally interrupted or given fresh turns by questions and remarks from the audience.

MARIA CRUZ.

THE OLD TREE

By AHASHA

ON the heath stood an oak tree.

How old that tree was he didn't know himself. He only knew he was very old. He could remember his youth very well. He still saw before him, just as if it had only happened yesterday, the soldiers who had lost their way, wandering over the heath one cold night in November.

"Look," they had said, when they approached the oak, "look, this is the tree about which our prince was speaking, and now we must keep to the left."

He could also remember many ladies passing with beautiful collars on, and gentlemen wearing old-fashioned trousers and wigs passed the oak in coaches. Later on it heard the horn of the stage-coach blowing its merry call.

Inside those stage-coaches the ladies and gentleman sat very close to each other, and talked and smoked; and the ladies handed each other eau-de-Cologne and talked about the fashions, and their dresses were cut very low and the bodices ended in a long point. The gentlemen looked very serious, and had high collars round their necks, with black neckties, and their coat tails were long.

That had been the golden time of life. And then, besides all this, there were also the shepherds. There were very many of them. They often came and took a nap beneath the old oak tree.

And at night! at night—Oh! he just loved the nights. At night the little folk came. The fairies, and the gnomes and the animals; and then Pan came, the good ghost, who protected the shepherds and the flocks. Pan was ugly, but merry and good. Oh, Pan was so very, very good.

He had a long wooden flute and he sat down under the tree, and began to play softly. And the fairies danced and the gnomes jumped about.

And now? Now the oak felt sorry.

The stage-coaches didn't pass any longer. No trumpet sounded merrily now over the heath. The people were in a hurry and were now going by train. The farmers passed once a week when they went to market, and of all the shepherds only old Rule was left.

Rule lived in a lonely cottage on the heath. Rule was still an old-fashioned shepherd; he knitted stockings, he loved his sheep, and he talked very much with Wolf, his dog. And all this was about days long ago.

Only the nights were the same. Pan came always and said: "As long as there is one shepherd left on earth, I'll remain on earth too."

The oak was sorry. He nearly cried, so miserable was he. For a lot of people came and chalked a number on the old tree. No. 36 — No. 36. This meant for him: "When the other thirty-five trees have had their turn, they'll come to me, and cut me down." The oak always had had one wish: to die in an ordinary way, and not to be cut down by men.

And now there was written on his bark "36"!

Why had he to die? Why was he in the way? He asked it of the gnomes and so he came to know it.

That part of the heath where he stood would be changed into a building estate, "and," continued the gnome, "then *we* go away too. Just fancy us remaining with men! No, then we shall go deeper into the wood."

"Oh," sighed the oak, "you will live; but I?"

"You, you will go to All-Father, think of that!"

"Oh," he sobbed, "Oh, Pan, if I had a wish it would be to die an ordinary death. And now, so —
. . . Pan, by the hands of man."

Pan dashed away a tear.

"Poor fellow! but think, it's the will of All-Father."

"Yes, it's his will."

Pan whistled, and the gnomes and fairies began to sing with their beautiful, clear voices:

Though dark my path and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught:
Thy will be done!

"Thanks ever so much, dear friends. Oh, if you could only feel the scorn. Oh, it is so terrible to bear. The axe will tear my body asunder. Oh, that axe! I'm not wanted. A row of villas will be built here, and so there is no room for me, such an old oak."

"Well, be comforted, you must die some time."

"It is not the pain, children; no, it is the scorn."

Or breathe the prayer divinely taught:
Thy will be done!

"O Father," prayed the tree, "Oh, if it is possible, not this scorn, to be killed by an axe at the hands of men."

The sky was getting dark. Thunder-clouds came up, one after the other. A thunder-clap. Again and again. . . .

Rule turned round and said sleepily: "Bad weather." Wolf started up, and barked.

"Be quiet, Wolf. Be quiet, my dog, it is nothing."

Wolf crept to his master; he was afraid.

An awful flash of lightning . . . one rattling thunder-clap.

The oak sighed; again the oak sighed. His leaves rustled: "Thanks, All-Father, for this favour."

The old tree was dead.

"All-Father had heard his prayer," said Pan. "Let us go now into the wood; now the old oak is dead it is of no use to stay here longer."

Some days after, the old oak was chopped in pieces.

Rule looked at it and tears were in his eyes.

"Just look here," one of the men said, "old Rule is weeping."

Rule went his way leaning on his staff. Near the wood he sat down on a little hill, with Wolf at his feet.

Rule took the body of Wolf between his knees, and he took his head in his hands.

"Wolf, dear dog, we understand each other, don't we, old fellow? The poor old oak was not wanted, he had to die, but our Lord saved him from such scorn."

Wolf wagged his tail. Happily there were two creatures who felt for the tree, though they were only a shepherd and . . . a dog.

Ahasha.



OCCASIONAL NOTES

By ALICE E. ADAIR

II. EDOUARD MANET

IN the year 1866, a small group of men began to meet regularly at a café near the Rue de Saint Petersburg, Paris, called the Café Guerbois. They were men who were thoroughly dissatisfied with the state of French Art and literature. As they were regarded by the world in general as crazy rebels, they sought encouragement and sympathy from each other. The first members of the group were artists, sworn foes to tradition and classicalism. They were banned by Press, public, and artists of the accepted type, but no opposition could quell their enthusiasm or their faith. It rather fanned the flame.

“During the period of the Second Empire the spirit of authority was being vigorously revived. Constituted bodies were invested with an immense amount of power. In Art, Academies and the Juries of Salons exerted a veritable dictatorship.” So writes M. Theodore Duret in *Manet and the French Impressionists*; and it was to the overthrow of this dictatorship and to the shattering of the bonds of classicalism in which French art had been imprisoned for more than forty years, that this brave little band

addressed itself. Art has its heroes as well as war, and the courage and self-sacrifice of the men who engaged in this struggle have never been rivalled on any battle-field. The lives of some were shortened by the hardships they endured; others "went under" in a more tragic sense, but in the end France was freed from the tyranny of the mock heroic.

The small circle of the Café Guerbois gradually expanded to include all writers, artists and literary men who were infected with the "new" spirit; these in turn brought their friends, and eventually the meetings became so popular that the Café was thronged on certain nights with the rarest wit and talent of Paris. Questions of all kinds were discussed, but with an artist as the leading spirit, naturally enough the chief interest was centred round matters relating to Art.

