VOL. XLI No. 9

THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

FROM Copenhagen comes a message from the First Convention of our young Danish and Icelandic Section of the Theosophical Society. It "sends affectionate greetings" through its General Secretary, Countess Bille Brahe Selby. Denmark and Iceland are the twenty-first National Society on our roll. The twenty-fourth National Society is Canada, which has also just held its First Convention, meeting in Toronto. The Toronto Lodge celebrated at the same time its twenty-ninth Anniversary, and the two passed the following resolution.

RESOLVED:

That the Toronto Theosophical Society on this its Twenty-ninth Annual Meeting, and the first after the chartering of the Theosophical Society in Canada by the World-President, Mrs. Annie Besant, hereby expresses its gratification on this recognition by Mrs. Besant of Theosophical activity in Canada, and desires also to place on record its appreciation of Mrs. Besant's unfailing devotion to the cause of Theosophy, and to congratulate her upon her varied and successful work in other channels.

In her addresses for years past she has maintained the high ideals of humanity, of brotherhood, of broad tolerance, not depending

on intellectual agreement, but on ethical and spiritual harmony, and the practical unity of common service.

It renews its obligations and pledges to the Objects of the Society and to the fellowship that has progressed so satisfactorily under her great leadership.

I find myself possessed of various new titles, such as "World-President" and "International President," which I by no means appreciate. The old simple "President of the Theosophical Society" seems to me to be more attractive without the grandiloquent prefixes. By the way, speaking of Presidents, I may remind the Society that my second term of office in the T. S. expires next year; I shall then be in my seventy-fourth year, and it seems to me that the Society would do well to consider the question of electing a successor, instead of asking me to undertake a third term of office. I have been thirty-one years in the T. S. this month, and have done a fair amount of work. I think that a person younger than myself might be more useful to the Society, and I should not be less ready to be of any use to this beloved movement out of office than in it, as long as I live.

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"A noteworthy event of the Australian Convention," writes Mr. Jinarājadāsa, "was the passing of a resolution about the President's work in India, recognising her great activities for Freedom and Brotherhood, and sending to the people of India greetings and warmest wishes in their work towards complete Self-Government as a Dominion. As this resolution dealt with political matters, it was not passed formally by the Convention; Convention adjourned for a few minutes, and the resolution was put to the members by Mr. Matthew Reid of Brisbane, Senator for Queensland in the Federal Parliament of the Commonwealth. The resolution was to have been seconded by Mr. R. Perdriau, member for Byron in the New South Wales State Parliament; Mr. Perdriau, who has worked at Adyar, was not able to reach Convention in time to second the

resolution, but heartily associated himself with it the moment he did arrive. The resolution is as follows :

"We, the members of the T.S. in Australia, hereby put on record our deep sense of admiration at the heroic labours of the President of the T.S. in the cause of Freedom and Brotherhood, especially in her endeavours to change the political status within the British Empire of our Indian Fellow-citizens, and we beg to congratulate her on the success so far achieved towards the realisation of her high aim.

"We also desire hereby to send to the people of India our warmest wishes for success in their new endeavours for the achievement of Self-Government within the Empire, and we further hope that in no long time India may have that full status as a Dominion in the British Empire now enjoyed by the self-governing Dominions.

"After the resolution was passed with acclamation, the meeting reverted to the Convention once more, and went on with Convention proceedings."

To all these brethren far across the seas, in three continents, I send loving and grateful thanks for their goodwill and over-generous appreciation of my poor services. I can only say that I honestly do my best to serve, and that the opportunity of service is the greatest privilege which can befall any human being.

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In our last number we had the pleasure of announcing the formation of a Lodge of the Theosophical Society in Japan. Now we have particulars of its formation, the Tokyo International Lodge, which sprang into existence just prior to Mr. Cousins' departure from that country on his return to India after a year in Japan as Professor of English Literature in the Keio University of Tokyo. In six weeks the Lodge had a membership of twenty-one, representing eight nationalities, and has created widespread interest through extensive reports in the press of addresses by Mr. Cousins. We anticipate a very useful career for the Lodge, particularly, as Mr. Cousins informs us, since it arose spontaneously in response to a keenly felt spiritual need, and not through any passing enthusiasm of propaganda. The membership of the Lodge contains scholars,

educational experts, famous artists, and all are full of the true Theosophical spirit of comradeship, and eager to progress in their study and practice of Theosophical principles. Text-books are being translated into the Japanese language, and an English-Japanese magazine will be published. Later, it is hoped to have a permanent city address, but owing to the acute congestion in Tokyo at present the weekly meetings of the Lodge are held at the residences of members. For the present the Secretary is Captain B. Kon, 10 Nishikatamachi, Row 6, Hongo, Tokyo, who will be happy to welcome Fellows who are passing through Japan.

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This is the first organisation of the kind in the Land of the Rising Sun, and the composition of the Lodge is indicative both of the special circumstances of Japan itself in the presence in the country of several sects of Buḍḍhism, as well as the State religion of Shinto and Christianity, and of the temporary war circumstances that have crowded Japan with refugees and given representatives of eight different nationalities to the Lodge, as if to make it a model of the Universal Brotherhood in action. When Colonel Olcott visited Japan some thirty years ago he confined himself to work along Buḍḍhist lines, conceiving the time not ripe for purely Theosophical activity. The immense material expansion of Japan within the past half century has resulted in a widespread indifference to-day, the various religious activities being merely formal and without any true influence on the life of the people. The country, too, has escaped any chastening influence from the War, while it has gained greatly in the things that make for national pride and spiritual forgetfulness. During the last year, however, while Mr. J. H. Cousins was given a year's leave from the Principalship of Wood College, Madanapalle (formerly the Theosophical College), in order to accept the invitation of the Keio University of Tokyo to act as

special Professor of Modern English Literature, his connection with the Theosophical Society became known, and a group of people gathered round him for the study of Theosophy. Mr. Cousins is emphatic in his assertion that he did nothing aggressive to bring about this result. He says he simply gave what was asked for. However that may be, his visit to Japan appears to have been very opportune, for there is now in Tokyo a large and earnest Lodge of the Theosophical Society, with members drawn from Japan, Korea, India, England, Scotland, America and Greece. Several of the members are only temporarily in Japan, and will ultimately take the message of Theosophy to their own lands. The development of Theosophical activity in Greece and Korea is in particular looked forward to with much interest. The larger portion of the Lodge, however, is permanent, and is expected to be much added to in the near future, as soon as literature in the Japanese language is got ready, a work which has been undertaken by several members. We anticipate from the Lodge a valuable addition to Theosophical scholarship, especially in relation to Buḍḍhistic thought and Shintoism. Fellows of the Theosophical Society passing through Japan should communicate with the Secretary, whose name and address are given above.

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Among greetings this month comes a cable in which the "First Co-Masonic Festival, assembled at Glastonbury, sends you hearty good wishes". It sounds rather attractive, for Glastonbury Abbey is a name to conjure with, and many a sacred legend clusters round the fane. Why Co-Masons have had a Festival there, I know not; but Festivals are always good things to have in this sorrowful world.

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I hear from Mr. Jinarājadāsa that he and his wife finish their visit to Sydney at the end of this month, and go to

Perth, Western Australia, by steamer, stopping at Melbourne and Adelaide on the way. It is a trying sea passage, that from Adelaide to Perth, across the great curve into which roll unbrokenly the billows from the Antarctic Pole; there is a strange, weird feeling about it of twilight days of a long dead world, dim and pregnant with uncanny possibilities. Do all the ghosts of far-away civilisations in the early, early ages of our planet gather there with memories of giant, monstrous forms, human yet sub-human almost, in the ages we call Lemurian, the rough, blocked-out shapes that were to make gigantic hewn-out images in their own ugly likenesses, contemporaries with giant lizards and flying creatures, terrifying in bulk and strength, fit comrades for the scarcely human types that trod our trembling earth? Their memories seem to haunt that Bight, and the waves are grey and sullen, as though rolling in from a forgotten world.

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At Perth, our dear travellers remain for some three weeks, and sail from Perth about June 20th for Colombo. In Ceylon they think to halt a little while, coming on to Adyar about the middle of July; very welcome will they be here, after more than a year's absence.

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Since writing the last paragraph, I have had a cable, in answer to a letter of mine, asking if they could visit England, as I was unlikely to be able to go. They are willing to do so, so we must not look for them till the autumn.

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A new magazine comes to us from Finland, *Teosofi* its name, and Finnish its language. Dr. Sonck is its Editor-in-chief, and it has a good list of contents. I find in it my own portrait and some lines beneath it. But Finnish is quite a different language from those one sees in European countries and picks out a word here and there. Not a solitary word can

I capture, as my eye travels down the page. But Dr. Sonck kindly sends some lines in English, which I append thankfully:

The objects of *Teosofi*, as expressed in the Introduction, are as follows:

(1) *Teosofi* desires to acquaintance its readers not only with the Theosophical ideas and teachings and the Objects of the T.S., but also with the new currents and fields of activity which, abroad in our days, have rapidly gathered ground and which have likewise aroused a lively interest in our country.

(2) *Teosofi* is intended to publish articles throwing light upon the fields of Education, Masonry and new Church-movements, and to discuss social and political questions and schemes of reform in the light of Theosophy. Thus the readers will get particularly acquaintanced with the thoughts and activities of our President, Annie Besant, and other Theosophical teachers and leaders. Contemporaneously an opportunity to get their thoughts published presents itself as well to the Finnish Theosophists taking an interest in these things. Besides, in

(3) *Teosofi* will appear articles treating of the various spiritual currents of the age, our periodical by this means in its way endeavouring, as far as lies in its power, to mark out the path towards the dawn of the New Era.

Our good comrade, Pekkha Ervast, has done much to spread Theosophical ideas in Finland. He is now devoting himself to his life's study and work, the elucidation of northern sagas, and the wealth of literature in the northern Europe of the long-ago.

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Mr. Wadia, in his American travels, has come across the famous old "Sorosis," the parent of the now innumerable Women's Clubs in the United States of America. *The Pan-American Magazine* says of it, noticing its fiftieth birthday:

This Club is justly distinguished, not only because it was the pioneer in its field fifty-one years ago, and has stood so consistently since for the progress of women in every form of spiritual and mental development, but because "Sorosis" has been but another name for "organised womanhood" and all that this term implies in its recent great service to humanity.

The March issue, referred to above, made mention of "The Association for the Advancement of Women" founded by Sorosis in 1873, the first impulse to the National and finally the International "Council of Women" known to us to-day. It also spoke of "The General Federation of Women's Clubs," with a membership now of nearly three million women, founded by Sorosis in March, 1889. But the article in question was chiefly devoted to an outline of the latest organising effort of Sorosis, the inception of an Inter-American movement which, it is hoped, may serve to bring Anglo-American and Latin-American women into closer touch and better understanding.

Mrs. Caroline S. Childs, the present President of the Club, is a Fellow of the Theosophical Society.

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Of Societies there is no end. But the Society of the Starry Cross should be a useful one, for its idea is the founding of Anti-Vivisection Research Laboratories and "white hospitals," *i.e.*, hospitals where the new methods of research, without vivisection, are utilised. It is suggested that instead of attacking doctors, trained in the usual ways, Anti-Vivisection and the doctors should "co-operate and find the ways we badly need. If you agree with this, come together and find the methods, based on humane and scientific ways, to bring health and happiness to mankind." Mr. Baillie-Weaver, General Secretary to the T. S. in England and Wales, and Mrs. Everts, also an F.T.S., in California, are working in this movement—surely a promising one.

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I have received some papers notifying a World Congress of International Societies; it seems that there are 230 such Societies that took part in a Congress in 1913, but I imagine that these are concerned chiefly with Social or Socialist bodies. I doubt if a Society of Religion would find there a welcome.

ATHLETICS AND OCCULTISM

By C. JINARĀJADĀSA, M.A. (CANTAB.)

THERE is a saying attributed to the Duke of Wellington that the battle of Waterloo was won on the playing-fields of Eton. Perhaps he never said it, but this matters little for the moment, for underlying the acceptance by the public of the phrase, there is a recognition of the importance of character when some definite action is to be performed. Just as we are apt to over-emphasise the outer activities of life at the expense of inner contemplation, so are we apt to over-emphasise mere intellectual development at the expense of executive ability. The truth is of course midway, and the best action issues only when there is a proper balance between the inner and the outer.

In these days, when the word "Occultism" is mentioned, few realise that it fundamentally deals with action in the completest sense of the word. The word "Occultism" probably connotes in the mind of the public much of mere psychic practices; and so-called professors, of palmistry, tea-cup-reading and such, are accepted as the principal exponents of Occultism. There is, most unfortunately, no recognition that the occultist of the true stamp is one who acts, and who acts with more precision, because he is more sure of his forces than the average man who has not occult knowledge. Perhaps it is only in the Theosophical Society that we have the true conception of Occultism, in the proclamation that the occultist is one who, understanding the Divine Plan, consciously co-operates with it as one of its agents.

Usually, in religious teaching, more emphasis is laid upon the inner effects of truth on the soul's life than upon the outer changes in its environment. The conception of "Salvation," or even "Unfoldment," shifts the centre of gravity from a work to be done in a Divine Plan to a freedom to be achieved by the individual for himself. We are therefore apt to look upon life from a detached aspect, if not from a gloomy one, considering that the great pageant of life has little meaning for us, except to turn our natures inward, in order to find a centre of peace on earth or a haven of happiness in heaven. Most people probably think of spirituality as "living the life," with emphasis on the inner and subjective aspects of living. For we are apt to think of God, who created the universe, as detached from His creation; and, especially when we contemplate the awful tragedies in life, we are unwilling to associate God too closely with the tragic elements of His creation.

A different idea about creation in general is found in Hinduism, which, while it shows all life as tragic and as illusion, yet, curiously, upholds also a very joyous conception

about life. In it we have the thought that the universe, as it is at work, is really a great Dance of God; and this idea of "*Lila*" or Dance is especially associated with Shiva, the First Aspect of the Hindu Trinity. Many of the images of Shiva show Him in some posture of the dance; and Hindu mystics tell us that the whole universe is the Dance of Shiva. They also tell us that, since all life-streams issue forth along seven fundamental channels or Rays, the world as it exists is also the Dance of the Seven Rays. This idea of manifestation as an intense and joyous activity is not especially developed in Hinduism, but the idea is there nevertheless. A slightly different and more fatalistic conception appears in Persian mysticism, in such a thought as is expressed in the following verse from Omar Khayyam:

'Tis all a Chequer-board of Nights and Days
Where Destiny with Men for Pieces plays:
Hither and thither moves, and mates, and slays,
And one by one back in the Closet lays.

The true vision of life is not likely to be found in one particular point of view, but rather in a blending of many views. While undoubtedly the truth is stated for us partially in such phrases as "living the life," "casting out the self," "killing out desire," "escaping from illusion," "union with God," not less is the truth also revealed to us in another phrase, which is "to play the game". This contribution is especially English, and derived from the ideals of English athletics. Just as each of the other phrases has a deep truth underlying it, so has this very matter-of-fact phrase.

We owe the development of athletics in our modern world largely to England; English ideals of sport practically dominate the athletic world. Most people probably will scarcely imagine that in athletics there are spiritual elements to be found; I should like, therefore, to show how, in learning through any department of athletics "to play the game," the

student of Occultism can acquire many things for his occult growth.

It is obvious at first sight that an athlete gains a splendid control of his physical vehicle, for an athlete must be masterful, at least so far as his physical body is concerned. In addition to this, his vehicle becomes extremely sensitive to the demands of his consciousness; and we may say that the consciousness of the athlete permeates his physical body more fully than does the consciousness of the average individual. Perhaps few athletes know the possibilities which are developable from such a control; but nevertheless we may put it roughly that the soul of man contacts its physical vehicle in more points in the case of the athlete than in the case of normal people. It was this idea which was especially developed in Greece; the Greek realised that the best in life could only be attained when there was an harmonious interplay of forces among all his soul's vehicles.

In English athletics, most unfortunately, this Greek conception does not exist. But on the other hand, by way of counterpoise, a new conception has been developed—that of "fair play". Fair play means many things, perhaps primarily that in playing a game the rules must be strictly adhered to. Underlying the thought of "playing the game," there is a dim realisation of a spiritual attribute; for the rules of the game are after all one aspect of the laws in nature, which in their turn are the expression of the Divine will. If life is to be thought of as a play or a game, then the issue between man and God is whether man plays fair or foul.

In English athletics are to be found some of the highest possible forms of athletic idealism; and since I know from personal experience how valuable this idealism is, I should like to share my ideas with others. During my college life of four years at Cambridge, I was closely identified with one department of college athletics, rowing. Being light and of

moderate quickness to grasp, and having also a voice which would carry a fair distance, it was my good fortune quickly to get my "colours" in college rowing as coxswain in the various principal boats. This gave me direct intercourse with one department of athletics, and I consider that I at least was able to discover many occult elements in athletics. Besides rowing and some tennis, I know nothing directly of the other departments of athletics, but I believe that the ideals in one are ideals in the others also.

The first most useful lesson which is to be learnt is the rigid observance of rules; this, in other words, means the strict subservience to law. Now, whoever cares to submit himself to a law soon discovers that the outer law which he obeys is in reality the expression of an inner law, which is deep down in his own nature. By learning to use the statement of cause and effect given by the law, he grows both in power and in spiritual realisation. It is this fact, which is prominent in a Buddhist's consciousness, that was evident to me in even the "rules of the game". In action, the obedience to rules calls out an inner strength; and so perhaps I, as a Buddhist, saw more spiritual verities in athletics than did my Christian comrades, who had not been trained to see Law as the Divinity inherent in all things.

Developed from this conception, of playing according to rules, is the next great virtue, which is implicit obedience to the judge or censor, who in athletics is the umpire. An umpire's ruling cannot be questioned, at least while the game is being played. Even if his ruling be wrong, there must be no rebellion, but implicit obedience, in spite of the handicaps which his mistaken judgment might create for an individual or for the team. There is a very wholesome lesson in action to be learnt in taking handicaps as they come, and in trying to win the game against unexpected odds.

Another most valuable and high moral quality developed through athletics is the determination to take no advantage whatsoever, even if one is offered. I can illustrate this by an incident which came under my notice when at college. Two rowing "fours" were to row in competition in a particular heat, the winner then to row in a later heat. Now according to the rules for rowing, in any heat each crew must abide by its accidents. On this particular occasion, soon after the two crews were started, a man in one of the "fours" broke an oar. Of course this took away from that crew any chance whatsoever of winning. Now it was within the right of the other crew to row easily to the winning post (not being specially pushed by a rival crew) and claim the heat. But as a matter of fact, the moment the accident took place and the other crew realised it, they too stopped, and refused to take their legitimate advantage under the rules. They offered to row the handicapped crew again, and this was done next day. On the second occasion, the boat which behaved so "sportingly" lost. Now no one thought that in this particular action there was anything wonderful; it was for them "the proper thing to do". This element of what is "sport" and "not sport" cannot be described and put down on paper; it is a subtle element developed in the individual through close association with those who are the leaders in athletic ideals. One can no more describe fully what "sport" is than one can describe what is a "gentleman".

Another element in true sport is the clear visualising that, in any competition, the best man is to win, under no special advantage. In English athletics there is absolutely no secrecy with regard to any practices before the actual competition. I mention this because it seems to be different in American athletics. In football in America special secret signals are arranged for the instruction of the players and, as

the ball is about to be passed, one hears such mysterious phrases as "fourteen," "ten," "eight," which are secret signals known only to the team, instructing them how the ball is to be passed. I have also read in American papers that when rowing crews are practising, great secrecy is used by some crews not to let their "form" be fully known, and that sometimes, because of this, a supporter of a competing team will post himself with a telescope in some far-off place and watch what is being done. It is quite the contrary in English University rowing; wherever a crew "rows a course" before a race, *i.e.*, rows the full course as it would have to do on the actual racing day, the coach of the boat will communicate, if asked, the time taken to row the course to the coaches of the competing crews. The coach may not think it advisable to communicate the time to his own men, lest, if the time is a poor one, they become depressed; but he will communicate the time to the other coaches, of course under the seal of confidence. Everything is to be "above board," and this element in athletics is indeed an occult lesson.

