

THE THEOSOPHIST



I WRITE in Kāśī, in Benares, the City of many memories, of great Sages and great Saints, of learned Philosophers and famous Kings, the City which is the very heart of Hindūism, and where in modern times the Theosophical Society has the centre of the Indian Section, and the Central Hindū College and School were founded by a few Theosophists, who gathered round them an ever-increasing band of devoted patriots, who built by love and sacrifice the noble institution which became famous in the land, and ultimately became the nucleus of the Hindū University and passed into the hands of Paṇḍit Madan Mohan Malaviya, and has in it the promise of the future. In that beloved City I am writing, in my old home,

Shānti Kuñja, at my old writing-table, sitting on my old chauki. The roses are blooming everywhere, the rose-coloured, small, intensely fragrant roses of the United Provinces, from which is made the wonderful aṭṭar of roses, said to cost a guinea a drop; but also there is made exquisite rose-water, so sweet and lasting in its perfume that the air catches it up and flings it far and wide. There are large fields of these roses in the aṭṭar-making districts, and all the air is laden with their sweetness; their rose-water is never polluted with alcohol, as in western countries, so it has no pungency, but only pure fragrance, delightful exceedingly. Kāshi remains ever to me the dearest and loveliest of Cities, and the northern people are warm, and kindly, and virile, with strong bodies, strong brains and strong hearts, with a gracious affectionate hospitality and comradeship which are refreshing exceedingly in these weary days of hatred, suspicion and distrust. To come to the United Provinces is like coming home.

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Our brethren of Northern India, under the inspiration and guidance of our admirable General Secretary, have been holding the six weeks' "School" here, from September 15 to October 26, the last three days being devoted to the North Indian Convention, which opened on October 24. The School studied on four different lines: Theosophy and Sociology, in which Messrs. Bhagavan Das and Sanjiva Rao led the studies; Theosophy and History, wherein Prof. P. K. Telang was the leader; Religion and Philosophy, guided by Rai Bahadur Purnendu Narayana Sinha, Mr. Bhagavan Das and Mr. T. Ramachandra Rao, who gave four admirable lectures on the essentials of Hindūism. Mr. Bhagavan Das had very interesting Question and Answer meetings on the relation of Hindūism to Theosophy, while the General Secretary spoke most usefully on the Purāṇas. Theosophy and Science was confided to Mr. Fritz Kunz, aided by Professors Rane (Chemistry), Datta (Physics), Lakshmana Narayan (Mathematics), Ganjekar

(Physics). This last subject was naturally illustrated by experiments, showing the X-rays, Radium, Kathode rays, high frequency currents, and the nature of the elements, especially nitrogen and phosphorus. Mr. Kunz's lectures were illustrated by an admirable series of lantern slides designed by himself and Mr. Jinarājādāsa, that helped much to the clear understanding of the subjects discussed. The general objective was the showing of the lines of evolution and their underlying principles or plan, giving broad outlines, and helping the members to grasp the ideas embodied in classified facts. "Methods of Theosophical Work" was another subject, intended especially to help inspectors and propagandists; in this Miss de Leeuw and Mr. Kunz took the lead. The School was most successful, and hearty congratulations are due to the General Secretary and his able band of helpers.

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On October 23 we had a meeting of our original Indian Co-Masonic Lodge, No. 101, and there were present members from Lodges in Allahabad, Rangoon, and Adyar, as well as from some foreign Lodges in Great Britain, Australia and the United States. I delivered an address on "Ceremonial in the World-Life and the Life of the Individual". On the 26th, there is to be another meeting. There is a marked change of feeling in the masculine Masonic world about the admission of women to the Masonic arcana. The Grand Orient of France is discussing the subject; there are rumours of the Grand Lodge of England considering the question. The Co-Masonic movement in England and Scotland has gone on so quietly and steadily, without parade or fuss, and has become so widespread, that it is natural that masculine Masons should begin to consider whether it is wise to continue to ignore it. The great difference between British and Continental Masonry is that British Masonry excludes the discussion of Religion and Politics, the two most interesting subjects in human life, while Continental Masonry has never barred them. In the coming reconstruction of Society, Masonry should play a great part; Masons should be builders

of a sane and sober new Society, based on Brotherhood but heedful of order. It should be an agent in calling on the Divine Light to shine on the chaos of the world unrest, and evoke a cosmos worthy of the servants of the Great Architect. Masonry is a system of symbolism, but the symbols convey deeper truths than the superficial ones over which so much time is spent.

A Conference of the Order of the Star in the East was held on October 23, and thanks to its devoted and energetic Secretary, Miss Annie Bell, it proved to be useful and instructive. The Order numbers some thousands in India. I had the pleasure of presiding and also of giving an address. In fact, my addresses have been rather numerous, ten in all, *plus* three Question and Answer meetings. These gatherings are very useful in all countries, but are really necessary in this huge land.

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As this is the first issue since my birthday, I must repeat here my thanks to all comrades and friends, scattered the world over, who remembered me on October 1, and sent kindly greetings. Cables came from places so far apart as Brisbane, Java, Sydney, England, Wales, Switzerland, Shanghai, Maritzburg, Dunedin, Denmark, Holland, Cape Town, Hongkong, Mulhouse, Edinburgh, Sackalesami, Kansas City, Chili, Mexico, Norway, Los Angeles; telegrams from Burma, Ceylon, Pondicherry; from the Indian States of Travancore, Hyderabad (Dn.), Cochin, Kolhapur, Indore, Gwalior, Alwar; from all parts of British India; from Scout Troops, Colleges, Schools, National Home Rule League Branches, the League of Youth, Lodges of the T.S. and Star. Large numbers of letters have also come, one from Nairobi, East Africa, one from Rouen, and one from Formazzo (Italy). October 1 was kept in very many places, and in India with much feeding of the poor. One gathering, called by Rao Bahadur Shiva Pershad, Judge, in Alwar, seemed to me specially noteworthy, as showing the unifying influence of

the Theosophical Society, for Hindūs as far apart as Arya Samājists and Sanāṭana Dharmites, Musalmāns, Sikhs, Jains and Christians all met and read extracts from their sacred books. Almost all the State officials and Sirdars were present, and the absence of religious separateness was striking. To all who have sent good wishes I can only repeat what I have said elsewhere, that I will strive to consecrate what remains to me of life to Love and Service.