Fantin Latour, Guillaumet; Desboutins and Belot the engravers; Zacharie Astruc, sculptor and poet; Cladel and Emile Zola; Duranty, a journalist of some reputation in those days; Vignaux, Proust, Henner and Alfred Stevens were all habitués of the café. Whistler, Legros, Monet, Degas, Pissarro, Sisley, Renoir, Bazille and Cezanne were also in the group that gathered round Edouard Manet. "Manet was the dominating figure; with his animation, his flashing wit, his sound judgment on matters of art, he gave the tone to the discussions. Moreover, as an artist who had suffered persecution, who had been expelled from the Salons and excommunicated by the representatives of official art, he was naturally marked out for the place of leadership among a group of men whose one common feature, in art and literature, was the spirit of revolt."¹

¹ *Manet and the French Impressionists.*—Theodore Duret,

Apart from his art there was nothing in Manet of the revolutionary. He was a man of medium height with a well knit figure, somewhat of a dandy. He had well cut features, clear, grey eyes and closely trimmed, fair beard. His speech was decisive, hearty, and "informed with a manly and sincere understanding of life". He was college-bred, belonged to the "*haute bourgeoisie*" and was welcomed everywhere in society for his brilliant conversational powers and his distinction of manner. Simplicity and directness were characteristic of the man, of his life, and of his work. George Moore says of him: "Never was an artist's inner nature in more direct conformity with his work. There were no circumlocutions in Manet's nature, there were none in his art." Yet no man's career can have been more stormy than his; it was one long battle against ignorance, prejudice and spite. One episode will illustrate the depths to which some of the artists of the older school sank in their fierce championship of tradition and their blind rage against the innovator. Emile Zola wrote an article in the *Figaro* praising the work of Manet and hailing him as the greatest artist of his time. The editor of the paper met with such a storm of abuse that Zola had to relinquish his position on the staff; and further, these stupid men bought up copies of the offending number in order to take them to the Boulevard, seek out either Zola or Manet, and tear them up under their eyes with all the contempt they were able to express.

There was nothing in the character of Manet to provoke such violent opposition, nor was there any cause for reproach in his private life. It was quite a normal life. He was born in 1832, and from early childhood

showed his artistic gifts. His father was a judge, and wished his son to adopt the same profession, or else that of a soldier. Manet's heart was set upon being a painter. A struggle ensued, and Manet was sent to sea in the hope that he would thus be cured of his folly. He returned as determined as ever, and his father gave in. Manet then went to study under Couture. Once more he had to struggle for the right to express himself in his own way, and this struggle was aggravated by radical differences of birth and breeding in master and pupil; Couture being the son of a shoemaker, ill-mannered, hating the upper classes, especially lawyers, whilst Manet was a cultured exquisite, the descendant of generations of legal ancestry. Couture was, however, the best teacher in Paris, so Manet conquered his distastes and remained in his studio until he was twenty-five years old. After this followed some years of travel in Germany, Holland and Italy. He then returned to Paris and settled down to his career, throwing all his energy and enthusiasm into his work. In 1863 he married a Dutch lady who was very musical, his father having left him a moderate fortune, which made him independent of dealers and sales for several years, but which was finally exhausted; and then ensued a period of great financial strain.

At the outbreak of the war in 1870 he joined the National Guard in Paris; the "clique" at the Café Guerbois was scattered far and wide; some of them went a-soldiering; Bazille was killed in action. Manet was made a Captain and promoted to the General Staff. After the siege he returned to his art, and several years of strenuous work succeeded. In 1879 the effects of the long strain of the struggle on his highly strung

nerves showed themselves. He was seized with paralysis, which he fought with his accustomed bravery. Some remedies he took caused blood-poisoning, and in 1883 he died. He was one of the last of the "old" Parisian type—a type which disappeared when Paris became overrun with provincials and foreigners; a type created by a refined, cultured, if rather artificial mode of life, but which was charming in its elegance and its delight in social intercourse.

Manet's career as artist provides quite other reading; and to understand the strange incongruity, a knowledge of existing opinions relating to art when he came upon the scene is necessary. In the first place it was firmly believed and emphatically asserted "that art depended upon the observance of certain fixed rules and was inseparable from certain particular types". These rules and these types had been evolved by the genius of the Masters of the past, and nothing further remained to do except to perpetuate their ideals for all time. Genius consisted in the most faithful reproduction of these ideals. The highest art could only be expressed in subjects drawn from Greek and Roman mythology; historical scenes and religious subjects might be ranked as great art; Oriental subjects were only just allowed, because in them imagination was still supposed to be brought into play; but modern realism was considered to be beyond the pale altogether. So rigid were the rules that even the size of the canvas was "fixed" by the subject; there were fixed poses—regarded as "heroic," and there were fixed types of models—men and women of "heroic" proportions.

As to colour, all brilliance was avoided, and the different tones had to be blended together; and a

“fixed opposition of light and shade” was insisted upon. The result of all this was a succession of monotonous and lifeless paintings.

Predecessors of Manet, who had broken through the wall of tradition—Ingres, Delacroix, Corot and others—had all fared badly, but they suffered at the hands of the limited circle of the cultured few—society people, connoisseurs, artists and literary men whose tastes were cultivated tastes. Just before Manet’s time, however, the general public had begun to interest itself in art, so the storm that burst over his head was far more violent, since the uncultured are always the most aggressively conservative in matters of art.

The many grievances against Manet can be summed up under two charges. He flouted conventions of all kinds, and he introduced new and startling methods of colour. He quarrelled with the models at Conture’s studio because he insisted on their adopting new attitudes, and because he wished to paint them with draperies or clothed, so tired was he of the eternal Nude of the classical tradition. He offended the artists because he used bright colours; discarding blacks and greys, he illuminated shadows and he placed his tones side by side without any attempt at shading one into another. In short he strove to introduce colour, light and brilliance into his pictures, while their work was dull and lifeless. He angered the people by his choice of subjects, by his realism and his modernity. But George Moore regards the culmination of his offending as this: “During his life the excuse given for the constant persecution waged against him by the authorities was his excessive originality. But this was mere subterfuge; what was really hated—what

made him so unpopular was the extraordinary beauty of his handling. Whatever he painted became beautiful—his hand was dowered with the gift of quality, and there his art began and ended.”

Year after year there was the steady rejection of his canvases by the Juries of the Salon. He replied by opening exhibitions of his own. He believed that by constantly keeping his work before the people, their acceptance of it would be won ; and after long years of struggle his belief was justified. In the meanwhile all manner of abuse and ridicule was heaped upon him, his pictures were the laughingstock of Paris. But perhaps the worst insult he ever had to bear was the refusal of the Jury to hang any of his pictures in the *Exposition Universelle* of 1878, for this was an exhibition of representative French artists, and it took place after Manet had won a share even of the public approval by his picture “*Le Bon Bock*”. It was a contemptible action on the part of his opponents ; prejudice and spite could not well be carried further ; and already the tide of public opinion was beginning to turn in Manet’s favour. Unfortunately he was not to profit very much himself, for he was dying ; but he had blazed the trail for the Impressionists.

The reception given to the first of Manet’s great pictures will illustrate the particular difficulties he had to face. The year was that one in which the Jury of the Salon rejected so many pictures that it created somewhat of a scandal, and Napoleon III authorised the opening of the “*Salon des Refusés*” in the same building as the other Salon, to receive the discarded canvases. The most striking of them all was Manet’s “*Breakfast on the Grass*”. Harmless enough the picture seems now, but

it was then regarded as indecent. The first offence was that Manet had painted a realistic picture on the sized canvas that was reserved for "idealised" subjects, secondly he had mixed together draped and undraped figures. It did not matter to his critics in the least that he had borrowed the idea from the Venetian painters; what was excusable in *their* "idealised" works was unpardonable in his realistic painting. Thirdly, his figures were either sitting or lying in natural attitudes, there was no attempt at "heroic" posing. Fourthly, the men were clothed in the garments of the middle class, with no attempt at the picturesque. And added to all this there was the "patchwork" colouring. Poor Manet had hoped that this picture would bring him fame; it brought him instead the reputation of a madman and a rebel. The treatment of the white flesh against the black clothes was an achievement of which he was justly proud, but it was an achievement the public was quite incapable of appreciating; hence the shocked propriety.