A yet more occult principle in athletics is the impersonality which is insisted upon in the man who is to be one of a crew or a team. Let me describe from my own experience what takes place in rowing. Nine men, and a tenth called the coach or captain of the boat, will go down to the boathouse by the river side; all of these know each other fairly well in the ordinary college life, and are close friends or at least acquaintances. Each has his name—Brown, Jones, Smith or Jinarājadāsa. At the boathouse they doff their ordinary clothes, and put on their rowing garb. They are still Brown, Jones, Smith, etc. The time comes when the "cox" shouts, "Boat out!" From this moment, each of the nine loses his personality, and with it his own name—Brown, Jones or Smith—and each becomes the occupier of a place as "stroke," "cox," "bow," or even merely a number like "seven,"

"six," "five," "four," "three," "two". The moment the men are in the boat, the personal idiosyncrasies of Brown or Smith must be put aside, and each is in a place, and there undertakes the duties of that place. The eight rowing men, who cannot see which way the boat is going in a narrow river, must implicitly obey the command of the "cox"; and all nine are under the temporary rule of the coach who is on the bank, either riding or running.

While in the boat, this discipline must be strictly observed; each must subordinate his personality to the work of the moment. It is the duty of the coach to instruct, which often means to criticise the rowing of the eight men, and the steering of the ninth. Whatever he says must be carried out by each, or at least the best attempt made to that end. Whatever he says, just or unjust, in criticism, must be accepted, without the slightest murmur. Naturally, for the most part, the coach, knowing his duty, tries to do it to the best of his ability; but it may happen, through temper or tiredness or prejudice, that he is unjust or unnecessarily severe in his criticism; but, whatever the coach does and says, there must be no "talking back". The coach may say in disgust that a particular rower has a back which is "like a sack of potatoes," but that man must not resent it, even if it is not true. As to the "cox," it is said that he gets "more kicks than ha'pence". In both cases, the two men must "grin and bear it". It is taken for granted by the crew that the coach, in his mistaken and sometimes vitriolic language, has no personal animus, and that he is only trying to develop a more workmanlike crew. When the crew return to the boathouse and change their garments, then they revert to their personalities as Smith, Jones, etc. That member of the crew who has been unduly criticised may then mildly remonstrate with the coach for his injustice; but as a matter of fact, coaches have a sanctity round them, and such remonstrances would not be considered acceptable or useful.

Another element in "casting out the self" is where an individual is on probation for a crew or team, and he must learn to acquiesce in the judgment of his captain. Sometimes it happens that an individual is selected for a team, and remains with it up to the day preceding the competition, but at the eleventh hour he is "kicked out," and another man is put in his place. In such a case, he must not consider he has any grievance, and sulk; if he has the true spirit of sport in him, he will be the most enthusiastic of all in supporting his team on the day of the contest, even if he has lost the privilege of getting his "cap" or "colours". Throughout, the ideal is not that you or I should be selected, but that the better of us two shall be given the privilege of being a member of the team which represents the club or college. It is not a matter of one's personal victory and glorification which is to be the incentive, but the victory of the club whose representatives are the team.

It will be evident from my descriptions so far, that we have very striking occult elements in athletics, with its ideal of "playing the game". The moral training which can be gained is invaluable. In practically every form of athletics, the minimum gained is the acquisition of "grit"; but, in addition to this minimum, higher moral virtues are developed in the training. With regard to criticism, to be able to "grin and bear it" is a very high attribute indeed; and so is the realisation of being in a place, and the consecration of one's self to the duties of the place.

I think, perhaps, one especially valuable virtue acquired is that of "team play". There are many of us who are individually brilliant, but whose usefulness is limited by the fact that we cannot modify enough of our personality to be useful members in a team. To know how to play in a team is to learn to co-operate efficiently, by sacrificing so much of one's personality as is necessary to enable one to fit in with the idiosyncrasies of others. It also means the realisation of

loyalty to a leader. This leader is the leader of the game for the time; and, during that time, we ignore our leader's weaknesses and mistakes, and enthusiastically keep in view his virtues, and affirm our belief in his ability to lead us to victory. However much privately we think we know better than our leader, we do not let one whisper escape us, which can get to our rivals, that our leader has not the fullest confidence of all of us. This is one of the duties in team play. When "in training," and while "the game is on," we are as the fingers of our leader's hand. If we have had cause to be dissatisfied with him, then we depose him from leadership, *but only after that particular game is over.* We selected him voluntarily, and so, while the success of the game is in his charge, we are his "men," in true action and not with mere lip service. If one understands through athletics what "team play" is, then he is very near to grasping some of the high occult principles of action and of co-operation which characterise the members of the Great White Brotherhood.

There is one element in team play which conduces to a priceless quality in character development. Should one be put in charge of a team as its coach, a set of duties devolve upon him which, if he can properly fulfil them, will make him a true master of life. He who is in charge of a team has to get the best out of each member of the team; for this, he must study each and understand each in his failings and in his virtues. The coach, in order to get the best co-operation from his men, must know who has to be roused to better action by praise, and who by blame; affable advice or withering invective are the tools which he has to use, but he must know exactly which and when and how to use them. Above all, he must not bully or threaten; for, after all, the team and the coach are all gentlemen of equal rank, and among gentlemen there can be no bullying or threatening. Since the word of the coach is supreme, and since he can change the individuals

of the team at will, it would be easy enough for him to threaten a man: "If you don't do better, you will be 'chucked out' of the team"; but he is no true trainer of men who cannot get the best out of his men without threats. During my association with college rowing, I have never heard a threat used, though I have heard a good deal of fairly strong language.

The coach has also to be, to some extent, an expert in psychology. He is dealing not with machines, but with living men, who have within them their outer and inner world of pleasantnesses and unpleasantnesses. The function of the coach is to get out of his men the keenest co-operation, but to this end he must know exactly when to drive them hard and when to relax. Above all, he must not let his team get "stale"; this may happen through overwork or through insufficient work, but usually through the former. The coach must know when to "humour" his team, to prevent them from getting "stale". At all times and in all things in connection with the joint work, he must retain the confidence of his team; and any man who learns to do this through athletics will not take long before he can be an expert in occult work.

I am aware that in theory the high ideals which I claim for athletics should be carried out in every department of life, but that unfortunately is not the case. Where passion or cupidity comes into the life of a man who tries to "play the game," he is certainly often apt to forget "fair play". We have the stock proverb: "All's fair in love and war"; also we have many instances where ideals of fair play, which are rigidly observed in athletics, are not carried out in business. England is famous for her athletics and for the ideals of fair play in sport; but these ideals are not always in evidence in business relations with other peoples, especially with Eastern peoples. A Briton may try to "play fair" with a fellow-countryman in some business deal, but not infrequently—at least this is the accusation often made—his ideas of fair play

are put aside when the game is to be played with individuals or peoples with whom he considers he has no racial bond. But this is not an intrinsic weakness in the ideals of athletics, but rather an example of the frailty of humanity at our present stage of evolution.

We have then in athletics, even in boxing and prize-fighting, a recognition of a standard of action which, fundamentally, is not only a fine standard, but proclaims to the individual that one aspect, at least, of spirituality is "playing the game". The terms of sport are more graphic than artistic; but nevertheless they have veiled realities of a spiritual kind. Not long ago the Prince of Wales, in referring to child-welfare, mentioned that the present economic conditions for the workers did not give their children a "sporting chance" in life; what is this statement but one aspect of the truth of Brotherhood? It is perhaps humorous to imagine that the spiritual life can be found on the football or cricket field, or even in a boxing ring; yet do we not know that "Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws makes that and the action fine"?

My object in writing this article is less to talk about athletics than to point out how those of us who are aiming at Occultism must aim at true and fine action, and that useful lessons towards that ideal life of ours can be found in athletics. We can co-operate with the Divine Plan not less on the playing field than in church or temple. A Divine Player of the Game is willing to meet us in all our games of life, for "by whatsoever path men approach Me, even so do I accept them". In this age especially, when the life of humanity is turning away from the inner and the subjective to the outer and the objective aspects of life, we have all to learn to "play the game" among our fellow men. Looking back at my own efforts to "play the game," I can testify that I have learnt many striking lessons through my brief association with English athletics.

C. Jinarājadāsa

HOME TRUTHS

By THE LADY EMILY LUTYENS

OF all the criticisms levelled at Theosophy, the one that is perhaps the hardest to meet is that Theosophy does not make its adherents happy. I fear we must accept this criticism as very largely true; the majority of Theosophists do not appear to be happy, at least on the surface. One reason for this may be that there are very few Theosophical *homes;* most Theosophists are living among hostile surroundings, each a single F.T.S. in a family opposed to Theosophy. Of course we can always assume that it is the fault of the *other* people, but the fact remains that it does *not* make for peace and concord and a happy home, when the most vital beliefs are subjects of discord and friction. Another cause, perhaps, of unhappiness is that many Theosophists suffer from very bad health. For such a small Society the number of physical and mental wrecks is remarkable. It may be due to the fact that Theosophy is often accompanied by a complete and sudden change of diet; but whatever the cause, the fact remains.

Now is there anything in the teachings of Theosophy which should lead to unhappiness? or can it be due to wrong application of its philosophy? A spiritual Brotherhood, reincarnation, life after death, the existence of the Masters, the possibility of perfection—all these teachings, rightly understood, should surely make for happiness. Why then should so many Theosophists be unhappy? I find the answer in the fact that too much emphasis is laid on one particular aspect of Theosophy, namely, the existence of the Path of Holiness, and

the possibility for men of quickening their evolution. The existence of the Path, the possibility of perfection, are in themselves matters for rejoicing, and should form an incentive to noble living and high endeavour. But what happens in practice is that a great number of people are trying to go too fast, and to attain to the stature of the Christ before they have reached the measure of the average man. This has various undesirable results. In the first place the fact of striving for some goal beyond the usual attainment of mankind induces a certain conceit and self-satisfaction, a belief that such attainment has been reached before even the first steps have been trodden. The result is that the disease vulgarly termed "swollen head" is more common in the Theosophical Society than in any other Society with which I have been connected. People who are striving earnestly to lead the higher life are apt to take themselves too seriously and lose their sense of humour. We are a very ridiculous set of people, had we but the grace to see it! Another result of this striving to be bigger than we are, is a severe strain on the nerves, and people living at a high rate of nervous tension are generally extremely irritable, and irritability does not make for happiness. We are very quarrelsome as a Society, much broken up by cliques and côteries, each at daggers drawn with the other—the result of overstrained nerves!

Another trait, very irritating to other people, is that in their passion for self-discipline Theosophists are too apt to consider their relatives and friends as bits of karma to be worked off, and the more our friends dislike our beliefs and actions, the more we pat ourselves on the back and say: "Ah! I must be making progress, so and so is so disagreeable"; whereas a little more humour and a little less conceit would enable us to see that we are making egregious fools of ourselves, and acting in a grossly selfish manner, while complacently laying the blame upon other members of the family

whose lives we are spoiling by our interpretation of Theosophy.

Yet one more reason for a lack of happiness is that we too often lay aside not only our friends but our intellect and ordinary occupations, after joining the Theosophical Society. We are so enthralled by the beauty and wonder of the Theosophical philosophy when we first come across it, that we think we shall never need or desire to study any other subject again, and we spend our time assimilating the ideas of Mrs. Besant or Mr. Leadbeater or H.P.B., and imagine that we are thereby becoming Theosophists. But Theosophy is a living wisdom, which means that it germinates and grows in the human spirit, and no one else's Theosophy can permanently help or satisfy us. Theosophy is a life and not a creed, and as we grow our Theosophy must also grow. Many Theosophists therefore find that after a few years in the Society their views change and they feel critical where before they felt only conviction, and they get restless and unhappy. But this is the moment when they will need to realise whether they have really found Theosophy or only let some one else find it for them. It is at this moment that all encouragement should be given to them to question and probe and criticise, and make the utmost use of their intellectual faculties. But too often, at this stage, older Theosophists look at them askance, and whisper of disloyalty and infidelity, and try to give an occult explanation of a perfectly natural phenomenon. The rebellious one either leaves the Society in exasperation or, fearing to spoil his chances of spiritual progress, stifles his growing doubts and questionings and is content in future to remain an echo of some one else's thought. The Theosophical Society is full of faithful echoes, but has very few original thinkers.

This condition does not make for individual happiness or for the well-being of the Society. We talk a great deal about

freedom of thought, but the fact is that it is *not* encouraged in the T.S. The shackles imposed are very subtle ones, but none the less binding. Fear has been the great instrument of the Churches wherewith to fetter the free spirit of man; and fear is a weapon still in use among Theosophists, and it is used in the form of a half-suggested threat: "If you act in such and such a way, you may be losing an opportunity." Better to lose every opportunity in life than the right to think for oneself and follow one's individual intuition. A mistake made after exercising one's best judgment may be of far more value in evolution than an opportunity taken blindfold.

Then as to the criticism that Theosophists give up the ordinary occupations of life when they join the T.S. In the first flush of enthusiasm it seems a fine thing to sacrifice a promising career or an opening in business to become a worker in the T.S. The result is that the Society is burdened with a number of inefficient devotees who are not properly trained in any direction. Would it not be far better for the Society to have among its members men and women who have made themselves really expert in some capacity apart from Theosophy? Those members who are in this position have brought honour to the T.S., and we could have many more if efficiency were more encouraged and devotion accompanied by incapacity not confounded with spiritual progress.

With the Christian Scientist it is a duty to be happy and healthy; with Theosophists it too often seems a privilege to be ill and miserable. We call it paying off our debts quickly! The explanation is perhaps the worst part about it.

If we could but study more the schemes of philosophy other than Theosophy, the researches of Science, the work of reformers in other fields; above all, if we could take ourselves less seriously and laugh more at our own absurdities; we should be a happier and healthier set of people and the Society would be an infinitely stronger and finer organisation.

Emily Lutyens

BROTHERHOOD IN INDUSTRY

By PERCY PIGOTT

PROBABLY in no department of human activities has the brotherhood of man been more clearly made manifest than in the domain of industry and commerce, of production and distribution and finance. This is a statement which will probably be almost violently challenged by hundreds of advanced thinkers in many different walks of life.

To the Fabian Socialist, our industrial and financial systems demonstrate clearly the effect of regarding society as evolving under the system of survival of the fittest, and unless revolutionised, or at least promptly checked, will lead our national life into an abyss terrible to contemplate. To the Trade Unionist, our industrial system is responsible for dividing all who are engaged in industry into two powerful and opposing camps, namely Capital and Labour; and far from holding out any prospect of being able to harmonise the conflicting interests of these two groups of producers, he knows how difficult it is to preserve an armistice for any considerable period. Our competitive system, say others, is a system under which every man's hand is against his brother, and the weakest goes to the workhouse. It is responsible for the destitution of the pauper, and for the unlovely life of the millionaire. Before long, say the followers of Marx, the middle classes will disappear, and—what then? To the preacher, the feverish desire for money, and the feverish fear of want and dependence, will soon succeed in banishing all thoughts of the Master Jesus from the national mind. Apparently

only those who are personally interested in our industrial and financial system have a good word to say for it. Still, it not only remains with us, but flourishes and grows and develops. Why? Because it is based on brotherhood.

Let us try and discriminate between the essential and accidental factors in the problem, let us judge what is permanent and abiding, what is temporary and superficial.

In spite of wars due to economic causes, commerce has, throughout all history, united rather than divided the nations of the earth. Literature has been handicapped by the diversity of language, Art by the difficulties of intercommunication. Religion, at least until the advent of the Theosophical Society, has accentuated the differences of race and nationality. But our breakfast table, our furniture, our wearing apparel, even the flowers we plant in our gardens, remind us daily and hourly, or should so remind us, of the interdependence of nation upon nation. Again, consider the operations of an institution such as a large life insurance office—and competition is as keen and close in the insurance world as on the Stock Exchange; yet what is it in its essential features? A number of individuals joined together in a fraternity, each contributing towards a common fund, and collectively agreeing to support in some measure the dependents of any member who dies prematurely, or to reimburse, so far as funds allow, those who live out their expectation of life. It is a manifestation of brotherhood, although the methods adopted by the competing offices may not always appear very brotherly. The same applies to fire or accident or any other form of insurance; they are all societies, the members of which contribute to a common fund, agreeing to reimburse any member who suffers loss. The essential nature of the business is not altered by the fact that the office is proprietary rather than mutual. In fact the limited liability system of raising capital and conducting industries is itself a very interesting manifestation of brotherhood

in commerce. No single individual could to-day find the necessary capital required by a large business undertaking. But individuals form themselves into a society for the purpose, and their power is multiplied out of all proportion to their numbers and their wealth. Indeed the Stock Exchange itself is a most wonderful institution.

Civilisation, it has been well said, is, in its essence, the art of being civil one to another. It is equally true to say that civilisation to-day is based on the rights of property, which must be respected. The Fabian ideal—" From each according to his ability, to each according to his need "—is an ideal we should never lose sight of in our industrial and social legislation. In some future race or sub-race it will probably be as universally accepted and adopted as the rights of property are to-day. But while we are in the fifth sub-race we must respect the rights of property; and so long as civilisation is based on the rights of property, so long will the Stock Exchange be a manifestation of human brotherhood, that is, of mutual dependence and co-operation. Our large joint stock banks are equally wonderful institutions, and equally demonstrate our mutual dependence one upon another. They remind us of the Lords of Karma, for they keep our accounts, literally millions of them. Deposit your wealth there, and they will repay it; overdraw, and they will require you to repay, even to the last farthing.

Yet there is one phase of our industrial life where brotherhood has not been as yet introduced. We are still awaiting the advent of that employer who can discern and demonstrate to the world the right principle which should govern the relationship between employer and employee. The evils mentioned above, which, though often exaggerated, are nevertheless obviously real, are mostly traceable to this failure to observe the right relationship between superior and subordinate, between employer and employee. What is that principle? First let us remember that there are

probably only three means of getting a given piece of work done by a group of individuals. There is, first, the method of slavery, under which the workman is told he will be punished unless he does the work. This still survives in Western civilisation under the form of militarism. And providing the punishment is not harsh, and takes the form of some restriction of liberty, and not infliction of suffering, it is probably the right system to adopt when dealing with undeveloped and simple types of individuals. But most Western workmen have outgrown this system, and chafe under it. So we come to the second method, which we will call the economic method. It is that of bargaining. Will you work for so much per week, etc.? Finally there is the highest method, that of devotion to a leader, or devotion to a cause. This is the inspiration which enabled Cæsar to lead his legions, and it is still the ideal inspiring thousands of underpaid clergy.

In considering our industrial problems, we are concerned with the second method. The workmen of to-day resist any form of slavery, and rightly resist, for they have outgrown it. They cannot yet be expected to respond to the vibration of a lofty devotion, which doubtless will be the natural element of some future race. In other words the slave is entitled to protection and comfort, the labourer is worthy of his hire, but unless the bishop, the scientist and the statesman can labour for love of their labour, they will prove an evil rather than a blessing to society.

Secondly, let us remember that the employer to-day is dealing with a large number of workmen, and, in order to produce the best from them, he should develop, if possible, a sense of comradeship among them, of pride in the result of their collective labours.

If these principles gain general recognition in the future, the name of Priestman Bros., Ltd., of Hull, should go down to posterity as the pioneers. And it is in the hope of drawing

attention to a simple system, known as "payment by results," which has proved remarkably successful, and equally acceptable to trade unionist, workman and shareholder, that this article is written.

