VOL. XL No. 1

THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

ANOTHER year of our Magazine begins with this number, and we can face it with calm and quiet hearts despite the turmoil of the outer world. For "we know in whom we have believed". And to all of you, my readers, I would send the message sent by me to Theosophical workers for Oct. 1:

> Be firm, be strong, be self-controlled; your feet are on the Rock of Ages, and beyond the drifting clouds there shines the STAR.

The tremendous struggle between Liberty and Autocracy is still raging, but on every front the hosts of Liberty are pressing back the foe. We of the Theosophical Society have paid heavy toll; from Britain, from France, from Belgium, from Italy, from Australia, from New Zealand, from America, our men have answered to the call and have died in their obedience to it. For them, verily, it is very well, for they have so quickened their evolution by their willing sacrifice that they will return to us to help in the welcome to the World-Teacher, in the building of the greater civilisation which will be the outcome of the War. And with those whose lives on earth are shadowed by their passing, it is also very well. Sharers in the sacrifice, they shall also be sharers in

the splendid work to come ; for it is as true now as of old, that they who "sow in tears shall reap in joy".

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Let us, in the coming year, strive to keep our aspirations high, and to endure patiently all that may come, knowing that the end is sure, and that Love and Justice rule the world. It is quaint that the years of this magazine and of its present Editor coincide, and that October 1st marks for each the entrance into a New Year of mortal life. Seventy-one years lie behind the Editor, years of struggle after the brief, bright years of youth; but the Ideals embraced on my entrance into public life in 1874 are with me still: TRUTH, as the Ideal to pursue; LIBERTY, as the Ideal for which to struggle; SERVICE, as the Ideal to which action should be consecrate. I cannot change them; I cannot better them. So I must enter this seventy-second year with them, and strive for them to the end.

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A fine testimony to the worth of our Herbert Whyte came to his wife with the Military Cross awarded to him. It runs:

WAR OFFICE 1918
LIEUTENANT GEORGE HERBERT WHYTE
2/18 Bn. London Regiment

Near Jerusalem on the night of the 7/8th December 1917, whilst acting as Company Commander, led his Company with conspicuous skill and gallantry.

The capture of the first Objective in the face of heavy machine gun fire was chiefly due to his determination and skilful leadership. Quickly grasping the situation, he at once pushed on to his second Objective, the capture of which was again chiefly due to his initiative and dash.

Throughout a somewhat difficult night operation he displayed soldierly qualities of a high order and set a splendid example to his men.

When we remember Herbert Whyte from the time that he joined the Theosophical Society as a lad, coming to Avenue Road with his mother, gentle, quiet, unassuming, always faithful, always ready to do aught that needed doing—from addressing envelopes to the responsible work of the

Theosophical Publishing Society, the organising of huge London meetings, the founding and guiding of the Order of the Knights of the Round Table—we realise that the steadfast doing, as duty, of the work that comes to hand is the path that may bring him who treads it to the opportunity of sudden leadership and heroism at a supreme moment, evoking the Man as he is ever seen by the eyes that pierce through the visible to the invisible. But the Man does not always earn the opportunity, as did Herbert Whyte, of manifesting to the world as he truly is.

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From Cairo comes a message from the Convention of the Theosophical Society in Egypt; the Convention was held in Alexandria, dear to many for the memory of Hypatia, and sends its "greetings to the President and Society," through its Secretary Signor Veronesi. The Egyptian is our twentieth National Society—our readers will remember that we dropped Germany, Austria and Hungary from our roll—and now another National Society has been added, the twenty-first, Denmark with Iceland feeling strong enough to stand alone, apart from Sweden. May the blessing of the Great Ones rest on these—one of which has dropped its own root into the ground, from the Scandinavian Branch of our Theosophical Banyan Tree—and the other is a new offshoot from the trunk.

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One of our American members, Mrs. Georgina Jones Walton, has dramatised Sir Edwin Arnold's poem, *The Light of Asia*, and it has been produced at Krotona, the Headquarters of the T.S. in America, and has proved a remarkable success. Krotona Stadium, in which the drama was enacted, seats 850 persons, and every seat was taken on the opening night, when the seats were sold at from Rs. 3 to Rs. 9 for the benefit of the Red Cross Fund. The title-rôle was played by Mr. Walter Hampden, said to be regarded in New York "as the greatest of contemporary Hamlets". A newspaper account says:

> He it was who originally created the role of Manson, the Bishop of Benares, in *The Servant in the House*. He is an actor of poetic

sympathy, and his Siddartha never fails the human note. He has made it a memorable creation.

The same paper speaks of the first of the three weeks' presentation of the drama at Krotona, as "a noble and altogether beautiful performance," and tells of a young Hiṇḍū, S. N. Guha, who acted as director, as

> an artist of the first quality as well as a profound student. It is seldom, indeed, that a period play or pageant of this length can be presented without a single violation of the exact atmosphere and setting. Its effectiveness is all the more appreciated for the fact that it is never intrusive.
>
> With a cast of more than eighty persons, the pageant moves before the eyes in a reasonable time and in a series of pictures that are at once sumptuous and simple, nor is the conception without abundant action and super-dramatic quality.
>
> Elevating a comparatively small part to noble proportions, H. Ellis Reed creates the role of Devadatta, Siddartha's envious cousin. Mr. Reed is a fine Shakespearean actor and a resident of Los Angeles. His performance adds strength and heartiness to the production.
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> Anything more beautiful or richer than the third episode of Part 1, wherein Siddartha's Pleasure Palace is shown, has never been staged in Los Angeles, and not to see it would be to miss a distinct stage triumph.

It further remarks:

> Krotona was designed by Frank Meade, a famous New York architect, who refused ever to build a New York skyscraper at any price, but who was willing to design lovely homes anywhere in America, which would cost less to build than he used to charge as a fee for drawings of business blocks. . . He has made Krotona a place of dreams.
>
> Aside from anything and everything that the Theosophical Society stands for and that Buddhism may mean as a religion, "The Light of Asia" is a remarkable out-of-door performance of fine dramatic values.

The drama was worthily staged at a cost of Rs. 36,000—apart from the gifts noted below—by Mrs. York Stevenson of Philadelphia, and it was she who secured Mr. Walter Hampden, and also helped Mr. Guha in the direction. Mrs. Walton's dramatisation is spoken of as

> a remarkable and gratifying version of Sir Edwin Arnold's dramatic and irresistible poem. . . .

She is to be congratulated on having preserved the high literary quality of the inspired poem throughout the dramatisation.

The thought of the presentation on the stage of a drama in which the Lord Buḍḍha is the central Figure at first gave one rather a shock, as would a drama with the Christ in the title-rôle. But the performance seems to have aroused nothing but reverent admiration, and to have produced an effect altogether beautiful, thanks to the feelings which inspired the whole. It was the realisation of a long brooded-over hope of Mr. A. P. Warrington, the General Secretary of the T.S. in America. A letter tells of the spirit in which the drama was acted, and explains the atmosphere of the performance:

I wish you might have looked in upon the preparation for the Drama at the Ternary, where we designed and made all the costumes. Mr. Hanchett's apartments were turned into what would remind one of an Oriental Bazar, filled with radiant fabrics of glorious colours and sparkling jewels, which were woven into glorious costumes by the deft fingers of the workers, Mr. Hanchett having charge, Mrs. Stephenson and Mr. Guha designing all the costumes. It has all been a sacrificing spirit of love. The Hampdens gave up engagements for the summer which would have given them thousands of dollars—giving their services for Krotona—Ruth St. Denis also giving her service and Charles Cadmar composing the music; most of the serving was done by the Krotonians. The beautiful Stadium, built through Mrs. Stephenson's generosity, which will seat 850, the beauty of the Ternary and its gardens, and the special lighting, added much to the enchantment of the play. For over two months before we commenced to work there, seven of us had a special meditation on the Buḍḍha, to try and purify and prepare the conditions for the play, making a channel, the best we knew how. I attended most of the rehearsals, and it seemed to me that we recognised something unusual. Many spoke, after the performance and during it, at different points, of the outpouring that took place.

It was fitting that such a drama should have had such preparation.

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Our readers may like to see the programme of the drama:

PROLOGUE

Time: About 586 B. C.
Place: Northern India

SCENE 1

The spheres where sit the four Regents who rule our world; and the zone above the Himālayas, where the Boḍhisaṭva—the Buḍḍha-to-be—is waiting for rebirth, attended by the Ḍevas (the angels of the Eastern religion).

SCENE 2

Lumbini Garden (Birthplace of the Buḍḍha)

PART ONE

EPISODE I

Palace Garden of Kapilavaṣṭu (sixteen years later)

EPISODE II

The same—a few days later

EPISODE III

Siḍḍartha's Pleasure Palace (thirteen years later)

INTERMISSION TEN MINUTES. TEA WILL BE SERVED IN THE GARDEN

PART TWO

EPISODE I

Near Uruvela, the present Buḍḍha Gaya (some months later)

EPISODE II, SCENE 1

The same (some months later)

SCENE 2

Under the Bodhi tree, or Tree of Wisdom (that evening)

EPISODE III

Outside the walls of Kapilavaṣṭu (about eighteen months later)

EPILOGUE

In the Sala Grove at Kusinagara (forty-five years later)

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Krotona has a permanent Institute, in which courses of lectures are given on philosophy and Science, Art and Religion, and the relations of these to Theosophical teachings are pointed out. For instance, two courses of five lectures each, by Dr. F. Finch Strong, treated of:

Electro-physics and Vibration, correlating the latest deductions of Modern Physics with the Physics of *The Secret Doctrine* and of later Theosophical works; illustrated with laboratory experiments.

Chemistry. Brief review of the modern conceptions of matter. The genesis of the elements and the electron theory, correlating Occult Chemistry with deductions from the latest laboratory research.

We heartily congratulate the T. S. in America on all this useful work.

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Good news comes from Australia. The Sydney T. S. Lodge has a membership of over 500, besides a large list of Associates. The classes for enquirers and students are crowded, and the Sunday evening meetings attract large audiences. The three movements there, which I commended to the special service of our members—the Educational, the Co-Masonic and the Old Catholic Church—are growing beyond expectation. £7,000 were needed and supplied to extend the educational accommodation. A church, "one of the old landmarks of Sydney, a fine-looking pile in stone, which has the appearance outside of a Cathedral," has been purchased for the Old Catholic Church; and the Co-Masonic Lodge has grown so large that it is found necessary to divide it, creating a daughter Lodge. All this is the response to the strong spiritual impulse that goes out from our good and great Brother, C. W. Leadbeater. We hope to reproduce the picture of the church next month.

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The popular cinema film is beginning to be used in India for the spread of religious and occult teachings. Lately, in Madras, the story of Joan of Arc was shown, with reincarnation and superphysical happenings as *motifs*. In Bombay, the "Birth of Shrī Kṛṣhṇa" has been filmed, and some of the effects are really beautiful. It is produced by Mr. Phalke, of the Hinḍusṭan Cinema Film Co. In this, the possibilities of the film in showing superphysical figures, etc., are very cleverly utilised, and there are some quite charming pictures of the Bāla Kṛṣhṇa playing on His flute, as when Viṣhṇu and Lakṣhmi are seated on Anaṇta, and Viṣhṇu declares that He will become incarnate to save the world; the Ḍeva and Ḍevī disappear, and the Child is seen seated on the Serpent, playing his flute, and springs lightly to the outer coil of Ananta, and sits there, swinging one small leg. The audience was hugely delighted. A special invitation performance was given for me, and though I cannot profess to be a connoisseur in films—this was, I think, only the third I have seen—

it struck me as a very attractive performance. My only objection was to the unexpected appearance of an upholstered chair of the 20th century, a chair on which, I feel sure, Kamsa would never have sat.

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I am glad to read of a second lecture by the Rev. C. W. Scott-Moncrieff at Hove, to a large audience. He spoke on "Reincarnation and Immortality," and said:

> The great general problem of human life was whether or not it was important and valuable and necessary. If it were—and few could be found to say it was not—why should people get such unequal shares of it, both in quality and quantity? It was no use to answer: "It will all be made up somehow hereafter," or, if that were true, all meaning, value and importance would be taken out of this earth life.

The following admirable summary is given of his argument:

THE GREATER SELF WITHIN

> The answer given by Reincarnation was that we had not got to take as our true selves our surface souls, our bodies, so constantly changing, and the passing moods of our personalities, but to look within and find there our greater self, which bore the seed of immortality, and which as the result of the discipline of repeated re-embodiment acquired the mastery over soul and body, until finally it was self-poised and secure and strong—master of life and death. This greater self bore with it the memory of its previous experiences, not in the form of conscious, detailed memory, but in conscience and character. Each of us remembered what he had been or done by being what he is, and by being able to do what he is able to do. This was the answer to the problem of the differences and inequalities of human life; some people had been longer at school than others; some were approaching the end of their schooling; some were not far from the beginning. There were no differences or inequalities in life, for, returning again and again, we did in the long run get an equal share in quality and quantity, each life being but a day in the whole school life of the soul. Between each life there was a rest period, during which the experiences of the previous life were brooded over and assimilated. The greater part of our true life was spent within the veil in this manner, and in that period of waiting between one existence and another, in which one more veil between us and reality had been stripped off, we knew our friends far better than we did in our earth lives.

A third lecture was to be given on the following day, so great has been the interest aroused.

THE NEW LEAVEN AT WORK[1]

By H. L. S. WILKINSON

THERE is a great deal of talk now all over the world about reconstruction. What people, however, do not realise, is that that process is already going on unnoticed, like an invisible ferment, in the body of the social organism. That ferment, I fully believe, has been the work of the mighty Beings who have determined to use this War as a means of regeneration for the world, of uprooting and for ever destroying the great social evils which, like the seeds of disease in the human body, conspired to bring about this gigantic inflammation in the body of humanity. Well it is for us that this great regenerative process is under the guidance of such Master Hands, for I fear if it were left to the blundering brains

[1] A lecture delivered at the Kāshi Ṭaṭṭva Sabhā, Theosophical Society, Benares.

who have, with all goodwill but much ignorant and misdirected energy, organised the might of the British Empire against the foes of freedom and morality, we should have to wait very, very long for our millennium, and probably incur the risk of future wars to finish the uncompleted work of this. What the result of that would be for our poor planet one shudders to contemplate.

I remember in the fateful year 1914 listening to a memorable lecture by Mrs. Besant at the Queen's Hall, London, foretelling the near Coming of a great World Teacher, and showing how terribly the world stood in need of such a great Saviour, owing to the rotten foundations of its civilisation, based on the denial of rights to the helpless masses and the unrestricted power of owners of property and capital. I have often wondered if she knew, then, how imminent this great War was. Little wonder if she did! Anyway, the crowds in London who listened to her lecture must several times have recalled it afterwards. For it was startlingly prophetic. The sacrifice of the nation's man-power and woman-power on the altar of the Moloch of profit was then at its height. Mrs. Besant denounced it in ringing tones, and foretold the coming of a better order of things, the feature of which would be, not the killing out of private enterprise, but the substitution of co-operation for competition as a motive force to direct it. She gave this in dry, general terms, which perhaps many people forgot soon afterwards, but how startlingly has her prophecy since been fulfilled, and is daily being fulfilled before our eyes!

In those days private enterprise was a sort of fetish, something sacrosanct. Ever since Herbert Spencer wrote his essay on the right function of the State and the necessity of private control and private effort, the gospel of competition was looked upon as the cap-stone of the social structure, and Socialists and others who preached against it were laughed out of court. People are now beginning to think differently, and there is scarcely a

business paper or article that does not preach some form of co-operative enterprise, differing only in degree from Socialism. Certainly there are a number of fossilised people, whom the German guns have not awakened, and who are still living like Rip Van Winkle in the pre-War era, and still trotting out the same old Spencerian platitudes about the virtues of competition! Spencer, who began life as a railway engineer, wrote his essay in the days when railway enterprise was first started and was booming. Had he lived to see the decrepit condition of most English railways when the War broke out and Sir Eric Geddes started to galvanise them into life, I doubt if his faith would have survived.

Some of the revelations of railway management in pre-War days in England are incredible. Some enterprising person (a Mr. Murray) wrote a book on the subject which sounded like *Alice in Wonderland*, but such was the power of private vested interests, that no one would give him a hearing—until Mr. Geddes came, with orders to take over all the railways on behalf of Government and organise them for military needs. Then several startling things were found. It was found that a train-load of war material could only be got to proceed from Liverpool to Dover or Southampton at the rate of a canal-barge drawn by a decrepit cart-horse. It was also found that more than half the wagons were owned by private firms, who took their own time about loading and unloading them, let them lie empty for weeks and months on sidings, cumbering up stations, and allowed them to get in the way and dawdle about, to the hindering of traffic and of the earning capacity of the railway. Some of these precious wagons *never moved at all*, and acres of valuable ground, on which rent had to be paid, were occupied by sidings built to accommodate them. An empty wagon, or a full wagon which does not move, or moves too slowly, is a dead loss to a railway. And yet people wondered why the railways did not pay. And meanwhile

the farmers complained that the railways were no use, because of the prohibitive freights they charged—these freights being the direct consequence of unprofitable and idle wagons. Stories were even told of wagons which were built without ever being *intended* to move. Some powerful firm had the contract for building them, and literally *forced* the railway to take a certain number every year whether they wanted them or not! And when Mr. Geddes (as he was then) attempted to pool all these miscellaneous wagons, taking them out of the hands of the owners, he found they were of all shapes and patterns, and could not be used for carrying one common material, such as coal, rails, guns, and so on; they could not be standardised and made generally useful.

The stock argument of the private enterprise advocate is that competition ensures a fair field and no favour, and gives the public the best value for its money, while at the same time compelling good management and reduction of waste, in order to ensure profits. But in England private control resulted in the exact opposite of this. The vested interests of private firms, the cut-throat competition of rival railways which were built regardless of requirements—all this, together with the somnolence of highly paid and venerable directors, produced a state of congestion, waste, and inefficiency without a parallel anywhere else in the world. Certainly, third class passengers were able to travel on luxurious upholstery from London to Scotland, were given a choice of three different routes and fed lavishly in sumptuous dining cars on the way! Certainly, too, they had unlimited luggage carried from their lodging in London to their lodging at the seaside for sixpence a package. But this was done at a dead loss to the railway, and the passengers could have done without half the luxury and accommodation, and could have afforded to pay more for the service.

Railways built that were not needed; trains run that were not necessary, simply to bid for public favour; wagons

dawdling along, no one knew whence or whither, or else lost and stuck on a maze of sidings; shunting mileage that would have made an Indian traffic manager think thoughts that lie too deep for tears or profanity: such were the features of British railway management in the good old days of competition before the War. Needless to say that now, when John Bull has to pay the piper, he calls a very different tune!

A fair field and no favour is the very thing that can *not* be obtained, given unrestricted competition and the almost unlimited power of capital. The battle goes to the strong; the weak have to be content with what crumbs they can pick up, and the public is fooled and cheated over and over again, while good management becomes a vain dream.

One would have thought, too, that with these sluggish and inefficient railways, some sort of order or plan would have been adopted for the transport of national merchandise such as coal. One would imagine that some Government official would have organised the coal traffic in such a way as to deal with it economically and expeditiously. But no, this was nobody's business! Coal travelled about at its own sweet will over the country, doing journeys of hundreds of miles where one short journey of a few miles would have sufficed—all at the beck and call of Tom, Dick and Harry. Coal was wanted, say, for a town called A. Instead of some controlling official ascertaining what A's total requirements were for a certain period, every petty merchant at A ordered coal on his own account, and the result was that while A obtained coal from B, B at the same time bought it from A! Coal would often travel round two sides of an elongated triangle, going from A to B, and B to C, instead of making a short journey from A to C. If this valuable material had travelled everywhere free of cost, it could not have travelled more unscientifically, and with greater waste and congestion and disorder.

I have heard it stated that the waste caused by sheer disorder and inefficiency on the railways in pre-War days amounted to something in the neighbourhood of a hundred million pounds annually! Think of all this waste, and think of the same waste in the money spent on drink, on useless advertising, on useless duplicating and multiplying articles like soap, hair-washes, etc., and one soon begins to see how the drastic purge of this War will benefit the Nation. The subject of waste is so vast that no one has yet tackled it. Waste seems to have had practically no limits under the old régime, which our paṇḍiṭs tell us was so economical and so efficient.