Another obstacle to public favour that he placed in his own way was his constant experimentation. No sooner were the people becoming used to one innovation than he provided them with another. Just as they were preparing to accept the bright colours of his studio paintings, he adopted the practice of open air painting and introduced still more vivid colouring and brilliance of light into his pictures, and so made them more angry than ever.

There were, however, some flashes of sunlight on his stormy path. He did slowly convert, first the Press and then the public, to a more reasonable frame of mind. He won many staunch friends and had always

the support and admiration of his own group, including the whole band of Impressionists ; but this appreciation did not satisfy the man whose ideal of an artist's career was that it should be like Rubens—a career of great achievements and popular enthusiasm.

Although Manet did not belong to the group of Impressionists, he shared most of their ideas and undoubtedly exercised a marked influence upon them, and his name will always be associated with that group. Mr. Wynford Dewhurst says: " The history of the early battles over Impressionism centres for the most part round one personality. In following the story of the failures and successes of Edouard Manet we follow the gradual rise of the entire school, for no man fought more bravely in ' defence of its principles '."

He was a wonderful painter, and he was besides a great iconoclast. Into a world of shams he brought the Torch of Truth and a clear vision. He found French art enslaved by false ideals. He shattered the idols and set the spirit free to again set forth upon the great adventure—the never-ending quest of Supreme and Eternal Beauty. His own physical body was broken against the wall of prejudice and convention, but not before he had made the breach through which could be poured new riches of colour and beauty upon a purblind and thankless world. So lived and so died the painter genius of the nineteenth century.

Alice E. Adair.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ADDRESS

BRETHREN,

Welcome to the Forty-First Anniversary of our beloved Theosophical Society, the latest Messenger of the Great White Brotherhood to the world of men. Forty-one years ago the faithful servants of that Brotherhood, Helena Petrovna Blavatsky and Henry Steele Olcott, laid the foundations of our Society in the city of New York, in the United States of America. In the eighteenth century, men inspired by that same Brotherhood proclaimed the Rights of Man, and sent through the world the message of Liberty, the sacred birthright of the sons of God. A century later came the correlative proclamation of the Duties of Man, and these two servants of the Hierarchy that guides the evolution of humanity were chosen to send through the world the message of Brotherhood, the sacred tie that, once recognised, shall substitute the Reign of Love for the struggles of contesting hosts. May Those who are the embodiment of love continue Their gracious protection to the Society established to do Their will on earth ; may They ever guard it by Their Power, inspire it with Their Wisdom, and energise it by Their Activity.

THE WORLD-WAR

Again we meet under the terrible clouds of War, which shut out the world from the Sun which ever shines undimmed in the blue vault of heaven. Nor do those War-clouds show any signs of passing away, nor is there any loosening in the death-grip of the wrestling Nations. But in spite of all the horrors of the struggle, in spite of the destruction wrought, and of the ever-increasing burdens entailed by the prolongation of the strife, we, who believe that the destinies of mankind are guided by the highest wisdom to the noblest end, cannot but remain secure in that strong faith, and we wait patiently through the long night for the breaking of the Day.

I have naught to change in that which I said last year on this subject, and it is unnecessary to repeat it. The Society has, with the exception of a very few members, endorsed the

position then taken up, and there is no reason to recede from it.

The world-struggle on the battle-field affects the currents of thought in every country, provoking unrest, and both forward and backward streams. The movements of mind here are subtler than the movements of men in Europe, and they need for their recognition a keener intuition, a sharper insight. Religion and life are inseparable, and religion, if it be true, must inspire all the actions of a man's life and dominate his conduct in all his relations with the outer world; it must fix his principles, and teach him to be loyal to those principles wherever he may be living, whatever may be his environment. For religion is an informing Spirit and not a collection of dogmas, and it is truly written in the Christian Scriptures: "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty." Liberty of conscience, liberty of thought, liberty of speech, have ever been the claim of every great religious movement of reform. Only where a religion has lost the spirit and become a slave of the letter, does it become indifferent to liberty, which alone can ensure its progress and prevent its fossilisation.

One serious attack on its religious liberty has lately been suffered by the Theosophical Society in India; many attacks have indeed been made upon it since it came to India; its members have suffered from much paltry official persecution, and it has always been regarded as dangerous by the great majority of Anglo-Indians, because all its Christian members show a real brotherhood to men of eastern faiths, and the colourless and the coloured meet in perfect social equality; the Theosophists knows, in India as elsewhere, no barriers of race or creed, of caste or colour. This is considered to injure English prestige and the claim of racial superiority. Hence we have never been in the good graces of the ruling caste. But, while we have been frowned at, and have lived in the chill of official disfavour, we have never been actively interfered with in the holding of our meetings, until Sir Benjamin Robertson took it upon himself to prevent the President of the Theosophical Society from presiding over a Theosophical Federation, and delivering Theosophical addresses. Such a departure from the religious neutrality pledged to India by the Crown has never before been seen in India, and we may trust will never be repeated. We are encouraged in this trust by the non-interference of the Government of the United Provinces with my presiding over our Annual Meeting here.

THE GROWTH OF THE SOCIETY

Forty-four new Lodges have been chartered, as against thirty-one last year.

We have, of course, no reports from the belligerent enemy countries; nothing from devastated Belgium; for the second time there is no report from Finland, except from the one independent Lodge. The Australian mail is so irregular that we hope for reports from Australia and New Zealand before we go to press: the Netherlands report has not yet arrived, nor those of Cuba and Norway.

I am leaving out this year the enemy countries, as the figures we have probably bear no relation to the realities. Thus we omit: Germany, Austria, Hungary, Bohemia; reducing the National Societies to 19. The numbers in Australia, New Zealand, the Netherlands, Cuba, Finland, Belgium, and Norway are given as in last year, for though we know the number of new members, we do not know how many have died or have resigned; those will all be understated. Altogether in the 19 National Societies there will be something over 28,000 members.

NATIONAL SOCIETIES

Our oldest National Society is that of America, which is outside the battle-zone. The General Secretary sends a report of a very successful year; the T.S. in America incorporated itself last year under American law—a quite wise step, and it has now a “National President,” the good and faithful worker whom we know as General Secretary, Mr. A. P. Warrington. Our present Constitution does not recognise the title of National President, but there seems no particular objection to it. A feature peculiar, so far as I know, to America, is the appearance of Theosophical teachings on the kinematograph. A generous gift of Rs. 3,000 from the American Convention to the Headquarters, suffering from a War deficit, was a very kindly and gracious act.