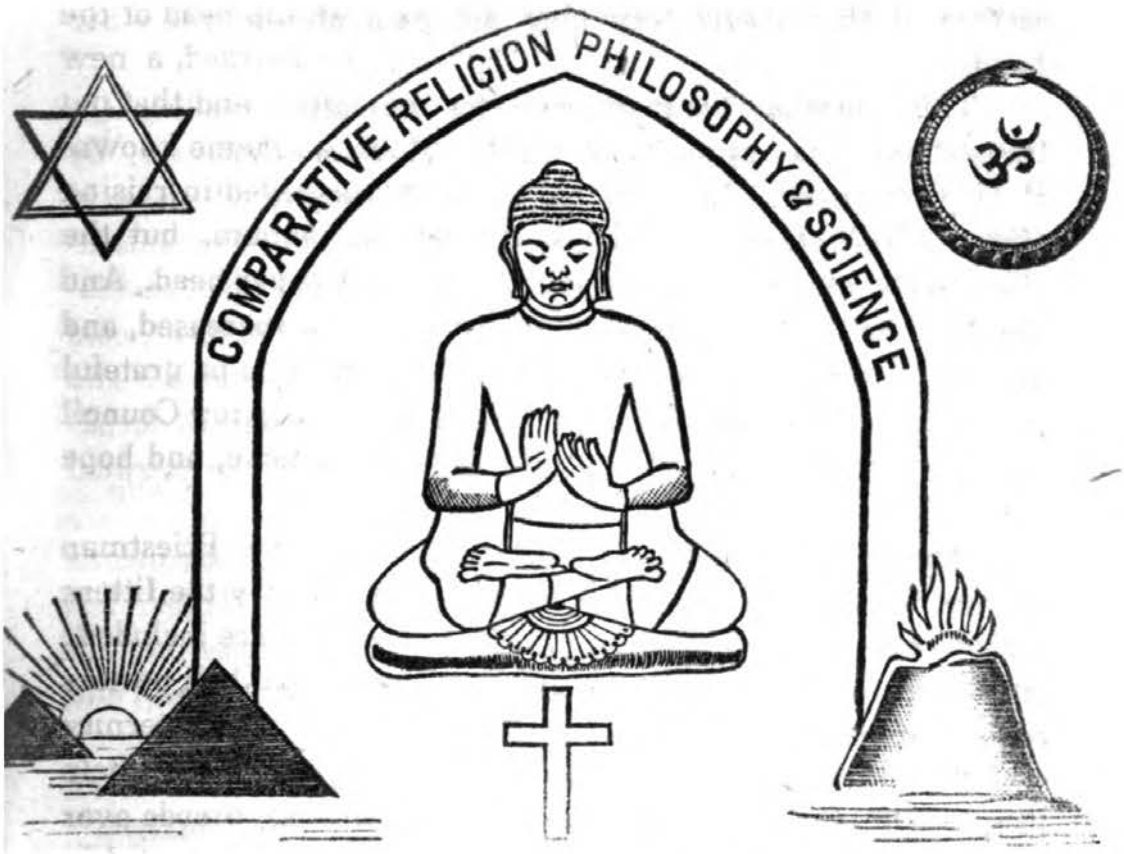
Messrs. Priestman Bros., Ltd., are engineers and manufacturers of the Priestman Crab Crane, and the system of payment of their workpeople, which they inaugurated in 1917, is as follows. The average output in tonnage of the works was ascertained for a given period, and further, this output was agreed upon between the firm and their workmen. Then the firm said to their employees: "If you increase this output, we will increase your wages by the same percentage." We will calculate the output month by month, you shall verify it, and your wages shall be adjusted accordingly for the following month. If in May you increase this standard by 20 per cent, your wages for June will be 20 per cent higher; if in June the output is 50 per cent above the agreed standard, your wages for July will be 50 per cent higher.

This is the system—very simple, yet it is probably unique, and has undoubtedly been very successful. The average increased output has been 40 per cent, and has been as high as 70 per cent. Trade unionists praise it. One says of it: "It breaks down all suspicious notions on both sides." Another says he "takes great pride in showing the scheme wherever possible". The foremen praise it. "Previous to the scheme," says the foreman of fitters and erectors, "I had difficulty in getting one man to pick up another man's job; for instance, if a man stopped off work, he expected the job to stand until he came back. Now things are quite different; if I give a man half-a-dozen jobs during the day, it is all in order, and of course it makes it easier for myself." The men themselves are delighted with it. A representative of the moulders writes: "The days pass more brightly than they did under the old system; both men and youths seem to take more interest and pleasure

in their work." The present writer easily gathered the feeling of the employer towards his new relationship with his men from a very pleasant interview he had with the head of the firm. Friendship and confidence had been established, a new spirit had been invoked, wages had been raised—and that out of all proportion to any other profit-sharing scheme known. For profit-sharing at its best has only succeeded in raising wages eight or ten pounds per head per annum, but the Priestman scheme has given an increase of £20 per head. And the firm is more prosperous, for production is increased, and the general public themselves have every reason to be grateful to Messrs. Priestman Bros. The Higher Production Council are making every effort to popularise the scheme, and hope ultimately for its general adoption.

What is the secret of the success of the Priestman system? It is based on brotherhood. It is not only the fitters and moulders, the blacksmiths and erectors, who are included; ledger clerks and typists, managing directors and hall porters —all form themselves into a graded hierarchy, a fraternity whose task is to make Crab Cranes. A spirit of mutual help and co-operation, of determination and confidence, broods over workshop and office, and affects even agents as they travel in distant districts. It is based also on the principle that the labourer is worthy of his hire. Profit-sharing makes of the workman a sort of junior—very junior—partner. But the workman does not understand profits, nor should he be held responsible for them. By the skill of his hand he earns his daily bread. The Priestman system retains all the advantages and eliminates all the evils of piece-work. Instead of rivalry, competition and jealousy between the more and the less skilful workmen, they are paid collectively according to their combined power of production.

Percy Pigott



THEOSOPHY AT THE CROSS-ROADS

By CLAUDE BRAGDON

CONSCIOUSNESS moves in cycles; and once a new cycle is opened, vast changes take place almost instantly. This is because the spirit awakes to some new vision. Thus it is always: for man, though a blind creature, possesses an inner vision continually tending toward spiritual light.

In this hurrying of the world toward some dimly foreseen and long expected crisis, Theosophists will do well to ask themselves whether they are to continue to fulfil their allotted

function of leading and directing the spiritual evolution of mankind, or whether, without their being aware of it, the sceptre of this sovereignty may not pass presently to other hands.

This question became acute for me after reading (in translation) the remarkable book, *Tertium Organum*, by P. D. Ouspensky. In it he unfolds a philosophy which is, in effect, a re-statement of the Ancient Wisdom in terms intelligible to the understanding of the West, based not upon revelation, or the authority of the Masters, but upon the clear, cold logic of mathematical certitude, flushed with the warmth and joy of a spirit liberated from the chains of philosophic materialism and fronting the unimaginable splendours of the spiritual life.

Ouspensky demolishes positivistic philosophy by means of the very weapons which that school itself forged, but incidentally he takes occasion sharply to criticise certain latter-day developments of Theosophy, with the inner spirit and content of which he is in complete accord.

This criticism is based upon what he calls its "philosophic illiteracy," which shows itself most clearly in "dualism" —such as the division into Matter and Spirit, phenomena and noumena. "These divisions," he says, "are unreal, and exist only in our minds. The phenomenal world is simply our incorrect perception of the world."

He accuses us of accepting the symbol for the thing signified. Any attempt completely to rationalise the sublime and transcendental truths of the Ancient Wisdom can result only in their belittlement and perversion. "That which can be expressed," he says, "cannot be true."

> All systems dealing with the relation of the human soul to time —all ideas of post-mortem existence, the theory of reincarnation, that of the transmigration of souls, that of karma—all these are symbols trying to transmit relations that cannot be expressed directly because of the poverty and weakness of our language. They should not be

understood literally, any more than it is possible to understand the symbols and allegories of art literally. It is necessary to search for their *hidden meaning*, that which cannot be expressed in words.

The literal understanding of these symbolical forms in the latest Theosophical literature, and the union with them of ideas of "evolution" and "morals" taken in the most narrow, dualistic meaning, completely disfigures the inner content of these forms, and deprives them of their value and meaning.

But if, as Ouspensky declares, our language is absolutely inadequate to *the spatial expression of temporal relations*, how shall these relations be expressed? Through a development of Art, he answers; for Art, which is the combination of feeling and thought at a high tension, leads to *intuition*, *i.e.*, to a higher form of consciousness.

Thus in Art we have already the first experiments in a language of intuition, or a language of the future. Art anticipates a psychic evolution, and divines its future forms.

Tertium Organum is itself an effective answer to this question, in that the author takes certain *mathematical concepts*, like the concept of hyper-space and of trans-finite numbers, and makes them serve as a ladder to the understanding for mounting—if only dizzily and for a moment—into the *noumenal* world.

Now mathematics, according to Philip Henry Wynne, possesses the most potent and perfect symbolism the intellect knows; and this symbolism has offered for generations certain concepts (of which hyper-dimensionality is only one) whose naming and envisagement by the human intellect is perhaps its loftiest achievement. Mathematics presents the highest certitudes known to the intellect, and is becoming more and more the final arbiter in physics, chemistry and astronomy. Like Aaron's rod, it threatens to swallow all other knowledges as soon as they assume organised form. Mathematics has already taken possession of great provinces of logic and psychology—will it embrace ethics, religion and philosophy?

In *Tertium Organum* mathematics enters and pervades these fields. The entire book is based largely on those new

generalisations first introduced by the exponents of the Theory of Relativity and the non-Euclidian geometers. Ouspensky is himself a teacher of mathematics. Has he not, in thus applying these new mathematical concepts to religion and philosophy, "stolen a march," so to speak, on us Theosophists, and if so, would it not be well seriously to consider the dilemma in which this places us as leaders in the work of giving the world a spiritual philosophy of life?

It is easy to retort that these mathematics are and can only remain a mystery to the majority of mankind; nevertheless it is a mystery they are by way of mastering more rapidly than Neo-Platonism, Hinḍū Cosmogony, or Rosicrucianism, for example, because the whole trend of modern education is toward proficiency in mathematics, and away from historical and classical studies. But granting that mathematics is a closed door, the recent popular interest aroused in Einstein's Theory of Relativity by reason of the proof of his findings with regard to the "bending" of light, and the ensuing vivid discussion in the newspapers, indicate that this door is already ajar. There is something which may fairly be called occult in the popular curiosity and interest with regard to a theory so remote from human interests and passions as the Theory of Relativity.

Now this theory involves the very ideas which Ouspensky makes such telling use of in his philosophy; namely, hyper-dimensionality, the "spatiality of time" and the "subjectivity" of space. If time is (higher) space, perceived imperfectly; if space is not absolute, but relative, inextricably involved with the ideas of mass, motion, materiality; and if our sense of mass, motion, materiality depends upon the conditions of our receptivity—upon consciousness, in point of fact—then the entire current of our interests, and the direction of our researches will be as it were reversed, turned inward, directed no longer toward phenomena, but toward consciousness.

This, then, is the nature of the impending, imminent change; it is no mere modification of point of view and opinion, but a reversal of the very poles of thought. The situation may be compared with that of a man at a moving-picture performance who hopes, by studying the images on the screen, to learn the secret of the mechanism by which they are produced, but at a given moment, perceiving the futility of this method, he *turns his back on the screen*, and follows the cone of light which will lead him to the booth, the film, the lantern, wherein he will find what he seeks to know.

So will men some time suddenly discover that the world-secret dwells not in the world but in the Self. Then will they undertake the culture of consciousness, not in the old, emotional, religious way, as something extraordinary and exceptional (however full of mystery and wonder), but as a necessary and desirable thing, just as an education is considered necessary and desirable now. Their aim will become, not so much to fill their minds with knowledge, as to purge their hearts of ignorance, that is, of " sin". No longer will they go about seeking sensation and excitement, for simply by sitting still they will participate in that most thrilling of all dramas, the love of the Self for the Self—the flight of the Alone to the Alone.

If such is indeed the change for which the world waits, a change predicted by Madame Blavatsky and prepared for by her in the foundation of the Theosophical Society, with what success is that Society itself preparing for the new needs of the New Age? Here is Ouspensky's answer to this question:

> Philosophy, religion, psychology, mathematics, the natural sciences, sociology, the history of culture, art—each has its own separate literature. There is no complete whole at all. Even the little *bridges* between these separate literatures are built very badly and unsuccessfully, while they are often altogether absent. And this formation of special literatures is the chief evil and the chief obstacle to a correct understanding of things. Each " literature " elaborates its own terminology, its own language, which is incomprehensible to

the students of other literatures, and *does not coincide* with other languages; by this it defines its own limits the more sharply, *divides itself* from others, and makes these limits impassable.

What we have needed for a long time is synthesis.

The word *synthesis* was emblazoned on the banner of the contemporary Theosophical movement started by H. P. Blavatsky. But this word remained a word only, because in reality a new specialisation was created, and a *Theosophical* literature of its own, separating, and striving even more to separate and fence itself off from the general movement of thought.

Theosophy is passing along the same path that many movements of thought have passed before. Beginning with a bold, revolutionary search for the wondrous, Theosophy soon started to fall away from that and to stop at some "found" truths which are gradually converted into indisputable dogmas.

Here we have the sincere opinion of a not unsympathetic critic, and we are therefore bound to ask ourselves how nearly it is correct.

Not altogether, certainly, for Ouspensky fails to discern and to do justice to the profound changes already wrought by the percolation, through stratum after stratum, of Theosophic thought. Whatever have been its mistakes and shortcomings, the Society has the right, in my opinion, to "point with pride" to its achievements up to the present time. But the future is a different matter altogether; in the light of tremendous impending changes, that future it is the part of wisdom (still in my opinion) to "view with alarm".

If the reasons which have been given for this opinion are not sufficient, and sufficiently plain, here, then, is the gist of the entire matter:

1. The need of the future will be for spiritual light. The spiritual light of latter-day Theosophy is too obscured by *psychic smoke.*

2. The need of the future will be for a transcendental philosophy which shall include and transcend the farthest reach of the newest science. Latter-day Theosophy appears to be still trying to adjust itself to that science taught in the schools and exploited in the newspapers, but which the truly

advanced scientists and mathematicians have already abandoned in favour of new generalisations, pointing in quite other directions.

3. The need of the future will be for universal terms and symbols for the expression of transcendental truths—symbols not borrowed from the East or from the past, but self-created. The literature of latter-day Theosophy is largely the jargon of a cult, and needs a glossary in order to make it intelligible to the uninitiated reader.

4. The need of the future will be for an emotional language containing the passwords which shall admit the human spirit into chambers of enchantment at the door of which it now beats in vain. This language is Art, not as it now exists, but as it is capable of being developed. Latter-day Theosophy has done nothing for Art. In these fields it has been sterile, with the possible exception of music, by reason of Scriabine.

5. The need of the future will be for some illuminating, inspiring and constructive dealing with the sex question, which shall focalise and make creative the powerful, joyous, divine forces of adolescence. On the subject of sex, latter-day Theosophy has blundered, and with sex it is now either afraid or incompetent to deal.

" Behold, the Bridegroom cometh ! "

Will the Theosophic lamp be filled with oil, and alight ? Yes, if we Theosophists will only remember that " There is no religion higher than Truth " and that " Everything that arrests the movement of the mind is false ".

Claude Bragdon

THEOSOPHY AND RELATIVITY

By E. L. GARDNER

EVERY problem that has presented itself to man, since consciousness in the human kingdom set up a relation to itself, has had two avenues of approach. Not necessarily apparent to the mind of one individual, else would tolerance be much more in evidence; but nevertheless two points of view, an inner and an outer, can always be assumed. Broadly these may be designated the philosopher's and the scientist's.

The tendency of the philosophic temperament is to approach a problem from the inner metaphysical realm of conceptions and deduce a solution. The scientist, on the other hand, by careful and accurate physical observation, seeks to induce a satisfying mental understanding from perceptions. Inevitably the two avenues must eventually meet, and one of the developments of the present time is their close approximation. The scientist is reaching the uttermost limits of his field of phenomena, or rather is finding himself compelled to extend its boundaries so widely that further pursuit seems to demand instruments finer than the physical provides. And this means that the scientist is beginning to explore preserves hitherto sacred to the philosopher, to the benefit and happiness of both. The recent research work associated with Einstein's name constitutes an intensely interesting example of this combination, and is an earnest of the lofty heights man's intellect will scale in this Fifth Race, the intellect's own.

Einstein's theory of relativity is by no means easy to grasp, and less so to expound, and I am not attempting to deal

with it adequately in this brief article. Certain features, however, associated with it, are of such a striking and familiar nature, touching as they do so closely much that lies within the field of study of every Theosophical student, that it is a delight to survey what appears to be ground occupied in common.

Relativity is a word in frequent use, for all the pairs of opposites, amid which consciousness is wrought, are what they are simply by virtue of their relation to any particular conscious unit. The truth underlying the saying about "one man's meat being another man's poison" applies to all of them, and the "body of reference" by which alone the relation can be judged, is of course consciousness itself. "There is no good or evil *per se*." Relativity in this connection is a commonplace—the difficulty always lies, of course, in the instability of the "body of reference". Human consciousness, while struggling with its vehicles, is so wayward and inconsistent that there appears to be no sure and certain standard. Similarly, in the realm of physics, Einstein's theory of relativity has lately caused so much stir, largely because it is now apparent that there is no stable body throughout the universe to which motion can be referred, and no means available, accurately and positively, of measuring that motion. The æther of space, hitherto regarded as being rigid and immovable, holding the honour of being our one sure rock of stability, has failed; as has also the straight light-ray, hitherto held to be our one infallible measuring-rule. The æther is warped, the light-ray is curved, and the final appeal court in the realm of physics vanishes!

What is called the progress of physical relativity may be roughly outlined: To describe the direction and speed of a moving body, it is necessary to relate that direction and speed to some stable, or comparatively stable, standard, called the body of reference. For most practical purposes our earth

provides such a standard, and the motion of anything moving on or near the earth may be, and usually is, estimated in relation to it. Space and Time are involved, and it is of these that what are called the Co-ordinates consist. These are length, breadth, height—the three dimensions of Space—and Time. These four, all considered in their relation to the earth, yield the factors needed to compute motion. Innumerable systems of co-ordinates of course can exist—associated with a train, ship, aeroplane, any object indeed—and, provided the body of reference (train, ship, etc.) be specified, then motion in relation to it can be estimated. A most interesting feature is the fact that each and every separate system has co-ordinates special to itself. A moving vessel, for example, has its own time: an ordinary watch will lose or gain according to whether it is moving towards, or away from, the source of light. Also, the influence of motion causes bodies to expand or contract. Thus all the co-ordinates are dependent on motion, are indeed governed by motion; hence every moving system has a set peculiar to itself.

Further, to add to the inexactitude thus occasioned, we are ignoring the speed of light itself, by means of which we make our measurements and estimate our time! The velocity of light is so enormous that it may be disregarded on the earth, but on the larger scale of the Solar System it is an important consideration. The light-ray that can cover a distance equal to the diameter of the earth in 1/23rd of a second, takes over eight minutes to reach us from the sun. Thus, when Einstein asserted that the light-ray was subject to gravitation, and did not take a straight path, he questioned all our laborious imaginings of the universe and threatened them with destruction. The observations of last May during the solar eclipse justified his brilliant prediction—the light-ray is bent. There is no absolute standard, and

"General Relativity," with its principle of Equivalence, is the outcome.