Curiously enough, this subject of waste seemed to be dawning on the brains of some leading economists just before the War broke out. A book called *Poverty and Waste*, by Hartley Withers, was reviewed in *The Pioneer*, so far as I remember, early in 1914. It proved conclusively that the poverty of the working classes in England was caused by the production of unnecessary articles and articles of luxury demanded by rich people, which, as the producing power of the Nation was limited, operated to exclude articles of use and necessity for the poor; and that every time, for instance, a rich man bought a motor-car simply for his own amusement, or a fashionable lady bought expensive dresses, many poor people had to go without boots and shoes in consequence. In pre-War days, no one recognised this at all. We all thought our money was our own to do what we liked with, and that it did not signify to anybody else how we spent it, or whether we threw it into the ditch. But the War had not gone on very long before it dawned on most reflective people that this was a disastrous mistake, and that one's private economy matters a good deal to the Nation. It has needed four years of the privation of this siege-warfare to drive the lesson home, and even now it is certainly not learnt by our younger souls,

especially in Anglo-India. But sooner or later we shall perhaps understand the great principle that money must be used co-operatively and goods produced with a view to the use and profit of all, private waste or unproductive expenditure being a social sin. The advertiser who trumpets the virtues of a new and unnecessary soap, and the trade-ring of unscrupulous Paris milliners who make fashionable ladies pirouette in every variety of crazy and freakish attire—all these nightmares of the age of individualism will alike, let us hope, disappear and be forgotten.

The dire necessity of waging this gigantic War with the utmost possible co-ordinated effort and economy of power, has literally *forced* co-operation on the Nation in all sorts of ways. Formerly every railway had its own type of locomotive engine, every steamship company its own type of ship, every rival engineering firm its own steel sections. Now everything is being standardised. We find we cannot produce ships at the rate required to replace losses by submarines unless they are all made to a pattern. Even the Americans found it paid them to *spend a year* experimenting in order to arrive at a universal type of aeroplane motor, before building their gigantic fleet of aeroplanes. They saw that it would be fatal to have any but one type with interchangeable parts, and that this type had to be a type so good that it could not be beaten, or superseded, during the rest of the War. They have at last hit on the type, and now we shall soon have their big fleet of aeroplanes.

Talking of standard ships reminds me of those pre-War monstrosities of luxury, the great transatlantic liners. The new age of standard ships has signed their death warrant, and a great blessing it will be. Those floating hotels of luxury had no adequate provision of boats, of watertight compartments, nor of pumps, and they were little better than death-traps, everything being sacrificed to freight-carrying capacity and profit. I saw it stated in *The Scientific American*

the other day that the rent made in the *Titanic* by the iceberg was so insignificant, that pumps, if there had been any, could have kept the ship afloat with the greatest ease, nor would it have been necessary even to awaken the passengers or interrupt the voyage. What a commentary on the worship of the great god profit!

Once an invention has reached its limit, it should be standardised. Of course there is the opposite danger to be guarded against, of the stifling of individual enterprise and invention. We shall have to discover when to allow freedom and experiment, and when to cry halt and standardise. But the idle vagaries of freakish competition must be put down ruthlessly.

This brings me to the great question of money, the root-question of all. Before anything can be done to get the New Age started and under weigh, we must settle in our own minds what is to be the function of money in the new order. Is money to be abolished? Is interest to be abolished? Are dividends to be abolished? Is the Stock Exchange to be swept away? And if these things are not to happen, on what principles are we to base our buying and selling?

The whole question of the legitimate function of money is extremely interesting, but extremely vague. Dr. Haden Guest once remarked, in a lecture he gave at the London T. S., that Interest was a social evil of the same abominable order as prostitution. I asked him how he could make good such a sweeping assertion, and all he did was to refer me to some Socialist publications, which I read, but which entirely failed to convince me.

Such a sweeping reform as the abolition of interest would, I am afraid, only come to the world at the cost of universal bankruptcy and ruin. When the whole social fabric of Europe and America lies in ruins, when money ceases to retain its value, and anarchy and famine stalk through the land—then

anything is possible! I cannot believe that Those who hold in Their hands the destinies of the world will permit such a result as the outcome of this War. I believe They intend to bring about certain changes of a sweeping character, without destroying civilisation entirely in the process.

If Humanity is one organism, that organism must have the life-force circulating through it, as blood and vitality circulate through a man's body. On the spiritual plane, this life-force is Love, a spiritual harmony compounded of difference and unity—the One in the many. On the physical plane there must be some analogue to this cementing life-force. Such a material counterpart, to my view, is money. And since the expenditure of Love produces more Love, there is nothing surprising or wrong in the fact that the expenditure of money should breed more money. So far, therefore, from Interest being an abominable evil, it seems to me to be the material counterpart of a divine thing—Love. This is not such a far-fetched or ridiculous analogy as it may appear.

Money is a sort of machine for promoting the exchange of goods, just as a railway is a machine for carrying people about. Any machinery which fulfils a certain need and does certain work, has value by virtue of that particular function. It would be as reasonable to expect railways to carry people about free, as to expect money to be available for trade purposes without interest. Money minus interest is simply dead metal, and might as well not be used. If interest is wrong, then so is all profit, all dividend-earning and, consequently, all trade. We should have to be boarded, clothed and fed like children by a Socialist State. What a barrack-room sort of world! And think of the "fed-up" and parochial existence it would produce—worse than Anglo-India in Benares even!

You cannot standardise life. Variety is the essence of life. Individuality is a good thing. All that we have to do is to eliminate from the old order its greed and grab and

competition run mad, its doctrine of the sacrosanct individual to whom the whole State must give way, and substitute for it brotherhood and co-operation, and the paramountcy of the State, to whom individuals must, when necessary, give way. We must try and emotionalise and idealise patriotism as a life-force, and cause it to displace some of this hurry-scurry of profit-earning and individualism run mad. Most of our patriotism is at present built upon profit. We shout " God save the King " because " the King, " to us, spells " Dividends ". We must mix with this natural material desire an ethereal divine antidote, which will transmute it and redeem it, as love transmutes and redeems earthly passion. That antidote is to learn the pride and luxury of *giving*, not of giving indiscriminately, as we give to beggars, not of giving as we give to tax-collectors, but voluntarily giving to the Nation out of pure patriotism.

Of course, before we can learn that, we must have a very different Government from any we have had yet. Our Government must not be a sort of Board of directors for promoting private interests, nor must it be an assembly of hypocrites who profess universal brotherhood, but refuse to apply it when they think the Almighty is looking the other way! None of these things will do. Our Government must be an assembly of pure, earnest, high-souled patriots, with the one idea of service to the whole Nation, as distinct from any part, or class, or creed—the greatest good of the greatest number. We must have a council of Abraham Lincolns, or of President Wilsons, leavened with Annie Besants and Mrs. Pankhursts. We have these people, but alas, always in opposition, always voices crying in the wilderness. We want them now to come to the front and take the helm, and let ignorant and dull people, and mole-eyed Sancho Panzas, take a back seat for at least a hundred years. Then, and not till then, we shall get going.

When is that to be? The outlook seems very unpromising at present. The forces of stupidity, fatuity, complacency and

pretence are everywhere in the ascendant, especially in India. Their strongholds are unassailed. The collapse of the Russian monarchy and the exposure of its rottenness has disturbed the equanimity of autocrats, but their faith in the eternal fitness of the old orders is undiminished. And meanwhile the War goes on and the bill swells, and dividends from it are coming in—in one form or another. But to me, looking below the surface, the future is black with menace.

At the outbreak of War, in the autumn of 1914, the financial panic foretold by Norman Angell actually took place, and for a week all trade was at a standstill in England. The whole fabric of credit evaporated into air. You could not get change for a bank-note. Why? Because bankers and business firms foresaw a mighty deficit which all would sooner or later have to shoulder; foresaw repudiation by Germany of its debts, followed by the collapse and bankruptcy of London creditors; foresaw the gigantic War bill; and, there being no co-operation among them, it became *sauve qui peut*, and panic set in. Lloyd George by a flash of genius saw the threatening ruin, and the way to meet it. He pledged the credit of the Government to reinforce that of private banks, and guaranteed that all deficit due to the War would be met out of War funds. In this way he restored confidence, and the Nation breathed again. Since then we have gone along gaily with the aid of pre-War financial methods, *plus* Government credit. Whence does Government *get* its credit? Cannot Government itself go bankrupt? Nobody stops to think of these problems. Government is a sort of rich uncle, a sort of presiding genius or magician, with endless resources by virtue of its taxing powers and its power of issuing post-obits on posterity. We think the powers are unlimited, and so we go along gaily in a fool's paradise. If anyone sounds a note of warning or alarm, the answer at once comes: "Oh! we are all in the same boat." If all the world is to be ruined together, then, somehow, ruin will not matter!

Labour will insist on Capital paying for the War, and will *refuse* to double its output for the benefit of those who have

given nothing for their country. For Labour will argue, and quite truly, that it has already made a free gift to the Nation of those lives whose value, estimated in cash, would not fall far short of the total amount of the War bill. They will claim that these men have sacrificed *their all* without asking for return, and they will insist that Capital must make an equal sacrifice.

It is not difficult to see that the upshot of this will be a social revolution, and the overthrow of Capitalism. I am afraid, therefore, that we must expect such a revolution in the near future. We are apt to point the finger of scorn at Russia, but we have to put our own house in order too.

In no long time we may hope to see many drastic reforms. First, the abolition of the Stock Exchange—a wholly evil institution. Next the fixation by Government of the rate of interest on loans of all kinds, and for all purposes; the standardising of all money, and the fixing for all time of the rates of exchange between countries using different money; the nationalisation of shipping and railways, and of all natural sources of energy or wealth, such as land, water-power, coal mines, electricity, and so on; the nationalisation of all articles subserving the life of the Nation as a whole, such as medicines, poisons, stimulants and war-material, and of all trades of the same kind, such as education, medicine, law and justice, and so on; the restriction and taxation by the State of all profits and dividends in excess of a fixed rate; co-operative banking, co-operative insurance, co-operative engineering, shipbuilding, steel-making, and so on.[1]

All these reforms will come about naturally and easily, once the power of the capitalist is broken, and once the sin of selfishness is exposed, and the duty and beauty of patriotism really seize hold of everybody.

[1] When I use the word co-operative, I mean true co-operation among all those who contribute a share of service in a business, and an equitable division of the profits among each and all, in proportion to the value of his service or contribution, whether in the form of capital, brains and control, or manual work. The workers should be adequately represented at all Board meetings. The word may also include an understanding between rival enterprises with the object of eliminating waste, in which case the industry is placed on a more or less socialistic basis.

I do not say that we shall get rid of capitalism and private enterprise all at once. We shall have to retain all that is good in them, at least for some years. But the evil excesses in them, the enormous and utterly unfair powers accorded to private individuals and firms, will have to be curtailed. The accumulation of money in private hands will have to be severely restricted until, in process of time, people learn that they can be just as rich and prosperous by *giving* to the Nation as by hoarding for themselves; and that the walls and fences built round property are a mistake. When people realise this, the desire to accumulate for self will gradually vanish.

And how will all this affect India? I am aware that our President, and most Theosophists with her, are fighting first of all and principally for Self-Government for India. Were it not for this, I should be inclined to think that the best way to begin would be to plan a big campaign of industrial development, of co-operative credit on a big scale, and the development of electrical enterprises, steel-making, paper, glass, piece-goods, and a thousand other things which England is now being forced to forego the monopoly of, and which are being picked up by Japan. Co-operative credit alone has enormous possibilities, if it could be pushed all over the country and not adopted in the feeble, spasmodic way it has developed hitherto. There is no limit to the power Indians could attain in this way if they once grasped the idea.

But Mrs. Besant knows what is best to begin with. The fact is, India wants the help of British brains to start these things. She will not *get* that British help under the existing régime; rather the British capitalists will work against her, and keep her under. There must be true democracy in India before these things can get under weigh, and a fair field be obtained. But Self-Government will only be the beginning of a vast number of reforms, similar in kind to what Britain will embark on; for the two countries are suffering from virtually the same diseases. The domination of the *bania* and money-lender in India is similar to the grip of the

stock-jobber and speculator in England, and the evils of landlordism are not by any means unknown in India. The grip of the bureaucracy over India is really the same as the grip of the plutocracy over the masses in England. When the latter is broken the former will automatically relax.

Money, like electricity, railways, shipping, coal and the land, is a life-force belonging to the community as a whole, and its circulation must be unrestricted by any private agency. This will mean that the Nation will become its own banker, and possess its own credit, which will be perpetual and constant, and not at the mercy of catastrophes brought about by foolish people or interested parties.

What a potent force for good a Nation so organised will become, is evident to the simplest understanding. The British Empire and America will set the example, which others will follow. International law and morality will then become a simple thing, and war will no longer be an eternal menace. But while class or caste oppression is dominant at home, how can the Nation which harbours this disease cure its neighbours? Just as charity should begin at home, so must the real virtue of which charity is the sham connotation, *viz.*, practical brotherhood and democracy, also begin at home.

The world is now like poor old King Lear, suffering from evils brought about by its wobbly constitution: the divine Spirit urging it one way, the gross resistance of matter dragging it the other. Poor Cordelia, Humanity's youngest born and most divine daughter, has been banished, and her poor old father is being torn in pieces by two other daughters, the fell diseases of his flesh. But, let us hope and believe, Cordelia is returning, at the head of a great, a mighty Army, returning to restore her father's reason and ease his suffering; and the happy ending which Shakespeare would not give his play will, let us hope, come to crown this greatest final staging of the world-old drama. God grant Cordelia may arrive soon.

H. L. S. Wilkinson

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE OF THE NEW SUB-RACE

By Emma Hunt

"FROM among the young people there must be some whom the Lord will call for His helpers when He visits this land. Those of you who have the educating of these future helpers—think well of your responsibility," said Mr. Leadbeater lately, when speaking of the new sub-race forming in Australia and New Zealand.

The following is an attempt to outline some methods which have proved successful with the young people who have come into our Theosophical Movement, and to whom we have to give a Theosophical education.

The one important thing is our attitude towards the child. This attitude might well be expressed in some further words of Mr. Leadbeater's: "They are the most wonderful and delicate things in the world, these souls in child bodies." If we can keep this thought ever in our minds when working with the young people, we shall never make any serious mistakes in our methods. We should always keep it before us that our work lies, not in giving the child something we possess and that he lacks, but in aiding that soul of much experience to gain control of the new vehicles. Our guardianship is over the vehicles and not over the soul within; we are but helping to make the new garments through which the soul must express itself. Very easily troubled and very sensitive are the children of the new sub-race, and if we are not careful we shall mar the new vehicles so that they will be

scarred for life. Be careful indeed how you deal with them, for it is a very serious thing to harm the life of a young child, and thus hinder the soul's full growth.

Only those who have worked with the young people know the great joy of their friendship and the wonderful trust and loyalty that they give. Happy is the older person who has gained the confidence of the young. Their minds are free and pure and very easily impressed, when they are but lately come from the life of the heaven world. We have to be very pure ourselves, lest we betray the sacred trust reposed in us.

A friend wrote to me lately that he had a grievance against the young people, that they did not take a real interest in the Theosophical teachings, in spite of all the trouble we expended on them. I did not agree with my friend, as I had always found the young people very responsive. It would seem that if this *were* so, the fault must lie with our methods of imparting the knowledge, and not with the young people themselves. The new sub-race children, with their strong wills and highly strung bodies, need very special treatment if we would make our efforts a success; we must adapt ourselves to the growing needs of the time and see that in our Lodges we use the newer methods of education with the young, and so not hold on to the old-fashioned ideas of the past.

In the Lotus Circle, if the children are very young, they will be more successfully taught the truths of Theosophy by stories than by direct teaching. Truths such as reincarnation and karma should be spoken of naturally as facts in nature; their little brains cannot grasp an intellectual presentation of these things, however simply put. We may do injury if we attempt to waken them too soon to an intellectual understanding. If we try to teach them *about* reincarnation, the result will probably be largely a failure. They will understand better if we begin a story to them, as: "Once upon a time, oh ever so long ago, when I used to live in another body in India . . ." ;

then comes perhaps a simple story that will interest them, and when ending, one may say: "But that was when I used to live in another body a long, long time ago." Many stories may be told in this way, and the little children will become used to the idea without having been actually taught it; they will never remember when the thought first came to them, but will unconsciously grow up with the idea in their minds.

We may take another example. Why strain the little brains to get a conception of the astral plane and of going out of the body at night? Talk to them about dreamland and tell them charming stories about the Wishing-carpet. While they are very young the intellectual conception of the astral plane is of little importance. The important thing is the realisation that there is a life to be lived while the body is asleep at night. Not long ago the writer said to a new little friend whom it was thought might make a good little helper at night, and who clearly could not understand what the astral plane meant: "When you go to sleep to-night you think about me and I will think about you, and we will find each other in dreamland and have a happy time." The little bright eyes smiled an understanding and the little head nodded assent, as though this were a great and mysterious secret. Next time she met the writer she ran up eagerly saying: "I remembered about us in dreamland," and now we often talk about what we do there and she has come to understand that older people often call dreamland "the astral plane".

All our fundamental teachings can be taught to the little ones in this way, but it means many hours of careful thought on the part of the teacher each week, in order that the lesson may be well thought out. It is love, devotion, and infinite patience, that are the qualities of the true teacher. That is why these are the chief characteristics of those who come along the line of the teaching Ray. To help these little children is such beautiful work, but it can be well done only by

those whose deep wish it is to aid them. Wonder is a marvellous factor in the life of the quite young child; observe this fact and then use it well, making him wonder about the greater things of life. Thus will his whole future be altered, for the seeds of the Divine Wisdom will have taken root within him in the early years.

When the nature of the child is understood, one learns what a fatal mistake it is to repress the outflow of energy; this is hampering the child's evolution. By careful guidance he should be taught to control that energy himself and to express it along right lines. Why should a child be expected to be always a pattern of goodness? We weary the children's lives by everlastingly troubling them about things that are of very little consequence. "What a troublesome child!" a member remarks, when a little boy amuses himself by jumping off the chairs on to the floor after a lecture in one of our halls. "Perhaps, dear, it would be better not to do that," remarks another and wiser member, who feels that though he is making a noise, it is still not a very heinous sin. A still wiser member remarks: "Here, little man, come and help me to collect these books"; she realises that he has been sitting still for over an hour and that the little body needs to be active. The trouble is that most grown-up people are too occupied with their own affairs to give the constant attention that a child requires.

There was a little girl of four years, who replied in answer to her mother's remark that God would not love her if she were naughty: "Oh, yes, He will, mother dear, because I asked Him and He said that He liked me a wee little bit wicked." One feels inclined to remark: "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings. . . ." Make a friend of the child and get him to co-operate with you, and do not attempt to enforce obedience without there being any understanding in his mind about it. It is the growth of his conscience that is the

important thing, and not the little obedience or disobedience. He should learn to do right because there is an inner force that impels him to do so; it is our work so to train him that we waken that inner voice which compels to the highest.

A very valuable practice is to teach a little child to look right into your eyes; get him to do this when he shakes hands with you, and be careful, too, at that moment, that you give the child of your very best. The eyes are the windows of the soul, and we can command the soul in us to greet the soul of the child, and thus give him a touch of the inner life. This little habit will teach him to be truthful, direct and fearless, and it will become a source of strength to him as he grows older. With the little ones we should be as a gardener caring for his flowers; always careful, as he, not to hurt or bruise, always seeking the best means of growth and using the best possible methods; never impatient, never condemning, even when growth is slow. As the gardener seeks no reward save the beauty of the flower when it shall have come to perfection, so shall we seek no reward save the beauty of the soul's growth, which is for the beautifying of the world.

With the older children of the Lotus Circle, and the young folk who are Servants of the Star, and members of the Round Table, we may do a very beautiful work if we can rise to the great occasion. In the world now are many who are coming very near to the Masters, older souls who have given lives of service in the past and who have come into incarnation to help the work of the World Teacher. It may be our priceless privilege to help these a little in the early stages of their growth. It is the most beautiful thing in the world to see some of the young people coming near to the great Masters, with all the wonder and loveliness of it shining out from their eyes. It is indeed the greatest privilege to be able to give a little aid to the reaching of a goal so glorious.