In England and Wales much important work has been done. The National Executive has been formed into a corporation capable of holding property, so that it can take over the splendid Headquarters Building when complete, as well as any other property that it may acquire. The War has taken away most of our work-people, so that the building has been much delayed. The Theosophical Educational Trust has been definitely established, with its fine school at Letchworth, and another in Bromley, Kent; Miss de Normann, a Government Inspector of Schools, has resigned office in order to devote herself wholly to the Education Department of the Society, and is doing splendid work in spreading and popularising Theosophical Ideals in Education. A training scheme has been started for teachers and social workers at Queen Mary's Hostel, Campden Hill, London, and a “Theosophical

Fraternity in Education," for the purpose of bringing Theosophical ideals into all branches of Education, and of working to secure conditions which will give freedom for the expression of these ideals, seems a promising movement. Miss Douglas Fox has been put in charge of the Propaganda Department, to the great loss of the Southern Federation and the greater gain of the Society in England as a whole. Mrs. Whyte has taken up the Young People's Department, and is issuing an admirable journal for her work, *The Young Age*. The General Secretary, Mr. Baillie-Weaver, gives the credit for this admirable organisation of work and workers to his predecessor, Mr. George S. Arundale, whose fine devotion and power of inspiring others are an asset of incalculable value. We only lent him to England for a time, and India has now taken back her own.

India reports good progress, and Southern India keeps its foremost place in organised work. The passing over of a late Secretary, Mr. Jehangir Sorabji, leaves a gap, especially felt in Bombay, where he had settled.

No report, as said, has reached us from Australasia, but we must place on record the great loss sustained by the Society there by the passing away of our devoted General Secretary, Mr. John. His wife is carrying on the work for the remainder of the year. The whole Society in Australasia and New Zealand has been vitalised and energised by the presence of my great colleague, Charles W. Leadbeater, whose regular teachings in the Sydney Lodge have become a feature in the life of the City, and whose example is an inspiration to all. The new Headquarters are open, and form the centre of the spreading work.

Scandinavia reports being much hampered by the War, though its countries are neutral; the young people there, as everywhere, are showing great activity. This drawing of the youth of the country to the Theosophical Society is a welcome sign of the return of many servants of other days, coming back to meet their Lord on His return.

We cannot, in the absence of a report, say much of the Netherlands, but we heard a short time since of the opening of the new Headquarters of The Hague Lodge, which drew members from all parts of Holland. The Netherlands, however, is never a source of anxiety, for it is always solid, and always doing good work.

Heroic, suffering France, while necessarily utilising all her strength for the War, yet has succeeded in carrying on a propaganda that brings comfort to the sorrowing and hope to the heart-broken. Mr. Polak, the General Secretary of the T.S.

in Belgium, has helped the French Society, his own being rendered helpless in the German grip. The greater part of the work done is, rightly and naturally, in the National service, in hospitals and in aid of prisoners, in helping the blind and the mutilated by giving them instruction in work which brightens their broken lives. Much Theosophical work is done among the soldiers at the front, and a little newspaper, *Kurukshetra*, is issued, largely written by the soldiers themselves. The fine Headquarters building is completed, save for some furnishing, and attracts much friendly interest. A touching proof of Theosophical affection was given by the T.S. in England and Wales, which sent over to our impoverished French brethren help which will enable them to print some important works, ready for the press, but withheld from want of means.

Italy reports a quiet year, with a much greater sale of literature, showing increased public interest.

From Finland we have only the report of a single Lodge, and we feel anxious about our good friend Pekka Ervast.

Russia is represented here by the General Secretary, Mme. Anna Kamensky, who brings a record of steady and progressive work. She comes here also commissioned by the Imperial Academy of Sciences to collect some ethnological specimens for the Museum of Anthropology and Ethnography, and we congratulate her on this mission from the highest scientific body in Russia. A lecture on the Brotherhood of Religions was prohibited by the Synod and the Policy, reminding us that in Russia religious freedom is only partially achieved. It is wonderful how much our Russian brethren accomplish in the midst of such difficult conditions. Few realise how much we owe to the steadfast and quiet courage and the unwearied labours of Anna Kamensky, but the Masters know and will remember.

In South Africa, ill-health compelled the resignation of Mr. Nelson, who has done so much for the Section, and Miss M. L. Murchie has been elected in his stead. Literature is spreading, but the work is difficult and necessarily slow.

Our General Secretary from Scotland is here in person, invalidated from the front, after passing through and being wounded in the terrible Loos battle. We miss the bright Scottish magazine, temporarily discontinued, but hope to re-welcome it, and we grieve with the Scottish Society for the heavy loss sustained in the passing away of that most helpful worker, James A. Allan.

The report from Switzerland is a remarkable one in the amount of work done, work truly Theosophical, for prisoners of war, refugees from France and Belgium, the provision of

meals for the passing trains of refugees, the "adoption" of French prisoners in Germany, sending them food and clothes monthly, and performing other kindly services for the suffering. Well has the General Secretary, Mlle. Stephani, grasped the idea that "all this outer work has been the natural growth of the ideal of Brotherhood," and she realises the need of filling all social forms with Theosophical life, adding: "But how could we fill them with this life if we did not gather it in the heart of the Theosophical Society?" I must specially congratulate the Swiss T.S. and its Secretary on the crowded work of the year. Propaganda has not been neglected, but the best propaganda has been the work.

The Netherlands-Indies is most active in humanitarian work. It is fortunate in having a most sympathetic Government, who recognise the value of the T.S. The powerful Muhammadan movement, with some 900,000 members, officially invited the Theosophical Society to its first National Congress, and the General Secretary addressed an audience of ten thousand people on Self-Government. Another important movement is for "Indian Self-Defence," and our General Secretary has taken an active part in this, and is one of the members of a Deputation which is to go to Holland to lay before the Queen, the Colonial Minister, and the Dutch Parliament, a petition for help in this movement "to enable Insulinia to stand on its own feet," and to gain Parliamentary representation and education. The new Governor-General is, most wisely, giving his sympathy and help to the Deputation, which starts for Holland on January 3rd, 1917, and in Holland itself the late Governor-General will aid the Deputation with his counsel. Bitter opposition has arisen among the "Dutch-Indians," the class which answers here to our non-official Anglo-Indians, but Holland is too solidly devoted to freedom to view with dislike or apprehension the natural yearnings of her Colonies to share in the blessings she enjoys.

Burma has had a quiet year, but has gained in internal solidarity. The new building for the Boys' School at Rangoon, under the Burma Educational Trust, was opened by Mr. Covernton, Director of Public Instruction for Burma, who gave credit to the Theosophical Society for the success of the work.

A pleasant feature of the reports, to me personally, is the warm sympathy shown with my work in India, and the love expressed to me, for which I am deeply grateful. Amid the difficulties here, and the misunderstanding of my aims and work shown by the Local Governments, the knowledge that the Theosophical Society approves the policy of its President is an added strength and a real consolation.

It is interesting and significant that in other lands also the National Societies are coming so much to the front in National Service, and are becoming pillars of Liberty, of Social Uplift, and of Brotherhood, putting their principles into practice in life.