To the Theosophical student, the prominence given to Time will perhaps make the most appeal, while the fact that all that we class as material is stated by Mme. Blavatsky to be "crystallised light" (*The Secret Doctrine*, Vol. II, p. 179) is of intense interest in view of these recent researches. It is to these I desire especially to draw attention. Time, a necessary co-ordinate in all moving systems, is treated objectively instead of subjectively. To place it in the same category as the spatial co-ordinates is surely the reverse of helpful, though to speak of it as a fourth dimension is perhaps merely due to the lack of a suitable vocabulary. Past, Present, and Future Time (threefold, it will be noted) is due to the quality of our consciousness, and is practically synonymous with consciousness. Confining our attention for a moment to the latter, we can speak of this as being: (1) in-turned, (2) out-turned, or (3) between these two extremes. An instance of the first is a man deep in thought; of the third, a man physically active; of the second, when the thought is passing into action. The second state corresponds to "present" time, and may be said to embrace the three, just as the present includes past and future. From the physical point of view, the man in thought is in a state of inertia and concerned with a "future" event. He is planning an action, generating, indeed, the power that shall cause expression. He is living in the "future". The physical activity resulting is due to the outward projection of the thought; in other words, the thought becomes action. (If the physical elemental be a determinist, we may imagine him ably supporting an argument in favour, but the way in which the action is performed would depend very largely on the responsiveness and capacity of the physical body.)

Further, this action remains in the present—there is no past. To adopt the Theosophical nomenclature, every action

modifies in some degree the permanent atom which, bearing with it its indelible record, is being slowly expanded. The action which, from the physical body's point of view, is quite justifiably regarded as "past," is really held for ever in the "present" for us, for the permanent atom alone is our true physical vehicle. It is the limitation of our consciousness to the body's outlook that deludes us into picturing a past. All must be really "present," though, while surmounting this limitation, Time has a vivid semblance of reality.

Let us transfer this instance of a thought and its resulting action to its correspondence on the cosmic level. On the vast scale of Brahmah's Field of Influence three functions are exercised, to which correspond (1) the man's thought, (2) its translation, and (3) its expression. Three media are employed, and the third, concerned with "expression," is presented in our objective universe—sun, planets, and all the forms thereon. This aspect of His threefold nature, analysed by itself, as it can be by human consciousness, is reducible to unity—Light. If the matter of our dense physical earth be analysed to its ultimate, it unveils itself with brilliant gesture—and disappears! Matter of the astral plane is self-luminous, thus disclosing its nature; but without going further we may confidently take it that if the physical be composed of Light, then all the planes are modifications of such a fount. Light, therefore, is the play of His Life in this aspect, and its curved path is a sign of its circulation. Part becomes deeply involved, and we call it "material"; its release and return is surely in evidence in radioactivity. The dimensions of space are really extensions of "matter," and the play of His Life therefore constitutes our Space, the measurement of which must be in terms of that Life's motion—Light. Now the velocity of light is utterly beyond anything we can ordinarily picture, visualise, or imagine, though we can estimate it with some accuracy. This

is the life of God in His third aspect of Mobility, presenting itself to us as the objective world.

The higher consciousness of humanity is of the First Aspect, with the leading characteristic of Inertia which, from the point of view of the outer, active, physical world, is the mental. Inertia is due, however, to intense interior motion, in-turned, like that of a sleeping top. The top is a useful illustration : it is when the rapid rotation lessens, that mobility, outer movement, is developed; it is when the speed is at its greatest that inertia is the characteristic; for as the speed is reduced the movement of oscillation is added to that of rotation, and this is a vibratory four-way movement analogous to that of light.

If the velocity of light, fundamental and incomparable in the outer universe, be the mobility of the Third Aspect, what of the speed of the First Aspect, of which human consciousness essentially partakes? Superlatives can convey no measure. Moreover, in this aspect God is One, not many! and an amazing conception emerges—*does that One move among men and in succession touch each man's centre so rapidly that each human being, incarnate and discarnate, is the "temple of God" many times a second*? Is this the secret of individuality? Is this the scientific fact underlying the philosophy of brotherhood? Is it His presence thus in us that is the occult cause of self-consciousness? These questions appear to obtain a satisfying answer herein, together with many others relating to sympathy, telepathy, unity, omnipresence, and the like. And until we can identify ourselves consciously with that One, we are subject to Time by the measure of our identification with our vehicles.

As man masters his vehicles, built of the involved life of the Third Aspect in which his own awareness of living has generated, gradually he withdraws inwards and approaches an apprehension of his real being. This linking of Third and First Aspects is the work of the Second, manifesting the

qualities of rhythm and harmony, and filling the office of the Great At-one-er. The path of the Second is through the kingdoms of Nature, culminating in humanity, wherein the bridge is completed. We are apprehending the situation slowly yet ever more clearly, and refer to it in various ways —Consciousness is awakened by environment: Deep answers Deep: a masked Prince kisses a sleeping Beauty: the hidden power of Inertia attracts Light: the Divine Spark in man's heart becomes a Spiritual Flame—view it how we will, employ what figure we please, the same Truth shines forth. Man's consciousness, of the First Aspect, by the help of Light, of the Third Aspect, can reduce Time and Space to unity, for both can be expressed in terms of the One, that One who is God immanent in Man. Objective Space is the mirror of Subjective Time: their meeting-place is consciousness.

That this One is not absolute, and does not correspond to the point without parts or magnitude of the mathematician, is perhaps a comforting reflection many will cherish. For if light has a definite speed, our Logos, infinitely mighty though He be in our view, is nevertheless circumscribed, subject to relativity. It follows that that One Point of Supreme Consciousness whose presence in man constitutes selfhood and individuality, point though it be for us, must Itself be extensible. That is, though a Point in our system, on a higher analysis It is a Sphere, corresponding indeed, in relation to humanity as a whole, to the permanent atom in its relation to a particular individual. Each individual human being may be thought of, therefore, not as ultimately merged in One, with his individuality absorbed, but as a particular faculty of expression functioning through a spirilla within that One. Just as the scientist finds no stable body of reference in our universe, neither is there to be found absolute consciousness. Time also is not entirely eliminated, though the Psalmist's "a

thousand years in Thy sight are as a day" is probably an understatement!

With some temerity I have touched on a vast, mind-quaking theme, but it is perforce involved in any study of the new Relativity Theory; so I make no apology for attempting to interpret in the light of Theosophy the relativity of consciousness corresponding to that which is the result of the magnificent investigation of our modern scientists.

E. L. Gardner

THE SONG OF THE FUTURE

THE human heart like tender ivy clings
To old Tradition's ancient tottering stem—
So old, at last, we only hold it up
Who fear to stand without it; Custom sits
A well-used garment on the timid soul,
And fashions old and sweet our senses lull
Like mellow chimes repeated. But She comes
With pinion stretched and swoops athwart our skies,
The Spirit of the Future, Mother of Dreams
Unborn. She calls: "Strong sons of mine, arise!"
And thus her song re-echoes in their hearts:

"Leave all for Love! Leave all for Liberty!
Who then shall prison THAT in Its Nature free?
HE only ruleth; the Universal—HE.

"Shall any point and tell Him, 'This the way,'
Whose path is open? Or shall say Him 'Nay'
Whose Will nor men, nor angels, can gainsay?

"Decrepit Custom shall not lock the stream
Of human brotherhood, nor break the dream
That on the awakened Soul has cast its beam.

"To-morrow barriers shall be swept away
'Twixt heart and heart; a fuller light of day
'Twixt mind and mind shall have its interplay.

"To-morrow love shall knit the hearts of men
In one endeavour for the common gain;
To-morrow love shall be the balm for pain.

"To-morrow he thou callest enemy
Shall clasp and hold thy hand—for it is HE,
The Universal One, the Ever-Free.

"Nor one may weep and suffer but all weep,
Nor one do wrong but all the shame shall reap,
And this my brother needs I shall not keep.

"Not in the Past is HE 'mid ruins charred,
Nor Present world disfigured, maimed and marred,
Yet, watching all, HE ever is on guard.

"And down the Future with unfaltering Feet
HE comes, with tender outstretched arms, to meet
Humanity, and will make all things sweet."

D. M. CODD

THE DEVA WORLD ACCORDING TO BUDDHISM

By PETER DE ABREW

BUDDHIST books, chiefly Commentaries from the *Abidhamma*, give detailed accounts of the Deva Plane. It is the plane next higher in order of evolution to the earth-plane. Its inhabitants are called Devas, and are incarnated there after passing the stage of human evolution.

There are fourteen races or nations of devas, who are so classified according to their degree of intelligence and spiritual development. And they live on seven sub-planes, two races to each sub-plane, thus :

(1) Two races on hills, rocks and trees on earth: these are the lowest of the Deva world.

(2) Two races on the Chatumaharajika sub-plane,

(3) „ „ Tawatinsa „

(4) „ „ Yāma „

(5) „ „ Tusita „

(6) „ „ Nimanarati „

(7) „ „ Pâranimmita Vasavatti sub-plane.

Those living on rocks, hills and trees are of a very low order, with very little or no intelligence. This essay is confined in its remarks to the second and third sub-plane inhabitants, rather than those of the fourth and higher sub-planes, whose devas are said to be exceedingly advanced beings.

The devas have bodies like ours of the earth plane, but they are builded of matter which is very fine and are keenly

susceptible to sensations and emotions. Those of the lower grades make a playground of their senses, often indulging in desire-emotions, while the members of the higher grades are highly advanced in intellect and spirituality, and take a delight in their culture and development and in helping the weak.

They are engaged in various occupations and live in "houses". Their families consist of adults only; there are no children here. There are no births on this plane as there are on earth. A desire for an addition to the family is realised by a simultaneous appearance on the scene of an adult deva. Their food—which it must be remembered is not like the matter or the food of the earth-plane, but of a very fine structure, comes to them as soon as they need it. They wish it, and then and there they get it! There is no struggle for existence—provision for a wet day is out of the question—and the requirements of life are obtained without trouble and exertion "by the sweat of the brow" as on earth. A desire or thought to satisfy a craving of the senses brings with it the desired object. Men and women thus live on the second sub-plane of the devas for three crores and sixty lakhs of years. Each deva's age limit is confined to that enormous space of time, giving him or her a beautiful time of it. If he or she would live as a law-abiding deva, enjoying the fruits of good karma, he will at the end of his stay in this heaven world pass on in the natural course of events to the Brahma Loka, the heaven of Brahma, where life is much more advanced and more developed than that of the Deva Loka. The age limit of the devas of the other sub-planes is increased four times as much in ratio, up to the seventh sub-plane.

The religion of the devas is a most interesting subject. As there are so many races and grades of devas, they have all shades of thought and opinion on the subject of religion. Just as we find here so many religions and Faiths, so also have the devas—but with more insight and knowledge of those subjects

than we have, with less wrangling, and no hair-splitting discussion. Each one goes about his own business in all matters, including religious views, without converting or proselytising agencies. Happy in their own religions and opinions, they live up to them with more vigour and spirit than man does on earth. And should they be so fortunate as to hear the Maitreya and be cleared of their doubts by the teachings of that Great Teacher, they stand a glorious chance of reaching Nirvana, or the stage of the highest ideals of each religionist. Thus the devas live their respective religions, exercising tolerance and charity towards each other.

Each sub-plane is a monarchy, with a government of its own. There are officials with responsible duties to perform, and the work of the government is thus carried on under the headship of a monarch. He is both a Father and King—well versed in the Dharma and an Initiate according to his stage of development. The government is paternal and the rulings of officials and kings are based on love to educate and advance moral development. Its activities are not confined to the working of the Deva world alone, but to the well-being of the planes beneath it. The watchfulness of the official world of devas over the welfare, for instance, of the earth plane, is manifestly evident in ceremonials connected with every religion, where invocations to these beings are made. The monarch of the second and third sub-planes is King Sakra. He is responsible for the good government of his kingdom to the rulers above him on the next higher plane. Sakra is well-versed in the Dharma, and to maintain it in his kingdom and on earth, he has a government of which he is the Head.

This government is called the " Suddharma ". The very name of this Deva Sabha suggests the deepening of spirituality among its subjects. This assembly of devas, with Sakra as its president, consists of four Divisional Agents, who are Initiates of the Order of Sowan, and they are known as

the Varan Rajahs. They have charge of the four quarters of the earth, and their names are :

Dhata Ratha, for the East ;
Virulha, for the South ;
Veni Pakha, for the West ;
Vessa Vana, for the East ;

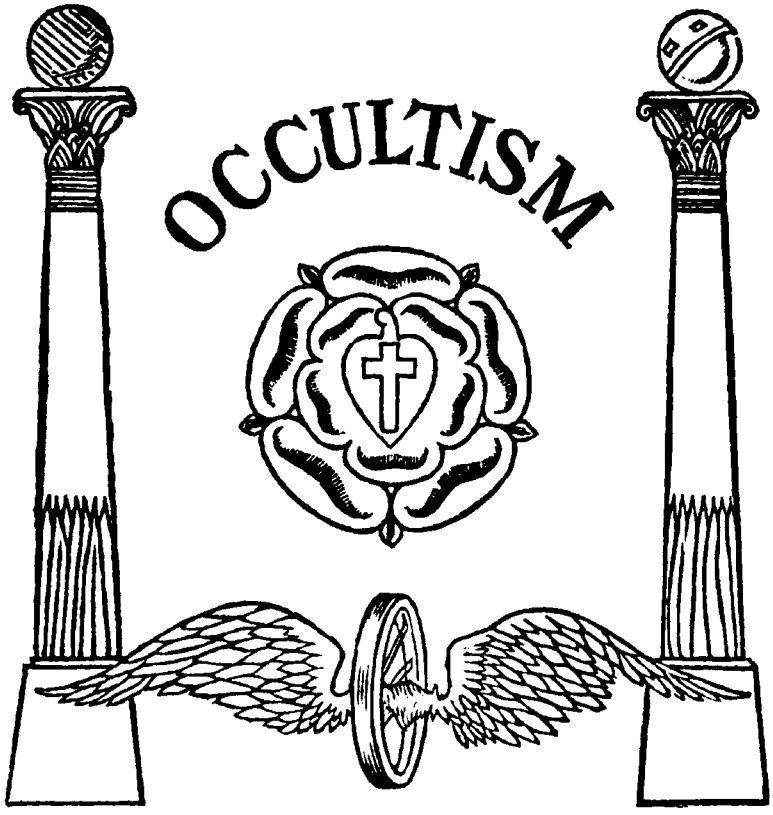
Besides the above five members, there are twenty-eight officials to form the government. The assembly meets every full-moon day to receive reports, deliberate on them, and give orders to the officials.

This government operates on earth for maintaining dharma. Each individual being on earth has a presiding or guardian deva, known as Ishta Deva, and other devas watching over him. They cannot interfere with his karma, but they will to a very great extent help him to get out of pitfalls which he might dig for himself. Individuals, families, communities and nations have each a guardian deva or devas to help them walk in the Path of Dharma, while there are also guardians of the mineral, vegetable and animal kingdoms, who are helping them to evolve. The four elements of earth, air, fire and water are not deserted either ; they have their devas, who use them for the proper working of the scheme of the Universe, and thus the devas have their appointed tasks to perform, for the advance and evolution of the universe in harmony with dharma.

The four Varan Devas, who have charge of the four quarters of the universe, have a host of subordinate devas to see to the detailed working of their universe in harmony with dharma ; where failures arise—for they must in the true nature of things and events—remedial measures will be adopted by the Supreme Council, Suddharma ; the balance of karma will be adjusted, and all will end well.

Thus, then, the devas work, without interfering with karma, to maintain dharma and help the evolution of orphaned humanity.

Peter de Abrew



THREE VISIONS OF NOTHING

THE IMPASSABLE GULF, THE ABYSS OF EVIL, THE BLISSFUL DARKNESS

By W. WYBERGH

IT may seem as though this were an absurd or impossible title, for how indeed can there be any vision of Nothing: is it not a contradiction in terms? Perhaps one should not speak of it as vision, for undoubtedly there is an intellectual impossibility suggested by such terms. They imply the objective existence of that which is seen, which in this case is clearly nonsense. But if one uses some more subjective

phrase, such as "experience" instead of "vision," the anomaly is only removed as it were a stage further back. For to experience "nothing," by whatever means, is surely to be conscious of that which has no existence, "which" as Euclid would say, "is impossible". It may be said, and probably will be said by common-sense people, that a consciousness of "nothing" is simply unconsciousness, and a vision of "nothing" is simply blindness. To such I can only reply that the experiences here related were extremely and overwhelmingly vivid and real, and about as far removed from unconsciousness as it is possible to imagine. And yet I can find no term which better describes their content than the apparently absurd one of Nothing. It may be that it is only my command of language that is at fault, or my ignorance of the correct metaphysical terms to use. If so, I trust that those who are more adequately equipped will pardon my obscurity, and put the things so incoherently described into the proper categories of thought.

The experiences related all occurred a good many years ago, but they made such a vivid impression that they have furnished me with material for much thought, and occasion for much self-analysis, ever since. I fear that it is impossible to convey to anyone else the intense feeling of reality which each of them had for me, the sense of having approached to some tremendous verity, underlying the accidents of the *mise en scène* and the trivialities and personal trappings through which this verity necessarily, but yet only partially, expressed itself. My personal adventures can be of little interest to anyone but myself, and I am too well aware of the deceptiveness of all such personal imagery, and of the ease with which it assumes a fictitious importance, to attach over much value to the incidents, even in their specific bearing upon my own inner life. Yet I have a deep conviction that behind all this, *something* did happen in each case, *some* deep truth of general

import was sensed, if not understood. We are greater and less than we think: we ascend into heaven and go down into hell—yet not we, but a greater life which is within us, so great that when for a moment its joys and its agonies are shared, our own experiences, our own part therein, seem of no account. It is a life whose very consciousness of high destiny is full of deepest self-abasement, wherein our personal life, our triumphs and our failures, are seen to be not ours, but the common property of humanity. It may be that others, reading the poor human document presented to them, may link it up with knowledge of their own, and so be brought to a better understanding of themselves, and of the great mysteries among which we live and move and have our being. But of this I am sure, that it is only when one interprets such things in the light of one's own experience that they have any usefulness or validity. The underlying truth may be universal, but the incidents are personal, and neither more nor less real than the scenery of a play.

It so happens that two at least of these experiences occurred in sleep, but it is not on that account that I put limits to their reality. I have never been among those who regard the dream-life as unreal compared to the waking life, though for practical purposes it is most necessary not to confuse between the two. Some dreams, of course, are obviously mere jumbles of the memories of physical things, incoherently thrown together. Others, though entirely concerned with events of a non-physical character, are felt to be perfectly real in a rather commonplace sort of way, though to be understood they should, I think, often be regarded less as adventures in a superphysical counterpart of the physical world than as psychical happenings for which we have provided scenery according to our taste. For we naturally tend, when we awake to the physical world, to express our psychical experiences in terms of that world, with the result

that, having come to recognise the reality of dream-life, if we take these experiences at their face value, we end by constructing for ourselves an unreal world on the plan of the physical, in place of the real one of soul-experience. But after all, why should we regard action as the only reality, or hesitate to ascribe reality to an experience just because it takes place while the body is asleep? It is not the exterior *incidents* of experience, whether in the dreaming or waking state, which make up our real life—which constitute "reality" for us. Real life consists of a succession of inner states of consciousness, and whether these are produced by outside events or arise from within, matters little. Two people may go through identical experiences as far as the outer world is concerned, but the states of consciousness which these experiences evoke in them may be as wide asunder as the poles. Or the outer incidents may be quite different, and yet the inner experience the same. Which then is "real," the outer or the inner? If the incidents of a dream cause me to pass through the same inner experience as might be evoked by the incidents of my physical life, is not the dream "real"? And on the other hand, cannot every one recall moments when the life of the outer world, in which we are busily playing our part, has become strange and unfamiliar; when we have moved as in a dream, and that which is happening to us is as though it were happening to some other person, so that with a sudden sense of wonder, even of surprise, we have asked ourselves: "What am *I* doing in all this?"