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Birth and Death. They tread closely on each other's heels; they jostle each other everywhere. So it is not incongruous to turn from birthday greetings to the passing away of two veteran members of the Society. I repeat here what I wrote in the September issue of the *Bulletin*:

The Theosophical Society has sustained a great loss in the sudden passing away of that faithful and devoted servant of the Masters, Señor Don José Xifré. He had been out of health for a considerable time, but the final passing was unexpected. Don José Xifré was well-known in London and Paris, and many English friends will remember his sonorous Spanish, a delight to the ear, when he spoke for Spain at a British Convention. He was deeply devoted to our H. P. B., who had brought him into the Society, and to whom he owed the change from a man of the world in the Court circle of Spain to an intensely earnest servant of the WISDOM. His country was a difficult one in which to spread the Ancient Truths, but while he was courageous to the utmost, he had all the tact and *savoir faire* of a man of the world and he was as cautious as he was brave. He was a type of the chivalrous Spanish gentleman, and loved the name I gave him of "my Knight". For when H. P. B. passed over, leaving to me her work, he included me in his love for her, and remained utterly unshaken to the end. Between the bigotry of Roman Catholic Spain and the wild passions of revolutionary Spain, he stood unmoved, his hand on the helm of the little-Spanish Theosophical Ark, which he guided skilfully, the STAR his guiding light in every storm. For a time he has passed into the Peace, to meet there warmest welcome, and he leaves a gap which his Spanish friends will find it very difficult to fill.

Bombay also has lost a very old worker, a member of the Blavatsky Lodge, who joined the Theosophical Society in 1881, Mr. R. M. Mobedji. A brief note about him was sent to me by our good Brother, Judge N. D. Khandalavala, Khan Bahadur, of Poona, which has vanished on the way, to my great regret. So this brief word of remembrance must imperfectly take its place. The veterans who stood with H. P. B. are passing over one by one, to meet Those

whom they have faithfully served, and to return to our mortal world to take up again the work to which they were loyal to the end.

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Mr. Gandhi and "the Ali Brothers"—as they are called for short—have begun a campaign against education, as carried on in all Colleges and Schools receiving Government grants and affiliated to Government Universities, or even to the Universities of Benares (Hindū) and Aligarh (Musalmān), under Indian management, because they receive a grant from Government. They are having considerable success, having emptied Aligarh College, the first to be visited, and appearing likely to empty the Colleges in Lahore. The parents are naturally terribly upset by the loss of all they have done for their sons' education, and numbers are arriving in Aligarh to take their sons home and thus save them from being drawn into further follies. As I said at the beginning of these notes, I am writing in Benares, and we are expecting the invasion of the Destroyers to seduce the students of the Hindū University to be false to their duty to their parents and their country. I have given two lectures here to crowded audiences on "Co-operation" and "Non-Co-operation," showing the advantages of the one and the ruin consequent on the other. But the fun of tilting against the Government has captured the immature minds of the youngsters who, innocent of the ruin involved in Mr. Gandhi's subtle proposals, only see the side attractive to all high-spirited youths, of baiting the Government. This same cruel use of youths was made in Bengal against the ill-advised Partition, and resulted in the internment of thousands of students, with the result that Bengal is now in the background, void of energy in the political field. The generation that would have been leading Bengal in the van of the propaganda for freedom is broken and dispirited, and there is a gap between the older politicians and the coming politicians that these should have filled.

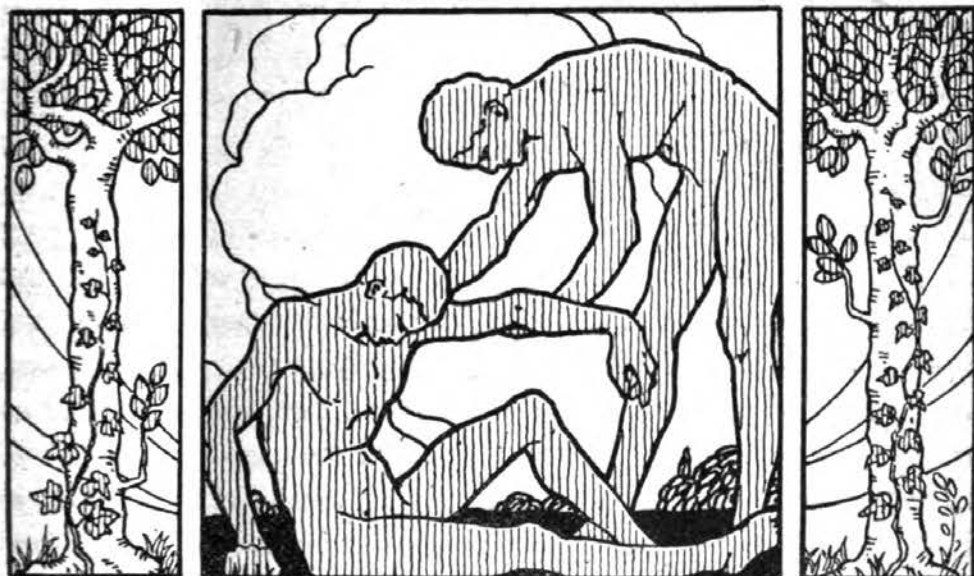
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This movement for Non-Co-operation is no movement of party politics, to which the Theosophical Society can remain

indifferent. It has passed into a phase in which it menaces the very existence of India, her spiritual life, and her spiritual mission to humanity. India, as an original member of the League of Nations, that glorious Herald of the far-off Federation of the World—spoken of, I may remind students, in the book, *Man: Whence, How and Whither*; India, as a Free Nation among sister Free Nations in the Indo-British Commonwealth, in the realisation of which lies the future peace of the world; India, from whom the light of true spirituality shall shine forth for the illumination of the Nations; India, the great Daughter of the R̥shis and Devas, whose immemorial age stretches back beyond the dawn of history—for history tells us of no time when she was not prosperous and wealthy—the contemporary of Babylon the Great, of ancient Egypt, of Greece and of Rome in the days of their glory; India, sleeping for nigh two centuries, but now awake and on her feet; this India is now the mark of all the “Powers of the Darkness of this world,” driven back in the West by the downfall of autocracy in Germany, and now turning their defeated, but still tremendous, energy, on India, by whose undoing and hurling into chaos the onward march of the world may yet be checked for centuries to come. These hosts, ever the enemies of the Lords of Light—called Asurās by the Hindūs, Ahriman and his agents by the Zoroastrians, Satan and his angels by Hebrews and Christians, Eblis and his armies by the Musalmāns—they have caught hold of this movement of Non-Co-operation, *because it is a channel of hatred*, their favourite weapon, and are pushing its leaders onward, step by step, into wilder and wilder methods. The gospel of Tolstoy, so fascinating in its beginnings, but so fatal in its inevitable ending of anarchy, the dragging of all down to the sordid level to which society had cruelly reduced its producing class, was one of the causes of Bolshevism in Russia. That infection has been brought over here by Tolstoy’s disciple, M. K. Gandhi, with all the fascination of its philosophical side and the deadly implications covered by that philosophy, while the masses