What, then, shall be the training that we shall seek to give these young folk—and there are many such—who aspire to reach the feet of the Master? First, we shall remember that mere goodness will not suffice in those who are to be servants of humanity. They must be good surely, but they must be strong in their goodness. Again, they must be joyful, for the Master wants bright and happy faces to carry His message to the people and to bear witness to the gladness of the life of the disciple. We shall thus teach them to be strong and to be full of joy. Then they must know that much will be expected of them, for they are aspiring to a goal that is not easily won, and which is reached by few in comparison with the many millions of humanity. Great opportunities mean great responsibilities, and from those to whom much is given much is required.

Though ever tender, we shall not fail to help them to see where their weakness lies, in order that they may eradicate from the character all that builds a barrier between themselves and the Master they long to find. We shall aim at making them self-reliant, throwing them back upon themselves and not always solving their difficulties for them. We must teach them that the feet of the Master are reached only by those who have dedicated the whole life for service; that discipleship means the turning outwards of all the energies for the helping of other people. The whole life of the personality must expand that it may be a channel of His perfect love in the world. One of the great Masters lately said: "The aspirant *must* forget self altogether; for him who can do that our ranks will quickly open." The young aspirants must be helped to an understanding of what this means. It can be best taught them by our own example. A disciple lately wrote to one whose great longing it was to reach the feet of the Master: "Give every moment of the day that you can to unselfish service; holding the main idea that it matters

less where you really are than that you should be using well the powers and opportunities you already have. In other words, long for probation, but rather for the sake of the opportunity it gives to help others better, than because it would be nice to be on probation and to feel the bliss of the Master's love." This is what we must try to teach the young people who also aspire.

As we thus work we shall call out all the love and the power that is in them, fanning it into a strong flame, until gradually they will grow full of spiritual power and be of true service to the Master. Capacity, they must understand, is a very necessary qualification, for no matter how much they may long to serve, they must have some capacity to offer as service. As these things are real to us, so shall we succeed in making them real to the young people; we may help them by telling them of our own difficulties and thus making them feel that though the ages of our bodies may be different, we are, nevertheless, all aiming at the same goal.

In the moments of our own nearness to the Master we should remember these young people we are striving to help, and lift them in thought to the Master's feet, asking His blessing on their young lives. Thus will they feel His peace, and the light in their hearts will glow with a greater radiance. It is only when we have a little of the Master's life flowing through us that we can aid others in their growth, so we must seek ever to make these things more real in our own lives. It is not what we say that will count with our young friends, but rather what we *are*. Much may be done by wrapping them round with the love of the Master while they are chatting away to us, feeling as we do it that it is His love which is raying out upon them. There is no surer way of helping them. It has a very marked effect.

Then, lastly, when they love us—as love us they will—we must watch unceasingly and see that we always make the

highest possible use of that love. We must remember that, dear though their love may be to us, and happy though it may make us, yet they belong to the Master, and that it is for Him that we are doing the work and not for anything that may come to us of love. We can turn their love in upon ourselves or we can use it to help them nearer to the Master's feet, teaching them to turn their wealth of affection to Him; pointing them ever upwards to the highest goal. Sometimes, when we are alone with one of these young aspirants, we can together turn our thoughts to the Master and together offer our lives to His service. Thus will the peace and blessing of the Master fall on the youth or maiden, who will know what it is to feel His presence.

As we make our own lives pure and unselfish, so shall we be able to be of ever greater use to these young folk who are to serve the great World Teacher when He comes; it is our responsibility and our privilege. We shall faithfully fulfil our task only if we learn to love them for the Master's sake, gain their confidence and trust, and draw them ever nearer to the heart of things, remembering always that: "Not for the sake of the child is the child dear, but for the sake of the Self is the child dear."

Emma Hunt

MATTER AND CONSCIOUSNESS[1]

ACCORDING TO THE SHĀKTA ĀGAMA

By Sir John Woodroffe

THE subject of my lecture to-day is Consciousness or Chit, and Matter or Unconsciousness, that is, Achit; the unchanging formlessness and the changing forms. According to Shākta Advaitavāda we are Consciousness-Unconsciousness or Chit-Achit; being Chit-Shakti as regards our Antarātmā and the particularised Māyā Shakti as to our material vehicles of

[1] Short summary of address delivered at the Dacca Sahitya Parishat, June, 1916.

mind and body. The reason that I have selected this subject, amongst the many others on which I might have addressed you, is that these two ideas are the key concepts of Indian Philosophy and religion. If they are fully understood, both as to their definition and relations, then all is understood so far as intellect can make such matters intelligible to us; if they are not understood, then nothing is properly understood. Nor are they always understood even by those who profess to know and write on Indian Philosophy. Thus the work on Vedānta of an English Orientalist, now in its second edition, describes Chit as the condition of a stone or other inert substance. A more absurd error it is hard to imagine. Those who talk in this way have not learnt the elements of their subject. It is true that you will find in the Shāstra the state of the Yogī described as being like a log (Kāshtavat). But this does not mean that his consciousness is that of a piece of wood, but that he no more perceives the external world than a log of wood does. He does not do so because he has the Samādhi consciousness that is illumination and true Being itself.

I can to-night only scratch at the surface of a profound subject. To expound it properly would require a series of lectures, and to understand it in its depths, years of thinking thereon. I will look at the matter first from the scientific point of view; secondly state what those concepts mean in themselves; and thirdly show how they are related to one another in the Sāngkhya and the Māyāvāda and Shaktivāda presentments of Vedānta doctrine. The Shaktivāda, with which I deal to-night, may be found in the Tantras. It has been supposed that the Āgamas arose at the close of the age of the Upanishads. They are Shāstras of the Upāsanā Kānda dealing with the worship of Saguna Īshvara. It has been conjectured that they arose partly because of the declining strength of the Vaidika Āchāra and partly because of the increasing number of persons within the Hindu fold who were not competent for the Vaidika

Achāra and for whom some spiritual discipline was necessary. One common feature distinguishes them; namely, their teaching is for all castes and all women. They express the liberal principle that whilst socially differences may exist, the path of religion is open to all, and that spiritual competency and not the external signs of caste determine the position of persons on that path. Īshvara in these Āgamas is worshipped in threefold forms as Vishnu, Shiva, Devī. Therefore the Āgamas or Tantras are threefold: Vaishnava, Shaiva and Shākta, such as the Pancharātra Āgamas of the first group, the Shaiva Siddhānta (with its 28 Tantras), the Nakulisha Pāshupata and the Kashmirian Trika of the second group, and the alleged division into Kaula, Mishra, Sāmaya of the third group. I express no opinion on this last division. I merely refer to this matter in order to explain what I mean by the word Āgama. The Shaktivāda, however, which I contrast with Māyāvāda to-day, is taken from the Shākta Āgama. By Māyāvāda I mean Shangkara's exposition of Vedānta.

Now with reference to the scientific aspect of the subject I shall show you that in three main particulars modern Western physics and psychology support Indian Philosophy. Indeed Mr. Lowes Dickinson, in an acute recent analysis of the state of ideas in India, China and Japan, observes that the Indian form of religion and philosophy is that which most easily accommodates itself to modern Western science. That does not prove it is true until it is established that the conclusions of Western science to which it does conform are true. But the fact is of great importance in countering those who have thought that Eastern ideas were without rational foundation. It is of equal importance to those two classes who either believe in the ideas of India, or in the particular conclusions of science to which I refer. The three points on this head are: firstly, that physicists, by increasing their knowledge of so-called "matter," have been led to doubt its reality and have

dematerialised the atom and with it the entire universe which the various atoms compose. The trinity of matter, ether and electricity, out of which science has hitherto attempted to construct the world, has been reduced to a single element—the ether (which is not scientific "matter") in a state of motion. According to Sāngkhya the objective world is composed of the Bhūtas, which derive ultimately from Ākāsha. I do not say that scientific "ether" is Ākāsha, which is a concept belonging to a different train of thought. Moreover the sensible is derived from the supersensible Ākāsha Tanmātra and is not therefore an ultimate. But it is important to note the agreement in this, that both in East and West the various forms of gross matter derive from some single substance which is not "matter". Matter is *dematerialised*, and the way is made for the Indian concept of Māyā. There is a point at which the mind cannot any longer usefully work outward. Therefore after the Tanmātras the mind is turned within to discover their cause in that Egoism which, reaching forth to the world of enjoyment, produces sensorium, senses, and objects of sensation. That the mind and senses are also material has the support of some forms of Western philosophy, such as that of Herbert Spencer, for he holds that the Universe, whether physical or psychical, is a play of force which, in the case of matter, we experience as object. Mind as such is, he says, as much a "material" organ as the brain and outer sense-organs, though they are differing forms of force.

His affirmation that scientific "matter" is an appearance produced by the play of cosmic force, and that mind itself is a product of the same play, is what Sāngkhya and Vedānta hold. The way, again, is opened for the concept Māyā. Whilst, however, Spencer and the Agnostic School hold that the Reality behind these phenomena is unknowable, the Vedānta affirms that it is knowable and is Consciousness itself. This is the Self, than which nothing can be more intimately known.

Force is blind. We discover consciousness in the Universe. It is reasonable to suppose that if the first cause is of the nature of either Consciousness or Matter and not of both, it must be of the nature of the former and not of the latter. Unconsciousness or object may be conceived to modify Consciousness, but not to produce Consciousness out of its unconscious self. According to Indian ideas Spirit, which is the cause of the Universe, is pure Consciousness. This is Nishkala Shiva and, as the creator, the great Mother or Devī. The existence of pure Consciousness in the Indian sense has been decried by some thinkers in the West, where generally to its pragmatic eye Consciousness is always particular, having a particular direction and form. It assumes this particularity, however, through Māyā. We must distinguish between Consciousness as such and modes in consciousness. Consciousness is the unity behind all forms of consciousness, whether sensation, emotion, instinct, will or reason. The claim that Consciousness as such exists, can only be verified by spiritual experience. All high mystic experiences, whether in East or West, have been experiences of unity in differing forms and degrees. Even, however, in normal life, as well as in abnormal pathological states, we have occasional stretches of experience in which it becomes almost structureless. Secondly, the discovery of the subliminal consciousness aids Shāstric doctrine in so far as it shows that behind the surface consciousness of which we are ordinarily aware, there is yet another mysterious field in which all its operations grow. It is the Buddhi which here manifests. Well established occult powers and phenomena now generally accepted, such as telepathy, thought-reading, hypnotism and the like, are only explainable on hypotheses which approach more nearly Eastern doctrine than any other theory which has in modern times prevailed in the West. Thirdly, as bearing on this subject

we have now the scientific recognition that from its *materia prima* all forms have evolved; that there is life in all things; and that there are no breaks in nature. There is the same matter and Consciousness throughout. There is unity of life. There is no such thing as "dead" matter. The well known experiences of Dr. Jagadish Bose establish response to stimuli in inorganic matter. What is this response but the indication of the existence of that Sattva Guna which Vedānta and Sāngkhya affirm to exist in all things, organic or inorganic. It is the play of Chit in this Sattva, so muffled in Tamas as not to be recognisable except by delicate scientific experiment, which appears as the so-called "mechanical" response. Consciousness is here veiled and imprisoned by Tamas. Inorganic matter displays it in the form of that seed or rudiment of sentiency which, enlarging into the simple pulses of feeling of the lowest degrees of organised life, at length emerges in the developed self-conscious sensations of human life. Consciousness is throughout the same. What varies is its wrappings. There is thus a progressive *release* of Consciousness from gross matter through plants and animals to man. This evolution Indian doctrine has taught in its eighty-four lakhs of previous births. According to the Hindu books plants have a dormant consciousness. The Mahābhārata says that plants can see and thus they reach the light. Such power of vision would have been ridiculed not long ago, but Professor Haberlandt, the well known botanist, has established that plants possess an organ of vision in the shape of a convex lens on the upper surface of the leaf. The animal consciousness is greater, but seems to display itself almost entirely in the satisfaction of animal wants. In man we reach the world of ideas, but these are a superstructure on consciousness and not its foundation or basis. It is in this modeless basis that the various modes of consciousness with which we are familiar in our waking and dreaming states arise.

The question then arises as to the relation of this principle of Form with Formlessness; the unconscious finite with infinite consciousness. It is noteworthy that in the Thomistic philosophy Matter, like Prakriti, is the particularising or *finitising* principle. By their definition, however, they are opposed. How then can the two be one?

Sāngkhya denies that they are one, and says they are two separate, independent principles. This Vedānta denies, for it says that there is in fact only one true Reality, though from the empirical, dualistic standpoint there seem to be two. If the question then is asked—is dualism, pluralism, or monism to be accepted?—for the Hindu the answer of Shruti is that it is the last. But apart from this the question is: Does Shruti record a true experience and is it the fact that spiritual experience is monistic or dualistic? The answer is, as we can see from history, that all high mystic experiences are experiences of unity in differing forms and degrees.

The question cannot be decided solely by discussion, but by our conclusion as to the conformity of the particular theory held with spiritual experience. But how can we reconcile the unity of pure consciousness with the plurality of unconscious forms which the world of experience gives us? Vedānta gives various intellectual interpretations, though experience alone can solve this question. Shangkara says there is only one Sadvastu, the Brahman. From a transcendental standpoint It *is* and nothing happens. There is in the state of highest experience (Paramātmā) no Īshvara, no creation, no world, no Jīva, no bondage, no liberation. But empirically he must and does admit the world or Māyā, which in its seed is the cosmic Sangskāra, which is the cause of all these notions which from the highest state are rejected. But is it real or unreal? Shangkara says it is neither. It cannot be real, for then there would be two Reals. It is not unreal, for the world is an empirical fact—an

experience of its kind—and it proceeds from the Power of Īshvara. In truth it is unexplainable and, as Sāyana says, more wonderful than Chit itself.

But if it is neither Sat nor Asat, then as Māyā it is not the Brahman who is Sat. Does it then exist in Pralaya, and if so how and where? How can unconsciousness exist in pure consciousness? Shangkara calls it eternal and says that in Pralaya Māyāsattā is Brahmasattā. At that time Māyā, as the power of the ideating consciousness, and the world, its thought, do not exist; and only the Brahman exists. But if so, how does the next universe arise on the assumption that there is Pralaya and that there is not with Him as Māyā the seed of the future universe? A Bīja of Māyā as Sangskāra, even though Avyakta (not present to Consciousness), is yet by its terms different from consciousness. To all such questionings Shangkara would say they are themselves the product of the Māyā of the state in which they are put. This is true, but it is possible to put the matter in a simpler way, against which there are not so many objections as may be laid against Māyāvāda.

It seems to me that Shangkara, who combats Sāngkhya, is still much influenced by its notions, and as a result of his doctrine of Māyā he has laid himself open to the charge that his doctrine is not Shuddha Advaita. His notion of Māyā retains a trace of the Sāngkhyan notion of separateness, though separateness is in fact denied. In Sāngkhya, Māyā is the real Creatrix under the illumination of Purusha. We find similar notions in Shangkara, who compares Chit to the Ayaskāntamani, and denies all liberty of self-determination in the Brahman which, though itself unchanging, is the cause of change. Jnāna Kriyā is allowed only to Īshvara, a concept which is itself the product of Māyā. To some extent the distinctions made are perhaps a matter of words. To some extent particular notions of the Āgamas are more practical than those of Shangkara, who was a transcendentalist.

The Āgama, giving the richest content to the Divine Consciousness, does not deny to it knowledge, but in its supreme aspect any dual knowledge; spiritual experience being likened by the Brihadāranyaka Upanishad to the union of man and wife, in which duality exists as one and there is neither within nor without. It is this union which is the Divine Līlā of Shakti, who is yet all the time one with Her Lord.

The Shākta exposition appears to be both simple and clear. I can only sketch it roughly—having no time for its detail. It is first the purest Advaitavāda. What then does it say? It starts with the Shruti "Sarvam Khalvidam Brahma". Sarvam=world; Brahman=consciousness or Sachchidānanda; therefore this world is in itself Consciousness.

But we know we are not perfect consciousness. There is an apparent unconsciousness. How then is this explained? The unmanifested Brahman before all the worlds is Nirguna Shiva—the blissful, undual consciousness. This is the static aspect of Shiva. This manifests Shakti, which is the kinetic aspect of Brahman. Shakti and Shaktimān are one; therefore Shiva manifests as Shiva-Shakti, who are one and the same. Therefore Shakti is consciousness.

But Shakti has two aspects (Murtti): *viz.*, Vidyā Shakti or Chit-Shakti, and Avidyā Shakti or Māyā-Shakti. Both, as Shakti, which is the same as Shaktimān, are in themselves conscious. But the difference is that whilst Chit-Shakti is illuminating consciousness, Māyā is a Shakti which veils consciousness to itself and by its wondrous power appears as unconscious. This Māyā-Shakti is consciousness which by its power appears as unconsciousness. This Māyā-Shakti is Triguna Shakti, that is, Shakti composed of the three Gunas. This is Kāmakalā, which is the Trigunātmakavibhūti. These Gunas are therefore at base nothing but Chit-Shakti. There is no necessity for the Māyāvādin's Chidābhāsa, that is,

the reflection of conscious reality on unconscious unreality, as Māyāvāda says. All is real except in the sense that some things endure and are therefore truly real; others pass, and in that sense only are not real. All is Brahman. The Antarātmā in man is the enduring Chit-Shakti. His apparently unconscious vehicles of mind and body are Brahman as Māyā-Shakti, that is, consciousness appearing as unconsciousness by virtue of its inscrutable power. Īshvara is thus the name for Brahman as Shakti which is conjoined Chit-Shakti and Māyā-Shakti.

The Mother Devī is Īshvara considered in His feminine aspect (Īshvarī) as the Mother and Nourisher of the world. The Jīva or individual self is an Angsha or fragment of that great Shakti; the difference being that, whilst Īshvara is Māyāvin or the controller of Māyā, Jīva is subject to Māyā. The World-thinker retains His Supreme undual Consciousness even in creation, but His thought, that is, the forms created by His thinking, are bound by His Māyā, that is, the forms with which they identify themselves, until by the power of the Vidyā Shakti in them they are liberated. All is truly Sat—or Brahman. In creation Shiva extends His power, and at Pralaya withdraws it into Himself. In creation Māyā is in itself consciousness which appears as unconsciousness. Before creation it exists as consciousness.

Important practical results follow from the adoption of this view of looking at the world. The latter is the creation of Īshvara. The world is real; being unreal only in the sense that it is a shifting, passing thing, whereas Ātmā as the true Reality endures. Bondage is real, for bondage is Avidyāshakti binding consciousness. Liberation is real; for this is the grace of Vidyāshakti. We are each Centres of Power, and if we would achieve success must, according to this Shāstra, realise ourselves as such, knowing that it is Devatā which thinks and acts in and as us and that we are the Devatā. Our world

enjoyment is His, and liberation is His peaceful nature. The Agamas deal with the development of this Power, which is not to be thought of as something without, but as within our grasp through various forms of Shakti Sādhanā. Being in the world and working through the world, the world itself, in the words of the Kulārnava Tantra, *becomes the seat of liberation* (Mokshāyate Sangsāra). The Vīra or heroic Sādhaka does not shun the world from fear of it. But he holds it in his grasp and wrests from it its secret. Realising it at length as Consciousness, the world of matter ceases to be an object of desire. Escaping from the unconscious driftings of a humanity which has not yet realised itself, He is the illumined master of himself, whether developing all his powers, or seeking liberation at his will.

John G. Woodroffe

PLATO, THE BALANCED SOUL

By ALICE E. ADAIR

"PLATO, the Balanced Soul" is a phrase borrowed from Emerson, and expresses the impression received of the character of the man, the nature of the ego. Balance is the golden key which opens up the secret treasure-houses of nature, and on higher planes reveals "the means and the way, the first gate and the second, the third, up to the very seventh". Plato was born 427-429 B.C. into a peculiarly happy environment; his parents were wealthy and of noble lineage, and the place of his birth beautiful in its surroundings. On the one side rose Hymettus, "the sweet-scented haunt of the bee," and on the other lay the lovely bay of Eleusis. He was noted for the strength and grace of his physique, for his handsome face and noble bearing, and above and beyond all for the exquisite graciousness of his manner and speech. We are told that, had one met him casually, one would have found nothing particularly striking in his behaviour, for his powers were hidden by a great natural modesty, and the strength of his character disguised by an almost feminine gentleness. His childhood and youth passed by in the daily routine of hundreds of others of his class in those luxury-loving days of Greek decadence. In accordance with the spirit of the time he studied painting, music, and poetry in turn, and indeed so in love was he with the last-named, that it seemed at one time as if he would find his soul's expression in the drama. By some writers he is also said to have seen active service as a soldier.