SUBSIDIARY ACTIVITIES

Once more, educational work looms large, and promises to become larger. The Theosophical Educational Trust has issued a large and handsome report, and we insert a brief summary. It has a college for boys and one for girls, and 16 schools, with 6 affiliated schools in addition. It is teaching 4,577 students—3,463 boys and 1,114 girls, and has 237 teachers. The report does not include one boys' and two girls' schools at Gaya, and four more are on the way. Mr. Arundale has been appointed as Inspector of our colleges and schools, and Mr. Ernest Wood remains the life of the Trust as Hon. Secretary. Mrs. Wood now gives her capable help as Assistant Secretary, and Mr. Kirk remains as an efficient collector of funds. The land in Benares, acquired for Rs. 40,000, has been sold for Rs. 48,000. Upwards of Rs. 18,000 of this is being spent on land to increase the accommodation for the Girls' College and School at Benares. Rs. 6,000 have been assigned to the Boys' School there, and the remainder of the Rs. 40,000 is being held for the Benares Schools, for which the money was originally given; the gain of Rs. 8,000, less Rs. 500 expenses, is assigned to the central fund.

No report has been received from the Buddhist Theosophical Society, but the report of the Ananda College shows much progress since January, 1914, when Mr. Fritz Kunz took up the work. A Boarding House has been established, with the Head Master as Warden, and has now fifty boarders. The Boy Scout movement has proved a great success; during the floods they took relief to 2,000 sufferers, and have collected money for the War Funds. For two years no boy has been struck or corporally punished, nor had any physical indignity put upon him; the discipline is admirable and the atmosphere is one of happiness, with "a corresponding advance in intellectual keenness". Few teachers in schools where brutal punishment prevails, realise that a boy who is constantly in fear of pain cannot work with a mind alert and at ease.

The Galle Mahinda College suffered a severe loss in the passing away of Mr. Henry Amarasuriya, its constant supporter. The year has been a very successful one, thanks to the devoted work of Mr. F. L. Woodward, who has been aided by Mr. Gordon Pearce as Vice-Principal. A Science Laboratory, a playing field, and a club for Boy Scouts are welcome improvements. The Boy Scouts movement was started in the

Mahinda College by Mr. Pearce, and has been taken up all over the Island. A Scout from this first troop, joining our Madanapalle College, began the movement in India for Indian boys. In the inauguration of this movement, from which coloured lads had been shut out, India owes another debt to the Theosophical Society.

The Musæus School for Buddhist Girls keeps up its record of good work, and this year celebrated its Silver Jubilee, in which Mrs. Higgins was overwhelmed by tokens of affection and gratitude. The Vernacular Training School for Teachers sent up 20 students to the Government Examination and 18 passed, a most satisfactory result. I doubt the wisdom of yielding to the parents' wishes in converting the Anglo-Vernacular School into an English one, and putting the extra strain on the girls of making English the medium of instruction.

The Olcott Panchama Free Schools continue to repay their loving Superintendent, Miss Kofel, for her unremitting toil. An increase of 50 per cent in the grant-in-aid has been recommended "for good results and continued efficiency". At an exhibition held in Trichinopoly two silver medals and six certificates of merit were awarded to the schools. Some promising pupils have been sent on to higher schools. An important event was the Medical Examination made gratuitously by Mr. Srinivasamurti, M.B., C.M., which revealed the shocking fact that 78 per cent of the children suffer from malnutrition. A night-school is held for scavengers, and it is pleasant to record that the Municipal Overseer remarked that he found our scavengers more regular and conscientious in their work than others. 800 children are under instruction in the five schools. Sad to say this good work is very poorly supported, and we suffer constant financial anxiety on its account.

The Round Table in Australia sends a good report; its membership stands at 287. The Tables look chiefly after Babies and Young Children, and work also for comforts for soldiers. The Melbourne Tables, among other useful activities, have sent 40 lads recovering from sickness into the country for rest and recuperation.

The Sons and Daughters of India are working usefully. A very large number of lads have joined in Madras, and from among them between 70 and 80 Boy Scouts have been enrolled.

We have no report from the Order of the Star in the East from England, but Dr. Rocke has kindly supplied us with one. The Star Depot in Regent Street, London, with its Reading Room and Circulating Library, proves most valuable as a

means of propaganda. In India, there are 12,000 members, half of whom are "Servants of the Star," *i.e.*, are under 21 years of age. It has two vernacular journals, and its pamphlets have been translated into 15 vernaculars. There is also the monthly *Brothers of the Star*. Much of the success is due to the admirable work of Mrs. Charles Kerr, who left Adyar to take up War work in England.

Dr. van Hook reports good work from the Karma and Reincarnation League, the valuable movement set on foot by him to spread these two doctrines, the very foundation of all reform work in education and society.

The return of Mr. Arundale to India has necessitated a change of General Secretary in England after his short but fruitful work there. Mr. Baillie-Weaver, well known for his humanitarian work, has taken his place and is most effective. Mr. John, our Australian General Secretary, passed away after long illness, and his wife was appointed for the remainder of the year to carry on the work. Our Vice-President, Mr. A. P. Sinnett, is very effective in his ever useful lines of activity; I have already spoken of Mr. Leadbeater's work in Australasia and New Zealand.

My faithful colleague and true servant of the Masters, Mr. C. Jinarājadāsa, has worked this year in India and England. His long tours in India have been of immense value in carrying the message of Theosophy, clothed in culture and artistic beauty as well as in learning and spirituality. In England he has worked alike for Theosophy and for India, presenting her case with knowledge and skill. Happy is the Society which has such a worker in its ranks.

In India, the Society owes much gratitude to Mr. Ramachandra Rao for his unceasing work, weighted with his pure and self-denying life and deep learning. Mr. Mehta in the West has laboured unremittingly. Needless to speak of all the Section owes to its General Secretary, who has had placed on his willing shoulders two men's work, to the serious detriment of his health. Many other faithful and good workers has the Society, to whom it owes its growing strength and influence. Never, I think, can a President have been blessed with more loving and loyal friends in every part of the world, making the work a constant joy and inspiration. May we all work together for many lives to come.

THE HEADQUARTERS

Of our Adyar home what can I say, save that with every year it seems to grow more harmonious, and therefore a better instrument for the Master's work. The band of workers

round Mr. B. P. Wadia—to whose loyal co-operation and great ability, ever bearing new burdens and rising to every emergency, I owe more than I can put into words—carry on the varied activities of the place with unchanging devotion. In each department capable helpers guide its activities: Mr. Schwarz, our invaluable guide in our finances, exact and business-like, Mr. J. R. Aria, our able Recording Secretary, Mr. A. K. Sitarama Shastri at the Vasanta Press, Mr. Ranga Reddy in the building work, Rao Sahab Soobiah Chetty, my helper in the erection of buildings for *New India*, for the Y.M.I.A. with its splendid hall, and other work which, though outside the T.S., is all inspired by Theosophy, Mr. J. Srinivasa Rao at the Bhojanashala, Messrs. Huidekoper and Jassawalla in the management of our lands, Mr. Shah at our Dairy. All these and many others make Adyar what it is.

The long continuance of the War has rendered it necessary to fill the post of Director, and it is also obvious that the general condition of feeling would render impossible Dr. Schrader's return, even after the War. So with regret on both sides, he and I decided that it was best that he should return to Germany when set free. His services to the Library have been unique, and we shall ever keep them in grateful memory. His latest work is a most valuable treatise in English on Shaiva texts, completed during his captivity, an introduction to the Pañcharâtra literature. Two previous volumes contain the Samskrit text of the *Ahirbudhnya-Samhitâ*.