have not yet become obedient to the Inner Ruler Immortal, the Hidden God in man. The profound truth of that God hidden in every man makes the great force of the movement; the ignoring of the truth that God manifest in His world works by evolution to prepare men for such manifestation in themselves, is the deadly error which leads to anarchy. Men not yet Self-ruled from within, and thus determined to righteousness, must be ruled by Law from without. The destruction of reverence for Law, ingrained in the Hindū religion, the doctrine of "civil disobedience"—the breaking of any law, hitherto obeyed as not against conscience, as a protest against a bad law—was the step which marked the parting of the ways which lead respectively to Freedom and anarchy. It led to the brief madness so cruelly and brutally repressed in the Panjab and, by England's crime in condoning the wicked vengeance inflicted, to the hatred felt against British rule to-day. Mr. Gandhi at the time saw and confessed the error he had made in forgetting the evil elements in society. But his penitence was short-lived, and he is now rushing along the downward path. He began comparatively mildly, by a passive withdrawal merely from Government; step by step he went further, and now advocates rebellion of sons against parents while still dependents and minors, and his last panacea, so far, is the celibacy of husbands and wives until India is entirely free. This is obviously madness, and what further devices he may start no one knows.

Under such circumstances, I call on all students and lovers of Theosophy, the Divine Wisdom, to range themselves under the banner of ordered and progressive Freedom, and to oppose the threatened anarchy, unknown in India until brought here by the disciple of a western anarchist, who had at least the merit that, while sowing revolutionary ideas, he confined himself in action to peasant clothing and the making of shoes.



Brotherhood

MEMBERS OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY AND
THE NEW CITIZENSHIP

By GEORGE S. ARUNDALE

STANDING as we do to-day on the threshold of an Indian citizenship more real than ever known before, even in India's most glorious days, of imperative moment is an earnest consideration as to how those of us who are members of the Theosophical Society—with all that such membership implies—shall acquit ourselves of the new opportunities and the new responsibilities.

It may be argued by some that in our capacity as members of the Theosophical Society we cannot, without compromising

our Society's neutrality, relate ourselves as members to active citizenship, that is to say to the political, religious, social and educational duties which all citizenship involves. For my own part, however, I do not think we compromise the Theosophical Society's essential neutrality by being active citizens of our Motherland, and by declaring that such useful work as we may be able to accomplish is inspired by our membership of the Society and by our understanding of the principles it exists to promote. On the contrary, if the ideal of our Movement be the promotion of Universal Brotherhood, membership of it necessitates active citizenship, preferably in every department, but at least in some. I, for one, believe that there is no member of the Theosophical Society, however placid, who cannot, who ought not to, exert a Theosophical influence in every field of citizenship—political, religious, social and educational. He may not be able to join a particular political party, but he may at least strive to raise the tone of political life by ever holding before the eyes of men and women the fact of brotherhood, its essential existence amidst the most marked diversities or the most virulent hatreds, and by at least laying down the general principles governing the existence of an ideal polity. He can at least expose the selfishnesses, the pettinesses, the disruptive elements of party struggle. He can at least, whether inside or outside parties, show how the nation suffers when committed to the care of those whose goal is power and popularity rather than service and sacrifice.

As H. P. Blavatsky has told us, "to seek to achieve political reforms before we have effected a reform in human nature is like putting new wine into old bottles". "Make men feel," she says, "and recognise in their innermost hearts what is their real, true duty to all men, and every old abuse of power, every iniquitous law in the National policy, based on human, social or political selfishness, will disappear of itself . . . no

lasting political reform can be ever achieved with the same selfish men at the head of affairs as of old." Now the work of the Theosophical Society in India and in Britain has partly been to make men "feel and recognise in their innermost hearts" the essential equality of Indian and Britisher, the need for brotherhood between them, the recognition of Divine guidance in the joining of the two for a common Imperial purpose, and the common nature of the goal towards which each is striving.

In India, the Society has unceasingly laboured to vitalise her part, to make it living, so that its splendour may inspire her present children to be worthy trustees of the common Āryan inheritance, proud of their race, with eyes joyously fixed upon the coming apotheosis of Āryan culture. The Society began its work through the religious, continued it in the social and educational fields, and now in the political field, while standing aloof from *party* politics and from all political action, proclaims the undying principles of Freedom and Unity, adherence to which will alone ensure the building of a polity in which justice will be meted out to all. In Great Britain, the Society has successfully combated that spirit of materialism which, had it been allowed to triumph, would have killed all hopes of comradeship between the various members of the Āryan family. For even though the wave of materialism might have swept over India in more volume than it has actually done, India could never have been engulfed by it, while the West might well have succumbed, and thus an impassable barrier would have been erected, postponing indefinitely all approach to the goal of human solidarity. Also in the West, the Society has paved the way unceasingly for a better appreciation of the East and its essential value to the world; while the work of the Society in both hemispheres has been to promote mutual respect and ever-increasing understanding. Such has been the general work of the Society: its

insistence on the common foundation of all the great Faiths, so ably set forth in our Theosophical literature, mainly, of course, by our beloved President, largely contributing to bridge the unnatural gulfs cut between members of the one great human family by the illusion that differences of Faith and custom mean difference in stage of civilisation. "What I like best is best," people say, and forget to add: "for me."