No; it is not the distinction between dream-life and waking life that really matters, any more than it is the incidents of one or the other that are of intrinsic importance, but rather the occasions in both when we really live, and the incidents, trivial enough in themselves, are pervaded with this sense of a higher reality.

I can understand the feeling of the man who longs to be conscious during his waking hours of the events and incidents

of the astral plane, who desires, that is, not merely to be able to think thoughts and feel emotions, but to see these things as objective entities. I should much like to have the power myself as a matter of curiosity, and indeed of great and reasonable interest. But on the other hand, I cannot feel that such a mode of consciousness must necessarily involve any great enhancement of life itself. Surely it is the thought itself, the hopes, the fears, the high resolve, which are the main thing, and these things do not become more real by being objectivised but by being lived. Our objective perception of them as visible forms and images must surely involve just the same kind of reaction upon our real inner life as objective perception of any kind involves, and when the astral world has become to us as the physical world, it must react upon us as the physical world does. In any case astral consciousness, whether we are awake or asleep, is not of the things that belong unto our salvation.

But this is by the way, and it is my object rather to explain why I feel that the reality and importance of dream-experiences as such is neither less nor greater than that of waking experience, than to depreciate astral vision. In all three reality is relative, and the importance is not in the things heard and seen: for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal. For my own part I am as content to go about my business on the physical plane by day as I am to go to my office in office hours. I do not find either the one or the other a very thrilling experience as a rule. But in my office I at least earn my living and do my duty in that state of life into which it has pleased God to call me. So, too, I make possible those other sides of life in the world which mean so much more to me. In some such way, I take it, our daily concern with the dull round of the physical plane is the necessary condition which enables us to play our part in the unseen worlds of form.

Yet is our real life other than all this. Neither here nor there is its true abiding place, for our life is hid with Christ in God. Dull are the incidents, alike of dream and waking life, poor and thin is our consciousness in either, unless it is irradiated by the glow from that high place where we ourselves abide. Then indeed does our life upon all the planes of form become real, its most commonplace incidents translucent, revelations of that which they embody. Alas that we so little live that life, that its deep and vivid reality so seldom sets its impress upon our daily traffic! For those who have once felt it stand in a desolate space between two worlds. The old is powerful as ever to attract and envelop us, but one can no longer enjoy, for it has lost its savour: the other is not yet attained, and the glimpses that we obtain of it are rare and treasured landmarks, by the memory of which alone we live. Such landmarks are not all beautiful; some indeed are most terrible, for we have in us both good and evil, and ugly things are seen when that light shines upon the dark places. Yet we would not forgo even the worst of such experiences, for their very horror bears witness to the reality of the illumination, to the power of that life which makes possible so deep a death. Heaven and hell are not far apart, but ever wait on one another. Even hell we may accept with gratitude: we pray only that we may escape from the emptiness which encompasses us.

Some of my landmarks I offer to my fellow pilgrims, but it is the things in these visions that are not seen that I commend to them, rather than the poor visions themselves.

THE IMPASSABLE GULF

Years ago, when yet, in this life, a very young student of Theosophy, and many years before the coming Armageddon had cast its giant shadow over the world, I dreamed a dream.

I was traversing a narrow path which ran high along the slopes of a great mountain. A thrill of unseen powers trembled in the air: great and grave events seemed to be at hand, and, though I was alone, I felt the hum of preparation, the surge of mighty legions about to be launched into action. Some great enterprise lay before me and filled me with exaltation and self-devotion. There grew out of the silence of the mountain-side an eager hurrying of feet, a mustering of hosts, a call to arms. I became aware that a great battle was even now being fought, a battle of doom and destiny wherein terrific forces were engaged and the fate of the world was being decided. Full of ardour, I grasped after a weapon and found a rifle in my hands, and so hurried on along the level path towards a shoulder of the mountain which hid from me a deep valley of impenetrable gloom. Now I could hear the awful sounds of strife, and before me, with slow, unceasing, relentless motion, a deadly smoke poured up from the depths, like an evil breath from the Pit. But before I could reach the shoulder, there met me one in authority. He pointed to my rifle and seemed to say: "We wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against the Powers of Darkness," and I knew that my weapon was useless and threw it away. Yet I would not listen to his warning. I pressed on, determined to fight without a weapon rather than take no part at all. Louder and more terrible grew the sounds, more compelling the call, and ever more insistent the sense of approaching doom. But when I got to the shoulder, the conviction arose in my mind that to turn the corner was, for me, certain and final destruction. I stopped and watched while, one by one, others passed on down into the valley, and were lost to view. Then it seemed that I was shown what I must do.

I found myself in a dark wood wherein the gnarled roots of the great trees writhed like snakes. Yet the only way to ascend the mountain was to grasp them and haul myself up by

them. After some reluctance and fear I did so, and came out on a high, steep Alpine meadow, sparkling in the sun, where the air was fresh and clear but very thin. There came to meet me a guide, a dear and familiar friend, yet one unknown to me in earth-life. I was exhausted from my struggles, but my guide, who was in woman's form, helped me on. Her cloak, of bright dark-blue, streamed out from her like the robe of the Sistine Madonna, and as I came within its folds I felt strong again. Far above us the great peaks stood out against the sky—the goal, it seemed, but beyond all possibility of attainment. Yet at last I found myself there, and knew that instead of being the goal they were only the starting-point of the way I must pass. All around me was a Great Gulf, and that which was accomplished counted for nothing at all, for my way led through that Gulf. I longed to obey the inner voice which bade me launch forth. It was not fear that held me back. I knew that it was not the emptiness that it seemed, that there was nothing to fear, and that I was called to a great destiny if I would but take the plunge. I longed with my whole heart to go, but I *could* not. Against my will, as it seemed, I clung to that last peak, paralysed hand and foot. Then in a flash I felt that I was tried and judged and condemned, yet I myself and no other was delinquent, prosecutor, judge, and gaoler. It was given to me to see myself as I really was. Without bitterness or rebellion I accepted my failure, and knew that it was my own fault, that it was right and just, and that all was well, for one day I should surely succeed, and I heard the gentle laughter of my guide, as of a mother sympathising with the vain efforts of her child to walk.

The gulf in my dream is one which I can only call a metaphysical one, not material or pseudo-material. It represented to me, not an empty space outside me, into which I feared to fall, but something in some sense within me. It

seemed like Nothingness to me and I cannot otherwise describe it. He who has come to the edge of such a gulf can interpret it for himself. To me the experience stands as an attempt to pass some initiation for which I was not ready, brought about by a strong desire to serve in a capacity for which I was unfitted. That it was not the astral "test of air" described in the books, I feel sure—both from the nature of the experience and because I have, from a child, habitually made use of the corresponding faculty in my dreams, and have even seemed to be engaged in instructing others in its use. But the significance of the experience has been in what it has taught me. Great is our need of humility and great is the value of failure, for thus we teach ourselves what no other can teach us, and the most solemn bar to which we can be summoned for judgment is in the High Court of our own hearts. I have learned therein, as no instruction and no second-hand experience could ever have taught me, that injustice is not merely non-existent but it is impossible and unthinkable. And I have learned that "success" and "failure" are beside the mark, for there is that in us which is greater than either, could it but be brought to birth. To my fellow pilgrims I would say: do not fear to try that which is beyond you. It may be that you will succeed; you may fail as I have done; but anyhow you will learn.

THE ABYSS OF EVIL

"Be bold; be bold; be bold; be not too bold."

This is perhaps the lesson that is most likely to be drawn from the experience now to be related, though I do not think it has been the principal one for me. I have always felt an intense desire to know and experience things for myself. I cannot rest content with the experience and the warnings of others, and it may be that I have brought upon myself many

difficulties which a wiser person would have avoided. This experience seems to be a case in point, for it was probably the result of much thinking and many questions about the nature and origin of evil, which may be safe enough when one only seeks information about it, but is otherwise when one desires really to *know*. No doubt I was courting danger and even disaster; and, although I obtained a very vivid and real knowledge of the true nature, apart from the result and outer effect, of what the Church calls "the World, the Flesh and the Devil," the experience is one that I regard with mixed feelings. I do not doubt that there was something rather discreditable in it, that in fact, apart from the proper though dangerous desire to understand and experience, there was involved, and in the nature of the case must have been involved, a certain element of wallowing in the evil, until I was pulled up by the terrific shock which resulted. I do not excuse myself.

I dreamed that I set out to investigate the nature of evil. I would be satisfied with none of the conventional ideas on the subject: I wanted to know not merely what was evil but *why* it was evil—in what the evil consisted, not what were its results. I desired, in my dream, to get into touch with the thing itself, to see it from the inside without being involved in it, to taste it while retaining my aloofness and self-control. But I also felt a great and far less respectable curiosity.

I found myself hovering over a great and foul city. The exhalations which rose from it were stifling and confusing, and the whole impression was ugly and sordid. Gradually this general sense became more defined, and I realised that I was in touch with all the varied phases of sexual excess. I was not conscious of individual offenders or offences, but of an atmosphere of a particular kind. In some way I seemed to taste it all, down to the lowest depths. It was horrible and loathsome,

but I was distinctly conscious of a sort of evil fascination about it, with which I dallied to some extent. My expectation had been to find in this the real source and essence of evil, but I did not find it. Instead of depths I found shallows, and gradually I got the impression that it was a poor sort of thing, an error more than a wickedness, containing even in its worst forms a spark or seed of good. I was, so to speak, disappointed that it was not worse, and said to myself: "This is futile, it is not the real thing at all." Then it passed, and I became conscious of another atmosphere. It was one of hardness, of avarice, of selfishness and competitive struggle. I tried to taste this also, but it seemed less possible to do so, and it eluded contact and comprehension and was totally devoid of any feeling of fascination. It was uglier than lust, formidable in appearance, but without *rationale*, a manifestation, but not an essence. While lust was futile, it had still something positive about it: but this seemed dreary, stupid, and incoherent, leading to no possibility of definite knowledge of any kind. So in my dream I turned away and sought deeper for the essential nature of evil.

Hitherto I had been conscious of no companion, but now it seemed that I was guided towards that which I sought. For we can always find our own way to the World and the Flesh, but the Devil is not so easily discovered. My guide led me once more into a city, but this time we traversed its streets. Here were no inhabitants, no movement, no life, good or evil: it was a city of death, mournful with a heart-breaking silence, eloquent only of the non-existent, the might-have-been. Its dead streets, dimly discerned, gave back no sound to the fall of our feet. And then there came a subtle change: what had been desolation and grief unspeakable became grim, sinister and menacing—deliberately, intentionally evil. A sense of almost intolerable oppression and strain began to be felt, and there arose in me an evil and defiant determination

to go through, if it must be so, to the unbearable end. The bitterness of death took possession of my soul. But yet I would accept nothing short of what I sought, and I said to myself that there was something deeper and more terrible still. My guide stopped at the entrance of a passage that descended steeply beneath the surface. He said nothing, yet seemed to say that if in my obstinacy I chose to go further, I could do so, but he remained outside. Then I descended. Before me was a deep, dark space with separate tongues of red flame dancing therein, as though the fiery rain of Dante's Inferno hovered in mid air. I advanced and embraced one of the flames, to dance with it. And as I did so, I recoiled in a panic of dread that I could never describe in words. For a moment I entered into Absolute Nothingness, Darkness visible, Emptiness tangible, and in that moment realised or seemed to realise what Evil actually is. My naked, shuddering human soul felt the Negation of all Being. It struck me like a thunderbolt and I fled from the horror, conscious of my presumption, humbled to the dust, and thankful to find myself existing anywhere, on any terms. I cannot say more, but I received a lesson and an insight into the great realities more solemn and momentous than I had conceived possible. Though I shall often hereafter fail from weakness or be enticed by the glamour of false good, I think that I can never again seek to know that, the knowledge of which is Death. Nor ever again can I accept, unless in a relative and illustrative sense, the easy dictum that

" Evil is null, is naught, is silence implying sound,"

for though Evil is the very essence of Nothing, so far as my intellect can conceive it, it is yet an awful reality of experience. I may have done wrong in seeking to know, but at any rate I know. Nevertheless to my fellow pilgrims my advice would be: take my experience at second-hand, on trust—if you can.

The Blissful Darkness

This experience took place some years after the others, and, as far as I can judge, while the body was awake—not that it could have made any difference whether it slept or waked.

I had been reading and thinking upon some devotional work one evening—I think it was St. Teresa's *Way of Perfection.* I had not been studying or deliberately meditating, but just quietly enjoying it and bathing in its atmosphere. I have found that, on account of a natural obstinacy and self-consciousness, if I apply my mind too closely, it tends to take sole charge, so that while I get the meaning very clearly I am liable to miss the spirit, which in a book of this kind is worth infinitely more. Perhaps others, whose minds, like my own, are over-active, may find this a useful hint. On this occasion I went to bed soon afterwards, in a happy and contented, but not excited or exalted frame of mind. Scarcely, it seemed, had I laid my head on the pillow and composed myself to sleep, when I passed, quite involuntarily, into a peculiar state of consciousness. "Whether in the body or out of the body I cannot tell," but the condition in which I found myself was one of complete unconsciousness of any exterior object of any kind, on any plane, including my own body, physical or otherwise. It was as though I were floating in a void, perfectly poised, perfectly motionless in thought and feeling, occupying no space, fixed in a point, yet none the less perfectly free, and perfectly and most fully and acutely conscious. Not only were there no objects of consciousness, but there were no changes in the consciousness itself, so that it is a condition impossible to describe; but, as near as I can express it, everything was potential rather than actual. There was an enormous sense of power and life and bliss, but it was entirely interior. There was no desire to exercise the power, no desire for anything,

and no consciousness of the existence of anything to desire; but rather a complete and perfect contentment and satisfaction in being—Nothing.

I do not know how long it lasted—not very long, I think, but I found myself with a sort of idle curiosity returning to a consciousness of myself and then going back again, with a vague sort of idea of seeing how it was done. I did this several times, alternating more and more rapidly, until I found myself caught fast again, lying wide awake in my bed and unable to escape. I could have wept with vexation at my stupidity in getting caught again, and then at my failure to observe and take note of anything belonging to whatever plane I had visited; but the truth is that when I was "there" I did not in the least want to know or do or feel anything at all, for to be there was all-sufficient. I see no possibility of describing such a state, for there were no incidents to describe; and I cannot even recall to myself the actual feeling of it, for that would imply that I was once more "there," which has never again befallen me. Sometimes, for this reason, I feel inclined to say that in reality I must have made up the story, or at least exaggerated it. Possibly: but yet, I think, not altogether. At the time I well remember that it seemed something great, but it may have been quite small: I have no criterion.

Yet, whatever its true meaning and value may be, I can at least express my conviction that such a state of consciousness, absurd though it may seem, really does exist. And I think that even though in itself it be of small value, it is a gateway through which we may pass to something really great. I feel that to me was given a great opportunity, and that I missed it; and my experience may at least be a warning to others what not to do. It came spontaneously, and I do not know how it may be reproduced. It may never come to me again, but of this I am sure, that to strive deliberately to

reproduce it would be to play into the hands of my self-consciousness, and defeat my object, if it did not lead to dishonesty and self-deception.

To the fellow pilgrim who may come to that gate I would say: be still, have patience, do not play the fool as I did, and throw away the priceless gift. For it may be that you will pass through and come out on the other side. To us, who are unworthy, there is given now and then a gleam of that light which shines beyond. To you in that day will be revealed what eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor the heart of man conceived—that knowledge of God which is Eternal Life. So be it.

W. Wybergh

A COMMENTARY ON THE BHAGAVAD-GĪṬĀ

SRI HAMSA YOGI'S MASTERLY INTRODUCTION TO HIS COMMENTARY

By DR. S. SUBRAMANIAM

(*Continued from p. 178*)

COMING to the sixth head, reserved for consideration now, its title is *Gīṭā Saṅgrahārṭha Nirūpaṇam, i.e.*, a statement of the gist of the *Gīṭā*. Hamsa Yogī does not, of course, mean to enter here into a detailed explanation of the many topics discussed in the various verses of the different chapters. The method adopted by Hamsa Yogī under this head is as follows: First, he shows the intimate connection that exists between a chapter and the one immediately following it. Next, he classifies in a general way the contents of each chapter by drawing pointed attention to the different topics to which those contents severally relate, often summing up briefly the conclusions involved in the teachings bearing upon such topics. Lastly, he explains with much precision the main questions or doubts intended to be elucidated and solved by the four sections respectively, made up, as each is, of six chapters.

The remarkable analysis to which he subjects the teachings in the *Gīṭā* at first, and then harmonises them in the course of his expositions, throws such a flood of light on this scripture as to make it abundantly clear that in it is compressed knowledge, both general and detailed, connected with the sacred science, to an extent hardly understood even by many who have devoted

years of study to the scripture. Taking up this method, he observes that the first chapter corresponds to the Praṇava Prefix to the Gāyaṭrī symbol, as explained under the third head. This chapter conveys, among other things, the truth that all the cosmos, symbolised by the Gāyaṭrī, is evolved out of Brahman, not when the constituents of Brahman are in the condition of coalescence, symbolised by the syllable OM, but from that aspect of it when its different constituents, namely, the one Self, the one Life, and the one Root of all matter, are separate from each other. This separated state is, of course, anterior to the appearance of the twenty-four elements which lie at the basis of all the concrete universes, solar systems and worlds.

The next point for notice in connection with this chapter is as to the reason for the introduction of the first verse in the particular place where it stands. Hamsa Yogī observes that it is there by way of compliance with the literary canon which governs Samskṛṭ compositions and writings of a high order and merit, and which requires that the subject-matter of such compositions and writings should be made to appear at the very commencement, either by express words or by implication, *Shabḍaṭo Arṭhaṭōva.* The view thus put forward, Hamsa Yogī supports by taking, one by one, all the nine words out of the ten of which the verse consists, and drawing the conclusion that the verse shows the subject-matter of the *Gīṭā* to be Yoga Brahma Viḍyā.

Taking the first and the second words, *Ḍharmakshēṭrē Kurukshēṭrē*, Hamsa Yogī says the former of them connotes the visible dense bodies of man, while the latter connotes his invisible, subtle bodies; the fifth and sixth words, *Māmakāh* and *Pāṇḍavah*, similarly signify the evil emotions appertaining to the lower human nature and the virtuous qualities of the higher, respectively; the third and fourth words, *samaveṭāh yuyutsavaha*, explain

the peculiar character of these two aspects, in that the characteristics appertaining to each aspect are strongly united in themselves, while each of the bodies thus united is intensely hostile to the other. The remaining eighth and ninth words, *kim akurvaṭa*, raise the question as to the work and the career of these two aspects of man. In brief, the question asked in the verse as a whole is one which, it is needless to say, has baffled the undeveloped human understanding at all times, and certainly even before the Delphic Oracle vouchsafed the solemn advice: "Know thyself." In a word, the question is: "What am I, this seeming bundle of warring elements?" If it be asked how this enquiry about the nature and constitution of man signifies that the subject-matter of the *Gīṭā* is Yoga Brahma Viḍyā, the answer is to be found in the maxim: "As above, so below." In other words, the exposition of the constitution and nature of man, the microcosm, necessarily involves the exposition of the constitution and nature of the macrocosm also, and of that Brahman in which both are synthesised. The special reason for the selection of the microcosm, and the creation of the character of Arjuna as a concrete instance of it, to serve as the basis for the exposition of the great Science, is that nothing is nearer to the disciple and the student than himself, and consequently a study of his own nature is easier than the study and investigation of what is external to him.