This, briefly stated, may be regarded as the period of his life given to the training of the physical vehicle, when body and mind were made strong as iron, yet pliant as finely tempered steel, in preparation for the more arduous tasks of manhood. We come next to a period where the development is more strictly mental, and then at last to that which expresses the full flowering of his spiritual life. The conquest of Athens by the Spartans, with all its accompanying sadness, sowed the first seeds of serious thought in his dawning manhood; and the fateful meeting with Socrates induced him to bid farewell for ever to his life of ease and gaiety in a fashion characteristically dramatic.

Now what was the secret of the influence of this simple, ugly old man, over the radiant, gifted and wealthy Athenian, who was then about twenty-seven years of age? What was there in Socrates that so attracted Plato? Schuré says that from birth Plato "appeared to have concluded some mysterious pact with eternity; only things eternal seemed to him to have life, all others were as shadows cast by the realities behind them". It was this sense of the eternal verities which brought him to the feet of one of the greatest of Truth's devotees. Socrates showed to this earnest seeker after ideal beauty the truth he sought; the beauty and harmony which are eternal, transcending all forms; and finding the truth, Plato unreservedly gave himself up to it with all the passion of his artist soul. And thereupon, it is said, wonderful peace and serenity filled his entire being.

For three years he was the pupil of Socrates, and then came the parting from the beloved master, which seems to me to usher in what I have termed the third period of his life, and the spiritual dawn breaks for him. Listen again to Schuré:

> The serene spectacle of Socrates dying for the sake of Truth and spending his last hour in conversing on the immortality of the soul, sank deep into Plato's heart. To him it was the most beautiful and holy of mysteries, his first great initiation.

He proved himself an ideal disciple, ever faithful, most nobly discharging his debt to Socrates, sinking his own individuality and giving as through his master's lips the truths he had found by his help. Surely this fact is indication enough that Plato was a disciple of the Great Brotherhood. After the death of Socrates he travelled a very great deal, seeking knowledge wherever there seemed a chance of finding it. In Southern Italy he came into touch with the followers of Pythagoras; then he visited Asia Minor and some say Babylonia, and was initiated at Eleusis and in Egypt. At the end of these wanderings he returned to Athens and founded his famous Academy; but before touching upon that, I would draw your attention to the fact that so far we have been considering a life without any violent or startling changes in it; a life which might have been lived by any cultured man of the world of that period. There is a feeling throughout of quite harmonious and natural growth.

Then we come to the time where he begins to teach; the time of preparation, of absorption, is ended; freely he has received, freely he must give, sowing now that other men may reap the more abundantly.

Let us glance for a moment at the field presented for the sowing, first of all realising in a broad generalisation that the Greeks belonged to the fourth sub-race of the Fifth Root-race. The principles prominent in them would be respectively astral and mental, and we should expect to find a people in whom the emotions would generally be stronger than the pure intellect, and whose development would naturally proceed from without, inwards. It is because of this that in the Golden Age of Greece the art of expressing the beauty of the form side of manifestation reached heights that have never been equalled in history. The form was then worshipped as the vehicle of the indwelling Spirit, and only when this admiration for the form became too accentuated, leading men

to forget the Spirit, was the balance destroyed. The decline of Greece as a nation became a certainty.

We find, then, that at a time when all that had been lovely and gracious in Athenian life lay dead or dying, with superstition rampant, on the one hand, and the Sophists declaring truth and error to be one, on the other; when the philosophers and other men of intellect were unable in the light of their advancing knowledge to accept the crude, materialised form of the national faith presented to them, and yet had to give an outward compliance or suffer at the hands of the ignorant populace; Plato begins to teach—Plato, the Balanced Soul. Surely at no time could such qualification be more essential in a teacher. In such circumstances his heroic figure finds a fit setting at a momentous stage of European history.

Schuré speaks of a very striking incident in Plato's life. We are told that he did not reach the highest stage of initiation as Pythagoras did, but stopped at the third stage, the stage where perfect clearness of intellect is conferred, together with the dominion of the pure intellect over mind and body. Had he gone further on the path towards his own liberation, he would not have been able to undertake the particular work that he wished to do. He preferred to deliver his message to humanity from the plane of pure intellect, lending men wings whereby they might themselves soar to those heavenly regions. This sacrifice is interesting to us as marking one of the milestones on the Path of discipleship.

Turn now to his works and you will find that by the power of his mighty intellect Plato marshalls all the teachings of physics, geometry, metaphysics, ethics, science and the arts, as given out by his predecessors and contemporaries, and builds them into a great whole. So wide is his range of vision, so firm his grasp on details, so grand his realisation of unity, so clear his perception of diversity in that

unity, that " though oft-times his head reaches the stars, yet are his feet ever firmly planted on the earth ".

We realise how perfectly his work was done when we find such a thinker as Emerson saying :

> There never was such range of speculation, but of Plato come all things that are still written and debated among men of thought. Great havoc makes he among our originalities. Plato is philosophy and philosophy Plato, at once the glory and the shame of mankind, since neither Saxon nor Roman have availed to add any idea to his categories. No wife, no children had he, but the thinkers of all civilised nations are his posterity, and are tinged with his mind. Calvinism is in his *Phaedo* ; Christianity is in it. Muhammadanism draws all the philosophy in its handbook of morals from him. Mysticism finds in Plato all its texts. This citizen of a town in Greece is no villager nor patriot. His broad humanity transcends all sectional lines.

He founded his famous Academy as a means of spreading his teachings, borrowing the framework of his system from Pythagoras and also his main ideas, but adding to them the vivifying power of his own peculiar genius, which seems to have resulted from a particularly happy combination of the truly artistic temperament with a perfectly trained mind. This combination enabled him to translate the ideal into terms of the real and to portray the real as the shadow of the Ideal. Again I quote from Emerson :

> Art expresses the one or the same by the different. Thought seeks to know Unity in Unity ; poetry to show it by variety (that is, always by an object or symbol) ; Plato keeps two vases, one of æther and one of pigment, at his side, and invariably uses both.

The poet-artist in him makes his hearers dream dreams, and in their dreaming the philosopher in him impresses upon them the reality of his three great concepts : the Good, the Beautiful and the True, emanating from the one centre—God. He leads them gently but surely up a gradual incline from love of the beautiful in form to an appreciation of spiritual beauty and truth ; and showing the correspondence of individual with universal principles, he proves to them the immortality of the soul and the unity which is the All. Acknowledging once and for ever for the whole human race

the incomprehensibility of the One Existence, he still stands erect and affirms: "And yet things are knowable." And by sheer intellectual force he breaks the fetters whereby ignorant superstition and sophistic rhetoric would bind all seekers after Truth.

Here are a few of the truths he taught:

1. The laws of reaction which secure instant justice throughout the Universe, instanced specially in the doctrine: "What comes from God to us returns from us to God."

2. Our souls had a subsistence before they were in a human form, were separated from bodies, and possessed intelligence.

3. That the soul reasons best when it is disturbed by nothing belonging to the body, neither by hearing, nor sight, nor pain, nor any pleasure; but subsists in the most eminent degree, itself by itself, bidding farewell to the body, and as much as possible neither communicating nor being in contact with it, and so extends itself towards real being.

4. We can never truly acquire wisdom through the body, for nothing else but the body and its desires causes wars.

5. Those who philosophise rightly, will meditate how to die; and to be dead will be to them, of all men, a thing the least terrible.

6. The philosopher, then, who converseth with that which is beautiful and divine, as far as is possible for man, becomes himself beautiful and divine.

These are distinctly recognisable as the Theosophical teachings relative to karma, pre-existence, the object of concentration and meditation, aviḍyā the source of evil, the continuity of life, and the power of thought.

Plato's method of instruction is well illustrated in the Fable of the Cave. Like so many other great teachers he loves allegory. This story is probably one of the best known passages of the *Republic*, and seems to crystallise the whole

message of that book—" the everlasting difference that exists between appearances and realities ".

The picture is drawn of an undergound cave with an opening to the daylight, in which men are living, chained by the neck and legs so that their heads are always turned in one direction, away from that light. Above and behind them is the light of a fire, casting shadows of objects on the wall which faces them. This shadow-show is all they know of the drama of life, and because they know nothing better they are satisfied with it, and interpret any faint echoes of the outside world that may reach them by the light of such limited understanding as it gives them. If relieved of their chains and made to move, they do so unwillingly on account of the pain it causes in their cramped muscles, and when turned towards the true light, they are so dazzled that they can scarcely distinguish the real objects now seen for the first time. They regard the whole experience as a dream and laugh in derision when told it is reality. And though the Guardians of the Cave strive to liberate them, they still cling to their better known and better loved home of illusion. Some few, however, are freed from their shackles, and with difficulty are dragged up the steep incline which leads to the world above, until at last the sunlit heights are reached and they are filled with such joy that one thing only induces them to return to the scene of their former bondage. It is the thought of their companions still imprisoned there ; and many of them spend their whole lives trying to persuade these victims of illusion to break their fetters. The cave dwellers generally prefer to be left alone ; having no conception of the light, they cannot believe that it exists. Success sometimes, however, crowns the effort of the workers, and in that lies their reward. The meaning of the parable is clear. The Cave represents the physical plane, where only shadows of the divine realities are seen by the artificial ligh-

of the senses, and the sunlight of truth is hidden from all who will not mount the heights of mental and spiritual life. The philosophers are those who have escaped from the Cave of Illusion, and they return to play the part of teachers and guides to those still in ignorance. All who have grasped the idea of the real in this world of fleeting shadows, all who have caught the fairest glimmering of the everlasting light of Truth, realise the magical message of Plato and know that all else is of minor importance.

Gently but firmly Plato leads his disciples from avidyā towards the light of wisdom, and his leadership is sure. "In reading logarithms," says Emerson, "one is not more secure than in following Plato in his flights. Nothing can be colder than his head when the lightnings of his imagination are playing in the sky."

Idealism has been defined as the fearless affirmation of Divine Truths as revealed from within by the soul questioning itself in its solitude, and Initiation as the realisation of Divine Truths by the soul, the direct vision of the Spirit.

What a priceless gift, then, is this Idealistic philosophy of Plato's; by means of it millions of men who were outside the pale of religious systems and narrow schools, have found the highway to Truth. The divine engineer, as he has been called, has hewn out a road for all time, whereby men may travel towards the Probationary Path that leads to Initiation.

With one other quotation I shall conclude:

> The Idealism of Plato's numerous pagan or Christian "sons" appears to us to be the waiting-room, so to speak, of the great Initiation. This explains the immense popularity and the far-reaching influence of Plato's ideas. Their power lies in their esoteric basis. This is the reason the Academy of Athens lasted for centuries and extended into the mighty schools of Alexandria; this is why the first Fathers of the Church paid homage to Plato and why St. Augustine took from him two-thirds of his theology. Two thousand years have passed since he breathed his last sigh beneath the shadow of the Acropolis. Christianity, barbarian invasions, the Middle Ages, had passed over the world. Antiquity, however, was rising again

from her ashes. In Florence the Medicis wished to found an Academy, and summoned a Greek servant, an exile from Constantinople, to organise it. He called it the Platonic Academy. Even in these days, after so many philosophic systems, built one upon another, have crumbled to dust, when science has reduced matter to its final transformations and finds itself face to face with the inexplicable and the invisible, Plato has again returned to us. Ever simple and modest, though radiant with eternal youth, he holds out to us the sacred branch of the Mysteries, the branch of Myrtle [1] and of Cypress,[2] along with the Narcissus,[3] the Soul-flower which promises divine rebirth in a new Eleusis.

Alice E. Adair

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[1] Myrtle. Sacred to Venus, symbol of youth and beauty.
[2] Cypress. Supposed by the ancients to be indestructible.
[3] Narcissus. The soul falls in love with its own reflection; after the death of Narcissus, in the myth, the flower springs up.

THE GRAMMAR OF KARMA[1]

By PETER DE ABREW

THE subject of this paper might sound pretentious, but really it is not so. When dealing with a Law—for Karma is a Law—which covers a large field of concepts bearing relationship to life and its activities, a digest of such a law, and its connection between thoughts, words and deeds, needs, I venture to think, such a title as "The Grammar of Karma".

This law of karma was enunciated by Eastern Sages in hoary antiquity, and it has since that time been regarded and accepted as a law by Hinḍūs and Buḍḍhists. Their faith in it, and in the Sages who proclaimed that law, has remained unshaken up to now. Besides, there are many other peoples, living in the West as well as in the East, who also believe in the working of this law. Their number may not be many, since they have only become converts by studying publications of the Theosophical Society and translations made by Western scholars of Oriental philosophies. These people accept the law as a feasible solution of the inequalities of life.

It is interesting to note that this law of karma suggests in its working a continuity of life. It is the law of cause and effect, and it underlies all thoughts, words and deeds; an inexorable law which cannot be propitiated or moved by supplication, nor will a forgiveness of sins be conceded in its application. It will take its unerring course, and thus keep in

[1] A paper read before the Hope Lodge, T. S., Colombo.

harmony and adjustment nature's balance of work in the pilgrimage of life. Good causes will result in good effects and evil will produce evil.

Eastern Sages have emphasised the absolute necessity of a knowledge of this law for the guidance of life by its free agent, man. It is for him to choose good or evil. They have gone further in enumerating what is right and what is wrong, what is real and what is unreal, for the conduct of life. The continuity of life, suffering and its causes, the way to get rid of such causes—moral, etc.—need not be discussed here; suffice this passing notice, which has a bearing on the subject of the Law of Karma.

Before concluding these introductory remarks, it might be mentioned that this Grammar of the Law of the Karma is a very feeble digest in English, which has been compiled from notes taken down during "talks" with a Buddhist monk, saintly in vocation and erudite in scholarship. Our talks were in Sinhalese, and the writer is conscious of mistakes which have crept into this essay owing to that very difficult process of translating a philosophic theme into a language which is not his own. Indulgence is therefore craved, not only on account of this language difficulty, but also for a student, who has not been trained to write philosophic disquisitions and who has not studied philosophy, venturing to attempt even to transcribe notes on a very abstruse subject.

As a fruit presupposes a tree which produced the fruit, or as it suggests a blossom, a bud, and finally a tree, so does an effect presuppose a cause. And Karma, being the law of cause and effect as applied to life, gives a basis for conceiving of not one life for an individual but many lives without limitation. Or, to put it another way, as far as human thought could travel in space, which is illimitable to our imagination, so far would the life of an individual continue to go round the wheel of births, from one incarnation to another.

Karma is divided into three main sections, corresponding to the three principal stages of the pilgrimage of a soul (Āṭmā) on earth, which are Birth, Life-Career, Death. There is, therefore, (1) the Karma attached to birth, which is called Janaka Karma, (2) Karma attached to the career of Life, or Pravṛṭi Karma, and (3) the Karma attached to Death, or Uppachchéḍéka Karma. The life of a man, therefore, is thus covered by these three Karmas. It is now our purpose to enquire into the cause of these three stages (Birth, Life-Career, and Death) in the pilgrimage of the soul, which are definite results of the working of Karma.

The cause that brought about birth was due to the functioning of two pre-existing factors, which are called (*a*) Ḍravvaya, or substance or matter, (*b*) A-Ḍravvaya or non-matter. It will be noted that the distinction here is very finely put by Eastern Sages. A-Ḍravvaya, or non-matter, is called Nāma-Ḍharma, that is, a concept with a name but without form (Rūpa); the name-side is also finely put in contradistinction to Ḍravvaya—matter, and A-Ḍravvaya—without matter. The nearest English word equivalent to A-Ḍravvaya, I think, is Spirit. Therefore Spirit functioning in matter produces a birth which is due to Janaka Karma.

The second cause of these three main divisions covers the life-period or career of the individual between birth and death. Its helper is Janaka Karma or the birth-cause either for good or evil, and every incident connected with the life period is traced to a cause in a previous birth. Its unfinished Karma plays an important part here, as in the case of accidents or physical pains and injuries in this life, and thus adjusts the balance in the law of life, giving the sufferer the only rational consolation—that he has deserved it for some cruelty, injury or pain inflicted on somebody in his preceding life and is now adjusting nature's claims and making a clean balance-sheet. Thoughts, words and actions, deliberately

generated, uttered and performed in one life, have their desired results in the next, carrying along with them their painful or pleasurable intents in the fruition of Pravṛṭi Karma.

The Karma which brings about death is the complement of the second Karma, just mentioned above. Death Karma is due to acts performed in previous births, such as destruction of life, directly or indirectly causing the death of any living thing, refusing or causing to refuse to maintain a life, refusing or causing to refuse food to maintain a life, etc. Its workings are manifold; they are all directed to causes which bring about destruction or non-support of life. These acts performed in a previous life are the causes which help the fruition of death karma. The question might be asked: "If, when walking, some animal, such as an insect, be unconsciously trodden upon and killed, will such an act help the accumulation of death karma? The reply is found in this illustration. In a handful of grain there will be found barren and fruitful seeds; an unconscious act, such as treading on an insect and destroying its life, is a barren kārmic seed. It will neither accumulate nor fructify.

Birth, life-career and death being now postulated, with birth and death as the two outstanding posts of life-career, we have the life of the individual as the field to work in and produce Kusala and A-Kusala Karma, or meritorious and non-meritorious karma.

We shall now consider for a moment two very important subjects in this section of the Grammar; they are: (A) the division of the time-period of the fruition of Karma, and (B) the method of such fruition.

The period of fruition of Karma is divided into four stages. They are:

1. Dittadhamma Vedeniya, or Karma performed in one life and its results bearing fruit in that very same life.

2. Upapagga-Vedeniya, or Karma performed in one life and its results bearing fruit in the life just succeeding it.
3. Aparapariya-Vedeniya, or Karma performed in one life and its results bearing fruit in any succeeding lives, without limitation as to time. In the first two periods there is a time limit.
4. Ahosikamma, or Karma which has no time to bear fruits or results. This period applies to Arahaṭs, Ṛṣhis, etc., who are on the threshold of Nirvāṇa.

The method of fruition of Karma may be thus explained: the Samsāra or the Wheel of Life moving in consciousness, a ripple is caused in that consciousness by either perception or contact. A void is thus created, and it is immediately filled up, as is natural, by something else, *i.e.*, by the thought produced by the perception or contact. After discrimination that thought is then fixed in the mind. This is the *first* act in the method of fruition of Karma. The next stage of its growth in the field of Karma is to fertilise it with the power of the will, and the thought produces a word or a concept for an action. This fruit is then matured with the help of good or bad intentions and it acts. Lastly there remains the net result or effect of a cause now fully developed. It began with a ripple in the consciousness, and by gradual stages of maturing it ends in kārmic deed.

The order in time in the operation of karma is the next point we shall consider, or what sorts of karma are the first to take effect in the pilgrimage of the soul.

A. It is stated that "Yag-Garuka" Karma, or heavy karma of very serious import, takes the first place in operation in a man's life to produce results. There is nothing more heavy or serious than the deeds enumerated under this heading. The evil Karma in this list is: 1. Matricide. 2. Patricide. 3. Murder of Arahaṭs. 4. Suppression of the circulation of the blood of a Buḍḍha. This means that a Buḍḍha, who is not a

human being, cannot be murdered or have an injury inflicted on his physical body. All that could be done to effect any hurt to his body is a momentary suppression of the circulation of his blood by a pressure on his skin. This act amounts to more than murder, and it is therefore considered a very grave crime. 5. Creating differences in the Order of monks and the non-belief or rejection of Truth. Such, then, are the five very serious crimes under "Yag-Garuka" Karma. The supreme acts of good karma on this list are: (1) the cultivation of virtues which are helpful to deepen spirituality, (2) unceasing endeavour or effort to attain Initiation, (3) constant meditation, (4) control of the five senses, and (5) intellectual and spiritual living.

B. Karmas, good or evil, of a lesser degree than those enumerated above, and in respect of their quantity or accumulated strength, take the second place in the order of operation. It is thus illustrated. If you pour out a bottle consisting of one-quarter part of oil and three-fourths of water, the water will come out first. As such Yab-Bahula Karma operates.