The result has been a new citizenship for India, and, in consequence, a new lease of life for the Empire. As Indian Theosophists the question thus becomes insistent: Are we concerned with this new citizenship, and if so, what are our duties? I venture to think that there is little doubt as to the answer we have to give. Indeed, I would go so far as to say that Indian citizenship will fail in being what it ought to be, if Indian Theosophists do not strive to permeate it with the Theosophical spirit—the spirit of justice, tolerance, understanding, service and sacrifice. But, as H. P. Blavatsky points out: "No Theosophist has the right to this name unless he is thoroughly imbued with the correctness of Carlyle's truism: 'the end of man is *action* and not a *thought*, though it were the noblest'—and unless he sets and models his daily life upon this truth. The profession of a truth is not yet the enactment of it; and the more beautiful and grand it sounds, the more loudly virtue or duty is talked about instead of being acted upon, the more forcibly it will always remind one of the Dead Sea fruit."

Surely at such a time as this, action is imperatively necessary. We have been thinking Theosophically for forty odd years, and there has been much action as well. But with the birth of the new world, and with the coming of the world's greatest Citizen to reshape its forms and to insist anew on the ancient ideals, surely it behoves us to spread far and wide the spirit of good citizenship, partly through precept, but mainly through example.

Now what can the Theosophist do in the political field without compromising the precious neutrality of the Society as a whole? And here I cannot do better than to quote from a recent address by Lord Haldane to the Social and Political Education League.

The will of the people as the ultimate sanction, yes, but what is the real will of the people? . . . it is . . . not enough if the people express themselves obviously, hastily and under a mere passing influence . . . a distinction must be drawn between a true general will and a momentary or mob will . . . the statesmen responsible to a Nation cannot challenge its will, but they are deeply responsible for doing two things that are not always easy to reconcile. They must do their best to advise and guide their clients, and they must judge whether these clients have, in the utterances of fevered moments, really expressed themselves. This does not mean that there can be any other standard than that of democracy rightly gauged. But it does mean that it is the real and deliberate judgment of the Nation that alone counts. He who fails to understand this and acts on a different hypothesis may find himself arraigned for having taken the people at their apparent word.

I do not apologise for having quoted Lord Haldane at some length, partly because he is probably the wisest statesman Britain at present possesses, and partly because I think he has unconsciously pointed out to us Theosophists our general duty in the political field. As Theosophists, as believers in the existence of a Universal Brotherhood which we have the duty of evoking through the contagion of example, we ought to be nearer to the heart of the great realities than most people. We ought to be less coloured by prejudice, less influenced by habit and custom, less at the mercy of narrowing time-elements, less slaves to the desire for popularity, less the straws on passing popular currents, than those who are not yet awake to the realities underlying all forms. We ought to be clearer visioned than those whose field of sight is circumscribed by narrower understanding. And we ought, therefore, to be on the side of fundamentals, never hesitating to call our people to their duty, even when we seem to stand alone in the task. Adherence to truth as we understand it, must ever be

our watchword, and we must ever be willing to undergo the hardships involved in learning the lesson of indifference to popular opinion, so long as our indifference does not mean callous carelessness, but rather the eager desire to help our brethren in spite of themselves, and more especially when we believe them to be under the influence of passing passion. May I quote Lord Haldane once more :

We cannot compel the people. But we can take up their aspirations when they have justice behind them. However unsatisfactory the demands for the moment made may seem, and however unpracticable it may be to agree to them as put forward, it is always possible to search out the underlying end, and to endeavour, by guiding opinion in the light of fuller knowledge, to give to the end proposed a better form.

I think this passage an admirable statement of the duty every responsible leader has towards the people of his Nation ; and I think the fuller knowledge we as Theosophists possess, enables us to mould public opinion to a very considerable degree. If circumstances prevent us from descending—in these days it is a veritable descent—into the arena of party strife, we can at least unceasingly deprecate all personal hostilities, insist on brotherly relationships, however divergent the political understandings, ever urge the contemplation by all of the common goal, and stress “in season and out of season” those principles which are the foundation of all enduring polities. We can make public opinion intolerant of cant, intolerant of vulgar personal abuse, intolerant of imputations of vile motives, insistent on clean politics, insistent on clean leadership, insistent on respect for the considered opinions of responsible minorities. Every one of us contributes to public opinion, and as Theosophists we have to be active contributors, more especially in view of the richness and purity of the stores from which we are enabled to draw the motives for our daily conduct.

Should we, on the other hand, be so situated that nothing prevents us from descending into the arena of

party strife, I think we have the duty of not hesitating for a moment to make the descent. India is in the early stages of the rebuilding of her house. She is at the foundations, and as the foundations are, so will the superstructure endure. I venture to think that as Theosophists we know better than many the nature of India's ancient dwelling-place, the abode of the Āryan race in its childhood, the dwelling built by the Ṛṣhis and the lesser great ones who followed Them. Ours, therefore, the task—with others who also know—of using the old material for the new building, of erecting a dwelling-place for the Indian people reminiscent of the old home, but adapted, of course, to modern needs and conditions. Our eyes must be on the past and on the future as well as on the immediate present. We must bear in mind the great possibilities open to the Āryan race as disclosed by our foremost Theosophical leaders. We must remember that nothing lasts that does not more or less directly make for brotherhood. We must be idealists, no matter to which party we belong, and, above all, we must see to it constantly that genuine and honest difference of opinion never blinds us to the inherent worth, and value to the Nation of those who, differently temperamentally but looking towards the same goal, see in another pathway the shortest approach.

Obviously, I cannot apply my argument more directly, since I am doubtless addressing members of many shades of political opinion, and being of a particular shade myself, I might not do justice to other shades. All I would say by way of concluding this particular portion of my article, is that our attachment to our party organisation must never blind us to the fact that it is but a means to an end, and that the end—being great and noble—can only justify great and noble means. The end always justifies—i.e., expresses the nature of—the means, but does not justify it in the sense that out of evil good may be

expected. The purity of the political life of a Nation determines the Nation's prosperity, solidarity, and power to command respect. The Theosophist politician must stand for purity, unselfishness and generosity in political life, whether he be a Co-operator or a Non-co-operator, whether Extremist or "Nationalist" or Liberal. Indeed, I look confidently to the Theosophists scattered among our political parties to be the ultimate means of restoring that goodwill and sincere mutual respect which gives the party system of government its principal value among its many, many defects.