Mr. van Manen completed his stay at Adyar, and has left behind him a record of much valuable work.

Pandit A. Mahadeva Shastri, Curator of the Government Library at Mysore, having finished his term of Government Service, has come to Adyar as Director of our Library, an office for which he is most admirably fitted.

The high price of paper and dislocation of trade caused by the War have much limited our work. Moreover, the cruel Press Act under which we live makes the keeping of a Press in India, as Chief Justice Abdur Rahim said, "a hazardous undertaking," as it has to be carried on under the incalculable whims of the Local Government, which may at any time crush a Press at its free will and pleasure. I have taken such precautions as were practicable, but we are much harassed by the unnecessary annoyances to which we are put in carrying on our business.

My Brethren, the times are times of transition; the civilised world is cast into the melting-pot, is being purified of its dross, that the great Craftsman of our globe may shape the glowing metal into new forms of usefulness and of beauty. For the reception of that precious metal, moulds have now to

be prepared, moulds religious, intellectual, moral, political, and social, such as may be used by the Great Messenger of the Occult Hierarchy, the Jagad-Guru, the World-Teacher, the Bodhisattva, Shri Kṛṣṇa, the Lord Christ—call Him, the Mighty and the Compassionate One, by what name you will. He comes to make all things new, to re-create our shattered world.

Is the Theosophical Society—the humble Messenger sent out by that same Hierarchy of the Lovers of Men, sent to be the Herald of His Coming, sent to prepare and make straight His Road—is that Society to stand aside, to look on indifferently at the whirling chaos, and, fearing to soil its white robes by contact with the turmoil, leave undone the work which is needed, and to plead its spirituality as a reason for cowardice and for sloth? Have we gathered wisdom to hide it away as a treasure for ourselves, instead of using it for the enriching of the world? For what have we been preparing ourselves for these forty years? For what have we developed insight, studied underlying causes, mastered the mysteries of karma, offered ourselves in self-surrender to the Will which makes for Righteousness, to the Power which works for good? There are problems, religious, intellectual, moral, political and social, which need for their solving the wisdom we have gathered, the insight we have developed, the knowledge of causes we have obtained. Are these for the service of the world, or for our self-glorification? Are we to be misers or redeemers?

He who is coming has declared His will that the Society shall use for the helping of man all that for forty years it has garnered by the help of the Lords of Love. They have enriched the Society that it may use its treasures for the service of humanity at this great crisis of its fate. It is now no question of party politics, no matter of party strife. It is the moulds into which Nations are to be cast for a new civilisation, that are preparing; it is these which we are summoned to help in the shaping. Away, then, with fear and with the shreds of futile shibboleths. Away with a false neutrality, which is but a cloak for indefiniteness of thought and irresolution in action. The Theosophical Society is called to take its share in the mighty world-creation, to spread its ideals through the mental atmosphere, to work them out into the physical forms for the new civilisation. I summon you, my Brethren, to set your hands with me to this great task, to march forward boldly to prepare for the New Era, to repay, as far as you can, by helping in Their work, the loving care showered upon you by our Elder Brethren for the last 40 years. Come with me into the darkness and the peril. There is no failure for those who march beneath the Shining of the Star.

BOOK-LORE

Concerning Prayer, by the author of *Pro Christo et Ecclesia*, Harold Anson, Edwyn Bevan, R. G. Collingwood, Leonard Hodgson, Rufus M. Jones, W. F. Lofthouse, C. H. S. Matthews, N. Micklem, A. C. Turner, and B. H. Streeter. (Macmillan, London. Price 7s. 6d.)

Not the least of many "signs of the times" is the increasing number of collectively written books, *i.e.*, books in which not only have a number of authors expressed their views on a given subject from different standpoints, but in some cases, like the present, have previously met for discussion and exchange of ideas. The volume which forms the subject of this review is an excellent example of this growing practice of literary co-operation, containing, as it does, fourteen contributions from eleven authors—a woman, three laymen, two parish clergymen, two clerical dons, a Wesleyan theological tutor, a Congregational minister and an American professor belonging to the Society of Friends.

As may be imagined, there is ample scope for the variety of treatment to which the subject naturally lends itself. Broadly speaking, we may distinguish three main threads of thought running through most of the conceptions, namely, the practical, the rational, and what may be called the tentative. The practical element is particularly noticeable throughout; there is none of the old professional pose and evasion of modern needs that have for so long isolated the writer on religious topics from the man of action. Here life is frankly accepted as involving difficulties to be faced by all and work to be shared by all—an attitude that leaves an impression of intellectual courage, honesty, and unaffected humility. The rational element also shows much greater boldness and

emancipation from theological convention, while the "tentative" displays originality and a determined search for spiritual truth as being the goal of strenuous effort rather than a matter for arid speculation.

Another welcome tendency in these essays is to appeal directly to the life of Christ in His aspect of the ideal man, and in this note of intelligent simplicity we see a hopeful sign of new life awakening in Christianity. In the absence of the more definite scheme of things open to the Theosophical student, it is really surprising how close to fundamentals many of these writers get, by what appears to be no more than an application of sound common sense to the Christian gospels. The reader must expect to find many of the stock objections of the old rationalists revived, with regard to the efficacy of petition, the place of evil, etc.; but though he himself may have given these the *coup de grace* long ago, they are still skeletons in the cupboard for many, and justify much careful clearing of the ground.

It is difficult to choose from among so much excellent matter, but we were specially taken with the two articles by Harold Anson on "Prayer as Understanding" and "Prayer and Bodily Health". The author of *Pro Christo et Ecclesia* comes next on our honours list, with two characteristic chapters on "Repentance and Hope" and "Prayer for the Dead". Other contributions of more than average merit are "God and the World's Pain" by B. H. Streeter, "Prayer and the Mystic Vision" by R. M. Jones, "Faith, Prayer and the World's Order" by A. C. Turner, and last but by no means least, a most up-to-date account of "The Devil" by R. G. Collingwood.

We might mention that there is actually a mention of Theosophy in the book, though it is only in the form of a footnote; but we are thankful for small mercies, and recognise that the spirit of Theosophy fairly breathes through these pages, and even through the personal appellations assigned to God. It may, however, be of interest if we quote the context of this rather meagre footnote:

We can, however, as a matter of fact, almost always trace suffering back to the results of evil-doing. This does not mean that we can by any means always assign the suffering to the sin or wrong doing of the person who suffers. This is very far from being the case, and we are very specially warned by our Lord against the attempt to do so. But we can so very generally

trace back suffering to the direct source of sin committed in the society of which the sufferer forms a part that we are justified in believing that if we knew all the circumstances which surround a case of suffering, we should always be able to point to the sin which caused it. A baby, for instance, dies almost as soon as it is born in some slum of a great town. It certainly, as far as we can see, is not the baby's fault [Foot-note as follows: Theosophists would probably say that the personality incarnated in the baby suffered for its sins done in a former incarnation.], it may very probably not be the mother's fault, it may very likely be the fault of the people who own the slum, or of the Town Council who continue to allow the slum to exist, or the sin of people like ourselves, who take no real trouble to remove the conditions which cause deaths which obviously would not happen if God's known will were being carried out.