Hamsa Yogī draws attention to two more lessons of importance, as conveyed by the remaining contents of this first chapter. One of them is that the lamp of wisdom which this Yoga Brahma Viḍyā has ever been, is made to burn with special brightness at stated times through the work of those mighty superhuman Beings called Avaṭārs, who come among men at times of great cyclic changes and do what is needed for the uplift of humanity. This is the lesson suggested by Arjuna's submission as the pupil to Kṛṣhṇa, who appears at

the right moment to impart through him the guidance and instruction needed then by the world. The other lesson is as to the way in which the Brahmic power works at all times in the universe, on its dark or Āsuric phase, on the one hand, and on the light or Ḍaivi phase, on the other; the tendency of the former being materialistic, while that of the latter is spiritual. This appears from Ḍuryoḍhana's relying merely upon the numerical strength of his army for his success, while Arjuna, under the guidance of the Avaṭāra, invokes Ḍurgā and prays that she may ensure victory to him. The invocation by Arjuna of the Shakṭi of Brahman by the name Ḍurgā is (as the etymology of the word shows) in Her aspect of the extricator of all who are overwhelmed by danger under circumstances which entitle them to her protection because of their merit and goodness.

Turning to the next six chapters which make up the first of the four sections, it is to be observed that Hamsa Yogī relies on the famous concluding verse of the Teacher as furnishing some authority for the division of the *Gīṭā* into the four sections of Jñāna, Ichchhā, Kriyā and Yoga. Hamsa Yogī's argument as to this is as follows:

Of the thirteen words of which the verse consists, the first two, namely, *sarva ḍharmān*, refer to those duties and functions the obligation to perform which has to be transcended by the disciple before he attains his liberation. These duties and functions are all subjects of knowledge, and thus the two words in question point to the view that the first section is devoted to the Jñāna aspect. The third word, *pariṭyajya*, which means "renouncing," manifestly implies the exercise of the will, and consequently suggests that the second section deals with the Ichchhā or the Bhakṭi aspect. The next four words, *mām ēkam sharaṇam vraja*, which mean "surrender yourself to that Brahmashakṭi called *mā*, making it thy sole guide," unmistakably refer to an overt act and therefore point

to the third section, dealing with the Kriyā aspect; and lastly, the remaining six words, *aham*, *ṭwa*, *sarva*, *pāpēbhyo*, *mokshayishyami*, and *masuchaha*, which mean "I shall release thee from all delusions, grieve not," necessarily point to the fourth section, bearing on Yoga or summation.[1]

Now proceeding to the contents of the first section, Hamsa Yogī explains the connection between those contents, on the one hand, and on the other, the six sentences in which Arjuna describes his thoughts and feelings which led to his collapse when he saw the kith and kin against whom he was to fight. Those sentences are the following:

1. Sīdaṇṭi mama gāṭrāṇi.
2. Mukhañcha parisushyaṭi.
3. Vepaḍhuscha sareeremē.
4. Romaharshascha jāyaṭē.
5. Gāṇḍivam sramsaṭē haṣṭāṭ.
6. Ṭwakchaiva pariḍahyaṭē.

Taking up the sentences word by word, Hamsa Yogī construes them in their esoteric sense. And this he is enabled to do, because the words advisedly used are such as to admit of one meaning with reference to Arjuna as the warrior of the allegory, and of another with reference to him as a disciple seeking spiritual instruction from an all-wise Teacher. Readers who wish to follow the details of this interpretation by Hamsa Yogī will see them from the passage which appears in the footnote.[2]

[1] There is nothing new in such a division into four, beginning with Jñāna and ending with Yoga. It is only in accordance with the very essence of all human experience, as strikingly exemplified by the logician's well known saying: Jānāṭi, Ichchaṭi, Yaṭaṭē, Parinamaṭē, Anubhavaṭi.

[2] 'सीदन्ति मम गात्राणि' इत्यत्र हि, मम त्रिगुणात्मकसंसारावबद्धस्य चेतनस्याऽऽत्मनः गात्राणि—गां त्रातीति व्युत्पत्त्या स्वात्मनो धारकं विशुद्धं विज्ञानमित्यर्थः। अत्र गोशब्दस्त्वात्मार्थकः। गात्राणीति पूजायां बहुत्वम्। सीदन्ति, विशीर्यन्ते इत्यर्थः। तथा च प्रथमप्रश्नेन कार्पण्यदोषोपहतानामात्मलक्षणस्य च विज्ञानस्य विशीर्णस्थितिश्च स्वरक्षकेश्वरस्वरूपाऽविज्ञानसञ्जाता प्रतिपादिता भवतीति विज्ञायते, 'मुखं च परिशुष्यति' इत्यत्र, मुखं च ज्ञानं तस्यैव क्षेत्रज्ञव्यवसायेषु त्रिषु मुख्यत्वात्। तस्य परिशोषणं च तद्यवसायप्रकाराऽविज्ञानमेव भवति।

It suffices to say that these descriptions by Arjuna showed that he laboured under the gravest misconceptions as to his own nature and position as one evoluting as a human Jīva. Moved by compassion the Teacher proceeded to impart to him the knowledge that would dispel his darkness and instruct him as to the end and aim of human evolution and the means of attaining it. Hamsa Yogī points out that the rationale of the order of these chapters will be best understood if the student takes them up from below and begins with the one called the *Kaivalya Gīṭāḍhyāya.* This chapter shows that the goal of human evolution is Kaivalya, or the state in which the individual concerned becomes immortal in the sense of being free from the liability to rebirth on earth, and that his consciousness is so expanded as to make him the possessor of power and wisdom and the enjoyer of a peace and bliss which human language cannot adequately express. The chapter above it, called the *Kāraṇa Gīṭāḍhyāya,* explains that the cause of all manifestation and evolution is Para Brahman in the aspect of Paramāṭman, and that the spirit in man, or the Kshēṭrajña, is a ray or spark of that Paramāṭman and thus untrammelled by the limitations and qualities of the Kshēṭram or the human bodies, and therefore fully capable of attaining to the state of Kaivalya already explained. The third chapter, called *Siksha Gīṭāḍhyāya,* points out the life to be lived by one who aspires to attain to the Kaivalya

तथा चाऽनेन ज्ञानव्यवसायप्रकाराऽनभिज्ञत्वं चावेदितमिति भावः । 'वेपथुश्च शरीरे मे, इत्यत्र च वेपथुश्च स्वस्वरूपाऽनुरूपाऽधिकारविज्ञानाऽभावसञ्जाता ह्यनीता भवति । तथा च मे—आत्मनः, शरीरे-स्वभावे, अनीशत्वं सञ्जातमित्यावेदितं भवतीत्यर्थः । 'रोमहर्षश्च जायते' इत्यत्र रोमहर्षश्च सत्त्वशुध्यभावरूपः । तथा च स्वस्य सत्त्वशुध्यभाववत्त्वमावेदितमित्यर्थः । 'गाण्डीवं स्रंसते हस्तात्' इत्यत्र गाण्डीवशब्देन सर्वोपसंहारलक्षणं च कारणात्मविज्ञानमुच्यते । तस्य स्रंसनमभावः । ततश्चानेन कारणवस्तुविज्ञानाभावः प्रतिपादित इति भावः । 'त्वक्चैव परिदह्यते' इत्यत्र त्वक्छब्दार्थश्च लक्षणयाऽऽत्मस्थानमुच्यते । तस्य दहनमविवेक एव । तथा चाऽनेन स्वस्थान-विज्ञानाऽविवेकश्चाऽऽवेदित इति भावः. . . .

state. The remaining three chapters, taken as a whole, deal, speaking generally, with the provision made, in the form of the great Hierarchy, for the spiritual government of the world. The first of them, which derives its name, *Nara Nārāyaṇa Ḍharma Gīṭāḍhyāya*, from the titles borne by the exalted head of that Hierarchy and his chief official, shows in effect that all the power, wisdom, love and beneficence which emanate from the Īshvara of our Solar system, and the still higher sources, reach the world through the members of this Hierarchy. The second chapter, called the *Avaṭāra Gīṭāḍhyāya*, explains the circumstances in which Mighty Beings appear visibly among men as the Messengers of the Hierarchy and restore righteousness when it has waned, and otherwise do what is necessary for the fulfilment of the Divine Plan in the world. The third, called the *Aḍhikāra Gīṭāḍhyāya*, alludes, among others, to those members of the Hierarchy who are in charge of the various departments of the world-government, namely, the seven Ṛṣhis, the four Kumāras, and the Manus who are the progenitors of the human race.

It may not be superfluous to add that an aspirant to spiritual progress who is not keenly alive to the vital nature of the relation existing between him and the Hierarchy, is like a child who is ignorant of his guardian that can protect him from all evil and guide him with the utmost wisdom. It is not surprising, therefore, that Hamsa Yogī and other writers of his school constantly commend all who devote themselves to the service of humanity to invoke the blessings of the Hierarchy in order that their work may be crowned with success. Lastly, let it be remembered that the *Gīṭā* itself proclaims that wherever Kṛṣhṇa and Arjuna are present, there victory attends!

S. Subramaniam

(To be continued)

JUPITER, PLANET OF EXUBERANCE

By Leo French

"EXUBERANCE is Beauty," declared a true son of Jupiter—William Blake, poet, artist, designer, craftsman, practical mystic.

> One who never turned his back but marched breast forward,
> Never doubted clouds would break,
> Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
> Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
> Sleep to wake.[1]

Jupiter rules the realms of power and glory, the realisation of Life's boundlessness. The lures of eternal hope and everlasting promise shine and beckon through Jupiter, to

"Man, the heir of all the ages in the foremost ranks of time."

Precious beyond words is Jupiterian consciousness to-day, when buoyancy alone can lift us from the mire and clay of the immediate past, set our feet upon a rock, and order our goings.

By virtue of the power and vision of Jupiter, even Job, universal spokesman of "Saturn afflicted," exclaimed:

"I know that my Redeemer liveth,
. . . In my flesh shall I see God."

The destruction of the physical body, by the natural agents of putrefaction, disintegration and dissolution, was but an episode to the man whose faith and hope rose superior to the

[1] From Epilogue to "Asolando". R. B. Browning.

doubts and fears engendered by the heavy chastening of the subduer's outstretched hand; the mighty arm of Jupiter sustained him, "still clutching the inviolable hope".

All works wherein the Master-artificer reigns supreme, are wrought through Jupiter. Joy of life, ecstasy of spontaneous liberation, in doing and making, appertains to the Planet of Jubilation. "Without him [Jupiter] was not anything made that was made." All architectural secrets of conception and design are known to the universal Cosmic Architect.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs
And works his sovereign will.

Saturn, builder, underpinner, miner, descends into the heart of Mother Earth, the workman of Jupiter, bringing and preparing substances to be worked and wrought upon by the formative ideation of the architect's mind, in whose creative, constructive consciousness the Word assumes definite imagery of form, frequently "cast" into concrete shape by the strong craftsman, Saturn—as in the world of Sculpture, wherein the image is conceived by the Artist, "cast" by the labourer-craftsman, the builder serving the architect in perfect skill and obedience, combined—the true function of craft as compared with art, *i.e.*, its *interpretation*, wherein workmanship and technique keep ever their due proportionate position, subordinate to the master-mind of the designer and inventor; thus alone are ideas, conceptions, designs, brought to an excellent work.

There is no more typical son of Jupiterian ancestry than Beethoven, born on December 16th, during the Sun's occupation of Sagittarius, Jupiter's vehicle or chariot, running its fiery, ethereal course in heaven from November 22nd to December 20th. "Joy through suffering" (*Durch Leiden Freude*) the *motif* of a life mighty in its magnificent achievement against colossal odds. "Born in a wretched loft . . . he died in the

height of a storm . . . a tempest of snow . . . during a thunder-clap. The hand of a stranger closed his eyes."[1]

Nowhere is the indomitability of Jupiter's fundamental optimism (the gospel of survival of the best as the "fittest") shown more triumphantly than in the life of this Promethean Master, illustrating that typal character so often presented by the lives of geniuses as opposed to men of talent. In them the greatest individuality survives at the expense of personality, *i.e.*, the permanent is expressed within the salient features of the actual man, whereas in the "small fry" of talent, the minor differentiations of personality are emphasised—the mask or "*persona*," rather than the actor *per se*. The ascent of Sagittarius, Archers and Centaurs alike, is ever accomplished either in a chariot of fire, a series of progressive, orderly fiery-flights, or on the winged Pegasus "creature" of the creative ethereal transit of Genius.

Enthusiasm, the sacred fire of the Muses, is the conjurative spell of Sagittarius, the swell of the fiery tide as it "turns again home" to the ancestral kingdom of fire-realisation. Enthusiasm is, in truth, the "working" of the Jupiterian fiery votive force in the veins of man, made a vessel and vehicle of divine Promethean Genius. The decrying of enthusiasm by decadents, the blasés on all planes, represents but the last dying kick of moribund "*faute de mieux*". Nothing worth doing on the plane of fire-creation was, or ever will be, done without enthusiasm. Fanaticism is its caricature, mistaken for enthusiasm by the ignorant and the palsied.

Sculpture is the pre-eminent creative art of Jupiterian inspiration, "frozen music"; "conceived in fire, executed in ice". Perfect sculpture may exist within the realm of music, art wherein "the form, the form alone is eloquent," but the eloquence is of *life*, life-inspired, life-revealed, in the divinity of perfect articulation, the language of mastery, that falters

[1] From *Beethoven*, by Romain Rolland. Translated by F. Rothwell.

not in utterance, nor stammers as the sacred message is delivered. The sculpture of ancient Hellas, at its highest, most representative period, expresses the perfection of Jupiterian genius. Whether in the Apollo Belvedere, the Venus of Milo, or even "Laocoon's torture, dignifying pain,"[1] the same spirit works through each diverse imagination in form; a spirit of perfection, residing in the observation of due proportions, each part fused and welded together as a vital contribution to the spirit of the whole, working and lurking in every part. It is here that golden temperance is shown as an essential characteristic and inseparable partner of true enthusiasm, the fire of the Muse as distinguished from the flame of the Mænad.

Plato speaks of "that divine madness which seizes and transports the poet," but it is a madness of possession as distinguished from that of passive obsession; *i.e.*, in the "madness" of Jupiterian "possession," the "mortal instrument" becomes, for a brief period, the whole and undefiled possession of the Genius, for whose sake indeed that instrument primarily exists. From the spiritual creative standpoint, these periods of divine madness become indeed (on subsequent retrospection in the light of the eternal, the things that belong to our peace) "the lucid intervals of life". They stand out, divine processions, illuminated by the master-light of all our seeing, as divine adventures, experiences of direct entrance through the gate of Godhead, where things are seen of such overwhelming splendour and power of truth, that they are not lawful to be uttered save through the medium of Art, sacred cipher-language, revealing secrets of initiation to the initiate, preparing the neophyte for the next sublimation on the arc of ascent. This is the great function of Jupiter in the Planetary Mysteries—to light up and irradiate the vehicles, on each corresponding plane, simultaneously, with such excess of glory

[1] Byron.

and radiance that they can bear the burning brilliance of the exceeding weight of glory, the crown on the brow of Jupiter's accepted sons of creative primogeniture.

Master-Artificers, men of magnificent potencies, stars on the brow of Time, achievers of destiny, conquerors of fate, fiery, sacrificial torches of Learning and Love, materialise for a brief space on this Sorrowful Planet, Earth, under the ægis of Jupiter, Planet of Imperial Largesse.

Leo French

POYA DAYS

By MARIE MUSÆUS-HIGGINS

VI. THE FULL-MOON DAY OF ASSAYUJA (OCTOBER)

THE events which took place on the full-moon day of Assayuja are as follows:

(*a*) The Bhikkus' Maha-Pavārana.

(*b*) The Lord Buḍḍha sent out His first disciples to preach the Law.

(*c*) Prince Arrittha was sent to King Asoka to bring a branch of the Sacred Bodhi tree to Lankā.

(*d*) The Entering of the Thera Mahinda into Pari-Nirvāṇa.

(*a*) *The Bhikkus' Maha-Pavārana*

The month of Assayuja is the fourth and last month of the rainy season in India. Formerly, on the Poya day of this month, all bhikkhus who had not given up their residences on the Poya day of Poṭṭhapāda (September)[1] went out to wander and preach again; the ceremony of Maha-Pavārana, or the "Great Wars ceremony" (the final ending of wars) took place every year. It was the occasion for blessing all bhikkhus who were sent out again to take up their preaching, in all places where the people were eager and willing to listen.

During the rainy season, when all the animal, insect, and plant life is so intense in the East, the bhikkhus were not allowed to wander about, because with every step taken they could not help destroying some animal and plant life. That

[1] See the account of the Poya day of the month of Poṭṭhapāda. (THE THEOSOPHIST, December, 1919.)

was the real reason why even the Lord Buḍḍha did not wander about during the rainy season, and why he forbade his disciples to do so, except in cases of very urgent necessity.

(*b*) *The Lord Buḍḍha sent out His first Disciples to preach the Law.*

Colonel Olcott says, in his *Buḍḍhist Catechism* (page 69), that it was on the full-moon day of Assayuja (October) that the Lord Buḍḍha sent out His first Disciples to preach His Ḍhamma throughout the whole of India. The Lord Buḍḍha was then residing for the rainy season at Isipatanārāma. It was the fifth month after his attaining Buḍḍhahood, and the number of His disciples was sixty.[1] The Lord called His Disciples together and said: "Go forth, bhikkhus, go and preach the Law to the world. Work for the good of others, as well as for your own good. Bear ye the good tidings to every man. Let no two of you take the same way." So the first Disciples of the Lord Buḍḍha, sixty in number, wandered in sixty different directions over India and preached the glorious doctrine and a life of holiness to those of pure heart and good intentions.

The Lord Buḍḍha himself, during the forty-five years of His earthly life as Teacher, travelled widely in India, and preached the Ḍhamma, and thousands of followers accepted His Teachings.

(*c*) *Thera Mahinda sent the Minister Arrittha from Ceylon to King Asoka of India, to bring the right branch of the sacred Bodhi tree with the Theri Sanghamitta to Ceylon.*

In the Island of Lankā (the present Ceylon) King Devanampiya-Tissa (the beloved of the Ḍevas) reigned at the

[1] About six hundred years before the Christian Era.

same time as King Asoka reigned in Maghada, India. The Thera Mahinda, the son of King Asoka, had been sent by his father to Lankā, to bring King Tissa and his subjects to the feet of the Tathágata. This accomplished, the Thera Mahinda wished that his sister, the learned Theri Sanghamitta, should join him in his Mission in Lankā and establish the Bhikkhuniship there, by ordaining the Princess Anula and her followers—a thing which he, as a Thera, could not do. Besides, he wanted a branch of the sacred Bodhi tree, at Buḍḍha Gaya in India, to be brought to Lankā; and that could only be done by such a highly evolved person as the Theri Sanghamitta.

It was on the second day of the bright half of the month Assayuja (October) that the time came for Mahinda to do this, and he sent the nephew of King Tissa, the Minister Arrittha, on this message. Arrittha was full of zeal when he heard what was wanted from him, and asked as his only reward to be allowed to join the Sangha after his return from India; this was promised to him. So he was sent to King Asoka with these two messages: "Let King Asoka send his daughter, Theri Sanghamitta, to Lankā; and let her bring with her a branch of the sacred Bodhi tree." Arrittha, it is said,[1] after having passed over the great Ocean—by the power of the Thera's will—arrived at the pleasant Pataliputra (Patna) even on the day of his departure.

Now let us follow what happened during the month of Assayuja at Pataliputra.

After Arrittha had delivered the two messages to King Asoka, the King at once consulted the Sangha, to know whether it was admissible to sever a branch from the sacred Bodhi tree, in order to have it planted in Lankā. Thera Moggaliputta-Tissa (at the head of the Sangha) answered: "It shall be sent thither." So King Asoka at once ordered the

[1] *Maha-Vansa* (Geiger), page 22.

road to the sacred Bodhi tree to be decorated and a big golden *lota* to be made by a famous goldsmith for the planting of the Bodhi branch. Then Asoka, accompanied by the Sangha, some Indian Kings, his army and a crowd of people, went in procession to the sacred Bodhi tree. Many ceremonies were performed; and after the King had made a circle round the southern branch with a pencil filled with red arsenic, this branch severed itself from the Bodhi tree without human assistance. It lifted itself into the golden vase,[1] which was filled with fragrant earth, and thus it stood before the surrounding people. King Asoka made a declaration of truth and firm belief; and the cries of "Sadhu" and the waving of thousands of kerchiefs greeted the young Bodhi tree, which had planted itself with newly sprouted roots in the golden vase. Then the young tree (it is said) disappeared for seven days and remained in the region of the snow. Many wonders occurred while King Asoka remained near the ancient sacred Bodhi tree during these seven days.