So much for politics. I placed politics first, because it comes, I fear, first in interest, and because I know it is first as regards urgency of reform. But it is obvious that the religious aspect of our citizenship is in reality of far greater moment, for the religious spirit—even if not the doctrine of any particular Faith—is at the root of all true citizenship, of whatever kind. Now in the religious field much has already been done by individual Theosophists as well as by the Theosophical Society as a body. But I venture to urge the pressing importance of fuller investigation into the common origin of all Faiths, in the sense that all draw their strength and value from the one Divine Source. *The Universal Text Book of Religion and Morals* has begun this work worthily, and our President's writings are full of references to the common origins, especially as regards Hindūism and Christianity. But there is a great deal to do by way of enforcing this great truth, especially by practical addresses to the people at large, as well as by such practical respect for the religious opinions of others as may be appropriate and helpful, and also by comparative study. The Hindū-Muslim Entente, for example, must rest on far surer foundations than those by which at present it is maintained. It must be an Entente based on ever-increasing understanding, purified on both sides by the sacrifice of the non-essential, by realising indeed that that which offends the principles (not the

prejudices) of others is hardly likely to be a fundamental principle of one's own Faith, but rather a dispensable accretion.

The work of drawing together more closely the great religions of the world must go on ever more actively, as the time approaches for the Inspirer of them all to come among us and live the one ideal life every Hindū, Buddhist, Pārsi, Christian and Musalmān should live, no matter what the outer diversity of form or however great the diversity of practice. It will not be well that He should find His children quarrelling among themselves under the influence of the delusion that to each is not given his need and an equal share of the glorious inheritance. And be it remembered that India is the great melting-pot, not only for all religions but for all races as well. It is the great melting-pot of the world, in which is refining that bright metal out of which the great World-Teacher shall fashion a vessel to receive His teachings. As citizens of India, therefore, stirrers of the metal, responsible for the harmonious blending of its ingredients, we have a special duty in the religious field. In the India of the future, religions must no longer disrupt the State as they have so often done in the past. Rather must they enrich and consolidate it; and supremely to the Theosophist is allotted this noble task.

Turning to the social aspect of our citizenship, I would ask you to keep in mind the watchwords "Justice" and "Tolerance" as the bases of the work to be done. Writing of the terrible contrast between riches on the one side and poverty on the other, H. P. Blavatsky has said: "The neglect of social duty on the one side is most closely connected with the stunted and arrested development on the other." So much has already been written and said on the problems of social reform that I hardly think I need elaborate this aspect of my subject much further. But it ought to be said, I think, that in dealing with social problems we must not hesitate to be fearless investigators into the social relationships that obtain

among the various classes and castes in our community. We must not permit custom or public opinion or convention or tradition to dull our sense of duty, although we may rightly conceive that any change for the sake of justice must be made with caution and without impulsive precipitation.

There is no compromise between right and wrong, as *At the Feet of the Master* tells us; and as Theosophists we must take care to discriminate between the expediency which seeks to compromise with duty, and the expediency which seeks but to choose such means as may enable the duty to be accomplished most speedily and enduringly. We must be clear as to our duty, our whole duty, and nothing less than our duty, however much we may in soberness realise that sometimes more haste means less speed, and that direct action is not always the safest or surest. In all cases we should do well to remember that the principle of brotherhood can never be more usefully applied than in our social relations, not forgetting that brotherhood means inequality of position at any particular moment, though an ultimate identity of goal. We talk so much of equality in these days, though we deny it in act in the fearful competition so prevalent everywhere, that it seems well to realise that through a due sense of the inherent inequality of manifested Nature lies the best approach to an expression of true brotherhood. Evolution depends upon inequality, and this fact needs understanding; for from its appreciation emerge the three great qualities so strongly insisted on by Manu—reverence for elders, affection for equals, tenderness towards all younger things. Indeed, I think these qualities sum up the spirit of our social duties as completely as it is possible to sum them up.

Finally, education. Strange to say, we are here on less certain ground, for while much has been done to develop political, religious and social theories, little has been done to develop educational theories. And at any rate, here in India, the

real home of the true science of education, we have done very little to dig away those Western accumulations which have for the past two centuries hidden away that wonderful educational structure of which glimpses are to be found in Manu, in the *Ītīhāsas* and in the *Purāṇas*. Our President has done yeoman service to the cause of Indian education by insisting on the great ancient ideals of education—her work in the Central Hindū College, and since, has been one long, wonderful effort once again to establish the science upon its ancient foundations. Under the glamour of Western influences the Indian people have not hitherto responded as one would have hoped, although there are not a few monuments in the land, testifying to their appreciation of her great services in this direction. Under the Reform Act, however, we may perhaps hope for a great stimulus in the direction of educational reform.

To Theosophists interested specially in the educational problems confronting us in our efforts to build up a truly Indian citizenship, I would suggest that we look back into the ancient scriptures for the basic principles, adapting these, with respectful consideration for the undoubted achievements of Western educational science in the field of method, to Indian needs and to those ideals which we associate with citizenship, whether Indian or non-Indian. It cannot be too strongly emphasised, for example, that the science of education is part of the science of life in all its departments, that education is a lifelong process, that it is the gradual evolution of the various faculties which have to be used year after year, decade after decade, in all the branches of citizenship—political, religious, social. Education is, indeed, the soul of citizenship. Citizens are made by the kind of education they receive. And it is not too much to say that the present confusion, the present overwhelming competition in certain directions, with unchallenged monopolies in others, the inability of our educational system to fit suitable careers to the young citizens it has to train, the unnecessary poverty on the one hand, and the wealth in unworthy hands on the other—all

these are due to the neglect of our Manu's advice and directions, especially as regards the recognition of the varying temperaments and the provision of education suitable to them.

I have no time to enter into details, highly suggestive though these would be. Some of them will be found in the writings of that great educationist, Babu Bhagavan Daś; others must be sought in the ancient writings themselves. But search and study, as I know from personal experience, shed brilliant light upon the educational problem, and if public opinion can only be educated to realise the supreme importance of using Indian principles, however-useful it may be to impart these in Western forms, we shall find India the messenger to the world of the old-new education some great Western idealists, such as Dewey, MacCunn, Holmes, "Egeria," Montessori, and others too numerous to mention, are groping after, in some cases with no inconsiderable success. But the Theosophist should be the greatest influence in the educational life of his country. Brotherhood is the root of the new education, and, above all others, the Theosophist knows, or should know, what brotherhood means in its detailed application. At least he should know this in theory, and a little also in practice. As Manu points out, those who put their well-reasoned knowledge into practice are superior even to those who know and understand, just as the latter are superior to those who can merely remember or learn by heart. It would be well, indeed, could we apply to our education the spirit and meaning of the caste system, though not, I think, its present practice.