C. The third is called "Yada Sana" Karma, or the last thought of the dying. It acts in precedence of all kinds of karma in the life-career. The necessity of a clean life and one full of meditation till the last is therefore enjoined. The operation of this karma is illustrated thus. A farmer has a herd of cattle of all kinds and sorts, young and old, lame and blind, strong and weak, etc. He pens his fold for the night and locks the door of the cattle-yard. He opens the door in the morning to take them to pasture; the one nearest the door is the first animal to get out into the open. It may be a strong beast or a weak one. It may be a full-grown one or a calf. Similarly your dying thoughts, good or bad, take precedence in the operation of karma.

D. This class of Karma is called "Kattath-ta". It is generated among the weak intellects and thoughtless minds,

also in animals, and without regard to any circumstances to intensify their actions such karma operates indiscriminately. It is illustrated thus. You have a pocketful of coins of various values, mixed up, and also coins of gold and silver and copper, all thrown in together without any distinctive arrangement according to value. You put your hand into your pocket and you pull out a coin of any kind; you have then its corresponding value. Then in this manner "Kattath-ta" Karma operates.

Such, then, is a digest of the Grammar of Karma, giving some food for thought about the cause of birth, life and death, the division of Karma, when Karma operates, and how it operates.

Peter de Abrew

FROM AFAR

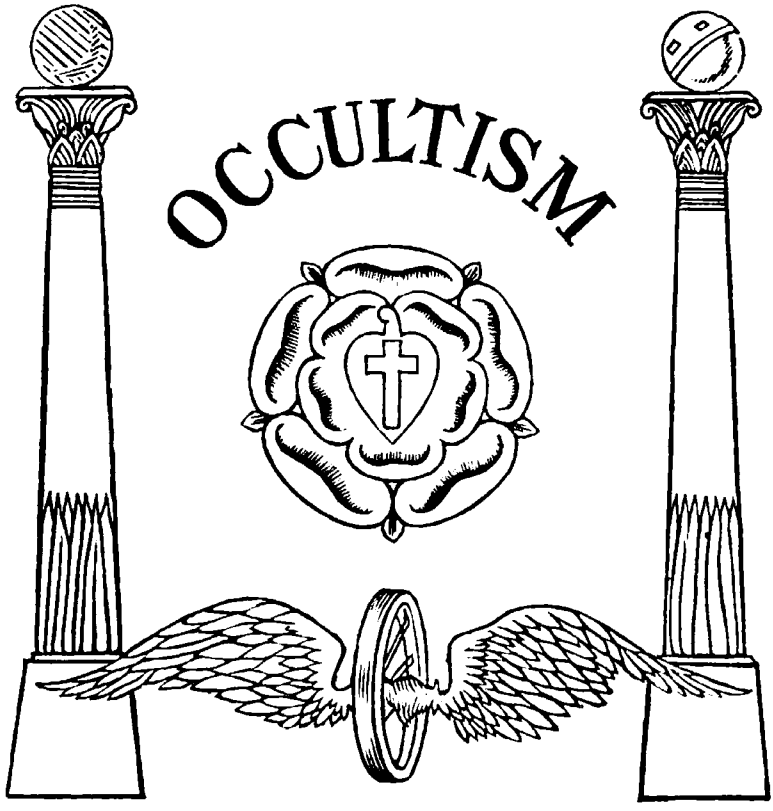
To Herakles, that great and lofty soul,
From western lands, my message cometh out.
Leader of men! thy heart must pay the toll
Of eminence, by loneliness and doubt.

To ease some darker hour when thou may'st feel
Too deep the stings of hatred, and above
The light has dimmed, since humble hands may heal
I send thee faith and reverence, and love.

Lo! faith I give, of such a depth it can
Accept mistake, nor fail in loyalty,
Since perfect wisdom comes not yet to man:
Faith in thy will to serve humanity.

And reverence I have, for one who dares
In quest of truth leave not one path untrod,
And love I bear, for that pure fire which flares
Within thy soul, and lights the way to God.

N.



THE REALITY OF DEVACHĀN

A TALK WITH A CLASS

XIV

By ANNIE BESANT

ONE of the greatest difficulties in the study of an abstruse subject, removed from the daily life of the people, is the conveying of new ideas in an old language, a language which has no words for the ideas, for the simple reason that the ideas themselves have not reached the mind. The difficulty is, of

course, met in every science, for every science has its own terminology. A single word expresses a botanical fact, and unless the word is mastered the fact will demand a descriptive sentence. When the Psychical Research Society burst on an astonished world, it found itself face to face with many facts, never before recognised in the West, and it consequently created for itself a considerable number of hitherto unknown words, through which new facts, and new relationships between facts, were definitely brought to the notice of the bewildered and impatient world.

Theosophy has much the same experience, but it was able, more or less, to shelter itself under the use of Samskṛṭ words, familiar at least to scholars. After a time we sought and found English equivalents, often at the cost of accuracy and sharp-cut lucidity, and contented ourselves with conveying as much of the ideas as we could in familiar, everyday English.

But far more difficult is the work, when the idea presented to the Western student is wholly alien from his habits of thought. This criterion of reality is objectivity—"I thought that; I imagined that; I only fancied that". If you tell him that the products of his thought, of his imagination, of his fancy, are far more "real" than the chairs and tables round him, he becomes confused, bewildered. Hence to him Devachān is unreal; it is a dream, it is a creation of his fancy, it is sheer waste of time to dwell in that "fool's paradise". Nothing can be more outrageously mistaken. The Spirit, who is Man, clothes himself in matter, as he descends through world after world. He clothes himself in Buḍḍhic matter, and shuts out some of the Reality which he contacted at every point in the Nirvāṇic world. He draws round himself a cloak of mental matter, and shuts out more of his splendid heritage of far-reaching life and power. More still vanishes from his ken as he envelops himself in the denser matter of the lower mental world, and still more as he dons his

cloak of astral matter, finally entering the narrow limits of his physical prison-house. The crude and heavy contacts of these coarser forms of matter seem to him to be more real—because less amenable to his control—than the potent work of his subtler forces when they shape and mould the luminous matter of the higher worlds. He does not realise that the forms he creates in the higher mental worlds are full of vitality, full of shaping power, and that they generate a thousand thought-forms which enter human brains and result in physical events. The "dreams" of Devachân create the thoughts, and the thoughts of prophets create the thought-forms that fill the atmosphere in which men live and move. These thought-forms stimulate receptive human brains and stir them into action, and then men see coming forth great reforms, religious, social, political, which would not have come into being in the lower world had it not been for the dreamer in Devachân.

How many of our thoughts are mere fragments, a glimpse, a momentary aspiration, a scarce-formulated hope. But in Devachân, the dreamer stays himself on the glimpsed fragment, and patiently works it out in every detail, in every possibility of splendid performance; he builds it, shapes it, moulds it, in all its variegated possibilities, and tosses it out into the world of form; there every dream-germ in it burgeons into fullness and beauty, and the popularisers of ideals pick it up, and gloat over it, and worship it, until their whole being is transfused with its beauty; and then they hold it up before the eyes of men, and it becomes a mighty inspiration, put into schemes of reform, into philanthropic agencies, into political proposals, into a myriad forms that blossom in the desert of the world and turn it into a garden, the Garden of Allah. When some eager enquirer follows the trail backward, he comes at last to the solitary dreamer, out of whose radiant thought-stuff the whole

wonderful changes have been woven, who in his useless dreaming has recreated a world.

This marvellous power of thought-creation is a familiar idea in the East, but its practice is not as common as its theory. The ordinary man who would create by thought, as he sits silent, too often passes into a state of mere vacuity, or goes to sleep. Creation by thought implies sustained concentration, one of the most difficult of achievements, and one of the most fatiguing withal. Years of practice go to the making of the creative thinker, and more than one life is devoted to his building. Not by the careless, the idle and the frivolous may these heights of Godhead be gained.

This is but one example of the difficulty experienced by Western students in grasping Eastern ideas. To the Westerner all that is non-physical is non-real; to the Easterner the physical is the furthest removed from reality. Reality is the Eternal; when the Eternal manifests in space and time, each limit of space, each limit of time superposed thereon, piles unreality on unreality; each limit removed brings us nearer to reality. To the Westerner Nirvāṇa is annihilation, nothingness, emptiness; to the Easterner it is that on which all lesser things depend for their limited existences. "NIRVĀṆA IS," said the Lord Buḍḍha; but even He could not explain it within the limits of human language. He stated that all was dependent on it, that without that uncreated, the created could not be: but even He could not say *what* Nirvāṇa is; He could only assert, "It is"; there silence falls. But those who by way of meditation have risen beyond the physical, and have experienced the extension of consciousness which follows the falling away of physical bonds; those who have risen beyond the astral world, and have passed onwards into worlds of ever subtler and less resistant matter; those who have found that with each rising into subtler worlds, life becomes more vivid and intense, intellect more far-reaching, emotion more exquisite.

power more compelling, the Self more gloriously realised—those can dimly conceive ranges that stretch beyond them of ever-increasing possibilities, "dark with excess of light".

Thus looked at, Devachān becomes a world two degrees nearer to reality than is the physical world; it is essentially a world of causes, on which our next life in the physical world depends. Thither we carry the raw materials we have gathered in the physical world, the mental and emotional experiences which forward our evolution, and there we weave them into the character with which we return to earth; there also we work out our aspirations into detailed plans ready for achievement on our return, so that the physical world may evolve; there we are creators, and our creations are clothed in dense matter down here.

Moreover that creative work does not await our return to earth. As we create, the embryos of the future are conceived in the womb of physical time and space; there they grow in the silence and the darkness, living germs continuously nourished by our thought, until they fully reproduce the completed ideal of their creator. Forces are set going in the lower world which prepare the way; brains of prophets, of poets, of thinkers, catch gleams of our thoughts, and prepare less sensitive brains for their partial reception. Thus the forces which make for evolution work from above, and press the world ever onwards and upwards; and when we are reborn into the physical world, blinded by the grosser matter which envelops us, we work in ignorance along the lines we laid down in knowledge, as our hands now work out unconsciously the idea which the controlling brain impels them to construct. Our brain is the organ of our mind in Devachān, and we in the physical world are its hands.

The analogy is true in many ways. The hands do not understand the brain, although they obey its orders, but the brain understands the hands. The hands do not look before

and after, but the brain imagines and remembers. Men down here may not realise how limited is their physical consciousness, and that they are living in more worlds than one. But only a very small portion of their consciousness is submerged in the physical world, though, in that physical world, they can only know the things of which that part of their consciousness is aware. Hence the "unreality" to them of the things which are nearer to reality in the other worlds which surround and interpenetrate the physical, as the senses are unconscious of the surrounding and interpenetrating ether, though we live and move in it continuously and it forms part of our very bodies; to the senses the ether is unreal, being invisible, inaudible, intangible, without taste or smell. To the ear, colour is unreal; to the eye, music is unreal. Everywhere we find limitations, and our very senses are merely the windows created by our will to come into contact with the physical world. It is the Self that wills, and creates the organs in each world of matter by which his will fulfils itself. Thus have we learned.

Because of the difference of viewpoint, the Mystic has always seemed to be an unpractical dreamer to the "man of the world". Yet is the man of one world only the unconscious agent of his mystic Self, the blind, deaf hand working under the impulses of his own Self, whom he denies. It is he who is the dreamer, immersed in the fog of illusions, not seeing his way, groping along through the fog, thinking lamp-posts to be living enemies, and transforming things familiar in the light into menacing, strange, unfamiliar shapes looming through the darkness. When the fog clears away he becomes the Mystic, since the Mystic is only the man in the daylight who sees things in their own shapes, and in true proportions and relations.

All this seems queer and unreal to the ordinary Westerner, but it only seems queer and unreal because it

is unfamiliar. Taking this physical world as the real world, with some vague, indefinite "heaven" beyond it, how can the "practical man" explain the things going on around him to-day? How can he explain the War, in which millions of men are being killed, mutilated, their lives, if they survive, rendered a burden to them? How can he explain the maimed future of the Nations, deprived of the flower of their youth, of their best, their bravest, their most self-sacrificing, rent away from them? How can he explain the ghastly disproportion of the sexes that will reveal itself after the War, how answer the problems of re-population, of the necessary motherhood combined with the necessary production of all that is needed in civilised life? Is not this welter of blood and pain unintelligible, horrible, maddening, unless brotherhood, reincarnation, karma and sacrifice are seen as the laws of life, and their recognition as laws of nature is seen as the condition of happy and peaceful human life, in society as well as in the individual? If reincarnation be a natural law and the condition of evolution, then the tremendous slaughter of the battle-field becomes a negligible incident in its ultimate effects, and it is a dramatic forcing on the attention of the Nations of the fact that this loss of human life is less than is annually caused by the neglect of the law of brotherhood, a neglect causing a huge infantile mortality, an underfeeding and ill-housing of masses of the population, bringing about conditions of low vitality and of premature death that are avoidable, and therefore criminal. If the law of sacrifice be true, then the voluntary sacrifice by the manhood of the Nations of all that makes life fair, by the womanhood of the Nations of all that makes life happy, must result in a leap forward in evolution that will bring them swiftly to earth again to build up a nobler civilisation, that will turn its back on war—whether of Nations or of classes—will substitute law for force, and brotherly co-operation for contest. The War has substituted the willing

sacrifice of earthly life by millions for the enforced sacrifice of that life by millions through social injustice. The latter sacrifice brought increased National degradation; the former will bring life from the dead. The recognition of the law of karma will enable men to plan for the future with the certainty of the results aimed at, substituting the inviolability of law for chance happenings in daily life. Life will become a science, instead of a gamble.

The War will thus become merely a swift and certain way of accomplishing in a few years the work of centuries, of ensuring an unexampled progress towards a nobler and better civilisation.

To us, who are among those who see also in the War the clearing away of many hoary forms of evil, the destruction of otherwise irremovable obstacles in the way of the Coming of a World-Teacher, who will lay the foundations of the New Age, and give a fresh impulse of life and of happiness to a weary and outworn world—to us, necessarily, the War is but a presage of His Coming, a sign that the world's Salvation is drawing nigh. We look around us, and as when the bonds of icy winter are on the world in western climes, but the coming of spring is heralded by the movement of the sap in the trees, the swelling of buds that shall be the leaves of summer, and perchance the pushing of a snowdrop through the earth, that rings its tiny bell of white petals in the winter air, rivalling the white snow which it pierces, so is it now with us. Still in the bitter cold of the winter, we presage the coming of the spring; we see its signs, we feel its breath, and we faintly hear in the distance the footfalls of the coming Lord. To us, at least, the words prove true: "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

Annie Besant

ASTROLOGICAL VALUES

A STUDY IN SPIRITUAL ALCHEMY

By LEO FRENCH

III. THE WAY OF FIRE

AMONG all errors, there are none more common than those which, confusing the *material* with the *practical*, dictate such remarks as "What is the good of Astrology?" The answer is, that the knowledge of underlying values gives the power to apply force; it is none other than the science of human leverage. It is the secret that moves mountains, whether of matter, on the physical, or inertia, ignorance and indifference, on the psychical plane. No man can direct and rule any realm (whether it be the kingdom of himself or a million) with sanity and power, unless he know "the state of man," strength and weakness, dynamic and strategic possibilities, and "the lay of the land". Knowledge of the country is the key to conquest and intelligent administration. Were statesmanship honoured as an art and science, rather than considered as a business, the state of the world would not be such as exists to-day. Ignorance is the parent of crime, folly and injustice. Want of imagination (the power of visualising in typal forms of reality, rather than in concrete shells of materiality) begets cruelty in every form, and that lack of sympathetic intelligence and intelligent sympathy that distinguishes great minds from small.

This preamble is neither beside the mark nor unnecessary. It is to demonstrate the "use" and "good" and "practical value" of astrological values. Astrology is a practical,

educative science, a spiritual, synthetic art. None but a childish mind can be content to deal with the superficies and surfaces of the material physical plane. It did not even need a Food Controller to convince man that he does not live by bread alone; nevertheless, give him impure or improper bread, and the race will deteriorate. So is it with the race of man on the mental plane. Understand the specific type of organism, apply that understanding in sane and practical education, and the best human yield will be obtained from the product, man. Conversely, misunderstand, misjudge, misapply, and every variety of discord, opposition, feebleness and futility will be the logical outcome of ignorant direction and impotent application.

The horoscope is the chart of the soul. Those who know the chart can bring the vessel to port most swiftly, with least damage, knowing the rocks of offence, the shoals of temptation and possible wastage. This, then, the apologia for spiritual alchemical research of every kind, including astrological values. They deal with those powers and weaknesses "behind the throne" of every man, which reveal or shroud his majesty, might, and manhood, which show the way of his spirit through the invisible fire, trackless air, pathless water, darkened earth.

First, then, the way of fire. Fire represents the apex of potency on all planes, whether creative or destructive in application. Fire *is* Life, the utmost we can know of life, the creative element *per se*, as revealed to the limitation of "manifested" intelligence. That master was inspired who declared that every work of genius must be "conceived in fire, executed in ice". Another master tells us: "Execution is the chariot of genius," thus showing the intimate connection between fire and earth on the plane of manifestation, *i.e.*, chaotic, volcanic conditions precede creation, in the universal macrocosm and human microcosm alike.

From the astrological view-point there are three diversities in the fire realm of administration—*Fixed—Cardinal—*

Mutable. (In this article it will be sufficient to specify and determine their various qualities and powers, without going into technical astrological differentiation and planetary disposal, for this series of studies is general and explanatory, and therefore designed to show the application of the doctrine according to the widest scope of demonstration.)

"Fixed" fire is Fire-*in-esse*—the root of fire-manifestation, the "I am" of fire. Creation is the home of fixed-fire; the Sun its symbol, and the Heart, in the respective cosmic and human universes. Those Natives whose root of manifestation is fixed-fire are born creators, and fundamental creators they will remain, though subject to obscuration, banishment, and even temporary rebellion, *i.e.*, refusal to create. They are the Titans among men. Fire from heaven (the divine faculty of Godhead, creation) is theirs by divine right, and if they help themselves to it, they do but fulfil their ḍharma; the kârmic catastrophic consequences are theirs to work out, part of their rhythm of manifestation. But Titans are, and ever will be, weighed in the balance and found wanting by the pigmies. So the Sun-Gods are figured with arms extended; behind them imagination traces a Cross, invisible, and all the more real. For are not all Creators for ever crucified on the Cross of mortality? History, even, shows us this, without any occult aid. The royal spirits, the creative artists, have ever entered and must ever enter through much persecution the kingdom prepared for them, a kingdom not of this world. Earth does not, cannot, express the true rhythm of creators: they come from afar, "trailing clouds of glory" in every sense of the word. Yet they have their moments; and these, like their spirits, are colossal; even on this darkened earth come days of heaven, and so to creative spirits come periods when they shake off this evil, this custom, which lies upon them "with a weight,

Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!"

Then they shine forth triumphant in power and glory, and genius is justified of her children, recognised as the faculty of bringing "God visible" to man; if for a moment only, yet that moment is immortal. Creative power works in diverse ways: (1) Through ruling (the ideal Sovereign is a Son of fixed-fire, the genius of ruling, the King by royal, divine right), (2) through art or science[1]—Da Vinci, Shakespeare, Beethoven, Wagner, Rodin (typical and representative creative geniuses), (3) through *direct* spiritual creative power—all Saviours and Redeemers of all worlds and races.

The Sons of cardinal-fire are Sons of Boanerges—Thunder-Children, pioneers, rough-riders, those who "go forth triumphant" with ideation and action, balanced, as their sway. With these forces they "make their own road according to the word within them," and the force sweeps through them as they storm the strongholds of inertia, prejudice, and material force. These are the ideal warrior-princes of the Zodiac, the initiators of enterprises and reforms. The ignorant scorn them often, because as pioneers their work is to initiate, to break down preliminary obstacles, to prepare the ground for the spade, and then to go forth on their next crusade. Pioneers were not meant to be builders, plumbers, working gardeners or any kind of journeymen. Sons of Thunder do not make suitable ploughmen; they are apt to beat ploughshares back again into swords! It is here that the advantage of the study of children's horoscopes is apparent, for in the cases of unsuitable professions and occupations, the "Evil" is frequently "wrought by want of thought". To harness Pegasus to a plough is worse than foolish, it is wasteful. Even on the ground of material economy, it will "pay" to study the horoscope. Imitation silk purses have long been made from sows' ears, but there is no wear in them, and all too often perforation occurs!

[1] Kepler is an instance of a creative scientist: these are few, but a rare and glorious variety.