In the bright half of the month Assayuja, King Asoka received the young Bodhi tree. Two weeks later, in the dark half of the same month, King Asoka placed it on a beautiful chariot and took it to his capital, to a hall specially built for it. After it had rested there for a time, the king had it placed under a great Sala tree. This was done on the first day of the bright half of the month of Kattika (November). On the seventeenth day after receiving the young Bodhi tree, new shoots appeared on it, and a great festival of adoration was celebrated. Then the Tree rested during this month of Kattika, till the first day of the bright half of the month of Maggasira (December), when it was taken to the ship which brought it to Lankā. We shall take up its further passage to Lankā in the account for the month of Maggasira.

[1] It is said the Deva Architect, Vishwakarma, came down from Sakra's Realm (Deva-Loka) and manufactured this vase.

(*d*) *The Entering of the Thera Mahinda into Pari-Nirvāṇa*

The Thera Mahinda had lived and taught in Lankā for forty-seven years, and had brought many blessings on the people of Lankā. King Devanampiya-Tissa had loved and revered him as the "Light of Wisdom"; and his brother Uttiya, who was his successor when he had passed away, had also revered and loved him.

It was on the eighth day of the bright half of the month of Assayuja (about 199 B.C.), when the Thera Mahinda was passing the rainy season on the Mihintale Mountain (near Anuradhapura) where he loved to reside,[1] when he passed into Pari-Nirvāṇa. Victorious over his senses, sixty years after his ordination as an Upasampada,[2] in the eighth year of King Uttiya's reign, he passed away to the great sorrow of all the people in Lankā.

King Uttiya had the body of the sage put into a golden coffin, and for seven days solemn ceremonies were celebrated at the Mahavihara, where the body rested. A funeral pyre was erected to the right of the place where, later on, the Ruanveli Dagoba was built by King Gemunu. Here the funeral rites were performed and a Thupa was erected. The place was named "The Courtyard of the Sage," and for a long time afterwards it was used for the cremation of holy men. On the Mihintale Mountain, King Uttiya erected the Ambastala Dagoba, over part of the relics from Mahinda's body, at the place where King Tissa and Thera Mahinda first met. This Dagoba is standing yet, and is visited by thousands of pilgrims up to the present day. This ends the accounts of the events which occurred in the month of Assayuja.

[1] Mahinda's Resting-Place on the Mihintale Mountain is a cave-gate under a huge rock, with a view over the land. It is to the present day visited by many pilgrims.

[2] Thera Mahinda was born 279 B.C. He was ordained by Thera Maggaliputta-Tissa at the age of 12. He came to Ceylon in June 246 B.C., twelve and a half years after his ordination. He lived forty-seven years in Ceylon. He passed away on the 8th day of the bright half of the month of Assayuja, 199 B.C.

VII. The Full-Moon Day of Kattika (November)

The events which took place on the full-moon day of Kattika are as follows:

(*a*) The Thera Maggaliputta-Tissa sent out missionaries to different countries.

(*b*) The bringing of the first Relics to Lankā.

(*a*) *The Thera Maggaliputta-Tissa sent out missionaries to different countries.*

Like the Lord Buḍḍha, who sent out his first Disciples on the full-moon day of Assayuja to preach the Law, so in the third century B.C. the great Thera Maggaliputta-Tissa,[1] who was at the head of the Sangha, under King Asoka, sent out messengers to different countries. It was after the third Convocation, which took place at Pataliputra (now Patna) in India, that King Dhammasoka resolved to send out embassies to five great Greek kings, his allies, and to all sovereigns of India (also to Ceylon), to preach the doctrines of the Buḍḍha-Dhamma.

So the Thera Maggaliputta-Tissa called the wisest of the Theras together, by King Asoka's command, and sent them into other countries as the first missionaries. They started on their mission on the full-moon day of Kattika. They had to endure many hardships and persecutions, but they withstood them with unfaltering courage.

From that time the Buḍḍhist teachings have spread over the world. Later on, numerous pilgrims came to India from many countries, who collected the Buḍḍha-Dhamma in books, which they took with them to their own countries. And so Buḍḍhism came to Japan, China, Tibet, and from Ceylon to

[1] Maggaliputta-Tissa was ordained about 319 B.C. He was Chief of the Vinaya for sixty-eight years; he passed away 264 B.C.—*Maha-Vansa* (Geiger), p. 1.

Burma, Siam and other countries; and it is said that 7/13ths of the estimated population of the world are Buḍḍhists.

(*b*) *The bringing of the First Relics to Lankā*

The second event that took place on the full-moon day of Kattika was the bringing of the first relics of the Lord Buḍḍha's body to Lankā by the Sāmanera Sūmana (the son of Sanghamitta).

The Thera Mahinda, as is well known, lived and preached in Lankā. He spoke to King Devanampiya-Tissa thus: "Long is the time since we have seen the Lord Buḍḍha. We live without a Master. There is nothing here in Lankā for us to worship." Then King Tissa answered: "It is my intention to build a Thupa, and do you find the relics for it." Then the Thera Mahinda advised the king to take counsel with Sūmana.

Sāmanera Sūmana advised King Tissa to decorate the city of Anuradhapura and the road to the Mahamegha Gardens, and take the Uposatha vows;[1] then to mount his state elephant, and wait for him who would bring the relics from India in the evening of the same day. King Tissa obeyed and awaited the return of Sūmana in the evening.

In the meanwhile Sāmanera Sūmana appeared at Asoka's Court just when this King was preparing to send the right branch of the sacred Bodhi tree to Lankā by his daughter, the renowned nun, Sanghamitta. Asoka at once handed over the alms-bowl which had been used by the Lord Buḍḍha, filled with relics, and Sūmana then appeared before the King of the Devas (after placing the alms-bowl at the foot of the Himālaya Mountains in the care of some Devas) and requested Sakkha to let him have the right "Collar-bone Relic" of the Lord

[1] Uposatha-vows are the Poya day vows, the eight (Atta-Sila) or ten (Dasa-Sila) Precepts taken by the Buḍḍhist devotees on Poya days.

Buḍḍha; which Sakkha did, as he possessed also the "Tooth Relic".

Sūmana, happy at his success in obtaining the relics, reappeared in Lankā the same evening, as promised. He left the alms-bowl, filled with relics, with the Thera Mahinda at the Mihintale Mountain and, accompanied by Mahinda and his Theras, went to the Mahamegha Gardens, where King Tissa was waiting, mounted on his state elephant, carrying with him the casket containing the Collar-bone relic.

King Tissa, seeing the casket of relics, asked for three boons as signs that the relic was genuine. They were: (1) that the state canopy over his head should bow of itself before the relic; (2) that the state elephant should go down on its knees before it; (3) that the casket with the relic should lift itself up and place itself on the King's head. All these three miracles occurred, and the King was convinced of the genuineness of the relic.

The King then placed the relic on the back of the state elephant, under the state canopy. Thus leading the procession, the people joining and shouting "Sadhu," he reached the place where the first Dagoba, the Thūpārāma, was to be built. Mahinda pointed out the right place, and after clearing away the thorny bushes and decorating it in the right manner, the King wanted to place the relic there for the time being. But the state elephant refused to let it be taken from its back. Mahinda explained to the King that the height of the temporary resting-place for the relic should be at least the same height as the elephant's back. When the King understood this, he at once sent for earth from the Abhaya tank, which was then dry, and had it piled up to the desired height. After having decorated it beautifully, he placed the relic there in its flowery resting-place. The wise and faithful elephant guarded it by night and day, till the Thūpārāma was completed and the relic was enshrined in it.

This is the story of the bringing of the first relic to Lankā, on the full-moon day of Kattika, by the Sāmanera Sūmana.

VIII. The Full-Moon Day of Maggasira (December)

The Theri Sanghamitta arrived with the young sacred Bodhi tree.

We know from the account of the Poya day of Assayuja (October) that the branch which had severed itself from the old sacred Bodhi tree at Buḍḍha-Gaya was resting under a Sala tree in Jambudwipa (India) near Pataliputra, the capital of King Asoka's kingdom. Here it rested and grew during the month of Kattika (November). We shall now follow its voyage to Lankā.

On the first day of the bright half of the month of Maggasira (December) King Dhammasoka had a beautifully decorated ship launched on the river Ganges, and the young Bodhi tree was placed in the middle of it, surrounded by golden and silver *lotas* filled with water, and by many flowers and much incense. The Theri Sanghamitta and her eleven nuns, with the Minister Arrittha, embarked on the same ship. In seven days it reached the mouth of the Ganges, where King Asoka and his army had just arrived, marching overland. Here the Bodhi tree was placed on the waiting ship, King Asoka himself helping to carry it. The ship, with its precious load, dashed into the foaming waves of the Indian Ocean. But the Ocean quieted its waves around the ship, and it sailed as on a smooth lake. During the nights the moon made a silvery path on the water by which it sailed on quietly and majestically.

It is said that the accompanying Devas brought innumerable offerings, but that the Nāgas wanted to take possession of the tree and used their magical powers to get hold of it.

But, as Theri Sanghamitta possessed the Iddhis,[1] she took the shape of a Supanna[2] and terrified the Nāgas so much that they had to give up their plot; then they humbly craved for permission to take the sacred tree to their settlement for seven days, in order to worship it for the benefit of the Nāgas. Sanghamitta gave them permission, well knowing that they would not dare to keep the precious tree. And so the Bodhi tree disappeared from the ship, and it is said that the Nāgas worshipped it in their realm. It returned to the ship only when the coast of Lankā was in view.

Here in Lankā, on the shore of Jambukola, King Tissa was waiting impatiently for its arrival, having been informed by Thera Mahinda that it was near. When the young Bodhi tree arrived, on the seventh day of the bright half of the month of Maggasira, it was carried on shore by the representatives of the castes to the splendid hall erected near there by King Tissa. Here it rested for three days, guarded by King Tissa himself. Then a magnificent chariot was brought on the tenth day of the bright half of the month of Maggasira, and the King, the Theras, Theri Sanghamitta and her nuns, Arrittha, and a great number of people, accompanied the Bodhi tree on its passage to the Mahamegha Gardens near Anuradhapura.

So, in triumph, amidst the shouts of "Sadhu," the procession, with the sacred Bodhi tree in its middle, passed along the decorated roads and reached Anuradhapura on the fourteenth day of the bright half of the month of Maggasira. At the time when the shadows are longest, the procession entered the northern gate of Anuradhapura, passed through it, and went out of the southern gate to the Mahamegha Gardens, to the spot which Thera Mahinda had pointed out as the place where a former Bodhi tree had been growing.

[1] The Iddhis are supernatural powers, gained by a holy life.

[2] Supanna is a mystical bird, which is feared by the Nāgas, who are supposed to have been powerful beings, who had great magical powers, and could appear in human shape, but who showed themselves often as cobras.

As soon as the young Bodhi tree had been taken from the chariot, it sprang up to a great height and remained there in the air, a halo of the six primary colours[1] shining round it. At the setting of the sun the tree descended, and the roots, which had till then filled the golden vessel, drew themselves out of it, clinging to the golden vessel outside; then the tree forced the vessel with its roots into the prepared ground without the help of man. Thus, self-planted, that Bodhi tree stood before the astonished people and was worshipped by thousands who beheld this wonder. Then a cloud burst and torrents of rain poured down on it for seven days. After that it stood there in its aura of the six colours, well planted.

After the tree had been worshipped, before the eyes of the people a faultless fruit ripened and fell off. Thera Mahinda handed it to King Tissa and he planted it in a golden vase. It grew at once to a small tree, and bore fruits, which were planted at different places in the Island. (One was planted on Mihintale Mountain.) And thus, within a short time, quite a number of young Bodhi trees were growing in Lankā.

This ends the account of the arrival and the planting of the young Bodhi tree,[2] which is a branch of the great Bodhi tree at Buddha Gaya, under whose shade the Tathágata was illuminated and became the Buḍḍha. This occurred in the month of Kattika, about the year 240 B.C.

M. Musæus-Higgins

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[1] The six primary colours (according to Buḍḍhism) are: blue, yellow, red, white, orange, and the combination of all colours.

[2] This same Bodhi tree (grown into a venerable grove) stands yet in the Mahamegha Gardens at Anuradhapura, the oldest historical tree known. Thousands of pilgrims place their flowers of devotion at its venerable foot. On Poya days it is illuminated with thousands of small lamps, and their lights shine into the darkness of the world. If it could speak, it would tell us of the rise and fall of Buḍḍhism and of the hope, at the present time, of a new regeneration of the Flame of Buḍḍha-Dhamma in the world.

THE GALE

BLOW! ruthless, rushing wind!
Blow, blow with fury blind
And pit thy strength
Against the sturdy oaks
That bend beneath thy strokes,
To break—at length.

Come! with a hiss and roar
Above the tree-tops soar
Shrieking outright!
Furious to find in space
Nought to oppose thy face,
Withstand thy might.

Then, swooping down again,
Scream shrill thro' window-pane:
"Behold me here!"
Moan soft, with sobbing breath
Whisp'ring that pain and death
Are ever near.

Toss wild the foaming sea!
Battle with tower and tree!
Scour hill and deep!
Till—having had thy day—
Weary of boist'rous play,
Thou fall'st asleep.

G. L. K.

CORRESPONDENCE

"AS THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY GROWS"

IN the Watch-Tower notes for the April issue of THE THEOSOPHIST attention is drawn to the series of lectures for "Workers" to be given at Adyar and in Northern India, and our President comments on the great necessity of "*training*" for such work, as the T.S. grows.

The "trained man" is the demand of the world for every phase of life now, and if the T.S. is to be the leader of thought in the world—as it has ever been since its inception—it cannot ignore this demand. Therefore it is up to every Theosophist to do his best in the line of training, to give to the world the Good Tidings of the Divine Wisdom. However, unfortunately, every one will not be able to take advantage of the lectures by being present, and among them undoubtedly are a large number who have the earnest desire to be "workers" in the Cause, in the *right way*. May I suggest that some one, qualified for the task, write a course of lessons embodying the "training" required for Theosophical work? The "market" is full of "courses" purporting to train one in all manner of activities, and there is ample proof that such methods of training attain their object. Why not a "Course of lessons in Theosophical activity" by correspondence?—which last word means, here, a book.

G. de Z.

THE CASE AGAINST WOMAN

THE following quotation from *The Life and Times of Akhnaton, Pharaoh of Egypt*, by Arthur E. P. Weigall (Wm. Blackwood & Sons, 1911), has a bearing on Frances Adney's article, "The Case against Woman," in THE THEOSOPHIST, December, 1919, p. 231. On p. 137 Mr. Weigall says:

"One of the King's courtiers, named May, held the office of 'Overseer of the House for sending Aton to rest'. Akhnaton's queen is mentioned in the tomb of Ay under the peculiar title of 'She who sends the Aton to rest with a sweet voice, and with her two beautiful hands bearing two systrums'. This 'House' was, no doubt, the temple at which the vesper prayers to the Aton were said

at sunset, and from the above title of the queen it would seem that she had particular charge of these evening ceremonies. One cannot contemplate the fact that it was a woman who officiated at a ceremony which consisted of a lament for the death of the sun, without seeing in it some connection, however faint, with the story of Venus and Adonis. The lament of Venus for the death of Adonis—*i.e.*, the setting of the sun—was one of the fundamental ceremonies of the Mediterranean religions."

Pekin C. SPURGEON MEDHURST

SOCIAL ORGANISATION

HAVING been interested in reading the splendid articles appearing in THE THEOSOPHIST by Bhagavan Das on Social Organisation, it would seem that everything possible has been said; for, as he truly says, "the secret lies in the recognition of the four classes . . . the division of the rewards, the objects of psychical ambition, the prizes of life, in correspondence with the division of the work". Therefore the difficulty lies in its application; and is not this the great stumbling-block?

After these splendid articles, giving so much information which, of course, constitutes the basis of evolution for all, the particular point I would emphasise is this—that "the Fatherhood of God, and the Brotherhood of man" is a truth, a fact in Nature, and that "the earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof". It belongs neither to the lords temporal, nor the lords spiritual, as would seem to be the case at present.

There is, as every one knows, if only instinctively, *no such thing as ownership, in or of anything.* How could it be, seeing that "the earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof"? It is only a question of stewardship, trustees, a sacred responsibility, each owing an account of his stewardship to both God and man, according to the duty he performs. "By their works shall ye know them."

We do not seem as yet definitely to have evolved beyond the nation, as a collective body; although there is an attempt being made at present towards it, in the formation of the League of Nations. Seeing that the nation is the extent of expansion and growth whereby collective action may be taken, in which we speak of the national will, the national consciousness, the national family, and in which and to which the individual will and consciousness must submit itself, constituting its national karma; the question is, are we living together as a family? Is it not true that, in the true family life, all work together for the welfare of the whole, carrying out their respective duties, receiving whatever remuneration is their due, but handing it over to the family fund or treasury, and receiving back for themselves individually what is considered just and fair, proportionately?

Alas! owing to gross selfishness this is not so to-day. Bhagavan Das says: "The greatest danger of the present time, threatening to make a rational reconstruction of society impossible, is a coalition between bureaucracy and capitalism. Such a coalition would probably give rise, before long, to an universal class-war, before which the tremendous militarist war just closed would pale into insignificance." Very grave words, but true; and do they not show the significance of the times we are in, and the consequent necessity for plain speaking?

Now is there not evidence that the time is ripe for the nation to organise as a family, seeing that the labouring classes, who are regarded as the children of the nation, are demanding this great fundamental change termed Nationalisation? The rulers are saying there is nothing but bankruptcy before us, the only hope is production, we must produce more. The leaders of the workers say: "No! we will no longer produce for private profit and gain, but we will produce for the nation; therefore we want everything nationalised." There the matter stands, it hangs in the balance, and everything for future progress and prosperity, not of Britain alone, but of all humanity, depends on this one question of Nationalisation; you cannot single out one iota from it.

The crux of the whole question seems to be between Individualism and Nationalism. Those who oppose Nationalism say that its tendency is to stagnate and stifle individual effort, as expressed in the term "ca' canny," pointing out that under the present system it is possible for anyone to rise from the ranks into the highest positions of the land. Those who uphold Nationalism say in effect: "No; you have killed the goose that laid the golden eggs with your grinding under private enterprise; we will no longer work as wage-slaves for private and individual profit; in future we will work as national workers, by which we hope to gain better conditions of living and a fairer share of the fruits of our labour."

I should like here, by way of warning, to point out that it is "not by bread alone" that we live, which, to me, covers all our material life and welfare, but that there is a purpose in life to live for, which gives us all the joy of living, at all stages of evolution, no matter to what particular class we belong; and that purpose is only gained by doing our duty in life and striving for "the prizes" as set forth in Bhagavan Das' articles. But just as Nature can be helped to give us of her best by creating a better environment, so can the individual soul, and consequently the national soul and all humanity.

Now is it not possible to bring about a reconciliation between Individualism and Nationalism? Mrs. Besant, in regard to Individualism, says:[1]

> The system connotes the co-existence of great wealth and terrible poverty, of palaces and slums, of idleness and overwork, and thus contains within itself the seeds of its own disintegration.

[1] *Lectures on Political Science*, p. 143.