It would be well, could we divide our young citizens as Manu has divided them—into those of *Sāttvic* temperament, who are to be the storekeepers and purveyors of knowledge, of *Rājasic* temperament, who are to rule, to guard and to fight, of *Tāmasic* temperament, who, by their steady attachment, are to accumulate wealth for the Nation, 'are to become agriculturists, merchants, traders. Then there are those lower in the scale, who are to find their progress in humble service.

And all are to be educated according to their respective temperaments; some coming to school earlier, others later, some having a predominance of intellectual learning in their studies, some specialising in the science of physical exercises, some specialising in commercial learning, all studying science in a greater or lesser degree—some studying the science of government, some studying the science of education—and the girls of these respective temperaments, while predominantly learning with reference to the duties of the home, nevertheless studying the same subjects in somewhat lesser intensity than the boys. And the fine arts are to be studied by both boys and girls, by the latter somewhat more than the former.

Can we discover temperament? I think that modern psychology, with its physiological accompaniments, with its Binet-Simon tests, its Whipple tests, its Galton laws, its psychoanalysis, is beginning to answer in the affirmative. From the psychological point of view we know nothing about the Indian child, though we know much about the Western child. But when education is in Indian hands, and, above all, when Indian public opinion is aroused to encourage the Indian teacher to become efficient and worthy of the noblest of all the professions, we shall find ourselves discovering a whole science of Indian education more wisely and practically foundationed than the education now prevailing in the West; for we shall have a ready-made psychology, at least so far as essential principles are concerned, by means of which we shall far more accurately determine the constituent elements in our young citizens than is possible under the very hazy conditions in which the infant Western psychology finds itself to-day.

The Theosophist should study Eastern psychology. He should study Manu, the Purāṇas and the Itihāsas. If he does, he will gradually sense at least a plan of education fitting into the needs of life, in which every subject, however much it may belong to the *Apara Vidyā*, the lower wisdom, is nevertheless regarded as part of the one Divine Science of Life—

physical exercises and games being as much Divine Sciences as all others. The Theosophist, too, is the herald of a truer conception of inter-racial, international, and even world relationships. And if into the hands of true Theosophists, whether or not they be actually members of the Theosophical Society, is committed the charge of every country's youth, there need be no fear of war, of race-hatreds, of jealousies, of inadjustable misunderstandings. For the true Theosophist hitches his waggon to the star of Brotherhood by a cable imperishable, and he can never allow that ignorance which is the root of all the evil from which the world suffers, to strain that cable to breaking-point.

In conclusion, may I say that every word I have written applies to women as to men, fully at least in principle and much in practice? The women are the heart of the Nation, even if we concede to men the arms and the brain. There will be no true citizenship that does not recognise the duty of women to share in the counsels of the State an equal place with men. Every woman, man and child is a citizen of her or his country; and I would even add that the rights and duties of citizenship appertain to those members of the sub-human kingdoms which have their dwelling-places within the land. Too often do we forget our humbler relatives because their voices are less clamant than our own, because might and cunning and intelligence are the right the world recognises, neglectful of the needs of those who have the truer right but not that might which still passes for right. And too often, on the other side, do we forget our Elder Brethren who guide us as much as we will let Them, and who stay us when our mad courses lead us to the precipice of irretrievable ruin. May They too be recognised some day as truer citizens of this land than any of ourselves, as citizens who have served and loved Bhāraṭmāṭā far back into the distant past, and who even now protect her against our foolishness and ignorance.

George S. Arundale

FREEDOM

By G. GIBBON CHAMBERS

Let people only be superior to the falsehood that is instilled into them, let them decline to say what they neither think nor feel; and at once a revolution of all the organisations of our life will take place, such as could not be achieved by the efforts of revolutionaries throughout centuries, even were complete power in their hands.

—TOLSTOY

Man is Lord also of the Sabbath.

—*The New Testament*

THERE are two words which come with fresh force to-day because of man's suffering and sorrow. Humanity has been through the "Valley of the Shadow" and now sees new visions. Those two words are "Peace" and "Freedom," and it is to the latter that man is looking, realising that there can be no Peace, either within himself or between nations, without Freedom. Strife within the man, hurry, restlessness—all that is the antithesis of Peace—come from the absence of Freedom within his soul; strife and strikes and Bolshevism and anarchy come from the absence of Freedom within the State, and the absence of that Freedom leads to militarism (that which turns man into a machine, which is that thing most accursèd, capable of killing the soul as well as the body), and thus to war between the nations.

So to-day men turn with new inspiration, with a deeper longing, with a burning passion, and look for Freedom, search for it, fight for it, die for it, as men have searched and died right throughout the ages. And what is this Freedom? Is it

licence to do as one likes ? Is it simply a refusal to obey laws, and to be bound by rule—is it nothing more than a free and independent spirit—is it Socialism—is it Bolshevism—is it Bohemianism ? Freedom, though worshipped in all these forms, is something far deeper than the majority of the followers of either cult imagine. *Freedom is the being able to obey the highest within oneself—the answering always to the Voice within ; the free man is the man who refuses to lie to the God within.*

Freedom means a response, always without consideration of self, of the world and one's parents, to the Dweller in the Innermost. It is that to which Socrates referred when he spoke of the Voice within ; it is that which spoke to Joan of Arc before she went forth upon her mission. Therefore a belief in Freedom involves a belief in the fact that within man dwells a Spirit, that *within* each one is the Kingdom of God ; that within, covered by the emotions, the mind, the physical body, dwells a Divinity capable of commanding all ; that that Divine Spirit within is the real You, and that it is capable of becoming a God. The free man is the man who has broken all the fetters which bind, has cleared away all that hinders the coming to perfection of the real man which dwells within. But that Spirit will only grow to perfection, will only become God, if when we have freed ourselves, we become slaves in the interests of humanity.

Freedom therefore involves two things: the liberating of the Spirit within, and the sacrificing of that Self in the interests of humanity. Freedom, moreover, is only born of Love, for that God within is in essence Love. "God is Love," and Love is God. It is the fundamental in man ; Love calls to the man to free himself ; Love calls him to give himself for his fellow men.