Unfortunately, however, this brief allusion to what is at least a promising clue to the mystery is not followed up, the writer preferring to impress the lesson of social responsibility.

The book is no mean literary achievement, apart from its helpfulness to the more thoughtful of Christians and its moments of apparent inspiration. We hope it will reach a wide circle of readers.

W. D. S. B.

The Adornment of the Spiritual Marriage, The Sparkling Stone, and the Book of Truth, by Jan van Ruysbroeck. Translated from the original Flemish by C. A. Wynschenk Dom, edited, with an Introduction, by Evelyn Underhill. (J. M. Dent & Sons Ltd., London. Price 4s. 6d.)

In this volume we are presented with the first English translation of three of the most important works of the notable, though comparatively little known, mystic of the thirteenth century, Jan van Ruysbroeck. Miss Underhill writes an illuminating Introduction in which she sketches the life of Ruysbroeck and his work, giving a more detailed analysis of the three treatises which follow. All who have read her *Practical Mysticism* and know something about the subject of this essay, will realise how congenial must have been her task as commentator. Ruysbroeck's mysticism was of the practical kind, and holds up as the ideal of spirituality the "balanced career" in which contemplation and action supplement each other. Ecstatic absorption in God must not be allowed to unfit a man for the service of his fellows, he teaches; nor should the recognition of the divine in all around

blind him to the ordinary values of life. True to this ideal "his rapturous ascents towards Divine Reality were compensated by the eager and loving interest with which he turned towards the world of men"; and his "gift of the discernment of spirits," that insight by which he was able to expose the weaknesses of humanity as well as appreciate its greatness, grew as he developed more and more his power of merging himself in the Transcendent.

Ruysbroeck's writings treat of the spiritual life—what is its goal, by what means may the goal be reached, what are the dangers by the way and how may these be avoided. In the three contained in the volume under review all his characteristic teachings are found. The path to spiritual perfection, that state of "pure simplicity" in which the soul is able to "lose itself in the Fathomless Love" of God, is divided into distinct stages, called in *The Sparkling Stone* by the old names of the state of Servant, Friend and Son, and described there and in *The Adornment of the Spiritual Marriage* at length and in detail. As summarised in the Introduction the teaching is as follows :

Man, we know, has a natural, active life; the only one he usually recognises. This he may "adorn with virtues" and make well pleasing to God. But beyond this he has a spiritual or "interior" life, which is susceptible of grace, the Divine energy and love; and by this can be remodelled in accordance with its true pattern or archetype, the Spirit of Christ. Beyond this, again, he has a super-essential or "God-seeing life," in virtue of the spark of Divine life implanted in him. By the union of his powers of reason, will and feeling with this spark—a welding of the several elements of his being into unity—he may enter into his highest life.

Of the translation as such we are not in a position to judge. But as regards all that concerns the general reader, the work is thoroughly satisfactory.

A. DE L.

Tao Teh King, by Lao Tzu. A Tentative Translation from the Chinese, by Dr. Isabella Mears. (William McLellan and Co., Glasgow. Price 2s. 6d.)

The philosophy of the Tao, as expounded by Lao-tze in his immortal classic, has already provided a fruitful field of research for Chinese scholars, and the several English translations now available have become widely known, not

only for the profundity of the conceptions they present, but also by reason of the latitude they offer for interpretation. All these translations bear enough resemblance to one another to enable the intuitive student, even though ignorant of the Chinese language, to discern a common philosophical basis beneath their divergence of expression; but probably the translators themselves would be the first to admit that they are still far from having fully reproduced the ideas of the original. Hence the justification for further attempts, and the welcome we cordially extend to this latest translation by Dr. Isabella Mears.

In an instructive Introduction we are given a few examples of the extreme difficulty that confronts the translator intent on a faithful analysis of the Chinese script. Not only is each character a combination of several signs, often apparently disconnected in meaning, but each of these signs has often several different meanings according to juxtaposition and context. We can readily understand, therefore, how a too literal translation, relying on anything short of complete familiarity with Chinese idiom, may easily obscure essential features by irrelevant embellishments, while on the other hand the temptation to read into the original some preconceived belief of the translator's is equally fatal.

Now the impression produced by Dr. Mears' translation—but of course it can be no more than an impression—is that, in her anxiety to bring out the subtler distinctions of the text, she has fallen back on the more specialised phrases of modern writers, with their resultant tendency to cramp the reader's imagination and lead him on to some side track. For instance, let us take the first syllables of the title—Tao, Teh—as typical of the few pivotal concepts on which the whole system turns. The best known rendering of the first—"The Way"—is certainly open to the objection of indefiniteness, though its very simplicity is almost a direct challenge to the enquiring mind; but can we be content to see this symbol of the First Cause labelled "progressive intelligence"? Again, the popular translation of Teh—"Virtue"—is far from happy, chiefly owing to its priggish associations, but when we find Tao-Teh translated as "Life-consciousness and its manifestation in action" we begin to envy the Chinaman

who can convey the same idea in two syllables. Similarly the author seems impatient—and perhaps rightly so—at the paradox of *wu wei* when taken as meaning “not striving,” and so substitutes “striving through the power of the Inner Life”; yet in so doing she deprives us of the very element that has aroused such opposition to so-called negative doctrines, like “non-resistance,” etc., but which leads to further enquiry and the final discovery that the personality must be definitely held in abeyance before the “Way” can open out.

However, it is far from our intention to dwell on what may appear to be slight flaws in an original and thoroughly conscientious piece of work, especially as these features may be the very ones to appeal to other temperaments. The same might be said of the arrangement of the lines in metrical form, which certainly enhances the appearance of the text, if not the flow of language. The following stanza (XLVII) is taken at random as a glimpse of Lao-tze, according to Dr. Mears—both at their best :

Without going out of my door
I know the Universe.

Without opening my window
I perceive Heavenly Tao.

The more I go abroad, the less I understand.

That is why the self-controlled man
Arrives without going,
Names things without seeing them,
Perfects without activity.

The philosophy itself is too well known to need any comment here, in fact one of the most commendable features of Dr. Mears' version is its absence of “commentaries”. The “old-young” philosopher wields the magic of contrast in his own inimitable way ; and if it fails to reach the reader's intuition, explanations will not make it succeed. All we would say is: Do not dismiss Lao-tze hastily as merely a “Quietist,” but see whether he does not point to the same secret of “action in inaction” that we find in the *Gītā* and the Gospels.

W. D. S. B.

The Goal of the Race: A Study in New Thought, by A. T. Schofield, M.D. (William Rider & Son, Ltd., London. Price 3s. 6d.)

This book is written in an interesting manner, with numerous anecdotes, to show that Modernism, as the author styles New Thought, Higher Thought, and Theosophy, is false to Christianity, and makes the Scriptures meaningless. The writer says that Evolution is a process necessary to man in everything *he* makes, that is, in everything artificial; but it is never a force, and there is no power to rise from within, and no evidence that any creature progresses by its own power and will, but only by Divine Power from without.