Speaking of Socialism (in other words, Nationalism), she says:

> In this direction the modern world is moving . . . it being recognised that the improvement of the conditions of the poor is a National necessity; human Brotherhood, or human solidarity, is being acknowledged as a fact in Nature *that Nations ignore at their peril.*

Now I maintain that such a reconciliation is possible and that each is complementary to the other—nay, an absolute necessity—therefore the upholders of Individualism are justified in their actions until the working class have responded and found a remedy, the naturalness of which will not hurt the deeper inner feelings nor the reason of anyone.

Such a remedy *is* suggested:

> Speak the Word of Peace, which shall make the peoples to cease from their quarrellings. Speak the Word of Brotherhood, which shall make the warring classes know themselves as one.

Who is to speak "the Word of Peace" and of Brotherhood? Only those who have felt that Peace, and realised that Brotherhood. Shall it be expected of the children of the nation crying out for reform? or shall it be one young soul, born in a physical body amongst the workers, having shared their sorrows and difficulties, felt their woes and pains, having risen beyond them to that "Place of Peace," only to help to sustain and redeem them? or shall it be the voice of many such souls, who by their united effort shall raise their cry and bring an end to this tyranny?

Now the reconciliation lies in the fact of telling the "warring classes" that there is one common ownership, or stewardship, or trusteeship, and that we constitute one Brotherhood of elder and younger brethren, and that the secret is that we all constitute ourselves as national workers—nay, some international—but all working for the common good, receiving proportionate wages or salaries, the "prizes of life" becoming the true rewards for the fruits of our labour, each according to his capacity, as a result of services rendered for the common good. To go into detail would take up much space and is not intended here; sufficient to point out the way and say that the lords spiritual—the bishop for his diocese—and the lords temporal—the landlord for his estate—would both constitute themselves responsible, having due regard for individual freedom, for the spiritual and material welfare of the people under their charge; therefore the necessity for both being "idealists". The trading and commercial class, the creators of wealth, would be the capitalists; the working class, the producers, providing the means whereby that wealth could be created, each contributing his share, trying to live and realise the ideal as set forth from time to time by those holding these offices.

The archbishop and the temporal or national king would constitute themselves the highest authority, responsible for the national well-being—no hereditary office, but only advisory, having due regard for individual freedom. The rents and royalties from the land, the profits from all trade and commerce, would constitute so much

wealth created for the common good, leaving to private enterprise, or individual effort, their own work to do, according to their sphere in life and capacity; certain that, so long as they constituted themselves national workers, all would be well.

What matter it if they do co-operate together in their associations, their trusts, and their combines; their trade unions, their amalgamations, and their "triple alliances"? All these are good signs to those who "listen to the song of life". The only thing that matters is that we constitute ourselves national—yea, and international—workers for the common good.

Wigan, Lancs. THOMAS LOWE

THE ANIMALS' FRIEND SOCIETY

AS Secretary of the Animals' Friend Society, Ferozepore, India, I request you to publish in THE THEOSOPHIST the objects of this Society, which are as follows:

To spread just views with regard to animals and their treatment, by circulating the Animals' Friend Literature, on lines similar to English Societies.

To awaken the impulse of kindness toward all that lives—toward the dumb beasts, and toward each human brother, by creating an interest in Nature Study and Animal Life.

To promote virtuous thoughts as to the moral necessity of Love, Loyalty and Reverence to superiors, and a spirit of Benevolence and Goodwill toward all living creatures.

To promote knowledge of Fruitarianism and Temperance, for philanthropic reasons as well as for hygienic considerations.

This Society shall have no connection whatever with any political propaganda. Its whole endeavours shall be towards meeting the needs of mankind for instruction in regard to kindness and mercy in everyday life.

I shall be glad to answer any enquiries on the subject.

Ferozepore BHAGAT RAM

BOOK-LORE

The Works of Thomas Vaughan (*Eugenius Philalethes*), edited, annotated and introduced by A. E. Waite. (Theosophical Publishing House, London. Price £1. 1s.)

It is perhaps somewhat strange that, in these days when interest in things occult is so largely increasing, alchemy, one of the oldest forms of Occultism in the West, should not have excited any very great share of that interest. The sister science, astrology, has many votaries, and astronomy, for which it laid the foundations, does not seem to be showing any signs of *rapprochement* with the science from which it has so widely diverged. Chemistry, founded on alchemy, and diverging from it to an even greater extent—for it denied the possibility of the very thing which it was the main object of alchemy to teach—has, however, returned to the old paths, and the wisdom of *al kimia*, the secret science, has been justified by her child, which now declares that there is a "First Matter" from which all our elements are derived, and knowing which, we can produce what elements we will. This being the case, the continued neglect of the older science seems inexplicable, and it may be that Mr. Waite's edition of the works of one of the most famous and successful alchemists may do something to revive an interest in the subject of his studies.

Mr. Waite, in his Introduction, is careful to insist upon the fact that the true alchemist had higher and nobler ends in view than the transmuting of metals into gold, and the discovery of a medicine which would prevent the ravages of age. They sought the ways by which man could know God and become united to Him, and they wrote of earth while thinking of heaven, knowing that those who were worthy would understand. They are not to blame if some who were more earthly-minded seized upon the material side of their teaching and pursued that selfishly, thus bringing upon themselves disaster and inevitable failure.

Thomas Vaughan, born in Wales and educated at Oxford, became a priest of the English Church, and was ejected from his living in

1649 for carrying arms for the king. After that, he lived in Oxford and London, and busied himself principally with occult studies. Mr. Waite takes some pains to prove that he, writing under the pseudonym of Eugenius Philalethes, is not to be identified with a contemporary astrologer, who, born about the same time, seems to have lived longer, and who wrote under the very similar pseudonym of Eirenæus Philalethes. But whether we consider this point proved or not, there is enough in the writings of Eugenius to show that, as an alchemist, he had proceeded far along the road of his special science, though he seems to be more concerned with the psychical and spiritual worlds, to which the physical was to him only an analogy.

> Consider then what it is you search for, you that hunt after the Philosopher's Stone, for "it is his to transmute who creates". You seek for that which is most high, but you look on that which is most low. Truth is the arcanum, the mystery and essence of all things; for every secret is truth and every substantial truth is a secret. I speak not here of outward, historical truths—which are but relatives to actions—but I speak of an inward essential truth which is light: for light is the truth and it discovers falsehood, which is darkness. By this truth all that which is necessary may be accomplished, but never without it. (*Anima Magica Abscondita.*)

He claims to be fully instructed in "all the secret circumstances" of the First Matter, and writes of it as clearly as he may without saying anything that should "prostitute this mystery to all hands whatsoever," but explains that if his readers cannot understand what he has written, at least they will not be misled by him into thinking that it is to be found by dry combination of "common salts, stones or minerals," still less in anything of vegetable or animal origin, and he warns investigators especially against the "ignorant, sluttish broilers" who are of opinion that man's blood is an important ingredient in its discovery—a warning, evidently, against black magic.

With regard to that other goal of alchemical science—the Elixir of Life—Vaughan's ideas seem to be more purely mystical. He lays little stress upon the effects of this "perfect Medicine" upon the mere physical body, though he allows that it will cure all physical ills; but his idea of it is, not a cure-all, but a mystical renovator, acting on the spirit of man and reuniting it to the Spirit of God, so that he becomes once more, what he was in the beginning, "a branch planted in God". So far, it might be said that he was saying no more than is said in exoteric Christianity, but a closer study reveals the fact that he believes that, when this reunion takes place while man is yet in possession of a fairly normal physical body—not at the end of a long life, when the physical vehicle is worn and strained—that physical body becomes so permeated with the Divine life that from that time it is subjected to no ordinary physical ills, and becomes, like the bodies of Enoch and Elijah, immortal and capable of being

translated to the superphysical worlds (*Coelum Terrae*). This state he did not himself attain, though he saw clearly the path that led to it:

> I can affirm no more of myself but what my author (Cornelius Agrippa) did formerly: "Hold me, I bid thee, as a finger-post which, ever pointing forward, shows the way to others undertaking the journey." Behold I will deal fairly with thee: show me but one good Christian who is capable of and fit to receive such a secret, and I will show him the right, infallible way to come by it. Yet this I must tell thee: it would sink thee to the ground to hear this mystery related, for it cannot ascend to the heart of the natural man how near God is to him and how He is to be found.

In his last illness he writes of a vision of his evil genius, which had appeared to him twice, "not so clearly, in this last dream; my life, I bless God for it, being much amended". This vision told him of his approaching death, which he welcomes, because so he will be freed from his sinful body—which, in his case, he regarded as incapable of the spiritual regeneration which he had spoken of—and "be with Christ, which is far better".

The book is most fascinating; gleams of hidden meanings break out on almost every page—except, perhaps, those in which he quarrels with Henry More—and those who desire to know more of the researches of alchemy, on its physical or spiritual side, will find here a wealth of suggestion and, if they are sufficiently advanced to profit by it, guidance, on a path that cannot fail to lead to the Light.

E. M. A.

The Initiate, by His Pupil. (George Routledge, London. Price 7s.)

This book, by an anonymous author, purports to be a series of incidents in the life of an Initiate. They are written down from memory by a pupil in the form of short sketches or stories. The interest of the book lies in the fact that, in the incidents described, the Initiate is as a rule trying to alter the point of view of the ordinary men and women of the world from a slavish following of the conventions to a broad, philosophical outlook, which is identical with the truths taught under the name of Theosophy.

The Initiate's views on the marriage relationship are particularly interesting and his philosophy concerning it very practical. This is well shown in the story called "The Chagrin of Major Buckingham". In this, a very irate major is shown how to cope with a wife who has so far erred from the path of "Saturnian" virtue as to fall deeply in love with some one in addition to her own husband! The way the ethics of this not uncommon situation are worked out from the occult point of view is very entertaining and illuminating. Many other

problems are lightly touched on through the book, problems which anyone engaged in trying to spread Theosophy is sure to come up against. Workers along this line would probably get many useful hints from the perusal of these pages.

The second part of the book is called "The Circuitous Journey". This in a way spoils the book. It is allegorical, and the English, which the author tells us is meant to be "quaint, flowing and poetical," leaves very much to be desired.

A. T. B.

Modern Science and Materialism, by Hugh Elliot. (Longmans, Green & Co., London. Price 6s. 6d.)

It is somewhat startling to a reviewer to find on the first page of a book purporting to deal with the problems of existence, a statement which implies that the author recognises no civilisation save that which covers a little more than the last two thousand years. The narrowness of the survey to which Mr. Hugh Elliot restricts himself, necessarily cuts him off from some of the profoundest thought and subtlest reasoning which the world has known, and tends towards a certain dogmatism of attitude. Thus, allowing that we can reason and infer from knowledge gained by means of sense-impressions—the only means, he declares, by which knowledge can be obtained—our reasoning and inferring must be always in the direction of mechanism and never of metaphysics. Comparing science and materialism, he says:

> Metaphysics is like a house built upon the sand; its foundations are for ever shifting with every new exponent of the art. Science is like a house built upon a rock; so firm are its foundations that each generation of workers adds a new storey to the edifice.

Yet again and again the theories of science have been proved to be false and been cast aside; to take one instance only, the conception of the very foundation of matter, of the atom, has been fundamentally changed within recent years; and the author himself states that Darwin upset one of the established doctrines of science. On the other hand, declaring himself a monist, he takes no count of the fact that monism is the foundation of a metaphysical philosophy, to the conclusions of which modern science is approaching ever more nearly, that this philosophy existed long ages before the modern era, and that it still endures. But the point—and, it may be added, the pathos of the book—is in the last two pages, for in these pages the author pleads for faith in the philosophy he has evolved, recognising that "men are not driven by intellect but by passion; they are guided not by Reason,

but by Faith". He pleads for faith in his philosophy on the ground that it is true, and certain it is that passion and faith spring forth from truth, and from truth alone. But is it true, this philosophy based on physiology? Never yet from theories originating in scientific research into the elements and processes of the body, but only from those conceptions classed by Mr. Elliot under the head of superstition, has arisen faith strong enough, passion deep enough, to sway the emotions and master the minds of men. This is a fact as surely demonstrable as is any fact of organic or functional physiology; and until science can make clear to us why it is that men cling instinctively, inevitably, to a belief in immortality, in life other than mechanical, in something transcending both mind and matter (a monistic reality, in fact, of which mind and matter are a dual manifestation), science, in the region of philosophy, has done nothing at all.

G. C.

To the Nations, by Paul Richard, with an Introduction by Rabindranath Tagore. (Ganesh & Co., Madras. Price Re. 1-8.)

This booklet of 78 pages was first published in America in 1917. The cover-page introduces it to the reader as follows: "By a Frenchman with true spiritual vision; it lays bare the causes of war in all ages, and enunciates the doctrine that lasting peace can only be found in the free dedication by all nations of all their powers to the service of humanity." The theme of the book is well expressed in these few words. There is nothing absolutely new in it, nothing that has not been said before, especially in Theosophical literature, both during and long before the war; but the ideas are presented in a series of articles of great beauty and high merit, of special value at the present time of universal unrest, foreseen by the author as an inevitable consequence of the war. A few quotations will best demonstrate the tendency of the book, with which it is impossible to disagree:

> Peace had come to imply a state of things which permitted the big nations to treat the little ones as they pleased.
>
> Some are making use of the names of Right and Justice—but in vain. It is the Right and Justice violated by them all which is forcing them to this hand-to-hand struggle, and they will only emerge from it by becoming more upright and more just.
>
> This war is in truth a war of liberation, but not in the sense understood by those who are waging it. While holding under their yoke whole races, they want to set free from the yoke of others this or that little nationality.
>
> This war is the war of invisible things, behind the *mêlée* of the visible. It is the war which the old order is waging against itself, in throwing the forces of violence and of fraud one against the other, to their mutual destruction.
>
> The nations live in a state of anarchic individualism which they so severely condemn in the individual.

The true measure of greatness is not space. The ideal for a nation is to grow, not in surface, but in height. It is not the soil a nation occupies, but the men and women of whom it is composed, that must grow.

The day is coming when every man will learn to treat as his own country all the countries of the earth, to recognise in any country he goes to, one of the sacred homes of the human family.

Man must learn to place human interests above patriotic interests, to love Humanity with a love yet wider and purer than that which he has for the mother-country; to sacrifice himself, not to what is his country, but to what she must be in Humanity.

Comment on these few quotations is unnecessary. It is only by exposing the evils of the passing civilisation, and by the spreading of higher ideals, that the reconstruction of the world can proceed along right and safe lines. This is the task which this little book has set itself and successfully carried out. It will be the means of awakening right aspirations, and deserves to be translated into all the modern languages, so as to fulfil its beneficent mission in every country of the world. The Introduction, by Rabindranath Tagore, also contains some plain speaking which deserves a wide publicity.

A. S.

Krishna, the Charioteer: or The Teachings of the Bhagavad-Gītā, by Mohini Mohan Dhar, M.A., B.L., Retired Dewan of Mayurbhanj State. Second Edition. (Theosophical Publishing House, London. Price 4s. 6d.)

Krishna, the Cowherd: A Study of the Childhood of Shri Krishna, by Mohini Mohan Dhar. (T.P.H., London. Price 1s. 6d.)

Gauranga and His Gospel, by Mohini Mohan Dhar. (Thacker, Spink & Co., Calcutta.)

These three books afford the Western public an excellent insight into the religious mind of modern India, while containing many features, such as Sanskrit quotations, appealing especially to Indian readers. All three show a scholarly grasp of philosophic principles combined with a marked devotional element which carries with it both charm and conviction.

Krishna, the Charioteer, as its sub-title announces, undertakes the arduous task of expounding the greatest of all Indian Scriptures, and it goes without saying that in a book of 162 pages no exposition can be more than an elementary one. Nevertheless Mr. Dhar has succeeded in picking out the essentials and avoiding lengthy explanations and involved discussions; thus it is comparatively easy for a beginner to gain a general idea of the whole ground covered by these teachings,

without being discouraged at the outset by the formidable length and language of the average commentary. Western students will also be relieved to find a convenient little Glossary.

A smaller volume, *Krishna, the Cowherd*, introduces quite another side of Hinduism, the cult of mystical devotion which sprang up round the personality of the child Krishna, who captured all hearts by his youthful vivacity. The incidents of this wonderful life form the substance of the book, being taken from the *Bhāgavata Purāna*. They are recounted in a pleasing style and are interspersed with clear and simple references to current ideas. The tolerant and common-sense attitude preserved by the author, consistently with his deep reverence, is exemplified by the following extract:

It is narrated in the *Bhāgavata Purāna* that the infant Krishna protected himself and all Vrindābana by bringing into operation his miraculous powers. These miracles are recorded in the Purānas. Opinion is very much divided about them. Orthodox people think they are historical facts and literally true, while there are others who are of opinion that they are mere fabulous interpolations. There is another class who regard these miraculous stories as allegorical representations, and it is their views that really appeal to me. I think the miracles regarding the destruction of Asuras or demons are allegorised stories conveying deep figurative meaning, and teaching moral and spiritual lessons of a high order, the Asuras standing for the deadly sins and evil propensities of men. Just as Jesus Christ taught by parables, so did Vyāsa teach by allegorical stories in the *Bhāgavata Purāna*. There is yet a fourth class, according to whom these miracles are literally true and have allegorical meanings as well.

Such a book is particularly useful in view of the accusation, made by narrow-minded people, that Hinduism approves of the so-called "immoral" conduct of Krishna; for Mr. Dhar points out that the relations of lover and beloved are the world-wide language of mystical experience.

A third book, *Gauranga and His Gospel*, forms a fitting companion volume to the above, as it describes the life and teachings of one of the greatest devotees of Shri Krishna that India has seen; indeed, so Mr. Dhar tells us, he was regarded by some of his followers as a divine Avatar. In any case his actions speak for themselves, for he carried his belief in the unity of the Self into daily practice. From the standpoint of psychology, if from no other, the accounts of his contemporaries are worthy of study, for instance:

Gauranga had two distinct moods. In his ordinary mood he was a meek and holy *Bhakta*. If anyone then showed him any extraordinary reverence he would say he was quite unworthy of it. He would seek the love of Krishna with all the ardour of his soul. He would, with folded hands and tears in his eyes and with a sorrowful countenance, beseech every pious person he met to favour him with a drop of *Prem* for Krishna. But at times there was a distinct change in his mood; when in a state of God-consciousness he comported himself as the most high God, and, with marvellous dignity, and with power combined with sweetness and tenderness, accepted graciously the homage tendered to him.

A point of practical interest to students of social reform in India was his campaign against "untouchability"—the ban placed by the higher castes upon the unfortunate outcaste. In common with other *bhaktas*, his love went out to the humblest bearer of the divine image, to the annoyance of the proud and exclusive Brahmanas. His death was in keeping with his unconventional life—he entered a temple and was heard of no more.

W. D. S. B.

Magazine Notices

Rupam is the appropriate title of a new quarterly "Journal of Oriental Art," chiefly Indian, edited by Ordhendra Coomar Gangoly, and published at 7, Old Post Office Street, Calcutta; annual subscription: Rs. 16. The first number is in itself a veritable work of art, both in respect of illustrations and get-up generally. The coloured reproductions of nine old Indian miniatures are especially successful. One of the most interesting articles is entitled "A Note on Kirtimukha: Being the Life-history of an Indian Architectural Ornament". It shows how intimately religious tradition is bound up with Indian art; and to the Theosophical student this particular tradition is strongly suggestive of some of the properties of thought-forms.

Britain and India, under the able editorship of Josephine Ransom, continues its useful work of strengthening the tie between the two countries. The April number includes an article by Margaret E. Cousins on "Indian Womanhood at the Present Day" and a translation from Rabindranath Tagore, in which the words "Self" and "Ego" are used in somewhat curious contrast—at least to those accustomed to their usual application.

The new number of *Follow the King*, published by the Order of the Round Table in New Zealand, is quite up to the high level of the last number, and we are glad to find a large proportion of first-class poetry.