Mutable-fiery children are the flying torches and fiery messengers of the Zodiac. Interpretation and mediumship (in one form or another) is the ḍharma of all the mutable signs. The way of mutable-fire is the path of the sunbeam or the lightning-flash—either, according to the specific individual cast and character of the Nativity as a whole. The mutable signs are servers and agents of the fixed and cardinal, therefore their tasks and errands are many and various. But their character is *votive*; that is certain. The life of the mutable signs consists in expression through interpretation and self-abnegation, in action according to direction and initiation from others. They are the children of the Zodiac, and will not attain manhood, or the state of authority, until they have learnt perfect service, *i.e.*, swift performance, intelligent apprehension, complete obedience. The joy of mutable-fire is that he may be used as a *live torch*, that he may be permitted to give his bodies to be burned (astral, mental, spiritual) in the service of fire. To that end he develops vigour, adaptability, response to stimulation, and cultivates the intuitional and intellectual understanding—both facets of the mind—that he may serve as an ideal seer, prophet, messenger; for these three functions of service are open to mutable-fire children. Response to inspiration is their spiritual ḍharma, and the more active and votive forms of direct self-sacrifice rather than "resignation" or "renunciation". It is not the karma of mutable-fiery sons and daughters to "sit still". They must be "up and doing". Happy the lord who has a typical spiritual fiery-mutable server; there is none more perfect in active service than the trained and disciplined archer whose bow is at the service of his master.

Here, then, are the runes of the Fire-Children: Creation, Ideation, Sacrificial Service: the Creator, the Pioneer, the Fiery Torch. But in each and all, sacrifice is a paramount necessity, it is only a question of the characteristic quality and nature of the sacrifice. The ideal creator sacrifices everything

to creation. This is no merit, but necessity, far deeper than any acquired merit. It is one of the infallible signs of a true creator, that he burns perpetually in and with the fire of his inner life, creative fire. The ideal pioneer burns no less with the stinging flame that goads him to ride forth to new fields of conquest. Green pastures and still waters present no lure to Fire-Children. "The glory of going on" is their ceaseless quest. The correspondences, states, and differentiations of fire are numberless, and though full of endless significance and fascination to the student of occult astrology, cannot be entered upon here. But fixed-fire answers naturally to that formless, invisible Fire, concealed in the Central Spiritual Sun; cardinal, to the Fire of the Manifested Cosmos; while mutable is plainly that Fire of knowledge and devotion whose mingling gives perfect action, burning up ignorance and sloth alike, the fiery, flying torches that ever accompany splendour on its way through the darkness of this mortal world. If the following definition of fire be believed and even partially understood, no student of Occultism (Divine Mind in Nature) can grudge time and patience devoted to the study of the working of fire in any Son thereof.

> Fire is the most powerful and unadulterated reflection, in Heaven as on Earth, of the One Flame. It is Life and Death, the origin and end of every material thing. It is divine Substance.—*The Secret Doctrine*, I,146.

Leo French

THE LITERATURE OF OCCULTISM

By JAMES H. COUSINS

IN reading books and magazines on occult subjects, I have often come across the phrase "the literature of Occultism" with a touch of bewilderment, for the writing referred to has been far away from what my training and development in the use of language has led me to regard as "literature". It lacked flavour, it had no "style," and (crucial test) it was put on the shelf for reference when one required it, not, as in the case of true literature, on the somewhat thinly populated shelf that insistently requires you, that is for ever alive and calling, and does not ask the casual need of controversy or exposition to scatter its gathering dust.

The question has often cropped up in my mind, what is the difference between what you feel to be literature and what you feel not to be literature? A glimpse of the answer appeared to be found in the placing side by side of the writings on Socialism of Robert Blatchford and Bernard Shaw. One looks in literature for a floor on which one can move about, for spaciousness, and a feeling of an upstairs being somewhere. But Blatchford compelled one to cross a tight-rope of logic with the horrible feeling that a slip to right or left would result in a fall into the abyss of his displeasure. Shaw had the spaciousness of literature, but it felt crowded. The host was in every room. If you got into a room where he apparently was not, he would either enter by the chimney, or begin an eternal argument behind your back. Blatchford was

not literature. Shaw was; and the difference was—Shaw : a personality, not a principle. This did not help very much towards elucidation, except in the respect that it disclosed what we may note as a first distinction, that literature demands personality.

Some more light comes out of the memory of a weekly controversy twenty-five years ago between the same Blatchford and Gilbert Chesterton (then a younger man than he is now) in *The Clarion* on some theological topic which I have forgotten, but which no doubt arose out of Blatchford's work, which he had then taken in hand, of smashing Christianity once for all. I was all for Blatchford at that stage of my development, and rejoiced as Chesterton came up smiling weekly to be knocked on the head and carried off for restoration. But there was also an uneasy feeling that he was thriving on the process, and in some subtle way was getting the better of us; and when the controversy ended, I felt that Chesterton had run away with all the literature in his capacious pocket, and had cheerfully left us all the arguments.

One learns in process of time that a chain of therefores may easily become a shackle on the mind; that perfectly steady and complete premises are beyond the reach of our constantly enlarging experience; that a thing "proved up to the hilt" has up to the same hilt received its death-blow. We come to feel that all that makes life a living thing—the joy in beauty, friendship, sacrifice, all the glorious illogicalities of nature and art and human caprice—are beyond the little inch-tape of proof. The dogmatism of literature, which is much the same as the dogmatism of religion that the rationalist attacked, is discovered to be a truer thing, even when falsest, than the dogmatism that comes at the end of a logical argument, for the one springs up from the authentic centres of human emotion and intuition and aspiration, while the other is a rope of sand that the next wave of the rising tide of

consciousness will wash away. We may, then, note as a further distinction between literature and non-literature the qualities of intuitive emotion rather than so-called reason. Blatchford's *Merrie England*, for all its self-satisfied logic and its million circulation, remains a pamphlet. Carpenter's *Towards Democracy* is on the shelf with live literature.

Blatchford sent many young men like myself in those days to science—but that was in the days of the late lamented ultimate atom. Science herself opened a door to something beyond herself, and beyond Blatchford and the so-called rationalists, when the universe began to glow with radioactivity; and my own search took me to the verge of the unseen world and into touch with gracious Presences. But on the way thither I came upon what I felt to be almost, if not wholly, literature. A young man in Dublin, who used to walk in procession once a year in the ancient costume of his Celtic ancestors, in order to preserve the right of way to his own soul as against the demands of a rapacious and vulgar civilisation, published a book called *Two New Worlds* (the infinitely little and the infinitely great) and another called *New Light on Immortality*. Afterwards, when I saw him build up from a handful of knotted strings a wonderful universe, weigh the soul, sketch its shape, calculate the height to which it would rise from the earth when relieved of the physical body, I knew that I was somewhere near the source of literature. I felt that Fournier d'Albe (that was his name) had a share in the creative imagination, and that this was another of the distinctive qualities of literature.

These qualities—personality, style, intuitive conviction and emotion, creative imagination—are so specially involved in poetry, that their association with science, physical, psychological or occult, which is supposed to call for plain prose for its exposition, may very well appear at first sight to suggest a crossing over between two separate functions of expression:

asking the hand to walk or the foot to write—freaks which may find a place in a circus tent but not in polite society. But this first-sight appearance of confusion of methods is wrong. It is based on a false separation of poetry and prose, which are commonly supposed to be the twin but different hemispheres of literature. Wordsworth a century and more ago put the matter right when he declared that the antithesis of poetry was not prose, but matter-of-fact, scientific statement. Such matter-of-fact statement we set on one side on the very useful reference shelf among what we may call "scientific literature" or "occult literature". On the other side we gather the small but growing number of books that accept the truths of Occultism as in the natural order of things, assimilate them, pass them through the colouring medium of personality, and become, whether in prose or verse, the "literature of Occultism".

Of such is a small book which has just come from the press, *Per Amica Silentia Lunæ*, by William Butler Yeats,[1] the provocative cause of the foregoing observations. With this book at hand there is no great boldness in prophesying that literature has taken hold on Occultism and that the daytime of the literature of Occultism is upon us. The dawn-streaks of that day are in *Seraphita* and *Zanoni*, but the veritable *literature* of Occultism is deeper than the objective interest of fiction; it is integral, subjective; and in this book it comes to us through a personality that is unique in quality and experience.[2] The present book is in prose with a prefatory poem. Its title gives its environment, not its subject—"Through the friendly silences of the moon". It is a series of meditations on the interaction of the personal self and an inner consciousness that Mr. Yeats calls the antithetical self. He finds this

[1] Macmillan, London. Price 4s. 6d.

[2] See *New Ways in English Literature* (Ganesh, Madras) for a study of Mr. Yeats a poet and occultist, by the author of this article.

anti-self in his own experience—with some confirmation from the life of other writers as contrasted with their work—and he perceives it on a larger scale as the soul of the world. Grouped around this dual theme are a lifetime's experiences of occult matters, and "certain thoughts so long habitual that I may be permitted to call them my convictions".

The book is not *about* Occultism. It takes Occultism for granted; that is, it pursues its theme in the light of a life that moves consciously between the outer and inner, a life to which vision is as important a matter as eyesight, and inner voices carry an authority no less weighty than daily speech. Natural psychic gifts, part of his Irish racial heritage, are allied to wide knowledge of occult history and to a long and strict training. "I have always sought," he writes, "to bring my mind close to the mind of Indian and Japanese poets, old women in Connaught, mediums in Soho, lay brothers whom I imagine dreaming in some mediæval monastery the dreams of their village, learned authors who refer all to antiquity." When Mr. Yeats tells us that a writer's work is "the man's flight from his entire horoscope, his blind struggle in the network of the stars," we know we are not reading what is merely a dazzling figure of speech which a poet has taken from the terminology of an occult science; it is that, but it is also a student's conviction as to the whole urge to artistic expression, the urge to transcendence, to escape—which is none other than the aim also of Occultism.

The gate of escape is strait, the way narrow. The occultist knows it as that instant when all the powers of the illusory self are brought to a point, a star in midnight; the literary artist knows it when the ritual of putting pen to paper has exorcised the gibbering and distracting ghosts of the daylight, and evoked the muse, or genius, or antithetical self—all three are names of one Power. Mr. Yeats says: "When I shut my door and light my candle, I invite a Marmorean Muse, an

art, where no thought or emotion has come to mind because another man has thought or felt different, for now there must be no reaction, action only, and the world must move my heart but to the heart's discovery of itself." They who are on the outside of that door may be forgiven a feeling of exclusion, and the taunt that Occultism or art under such monastic conditions can only be self-centred and lacking in the bravery of struggle; it is the man-in-the-street's ancient quarrel with the recluse. But the occultist or artist cannot retire alone; he must take all his universe with him to the secret debate between the personal self and the antithetical self. This debate, however, is only a preparation for the more complex and loud debate between the individual and the crowded world. Aspiration such as is implied in the artist's retirement must find its balance in action in the world.

"Bravery of struggle!" How many of those who would risk death unflinchingly when the blood is up, would have the hardihood, in cold blood and terrible quietness, to face the dark abyss of the deeper Self? The whole aim of modern amusement and intoxication is to avoid that shuddering experience. There is an instinctive dread of what may move in that unknown region, a dread akin to that of death. Indeed the process of withdrawal is the same, only in death "the golden bowl" is broken, "the silver cord is loosed". As Mr. Yeats says, "When Hamlet refused the bare bodkin because of what dreams may come, it was from no mere literary fancy". He probably shrank from the perpetuation of some secret terror, some benumbing inhibition in his own mind, having an intuitive perception of the fact that it is difficult, as Mr. Yeats has found, "to arouse those who died believing they could not awake till a trumpet shrilled". Mr. Yeats writes:

> Years ago I was present when a woman consulted Madame Blavatsky for a friend who saw her newly-dead husband nightly as a decaying corpse, and smelt the odour of the grave. When he was

dying, said Madame Blavatsky, he thought the grave the end, and now that he is dead, cannot throw off the imagination.

The occultist and the maker of literature enter the darkness with eyes wide open. Sometimes the heart fails; sometimes, "smitten even in the presence of the most high beauty by the knowledge of our solitude, our rhythm shudders"; but he accepts the pain as the price of ecstasy; he is not deceived, for he learns that the antithetical self, the Divine Vision, comes only to those "whose passion is reality".

> We must not make a false faith by hiding from our thoughts the causes of doubt, for faith is the highest achievement of the human intellect, the only gift man can make to God, and therefore it must be offered in sincerity. Neither must we create, by hiding ugliness, a false beauty as our offering to the world. He only can create the greatest imaginable beauty who has endured all imaginable pangs, for only when we have seen and foreseen what we dread, shall we be rewarded by that dazzling, unforeseen, wing-footed wanderer.

Faith and beauty: the end of Occultism and art. That is Yeats' development of Keats' truth and beauty that were the ultimates of knowledge to the hectic and uninformed but inspired youth of a century ago. The advance from *truth*, which in a relative world can never be more, even at its very highest, than an approximation, to *faith*, which, to the modern informed and equally inspired artist in prose and poetry, is the extremity of realisation, marks the difference between the artist merely and the artist who is also occultist. In his poetry Yeats has lamented the fall from the spiritual ecstasy of the ancient world to the intellectual sterility of the modern world out of which we are slowly emerging.

> The woods of Arcady are dead,
> And over is their antique joy.
> Of old the world on dreaming fed,
> Grey truth is now its painted toy.

But since Yeats is both occultist and artist, there is no pessimism in his lamentation. He sings of the march of all things to where, beyond the boundaries of emotion and thought,

may be
In Truth's consuming ecstasy
No room for love or hope at all,
For God goes by with white footfall.

This new volume from his pen gives to those who need them some of the experiences in the body and out of the body that have led the author to his convictions as he has searched for realisation. It will, because of the very qualities of its style and method, be a sealed book to many, even among the intelligent; but to those who are blessed with the possession of the two eyes of "tradition and perception" (that is, taste in literary expression and a supple and informed mind) it will stand high in the literature of Occultism.

James H. Cousins

CORRESPONDENCE

THEOSOPHY AND CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

IN the January number of THE THEOSOPHIST, Lieut.-Colonel Beale wonders that so little attention is paid in Theosophical literature to Christian Science. He appears undecided as to which is the better way. May I be permitted to speak of my own experience in the matter.

Some years ago, before coming to Theosophy, I was introduced to Christian Science. Long before, I had cast off the orthodox Church teachings. Not having the occult key to their hidden signification, they had no meaning for me. Christian Science seemed to me to be a vast improvement. I studied it seriously for some months and had a wonderful example of spiritual healing in my own person. I had also another example, much less pleasant, of hypnotism applied under the name of Christian Science. I may say at once that I never suspected the "healer" in question of any degree of fraud. She did not know that she was using hypnotism, but I knew.

That, however, had nothing to do with my finally deciding that Christian Science did not meet my needs. No one would be so foolish as to condemn any system or any science, because of the failure of one of its practitioners. My refusal to accept the teachings of Mrs. Eddy was simply based on the fact that I could find no scientific basis for them. I was as much in the dark as ever as to where I came from, where I was going to, why I was here at all, and my relation to the rest of the universe. These were the points on which I was seeking light, and I had the firm conviction that such light did exist, that such knowledge was to be gained. No ray of illumination came to me from Christian Science. Further, I knew from actual experience that there were other beings on this earth than those belonging to the human and animal creations. I had an inkling of some of the powers latent in man. On all these subjects I wanted light, and more light. Christian Science had nothing to tell me.

The question of the personalities of the teachers of Theosophy and the teacher of Christian Science, I prefer to put aside. I think the whole question is one far above any personality. The question is one of fact. If the facts of the universe are as stated in Theosophical teachings (and a great many of us *know* they are), it is no use trying to squirm out of them in order to find an easier way. No amount of arguing about the matter, no subtlety of thought or emotion, no impassioned or heart-broken appeal to any Deity can alter by one iota

a single fact of the universe. All we can do is to try and learn something about these facts. If Lieut.-Colonel Beale can learn something about them from Christian Science, *tant mieux pour lui.* I simply couldn't. Yet I have no reason to suppose my intelligence to be below the average.

Of course it may seem rather appalling to think of the long journey behind us, and "the promise of more to come," as Colonel Beale pathetically puts it. But if it be so (and logically I see no way out of it), we may still take heart of grace. The worst is behind us. The way is broadening before us. Now and then we may catch a faint glimpse of the glories in store, and a strain of heaven's melody steals into our wearied hearts.

I would by no means minimise the good work Christian Science is doing in the world. Any teaching which tends to substitute health for sickness, cheerfulness for despondency, spiritual inspiration for material dogmatism, is doing splendid work. And this, Christian Science does. Moreover it reaches many people who are not yet ready for Theosophy, or who are at any rate unable to grasp it.

Whatever is true in Christian Science is also contained in Theosophy, and, I venture to say, on a more reasonable and scientific basis. Let us not fear to "prove all things and hold fast that which is good".

E. B. YEOMANS

THEOSOPHY AND SELF-DETERMINATION

FROM time to time attempts are made to distinguish Theosophy from Politics, in which it is being made out that Theosophy is something like a *Sanctum Sanctorum* which cannot be touched nor applied to the actual workaday life. It is as if it were a system of philosophy which could be only pondered over, discussed, meditated upon and locked up in the repository of the brain, without its teachings being applied to human activities. If Theosophy is only a system of thought which has to be meditated upon and not lived, what purpose has it then to serve? Is it what it has been represented (and shall we say, misrepresented?) to be by writers with a narrow outlook to subserve their own ends? Theosophy, as far as I can understand, is the *Science of Life* in all its aspects. It permeates every branch of human activities. Its teachings and principles are the basis of the various phases of life. Politics is one of the branches of human activity, and therefore necessarily has as its foundation the Science of Life, namely, Theosophy.

Now because Politics is that phase of man's activities which is concerned with the administration of a country, and when taken to by the ruled is almost invariably not favourably looked upon by the rulers, therefore some people try to shun it, and therefore now, when Politics is in for discussion in the pages of THE THEOSOPHIST, the ire of the "pure" Theosophists has been aroused. But time was when

free use of the pages of THE THEOSOPHIST was made for the discussion and expounding of social questions and humanitarian problems, such as anti-vivisection and anti-vaccination. None of these worthies who are now out for excluding the unpalatable subject of politics from THE THEOSOPHIST, then thought it their sacred duty to raise their voice of disapproval to save Theosophy and the Theosophical Society from the veritable danger of their being dragged into any forbidden zone outside their own so-called legitimate sphere, the boundaries and the four corners of which they are now determining with their superior wisdom. The reason for this is not far to seek. It was and is that social problems, and those other than political ones, are not unpleasant to the powers that be. And those who would save their skin would have no objection to go in for such innocuous activities like social reform and other activities which will not drag them into the dangerous pitfalls of the so-called politics.

But those who object to the inclusion of politics or political matter in the pages of THE THEOSOPHIST, "presented politically and not philosophically or Theosophically, to the proportionate exclusion, presumably, of Theosophical matter," it seems, have not properly understood the underlying principles. They do not seem to have developed the insight that is necessary to grasp the real significance of the so-called political matter. That matter is not presented politically, as is alleged by those who are prejudiced against certain themes, but from the higher standpoint of Occultism, as was made clear long ago by the President herself. It is only he who runs may read. It was when the war broke out that she defined clearly the principles that were and are involved in this titanic struggle. The principles involved, according to this much abused (even by Theosophists) "great lady who is our President," are Right and Wrong, or Right and Might. The question that will be decided is whether Right is to prevail over Might or whether Might will have the upper hand?—whether Right will be *free to determine its own destiny* or will be at the mercy of Might. This is the supreme issue that is to be decided by the present world-conflict. In short, what is required to be established is whether Self-determination or subordination to might is to be the guiding principle in the world. Self-determination represents Right, while its opposite is might, represented in the present war by the powers which are out for self-aggrandisement. But Self-determination, according to our friend Mr. John Begg, who enjoys the advantage of commanding, from the Olympian heights of Simla, the panoramic view of us mortals living on plains below, is selfish (THE THEOSOPHIST, August, 1918). Self-aggrandisement is never admitted to be other than selfish. Can, therefore, self-determination and self-aggrandisement be synonymous and identical? Self-aggrandisement encroaches upon another's property and rights, while self-determination plans and in its own sphere determines its own destiny without encroaching upon another's province. Both therefore cannot be the same and identical. Every one has a right to choose his or her line and method of development which would suit him or her best, without becoming selfish, and he and he alone can do that

better than anyone else. No one knows better than he does his own defects and weakness, and he alone can well arrange his programme in accordance with his capacity. In spiritual matters the same law holds good. There is nothing wrong or selfish in the one who does not like to be in the leading-strings of an external agency, but prefers his own conscience. Is it, then, just and equitable to brand one who obeys the behests of his own conscience in determining the path of his evolution, without tolerating external interference, as selfish? The attitude of such an one is self-reliant and not selfish. Self-reliance is a great spiritual quality, and it is essential in spiritual matters. An occultist is self-reliant, so is a Theosophist who is a self-determinist as well, in whatever sphere of life he may work. An occultist works not for furthering his own ends but for others, just as much as a Theosophist does, and a self-determinist like President Wilson of America has not dragged his nation into the vortex of the war simply with the object of gaining something for himself or for his nation. He has taken up the cudgels against the Central Powers with the intention of "making the world safe for democracy"; the principle he has enunciated for every nation is that of "self-determination". Has anyone the temerity to accuse President Wilson, who has dragged his nation into warfare to put down the spirit of self-aggrandisement of the Central Powers, of encouraging the same spirit of selfishness in others? Far from it. He has come out with selfless and humane motives, and wants to inculcate the same in other nations, perchance in the Central Powers too. Self-determination, then, is a selfless ideal, and is not opposed to the Theosophical attitude, the pre-requisite of which is to be selfless.