To-day, what is the position ? We are all slaves, "cribbed, cabined and confined". Few are the men and women

who can rise above everything absolutely free, who can, as it were, float above all that concerns this life, and realise that they, the real part of them, is something entirely apart.

We are slaves to our bodies—what we shall eat and what we shall drink, with what we shall clothe ourselves. Some of us slaves in that we deny our bodies the necessities of life, and some of us slaves in that we give too much to our physical appetites. Slaves to our minds, yet we know that the Intuition is higher than the Reason; to our emotions, our loves, our hates and our fears. Custom rules the lives of many of us; "Mrs. Grundy" and respectability are the gods, especially in the realms of politics and religion. Custom and status are the ruling forces of society. We forget that Jesus stated that only those rules which man has within himself should stand.

Man is more than institutions—better rot beneath the sod
Than be true to Church and State and be doubly false to God.

Slaves again to Law—and what is Law? Public opinion, the voice of the mob, "the many-headed beast," the mob that has always stoned the prophets. Man needs no law to make him perfect. The lark needs no law to make it sing. The rose no law to make it bloom, "When the fountain finds its freedom, then it sings." No moral tenet can be imposed by law. The child will naturally grow to perfection, if only shown the path. We first place restrictions that prevent the development of the spirit in man. That then necessitates law, with punishment and reward. We build a state of society which makes man incapable of perfection; we then pass laws, build gaols and asylums and hospitals in which to put the society-made criminal and lunatic and consumptive.

Lastly, we are slaves to the state of society in which we live. To-day it is a great impersonal system which is hard to understand. In the feudal system of the mediæval ages man was a slave to a personal master. To-day he is as great a slave to an impersonal master. One tyranny but replaces

another. Men give their lives for it, women sell their souls for it. We all give our wealth in order to keep armies and navies to protect it. If we cannot get out of it, let us at least realise that we are slaves to it, and fight against it in the interests of ourselves and of humanity.

This, then, is the first essential: to free ourselves, to control the bodies—the physical body, the mental body, the emotional body—to override custom and effete law, and to oppose the social environment of to-day.

Freedom, however, as stated before, implies slavery. Directly the spirit is free, love calls to us, and we give our lives for our fellows.

Is true freedom but to break fetters for our own dear sake, and with leathern hearts forget that we owe mankind a debt? No, true freedom is to share all the chains our brothers wear, and with heart and hands to be loyal to make others free.

Man's object, directly he is free himself, is to establish the Kingdom of Heaven upon earth. Only the free man can aid in establishing the Kingdom of Heaven, for he only is inspired by the love of all humanity. The Kingdom tarries to-day because so few are really free and so few realise "that it is the light, the truth and the fire of love that will create the new world".

Everywhere to-day there are individuals and associations trying to alter conditions and reform society, but the majority will fail because they are inspired either by the love of a cause and an ideal, or by the love of a section only of humanity. Judas had a dream—he saw the oppressed people and felt for their poverty and their suffering—he blamed the rulers and would have driven out the oppressor with violence. When he realised that the way of Jesus was another way, then he betrayed Him. Judas did not *fear* Jesus, as Caiaphas (the Church) and Pilate (the State) feared Him. Judas failed because he loved an ideal and a section only of humanity—the

oppressed. Many to-day have the vision of Judas, and would establish the Kingdom with guns and armoured cars, but—"the Kingdom cometh not by violence". Caiaphas had a vision—the vision of the rule of the strong—peace and prosperity in the land, but by the rule of the few. Caiaphas loved a cause, revered the oppressor, but feared the oppressed. Caiaphas failed because he also worshipped physical force and loved a section only of humanity—the oppressor. Only the vision of Jesus can succeed—the love of ALL Humanity and a belief in the final triumph of love and goodness.

Devotion to and belief in humanity will beget tolerance—"Judge not that ye be not judged". We must be intolerant of the conditions which keep our brother on the bottom rung of the ladder of life, but very tolerant of him who is there. "Truth is a ladder we all must climb." Moreover, one generation often becomes a slave to that for which the previous generation suffered.

New occasions teach new duties, truth makes ancient good uncouth.

They must upward still and onward who keep abreast of truth.

Lo, before us gleam her camp fires, we ourselves must pilgrims be,

Nor attempt the Future's portal with the Past's blood-rusty key.

The same devotion and belief in humanity will lead to a realisation of that true equality based on knowledge that the Spirit, and the same Spirit, dwells within.

I am in the good and the evil, in the fortunate and the unfortunate, in the gifted and the incapable alike. I am not one more than the other.

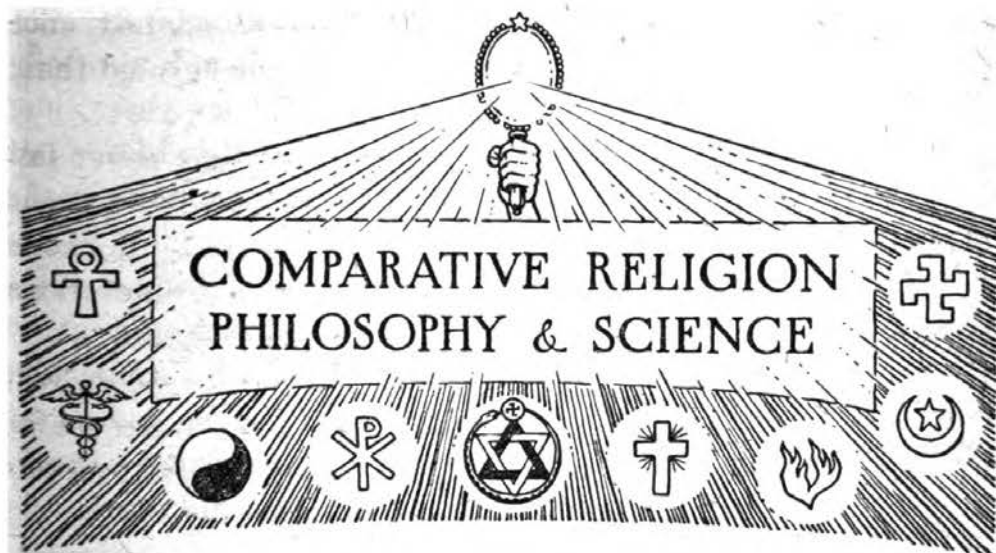
If, however, we throw off all the shackles and give our life to humanity, what then? Persecution, suffering, death. Persecution, because the majority are still slaves. Look down throughout the ages at the record of the Free men—Socrates drinking hemlock, Jesus crucified, Paul stoned and imprisoned,

William Penn imprisoned and banished, Milton and Bunyan cast into gaol, Galileo persecuted; John Knox, Martin Luther, John Wesley, Josephine Butler and Lady Constance Lytton ostracised; Karl Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemborg killed—not by the Kaiser, but by the mob, to whom they devoted their lives.