From the earliest commencement of life the goal was Man, the Divine Man; and the book leads us through seven stages, beginning from the unicellular kingdom, up to the fifth, the head of animal creation, but separated from it by an impassable gulf and bearing the impress of the Creator, which, we are told, does not make that stage divine, as Mrs. Besant asserts, but human.

Because Man is discontented with the fifth step, and aspires to the sixth, the state of Spiritual Man, these cults of Modernism have been evolved which have as their basis the Immanence of God. They lead only to the sixth, but beyond is the seventh, the Goal of the Race, when Man is conformed and becomes the Image of his Lord by simply looking to, and trusting in, the sacrifice of the Christ. The writer holds that this stage is not, as Modernists assert, when a man knows he is God, but when he revolves round this new centre, *Christus Consummator*, the New Birth, the Resurrection Life, the Goal of the Race.

We doubt if our readers will be able to extract much information from these pages, but they are of interest as representing a point of view.

E. S. B.

A Song of the Open Road and Other Verses, by Louis J. McQuilland. (Heath Cranton, Ltd., London. Price 3s.)

A proem in verse by G. K. Chesterton and a preface by Cecil Chesterton herald the first complete collection of Mr. McQuilland's poems. The volume is less than one hundred

pages in length, showing how restrained the poet has been in his output. None of the poems are long, but all are well and carefully wrought. As they represent the work of some fifteen years perhaps, they reflect varying styles, but a similar fastidiousness and reaching after perfection pervades them all. We have "The House of the Strange Woman," representing the influence of the decadent period, but withal a very pleasing piece of work. We have humour and pathos charmingly blended in "A Georgian Snuff-Box," and "In a Library"—both little gems of "light verse".

The poet has a good command of language, and a very pretty turn for expression, so that all his work is pleasing and is saved from monotony. Perhaps this freedom from monotony is partially accounted for by the fact that he has written so little. The most serious effort is, we take it, one of his latest poems—"The Song of the Flag," written in irregular metre, but with a singularly beautiful rhythm, and described by Mr. Cecil Chesterton as "a Song of Internationalism by a Nationalist". Mr. McQuilland is one of the Irish poets, and exhibits the Celtic temperament; tears and laughter lie not far apart from each other in much of his work; and a slightly mystic atmosphere surrounds it, though it does not obtrude. But a love of eighteenth century England, its habits and customs, also shows itself in a rather bewildering contrast. Mr. McQuilland in imaginative and reflective vein may be illustrated by his verses on "Fleet Street," which will convey to the reader something of the charm of the writer :

La Rue des Pas Perdus
We hear the echoing feet,
Dragged by ghastly down-at-heels
Along the ghostly street.

The Street of Strange Shadows ;
We see the shadows crawl
Stumbling to the gutter,
Slinking to the wall.

The Street of the Dead Men
Secure on Hades' floor,
In sooth a gladder lot is ours,
For we return no more.

The volume has a pencil sketch of the author and three decorative drawings by David Wilson.

T. L. C.

THEOSOPHY IN THE MAGAZINES

THE COMING EDUCATIONAL REVOLUTION

In view of the present demand for the practical application of Theosophy, no apology is needed for referring to the second of Sidney Webb's articles in *The Contemporary Review* for December under the above heading. The subject is "Health and Employment"; and though the writer's proposals for the reduction of disease in children, and the prevention of post-war unemployment in the cases of adolescents and parents, are put forward on a purely financial basis, Theosophists will find in them a number of definite steps towards the realisation of brotherhood that should be taken immediately the war is over.

The prevalence of ill-health in the rising generation, already serious enough, has been considerably increased during the war by reductions in the School Medical Service, the premature withdrawal of numbers of children from school, and "by subjecting young adolescents to prolonged hours of labour, incessant overtime and continuous night-work without the protection of the Factory Acts". The latest Report of the Board of Education states that in England and Wales alone there are now "not less than a million children of school age so physically and mentally defective or diseased as to be unable to derive reasonable benefit from the education which the State provides". This figure represents about one-sixth of the total number of children. We also read that, on an average, 40 per cent of the serious defects revealed by medical inspection remain untreated.

The only way in which this wastage can be prevented in the future is by a substantial extension of the School Medical Service and its powers, as soon as peace conditions are restored. Before this can be done, however, it is necessary to impress upon the Local Education Authorities that they are by law already responsible for the physical as well as the mental nurture of the children under their charge. The means proposed by Mr. Webb for bringing about the recognition and assumption of this added responsibility are as follows: public speeches by the President of the Board of Education; a circular from the Board to the Local Authorities; a Press campaign; and a prescribed minimum for the School Medical Service in each district.

Another necessary step is the provision of special schools for the physically and mentally defective—amounting to at least 40,000 in England and Wales alone. At present these children either have to go without any education or medical treatment at all, or else they become a drag on the healthy children and the teaching staff. The enormous loss of efficiency due to malnutrition is more difficult to weed out,

but again Mr. Webb suggests a prescribed minimum for the number of underfed children permissible, and obligatory school meals whenever this minimum is exceeded. The penalty he suggests for default in this and other cases is a deduction from the Government grants, though at first sight this sounds rather like "taking the breeches off a Highlander"; we would rather suggest the censure and, if necessary, the reconstitution of the obstructive committees. It further follows from the first article of this series, on "Half-Time for Adolescents" (see THE THEOSOPHIST, January 1917, p. 470), that if State-provided education is to be extended to adolescents, the School Medical Service must be similarly extended.

The writer then issues a grave warning as to the peril of unemployment when the abnormal output of shells is suddenly stopped, especially in its demoralising effect on the children. Apart from the semi-starvation of the younger children through poverty of the parents, we read :

Forty per cent of all the criminal offences are committed (so the Chairman of the Prison Commissioners once informed us) by youths between sixteen and twenty-one, *for the most part when they were out of employment.* Nor is this a small matter. Four-fifths of all the criminals in our gaols went there for the first time before they were twenty-one. It is practically certain if, in the dislocation that must happen when peace comes, the Government allows unemployment to occur among adolescents, it will be creating wastrels and criminals by the thousand.

He then refers to the several means, already prescribed elsewhere, by which the Government can prevent such widespread unemployment, and calls on the Education Authorities to insist on the Government applying these means, as well as keeping adolescents at school for an additional period. The shortage of trained teachers is to be met by an increase in training college accommodation, in the number of scholarships enabling boys and girls to qualify, and in the initial salaries and prospects of advancement offered. In the latter connection the writer reminds us that "the local Government Board does not allow Boards of Guardians to offer as little as they choose to Poor Law medical officers, workhouse officers, sanitary inspectors, etc. It insists on what it thinks a sufficient salary, even in the most parsimonious areas".

Of course every one will naturally say : But who is to pay for all this ? Mr. Webb does not attempt to minimise the price that must be paid by the nation, if its schools are to provide the citizens of the future with their rightful equipment of mind and body ; but in the first place he correctly maintains that an ample expenditure under this head is the soundest national economy, and then he advocates the charging of this cost to revenue and not to the local rates. These are a few of the more important of the many practical and clearly outlined proposals that Sidney Webb lays before the British public.

W. D. S. B.