SAKHARAM VITHAL RAO

THE GREAT PHYSICIAN

I HAVE read Mr. Pell's article "The Great Physician" in the May THEOSOPHIST with interest, but cannot feel that his simile of the monarch who sought aid from the distant physician is a good or correct one. That physician did not create the monarch in order that he might go through illness and suffering and cure, in order to become something like unto his creator; had he done so, we should call that physician a demon, not a great doctor. I do not think that a Kaiser or a "Bill Sykes" would deliberately choose to create the meanest sentient being in order that, after putting him through ages and lives of more or less torture, he should at length bring him to something like divinity. It is impossible to conceive or explain the Divine plan by human parallels or from our finite understanding, but it seems to me that by the aid of those finite lights we possess, we may be sure of this: the Author of all things may be Almighty or He may be All-loving, but He cannot by any human understanding *be both*.

No one *wishes* to do wrong; we do wrong just so tar as our moral short-sightedness and lack of imagination permit us, just so far as our individual selfishness and self-importance overshadow the

divine spark that slumbers in our soul and functions through our physical organs. The two most reasonable—and merciful—interpretations of this "Star of Suffering" seem to me to be: either God is Himself evolving along with and through His manifestation of Himself in his universe, or in the beginning, somehow and for some wise purpose, He set in motion certain inviolable laws, the working result of which he did not himself calculate upon; and so his children have gone astray, have made a curse of every one of their blessings, and by the same law must continue to work their way through sin by suffering until they awaken to their own errors and turn their feet to the paths of wisdom and righteousness. That an Almighty Being chose that his creation should work out in the manner it has, and is now doing—as Mr. Pell's article seems to imply—is to me absolutely unthinkable. If it is so, I can only feel, in the words of the late Professor W. K. Clifford, that "the noblest thing that man can do is to curse God and die".

JENNIE C. BRACE

THE DRUSES AND REINCARNATION

H. P. B. IN *Isis Unveiled* speaks of the mysteries of the Druses of Lebanon. Mr. Ralph Shirley, who as Editor of *The Occult Review* has been doing very good service in popularising the doctrine of Reincarnation by adducing clear and forcible arguments in support of it, quotes the following from the late Laurence Oliphant's book entitled *The Land of Gilead*[1]:

> The oneness and pervasiveness of the Deity is the prominent feature of the Druses' religion, believing that God is everything, and nothing exists which is not He. Their idea of the highest degree of perfection in religion is a mystical absorption of the thinking and feeling powers of man in the Unity of God. Hence they call their religion Unitarianism, and their followers *Muwahadeen* or Unitarians. The idea that the human race originated from a primal pair, the Druses ridicule as an absurdity. The arguments upon which they base their belief in the transmigration of souls are so curious that they are worth quoting. Many, they say, are born doomed to a life of suffering and misery, while others enjoy an opposite condition of health, affluence and happiness. Now this cannot be consistent with the goodness and justice of God, unless on the supposition that their moral actions during the migration in a previous body had been such as to necessitate the present dealings of God with them. In arguing this point with Christians, they produce two passages from the New Testament which, in their opinion, conclusively prove it. The first is where the Saviour said that John the Baptist was Elijah. The second is the enquiry of the disciples with regard to the man who had been born blind, whether he had sinned or his parents; for if *he* sinned so as to have been born blind, he must have done so in a previous body. It is affirmed that instances are not wanting in which a person among them is conscious of the connections and circumstances which had been his lot in a former body; and that these statements in certain cases have been thoroughly tested and found to be true.

Laurence Oliphant observes that Dr. Wortabet[2] relates the following incident as one among many others of the kind which are current among the Druses.

[1] *The Occult Review* for July, p. 12.

[2] Wortabet's *Researches into the Religions of Syria*.

A child of five years old in Djebell al A'ala complained of the life of poverty led, and alleged that he had been a rich man in Damascus; that on his death he was born in another place, but lived only six months; that he was born again among his present friends and desired to be carried to that city. He was taken there by his relatives, and on the way astonished them by his correct knowledge of the names of the different places which they passed. On reaching the city he led the way through various streets to a house which he said had been his own. He knocked and called the woman of the house by her name; and on being admitted told her that he had been her husband, and asked after the welfare of the several children, relatives and acquaintances whom he had left. The Druses of the place soon met to enquire into the truth of the matter. The child gave them a full account of his life among them, of the names of his acquaintances, the property which he had possessed, and the debts which he had left. All was found to be strictly true, except a small sum, which he said a certain weaver owed him. The man was called and, on it being mentioned to him, he acknowledged it, pleading his poverty for not having paid it to the children of the deceased. The child then asked the woman who had been his wife whether she had found a sum of money which he had hid in the cellar; and on her replying in the negative, he went directly to the place, dug up the treasure, and counted it before them. The money was found to be exactly of the amount and kind of specie which he had specified. His wife and children, who were considerably older than himself, then gave him some money and he returned with his new friends to his mountain home.

It appears that the Druses believe that souls only migrate into human bodies, while a neighbouring tribe, the Ansariyeh, hold with the Manicheans that the souls of the wicked pass into animal forms. It is worthy of note that the Druses also hold the belief in a periodical recurrence of divine or ministerial manifestations. Among these they include Adam, Enoch, Noah, Abraham, Moses, Jesus, Muhammad and others.

The ideas of the Druses regarding reincarnation are quite Theosophical, and the arguments they are said to use are those which Theosophists put forward to show the probability of reincarnation.

Again, their doctrine of the Oneness and Pervasiveness of the Deity, who is said to be everything and without whom nothing exists, is most ennobling, and must lead to a correct idea of Religion. The doctrine of Dualism, positing a wicked and evil Cosmic Power, opposing a good God and thwarting all the efforts of the latter, cast the Avesta people into a religious muddle from which their followers have not yet emerged.

N. D. K.

KING DEMOS AND THE MASTERS OF WISDOM

IF mankind in general could realise even partially how great are the benefits of learning something definite and direct regarding the governance of the world by Intelligences infinitely superior to their own, every man would hasten to enquire into the teachings of Theosophy.

The "Masters," who are they? King Demos will probably ask, for they are unknown to him—even their existence is unsuspected for the most part. They are no subjects of his, and briefly it may be stated that they are the advance guard of humanity—men who have gained the heights to which he himself is slowly and painfully climbing.

To students of Theosophy the subject of the Masters is one of extraordinary attraction—an attraction less attributable perhaps to their marvellous powers and activities than to the fact that they have

lived and worked upon this earth in the mortal body, like ourselves. For like us the Master has waged the great war of Spirit against Flesh.

Through many an incarnation he has "fought the good fight," until the old, old struggle born with the soul of man has ended for him in victory. All that we have suffered, all our trials, physical, mental, spiritual, unique as they may appear to us, have been borne by him. In short, the vicissitudes of human life that are shaping and moulding us have shaped and moulded the Masters of Wisdom. Their vast knowledge has been acquired in a school that is open to all of us.

What a gospel of Joy and Hope for King Demos! They are literally the Elder Brothers of the race, grown up beyond human stature; and to them are entrusted the care, guidance and instruction of the younger brethren. But make no mistake on this point—they do not rule or dominate us *against our will.* They are ever ready to guide, teach, suggest and inspire. And above all, they are the vehicles of the Divine Compassion and they carry on their Service of Love and Compassion from age to age unceasingly.

Compared with these "just men made perfect" in their selfless and most royal strength, poor King Demos cuts a most miserable figure. Selfishness and self-seeking is stamped upon him. It is an ugly brand but fortunately not indelible. He can, if he will, rid himself of it. When at length he really begins to sense the self-sacrificing labours of the Masters, then the aspiration will awake to become like them, to rise to their levels. And then the day of his real kingship will dawn. He will know that

> The root of honour is humility,
> The standpoint of high estate is lowliness.

Undoubtedly he will some day be able to trace the beneficent and all-wise work of these Invisible Helpers in the conduct of the world's affairs, affairs of which King Demos is getting into the habit of regarding himself as sole arbiter and ruler. Even now to a few eyes the evidence of the Masters' wise guidance is very clear at times.

Let King Demos ask himself: Who was it at the outbreak of this terrible war that sent the mighty wave of self-sacrifice sweeping through the hearts of our Allies and our own? From whence came that profound conviction of the purity and righteousness of our cause? Who gives us that certainty that the Right will prevail, which has upheld us through these years of unparalleled strain and strife, and will uphold us to the end? The Masters have kept us true to our allegiance to humanity.

Before the great conflict began, it was not our side that had forgotten or ignored that searching question of a great Master: "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Did not war, and the Masters, find us with our lamps of the Spirit moderately well trimmed, though small, whereas our military weapons of defence were utterly neglected and rusty?

No; King Demos must never doubt the supreme Wisdom of the Masters' guidance. Did it not seem to us most unaccountable that the

U. S. A. should stand apart for so long from participation in the deadly struggle of Right against might? Yet now we begin to see the Wisdom which held that great force in reserve for use at the crucial moment that will make Right victorious.

If America had entered the war earlier, it is very probable that her help would have been much less effectual in enabling the Allies to give the *coup de grace* to the malignant powers that have assailed us. It seems that every Nation is to be asked for its utmost in the way of self-sacrifice; but would Great Britain ever have put forth her utmost effort if America had joined up sooner?

King Demos will probably ask: Why do not the Masters, who are full of Wisdom and Compassion, put an end to the war? The all-sufficient answer is that the Masters do not interfere with Karma. God's great Law of Cause and Effect cannot be broken, even by these mighty Intelligences. Man is responsible for this war; it is the natural result of man's folly and wrong-doing in the past. He must reap as he has sown, and gather in his harvest, unwelcome though it be. From this bitter harvest we shall yet "eat the bread of Wisdom, kneading our flour with the clear waters of Amrita". The cruel experiences and profound truths we are gathering on these fields of bloodiest battle, these are our flour; and the immortal Tao, the life-stream, is the water with which we are kneading it. And now, since this war is part of the karma of our generation, let us endure it with dignity.

It would be of immense benefit to Democracy to learn the truth about the Masters of Wisdom; therefore it is the duty of the Theosophist to pass on what knowledge he may have (be it little or great) of these mighty, Divine Helpers of humanity. Even a little elementary knowledge of the Divine Hierarchy is bound to expand and elevate a man's mind. It will bring him a glimpse at least of "the Vision Splendid" of his ultimate destiny. It will open, if but to dazzle for a moment, the eyes of his Spirit. Meanwhile he will not be aware that he is being used by the Masters to accomplish some particular portion of the Divine Plan which they are working out for the Great Architect of the Universe. For the Masters, in their power, love and humility, are so high above the conception of the mass of humanity at its present stage! Aye truly, King Demos, with his ignorant arrogance and his thirst for worldly dominion, power and wealth, is still far removed from the plane of the Spirit.

In controlled, divine serenity the utterly selfless service which the Masters render, offers the greatest contrast possible to the uncontrolled, selfish passion of King Demos, grasping continually after what he calls his rights. Learn from the Chinese Sage:

> To govern a kingdom use righteousness,
> To conduct a war use strategy,
> To be a true World-Ruler, be occupied with the Inner Life.

E. H. BELL

QUARTERLY LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

Problems of the Self, an Essay based on the Shaw Lectures given in the University of Edinburgh, March, 1914, by John Laird, M.A. (Macmillan & Co., Ltd., London. Price 12s.)

Few books within the present century have dealt so exhaustively and concisely with the main concepts of Western philosophy and psychology in their relation to human personality as this treatise of Mr. Laird's, modestly designated an essay. Not only is it a critical survey of the entire field of argument from the logical standpoint; it is also a complete structure of inductive reasoning based on the indisputable foundations of normal experience and reinforced by caution and common sense. Needless to say it is not a book that can be read hurriedly; it is too closely packed with matter requiring sustained application and a mind accustomed to work on psychological lines; but it is by no means difficult in the sense of being technical or involved; on the contrary the language is of the simplest and the style direct and lucid. It therefore offers the serious student a solid inducement to follow up one of the paths by which modern thought is approaching the Theosophical position.

It is quite a relief to read at the outset that the author personally has no doubts as to the existence of the soul in the sense of a unity of experiences which cannot be wholly accounted for by physiological processes. At the same time he is metaphysician enough to refuse to limit the conception of the self to any of its manifestations; his method of illustration is rather the Eastern one of successive examination and rejection—"not this, not this". The body is naturally the first to be disposed of, a task which the author performs without raising needless difficulties. The next functions of the self to be sifted out are the feelings, the will, and the reason. Each of these components of the psychological trinity—feeling, conation or effort, and cognition—is in turn shown to be dependent on the others and equally essential, a conclusion arrived at after full consideration of the preferences of various philosophers who have awarded the supremacy to one or another of them. Then Mr. Laird methodically establishes the fact

of an indefinable unity and continuity underlying these three inseparable modes of consciousness, not ignoring the difficulties presented by abnormal conditions, as in cases of multiple personality. His analysis of what constitutes identity is particularly stimulating to the student of reincarnation, especially in its resemblance to some of the paradoxes of Buddhist dialectic; while his treatment of the subject of "the self as substance" does much to co-ordinate the various uses to which this word "substance" has been put by speculative philosophers.

All this careful preparation of the ground, occupying as it does the greater part of a book of 370 pages, is far too extensive and intricate for any detailed account or criticism; but it all leads up to the last chapter—"The Soul"—in which the author summarises his own position. This chapter forms a fitting climax to the interest of the book; so we shall attempt to give some idea of the outlook. As this can be conveyed best in the author's own words, the following paragraph may be taken as representing his curious but incisive way of putting a view which is often mistaken for materialism by superficial thinkers, but which is in reality the acceptance of all matter as the vehicle of consciousness.

> And what of the soul? Is it not surprising that while most of us scoff at the supposed necessity for an equine substance to account for the existence of Bucephalus, we are at one in demanding a rational or thinking ego to account for the psychical existence of a man? The principal reason is that we are so deeply impressed with the characteristic unity, and the importance, of human existence that we are afraid that a human personality would be dissolved unless there were such a substance to support it. And we are afraid to admit the possibility of such a calamity. I believe that there is a soul, and that this soul is a substance. What I deny is that the substantiality of this soul need be interpreted in a fundamentally different way from other instances of substance.

Further on we come to the practical outcome of this theoretical standpoint:

> But experiences are real, and they are as they appear to careful introspection. They are a distinctive kind of beings. They are substances having stuff in them. They exist: and, as we have shown, they cannot be regarded as mere qualities of anything else, be that other thing matter or what you will. But, say you, if they are substantial, they are not self-existent substances; and it is true that they are not. They must exist as parts of a unity, and the existence of all of them in a unity through time (though perhaps with intervals) *is* the soul, the psychical substance. There is no content of the soul other than experiences, and the permanent elements in experiences, such as they are, are too little to be a self. But the soul is neither an aggregate of experiences, in themselves loose and disconnected, nor is it a unity of qualities. It is a unity of experiences; and there must be a soul, because it is part of the being of any experience to form part of such a unity.

As regards the problems of immortality and the relation of the human soul to a world-soul, Mr. Laird evidently prefers not to encroach on the province of religion and revelation. He is here concerned only with the inferences that may be logically drawn from the undeniable facts of experience, and he considers that though these do not prove the statements of revelation, they are in no way

incompatible with a reasonable faith in such statements. For instance, the survival of personal consciousness after death is regarded as quite consistent with the characteristics of consciousness as observed in the body; but, says Mr. Laird, it does not follow from this that a personality is therefore indestructible; it may be that it is absorbed into a world-soul. He does venture so far as to declare that no immortality can be rightly so called if it is not personal. It is evident, however, that he uses the word "personal," as do most people in the West, as being practically synonymous with "individual," for it is only when the idea of reincarnation is introduced that the necessity for the distinction arises. His point is that immortality implies a retention of memory, and in this most Theosophists will agree with him, adding maybe that such a retention of memory is not inconsistent with a belief in the fundamental identity of the human soul and the world-soul and the eventual consciousness of this identity.

Here, then, are but a few first impressions of what is undoubtedly an important addition to the literature of psychology; many may find it dull, but none can deny its genuine merit.

W. D. S. B.

The Renaissance in India, by James H. Cousins. (Ganesh & Co., Madras. Price Rs. 2.)

Deep sympathy with the ideals of India, Ancient and Modern, an eager desire for her intellectual and artistic growth and an ardent affection for her people possess Mr. Cousins. These things have become so much a part of himself that he must write about them. And these things should be sufficient to secure a place for *The Renaissance in India* upon the reading-desk of all those who share his sentiments. While living in India he has tried to identify himself with Indian life and thought, to lose himself by a kind of mental and emotional osmosis, the effect of which is rather curious. The Irish Poet-Philosopher has become a strange composite—Indian vakil, minor prophet and thoroughly partisan critic.

As a special pleader he wins our sympathy, as minor prophet a somewhat grudging faith, and as critic our almost unqualified disagreement. He pleads guilty in the preface to "an intelligent, not a blind, Eastern prejudice". No reader will deny the Eastern prejudice. In the character and work of the vakil and the minor prophet prejudice may play a useful, even a necessary, part; but it blinds the critic and mars where it does not ruin his judgment. His criticism is then worthless. The reviewer, while not ignoring the parts played by the

advocate and the prophet, is chiefly concerned with the critic in this triple role.

The first essay gives the book its title, of which it may be said in passing that it was not chosen happily. It is too ambitious for such a miscellany of popular articles on historical, religious and artistic India. And in addition one puts the book down after careful reading without any clear perception of what Mr. Cousins means by the Renaissance in India. The argument is something like this: Mr. Cousins has "discovered" India, the real India. (He has also discovered a West and especially an England which will be *new* to many of his readers.) And while a materialistic England, whose love of truth is merely "utilitarianism in full cry," has been slumbering during nineteen centuries, India has never slept, she has not even stood still. "India has sat up all night, and is entering upon the exhilarating task of awakening the West." Mr. Cousins has also found out that English materialism is the product of England's culture—"a culture that renounces the spiritual uplift of the abstract and the speculative (such as permeates and vivifies Indian culture), and sets its standard no higher than the low region called the practical". Shades of Hume and Berkeley give ear! Then the argument flows on to India's chequered history and, after briefly describing three unifying political movements in the fourth century B.C. and the third and seventeenth centuries A.D. respectively, comes to an abrupt end. One is left to search through the intricacies of Mr. Cousins' mentality for the Renaissance. It seems a topsy-turvy view, but we can only conclude that India is reawakening, even though she has never slept, because Western thought is becoming orientalised or "orientated" as, in the concluding article of the series, the author prefers to express it.

Space is not available for all that can be said in challenging Mr. Cousins' pronouncements on European art. On the other hand one can go most of the way with him in his appreciation of the Bengal Painters, of Sir Rabindranath Tagore and Sarojini Naidu. To urge Indian artists and poets to be true to Indian ideals and tradition is sound advice and sane judgment. But to speak of European critics as *seeking* to exert a deep and dangerous influence on the new Indian school, to accuse Mr. Ruskin of "murderous criticism" of Indian Art, and to proclaim that "under the imposition of European ideals over practically the entire globe, we are eating the Dead Sea fruit of intellectual stagnation," is blind prejudice and sheer nonsense to boot. The article upon "Mr. Ruskin and Indian Art" is particularly unfair. One example will sufficiently prove this. A quotation is

given from *The Two Paths*, where, in speaking of the genius for subtle design inherent in the Indian race, Mr. Ruskin says: "The love of subtle design seems universal in the race, and is developed in every implement that they shape and every building that they raise; it attaches itself with the same intensity and the same success to the service of superstition, of pleasure, of cruelty; and enriches alike with one profusion of enchanted iridescence, the dome of the pagoda, the fringe of the girdle and the edge of the sword." Mr. Cousins ends his quotation at the word cruelty, where he places a full stop; and so degrades fine rhetoric into "murderous criticism".

An article called "Religion and the Renaissance" is a defence of "The Ṭantra". It is related to the Indian Renaissance in the author's mind by his hope that it may become "one of the religious influences in modern life," bridging the gulf between East and West.

Mr. Cousins' style suffers from his partiality for very long sentences, containing from 100 to 142 words or more. These weary the reader who is accustomed to the more concentrated force of good modern prose. And his occasional lapses into yellow journalese, as when he writes of the Madonnas of Western Art as "proclaiming maternity swank," are as irritating as they are regrettable.

In the chapters on Literature and Poetry we find the author at his best. They are so much better than the rest that one almost wishes that he had left the other arts, religion, and philosophy alone. His prejudice in favour of Sir Rabindranath Tagore and Sarojini Naidu is *really* "intelligent," not "blind". Here in these chapters the prophet's robe and the mask of the vakil are laid aside, and even the philosopher "double" is silent. Only the boon companion is left, and with him we may happily set sail upon sunlit seas of poetic discourse which stretch between us and the Land o' Dreams, where Philosophy, Religion, Art, Literature and Science are perfected and poised in Universal Life.

A. E. A.

The Book of Real Fairies, by Alma Kunz Gulick. (Theosophical Publishing House, Adyar, Madras. Price Re. 1.)

This very delightful little book is the third in the series of "Lotus Leaves for the Young". The attraction of these stories is probably that they deal with the most ordinary things of daily life—the life which is so familiar—which most children of imagination weave for themselves into fairy fabric. Have we not all of us in our childhood longed to see the fairies in the fire, in the rain, in the flowers, in all

the little familiar things of our daily life? Of course we loved—and perhaps still love, if we dare confess it—the stories of beautiful princesses and wonderful princes, and ogres and dragons and so on, but in our hearts we also longed for the fairies as playmates. And here Mrs. Gulick gives them to us, and the children who read about them will unconsciously learn something of the methods of evolution in the stories of the raindrop who expects to become a flower, of the flower-fairy who will become a butterfly, and the cloud-fairy who explains how the water-fairies and sylphs will become devas. They are pretty, dainty little stories and should be welcomed by the children for whom they are written.

M. B-S.

Priest of the Ideal, by Stephen Graham. (Macmillan & Co., London. Price 7s. 6d.)

A saint and his mission in the world has been very beautifully described by Sister Nivedita. She says:

> He takes the whole of life, all the grey and sombre stuff of which it is chiefly made, and the blackest and brightest with this, and throws on the whole a new light, till even in the eyes of those who suffer it life is made beautiful.

One is reminded of this passage by the book before us. To be ears and eyes to the deaf and blind who are not able to perceive the spiritual significance of life, was also the mission of the Priest of the Ideal, the only difference between him and the saint as described above being that whereas the latter may very well be imagined as illuminating life for others quite unconsciously, Hampden is conscious of his power, and his method is for the most part speech. The book is mainly a gradual revelation of his point of view, which the author sums up in the following passage:

> He knew the world was *vain* and that even the War bore not the fruits which men expect, but he did not think of fleeing from it to be "at rest". His work was in the world. He brought a new message and a revelation of redeeming power. He was destined to be a priest rather than a hermit; a prophet, a preacher, and even a healer of the sick and miracle-worker among blind and deaf, rather than an ascetic or recluse. He was conscious of a divine power in him to *touch* his fellow man. He could touch the sordid and the everyday thing, and then straightway men would see it as the living and glowing garment of God. In a world where our noblest men show forth the beauty, the mildness, the mercy, or the sternness of God, Hampden showed power. God's power to change spoke in his heart and was to express itself through him.
>
> Such was his talent, his glory. His secret was that he had put his life unreservedly upon the altar.

Our author takes us travelling all over England, visiting its holy places—Stonehenge, Glastonbury, Iona, Lindesfarne, Durham, York—

and by an ingenious device provides us with a travelling companion who is a most excellent foil to the mystic Hampden, our guide.

Washington King, American and millionaire, is on his way to England to buy there "historical monuments, buildings, manuscripts, furniture and what not," transport them to the United States, and thereby give to life in his country what it so sadly lacks, a "spirital background". Arrived in England, he is introduced to Richard Hampden, dreamer, philosopher and preacher, the subject of whose sermons is "the lost inheritance of England". Hampden, to the reader's surprise, takes King's mission quite seriously, and on being asked whether he will be the American's guide through the country, agrees. The two set out together, Hampden explaining and interpreting, King inquiring and commenting.

In the course of our journeyings we are introduced to a great variety of persons—usually typical of some definite point of view—who are drawn for us with great vividness, and the story becomes a series of character sketches and scenes from English life, welded into a whole by the personality of Hampden and the quest of the American. All sorts of questions are discussed—political, religious, social, philosophical—Hampden's ideal being the touchstone throughout.

Hampden will appeal specially to readers of a certain temperament, for he too represents a very definite type. He is the kind of person who does not find life satisfactory unless he is conscious at every step of his journey of a mystery beyond, conscious that every sound has "myriads of whispers and echoes in it that only angels' ears can catch". Beauty to him is always hushed and solemn. The author becomes almost Biblical in his language when he describes his hero in his serious moods—Hampden occasionally comes down from the heights. The result is that to some readers he will seem a little heavy and strained, even sentimental at times. But even to those whose temperament is different from his own, the character of Hampden will make a certain appeal in its earnestness and breadth of view; and his comments on life, which are often striking, will open up to many new vistas of thought.

A. DE L.

Mails from the Continent of Death, by F. A. Fuller. (Published for the author by the Theosophical Publishing House, Adyar, Madras, India. Price As. 12.)

The title of this little book will already be familiar to readers of THE THEOSOPHIST as that of an article by Miss Fuller in the May number. In order to reach a wider circle of readers the author has had this article published in book form with some useful additions. "The continent of death" is, of course, the astral plane, and the "mails" consist of communications from a clergyman, the late Rev. Douglas Price, who edited a small magazine of broad views, *The Modernist*, before he passed over at a comparatively early age. In the foreword Miss Fuller explains the method by which these communications were received, a method which certainly seems preferable to that of automatic writing and still more so to that of mediumship. Altogether the circumstances were such as to provide another noteworthy piece of evidence as to the survival of the human personality and its relation to those still in the physical body. The communications themselves consist chiefly of accounts of the work done on the other side in helping soldiers killed in the war to settle down to the new conditions of astral life. The book should be of special interest to Theosophists as a confirmation coming from one who had not studied Theosophy during his earth life, and who still did not believe in reincarnation. We wish it success in its beneficent mission.

W. D. S. B.

Our Mess, by Dugald Macfadyen. (W. Westall & Co., Ltd., London. Price 2s.)

One of the most beneficent "institutions" of the Great War of the twentieth century is the organisation of the Y.M.C.A. "Huts," and no band of workers has more faithfully served the cause of humanity than the devoted staff which mans them. *Our Mess* shows that the staff is not only working hard but is thinking hard as well. It contains the notes of some of the discussions which take place at Mess among members of the staff. The author selects from among the disputants several marked types, as illustrating various and in many cases quite diverse views, and to each of these he gives some characteristic title. There is the "Professor" who knows "all the facts about everything that ever happened"; there is the "Highland Laird," reeking of the heather, who is convinced that if we had stood no nonsense from the Prussian over Schleswig Holstein in 1864 we should have had no trouble with him over Belguim in 1914. According to "the Celt" all the good in Great Britain's literature, politics,

and religion are due to "the Celtic strain in the Nation's life, and all the dullness, stupidity and materialism from the Teuton"; while the "Edinburgh Ecclesiastic" is sure that religion is the means to a glorious end—Presbyterianism. There is "Dr. Twinkles," raconteur and wit; "the Logician, a Gold Medallist in his subject"; an Anglican priest, "the Padre," whose sole study for years had been his prayer book, and whose intellectual output just two sermons a year. It is difficult to account for the presence of "the Lady," whose insignificant part consists in raising her eyebrows upon occasions, whereat the discussion is diverted into another channel. The other titles—"Plain Man," "Socialist," "Genial One" and "Cosmopolite"—need no elaboration.

Mr. Macfadyen brings out, on the whole successfully, though not always very vividly, the colouring that is given to a man's views by his religious beliefs. Ten subjects are selected for discussion. These are some of them: How will the War end? Innocent Suffering; Religion and Red Tape; America and Germany; Are Sermons a Bore? Is Puritanism Wicked? After Death—What? One chapter on "Tommy's Faith" leaves us at the end of the discussion in exactly the same state as "the Padre" at the beginning of it, when his remark —"I can't make out the religion of our army"—first sets the ball rolling. The most heated discussion appears to have been round the old, old temperamental opposition of æstheticism and austerity. It appears under the title "Is Puritanism Wicked". It is, however, rather curious to find that the puritan elements at the Mess are more Catholic in their sympathies than the very rigid Anglican "padre". The "Minister," who occasionally enters into a discussion, takes a broad view in regard to the much debated question of Inter-Communion. He says:

> The Lord's Table is His, not ours, and we have no right to keep from it those whom He invites. The Anglican Church has made it the priests' Table, and the Puritan Churches have made it the Church's Table. In our endeavour to make it in turn the priests' Table, the theologians' Table, the legalists' Table or the Church's Table, have we not forgotten that this is an offer of the grace of God in Christ to all who will receive it?

To give further details would "take the edge off" the enjoyment of the hour of pleasant reading which Mr. Macfadyen has given in this happy little volume to those who wish to know what is going on in the minds of men "at the front". And though he poses neither as prophet nor preacher, but only as recorder, he leaves with us a strong conviction that conferences, other than the great Peace Conference, *must* inevitably take place after the War.

A. E. A.

A Psychic Vigil in Three Watches. [No author given.] (Methuen & Co., London. Price 5s.)

As with so many books of this type, the War is given as an excuse for its publication, because, as the Foreword tells us, "at a time when Death is busy violently sundering human ties and companionships, the interest of living men and women in the unseen and unknown hereafter becomes painful in its intensity". The author is anonymous; the Foreword has merely the signature "Y"; but a private edition, printed in 1896, has a preface contributed by the Rev. H. R. Haweis, a thoughtful writer of repute on musical and other subjects. The fact that he has given this token of approval to the book gives it a certain importance and makes one inclined to read it with more attention than the first few pages would seem to warrant; for Mr. Haweis clearly thinks the book of value:

> I think it would have been a loss to the reading world had so acute and candid a survey of what is vulgarly and inaccurately called Supernaturalism not seen the light of day. The present is a transitional moment of thought and opinion on all occult matters, and this opportune discourse is, in fact, a phase of constructive opinion caught on the wing.

With this high opinion in mind, one searches in vain through the pages for any definite and coherent philosophy; also, the form in which the book is cast is unattractive and uninteresting. Thus it begins: "Three men, who may as well be called Tom, Dick and Harry as anything else, were sitting one summer evening after dinner in a little room looking out upon the placid waters of a land-locked bay." Tom has evidently been telling of some spiritualistic experience, which calls forth a question from Harry: "What's the use of it all? How do you fit it into any religion, philosophy or rule of life?" The rest of the book is taken up with a monologue from Tom, in answer to this, with an occasional question interpolated by Dick or Harry to give him a fresh start, as it were. He begins by admitting his own ignorance of the subjects with which he deals:

> I will try and explain the thoughts that are sometimes shaping themselves in my brain, so that you may understand the nature of the little philosophy there is in me, and the basis of fact upon which it rests. I will endeavour to present to you the theories I have founded on certain psychological phenomena. What I have seen I have seen, and I have sometimes thought about it, and have come to some conclusions. Probably there is no merit of originality about them, original as they are to me, for I have never read a book on philosophy; metaphysics do not attract me, and into the works of theologians I have never delved. I have no desire to dive into metaphysical depths or to soar to giddy heights of imagination.

He then proceeds to talk solidly for over 200 pages, prosing about Spiritualism, materialism, mesmerism, black magic, Christian Science, evolution, art, religion, eugenics, and every other subject that may drift through a mind unused to concentrated thought. Is it any

wonder that Harry complains: "You have left us nowhere," and again: "You must forgive my saying that you seem rather confused yourself."

The author evidently thinks that by dividing the book into "three watches" a narrative interest is added; after much discursive rambling they adjourn to a hill-top; finally they stroll to and fro. But these little distractions add nothing to the interest; the book is merely dull and dreary. Through the mass of words one seeks weariedly for any definite conclusion, for any coherent philosophy of life, for any scheme which will reconcile the many conflicting theories and "isms," for, in fact, the *motif* of the book. But here and there one may pick out a phrase which is of interest. Speaking of spirits of dead friends appearing at a seance, the author says: "Why should the discarnate intelligence be assumed to lose all sense of humour?" in allusion to the retention of the old characteristics after casting off the physical body. Arguing in favour of the probability of immortality, he makes a cogent remark: "One of the strongest proofs of immortality is afforded by the fact that men think they are immortal." A touch of insight is shown in his recognition of the attitude of the one-time materialistic scientist: "It is hard for science to break through the tough fibre of intellectual pride, but she will do so—in time." However, one finds nothing in which he gives clearly what he himself calls "the outline of my philosophy," unless indeed these words, which conclude his discourses: "Man, a composite creature, animal, human and divine, dwells here for a little while in a most beautiful world. Let him enjoy. Let him cultivate himself, not one portion only, but his whole self; and, if he possibly can, live to be what he is intended to be, an ascending, spiritual, human animal, a natural, healthy man." After so many intellectual aspirations and spiritual yearnings this sounds like reverting to rank and rather gross materialism.

Too much space has perhaps been given to the discussion of this very futile book. An authoritative statement from one who *knows* is eagerly welcomed, but such ill-digested information, such smatterings of scientific lore and such illogical deductions are worse than useless. The author has done well to hide behind the veil of anonymity.

M. B-S.

The Feast of Youth, by Harindranath Chattopadhyay. (Theosophical Publishing House, Adyar, Madras. Price Rs. 3.)

It is difficult to know by what adjectives to characterise the collection of poems before us. Charming, delightful, interesting, promising—none of these express the feeling it gives one. Let the reader ruminate upon the title, *The Feast of Youth*—which strictly speaking belongs only to the first poem, but might very well be applied to the whole—and upon all that it suggests of richness and love of life; of joy in beautiful things with perhaps a touch here and there of a wistful questioning; of energy, with here and there a slight tendency to exaggeration and over-exuberance; and he will get some idea of what is in store for him between the blue and gold covers of this book.

A very real love of Nature characterises these poems. There is no evidence of detailed observation of Nature—one is bound to confess that some of the combinations of words present pictures which might appear to the coldly critical eye somewhat out of drawing. But the sweeping lines and vivid splashes of colour by means of which the poet conveys to us the vision that he sees, justify themselves triumphantly to the mind, even when they are a little impossible as vehicles of life. It must not be supposed, however, that Mr. Chattopadhyay's work has no delicacy. One might cite many examples. For instance of Spring, who "hath come and gone with all her coloured hours," he tells us:

> She gathered all her touch-born blossoms from bright bowers,
> And in her basket rained quick-dazzling showers,
> And fled with all the laughter of earth's flowers.

Harindranath Chattopadhyay needs no introduction to the readers of THE THEOSOPHIST, as several of his poems have appeared in its pages from time to time. Nor does he need an introduction as a brother of Sarojini Naidu, being quite able to stand on his own merits. Still it is interesting to know that another of the children of him of whom his daughter spoke as a "splendid dreamer in a dreamless age," is helping to give expression to the life-forces of the New India, as harbinger of the "flame-burst of her spring".

A. DE L.

THEOSOPHY IN THE MAGAZINES

CREEDS MORE OR LESS CREDIBLE

THE veteran Vice-President of the Theosophical Society has by this time become quite a regular contributor to *The Nineteenth Century*, taking full advantage of the possibilities for propaganda latent in a series of articles in so important an organ of publicity. In the July number the above title at once catches the eye, and we find Mr. Sinnett invading the precincts of orthodoxy on a somewhat unusual line. This time he is drawing attention to the incongruity presented by a number of otherwise liberal-minded Churchmen held in formal subservience to three documents, called Creeds, which, though admitted to have undergone ecclesiastical manipulation, have since then acquired the authority of literal infallibility. But his criticism is not merely destructive, as that of the "Rationalists" at the end of the last century; caustic as some of his comments inevitably are, Theosophy enables him to build as well as pull down, by laying bare the foundations of eternal truth that have enabled the later superstructures to stand so long, and by pointing out the design of the original building.

The first dogmas that Mr. Sinnett deals with are those of the Resurrection and Ascension, and it must be distinctly startling for people who have not read Mr. Leadbeater's book *The Christian Creed* to hear for the first time the extent to which the Nicene Creed borrows from the ritual of the ancient Egyptian Mysteries. For the writer shows how the candidate of old, who left his body bound to the cross while he passed through the ordeals of the lower worlds before his ascension to the higher levels of consciousness, and who returned to his body with the first rays of the rising sun, well knew the law of reincarnation and the facts of the life after death, that have so long remained but thinly veiled in the orthodox Creed. We hoped to read also how these symbols stand equally for the greater process of rebirth that Theosophists speak of as the entrance to the Path, and for the still greater cosmic process of involution and evolution; but perhaps Mr. Sinnett was wise in not giving his readers too much to grasp at once.

The next article of Christian belief we find clarified is the much disputed tradition of the Virgin Birth. Here the writer deftly introduces the Theosophical teaching of the three great outpourings of Spirit into "virgin" matter, by means of which the Christ-principle of conscious unity is finally "born" or, as Theosophists would say, unfolded. An interesting point to note in passing is that Mr. Sinnett interprets the Holy Ghost, the third Person of the Christian Trinity, as the

first Logos of the Theosophist (though he calls it the third), from whom the third Life-wave proceeds; whereas Mrs. Besant has always spoken of the Holy Ghost as corresponding to the third Logos—of the first Life-wave. This subject leads on to a mention of the Theosophical view of the Christ as taking a body prepared for Him by the then disciple Jesus, a view which some Christians seem to find a greater difficulty in accepting than almost any other.

The last puzzle explained is perhaps the greatest stumbling-block of all to thinking people, namely, the Day of Judgment and the "damnatory clauses" that set their seal upon it. Again Theosophy comes to the rescue with the perfectly reasonable statement that at a certain stage in the distant future this planetary scheme of human evolution can no longer be delayed by its backward members, who will have to drop out and wait until they can join the next scheme of human evolution at the stage they have already reached. Mr. Sinnett therefore suggests that the Athanasian Creed, instead of insisting, as it appears to do, on every one believing abstruse doctrines regarding the Trinity as the sole alternative to damnation, was originally intended to convey the following meaning:

"Whosoever would be safe from failure to attain the highest possibilities of his place in Nature," must "believe" or, in equivalent language, train himself to understand, certain great subtleties of spiritual truth which frankly, for the physical brain at an early stage of its development, are incomprehensible, *i.e.*, beyond its grasp.

One sentence, however, we must confess to regarding as a somewhat wholesale reflection on the accuracy of Oriental scriptures. It is:

All Oriental writings—and our "sacred" scriptures, including the Creeds, are saturated with the methods of Oriental writers—are prone to use words like "eternity" and "everlasting" as indicating any long period they are talking about, and not as we do—with a specific mathematical idea behind them.

We agree that the word "eternity" is a mistranslation of the Greek word æon, which has the definite meaning of an age or, as Theosophists would say, a cycle. But we always understood from *The Secret Doctrine* that the *yugas* of the ancient Hindū Scriptures had been calculated with extraordinary mathematical precision.

W. D. S. B.