All failures by the world's standard; but "they never fail who die in a great cause; the block may soak their gore, their heads may sodden in the sun, their limbs be strung to castle walls, but still their spirit walks abroad," and generations after, that for which they died becomes an accepted fact.

To many who realise the true meaning of Freedom will not be given in this incarnation the joy of being a martyr for the Truth; theirs will only be the lot of being hated by their neighbours, of being called "a crank and a pestilent fellow"; but they will know what it is to feel "all conventions left aside, all limitations past, all shackles dropped, the husks and sheaths of ages falling off"; they will have testified to the Truth and have followed the footsteps of the Master. Above all, they will have helped to establish the day when man will say: "O Freedom, beautiful beyond compare, thy kingdom is established! Thou, with thy feet on earth, thy brow among the stars—for ages us, thy children, I, thy child, singing day-long night-long, sing of joy in thee."

G. Gibbon Chambers



THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS¹

By J. HENRY ORME

The scene opens one lovely morn, some thousands of years ago, upon the slopes of Mount Ida, where Paris, the unknown son of Priam, king of Troy, is innocently tending his flocks upon the hill-side pastures. Before the birth of Paris, Hecuba dreamed that she had given birth to a firebrand which caused a conflagration in the city. The interpretation placed upon this was that she would bear a son who would bring disaster upon Troy. Thus it was that Paris, when an infant, was exposed upon Mount Ida, nourished by a she-bear, rescued by a shepherd, and brought up in complete ignorance of his royal birth and position. Growing to manhood he became renowned for his beauty of person, gallantry and accomplishments.

GREAT events often spring from small and apparently trifling causes. A lamp kicked over in a stable started a fire that consumed nearly a whole city; the murder of the

¹ Suggested by an article by Charles H. Farnsworth in *The Musical Quarterly* of April, 1915.

heir-apparent to the throne of Austria was the flash in the pan which set the whole world ablaze with war: the finding of a dropped letter has destroyed the hopes of a lifetime. Little thought the handsome Paris, as he gazed far off upon the purple sea, that he would be suddenly called upon to render a decision which would plunge two countries in a ten years' war and cost thousands of lives. It is thus that Fate blinds our eyes as to consequences, and thus we forge our links in the chain of cause and effect.

Suddenly there was a rush in the air as of winged visitants, and there stood before him Hermes, messenger of the most high Zeus, accompanied by Hera, Athena and Aphrodite. Our hero bowed low before the divinities of heaven and asked to what he was indebted for this most unprecedented honour. The three divinities spoke simultaneously, and the result was confusing to the untrained ear of Paris.

"Most gracious ones," said he, bowing low, "the music of your voices in concert so charms my ear that it loses all power of understanding. I pray you let me hear but a single melody that I may better comprehend your meaning."

The divinities flushed with an almost human pleasure and self-satisfaction. Hera spoke first, as became the consort of the ruler of heaven, though there lurked in her mind a fear that she speaks best who speaks last.

"It was at the marriage of Peleus and Thetis," she began abruptly, glancing all the while at a golden apple which Hermes held in his hand. "Everything was going on beautifully and every one who is anyone was there. We were having a perfectly heavenly time, when suddenly Eris appeared, although she had not been invited. This caused quite a little flutter amongst us, for we wondered what form of discord she had come to scatter. But we did not have to wait long. With a smile of amusement and contempt she threw this golden apple among us—read the inscription."

Paris took the lovely trophy from Hermes and read the inscription thereon—"To the Fairest". A shudder went through him, for he knew how vain the goddesses were, and how jealous of each others' charms. Intuitively he felt that the great moment of his life had come.

"Well?"

"His most gracious majesty," said Hermes, "with rare foresight declined to make the decision between the present contestants, and commands that you shall judge them and choose which one is fairest."

Paris trembled. Before the wild animals of the forest he felt no fear; the most formidable opponent only awakened the realisation of his own great powers; yet he quailed in fear before the thought of deciding between these three most powerful and vindictive goddesses of heaven. He well knew that for one friend he would have two enemies. He was also somewhat acquainted by tradition with the nature of the divinities, and knowing them to be still on the *Pravṛti Mārga*, quite logically expected that they would seek to influence his decision by offering him some of the objects of sense.

Hera was the first to speak, the other goddesses discreetly withdrawing in her favour. The moral code must have been somewhat different in those days and more open, for it astounds us that she made her offer of bribery to the court before the other contestants, without embarrassment or effort at concealment. Or could it have been due to the clairvoyant faculties of the divinities which rendered deception impossible?

"Most noble Paris," said Hera ingratiatingly, "if you will choose me as the fairest among the divinities of heaven I will give you power second only to that of Zeus, my royal husband. You shall rule whomsoever and wherever you please. Mortals shall do your bidding more readily than the command of kings.

Instead of tending sheep upon a lonely mountain-side, you shall rule in the cities of men. Give me the apple, I pray you."

Paris stood silent. Tempted? Yes. He was not the first man to be tempted through love of power, nor was he the last. It is an old, old story, this offering a man all the kingdoms of the earth if he will surrender the higher to the lower self. Paris was tempted, but not overcome.

"I will give you wealth also," added Hera, fearing that she had not made her bribe strong enough. "With wealth and power you will be irresistible. The gods of heaven will envy you."

But Paris toyed with the golden apple and waited, glancing the while at the other divinities. Then spake Athena, patroness of the arts and sciences, goddess of knowledge, and deity of righteous warfare.

"Most noble Paris," she began, with a stirring martial ring in her voice, "it touches my heart to see you, the son of a king, tending sheep upon a lonely mountain-side. How can *you*, who could be a great warrior, content yourself with a life so unworthy? You have noble blood in your veins, strength in your arm, courage in your heart, valour in your soul. I will make you the greatest warrior in the world. Legions will worship you, nations will do your bidding, your own people will bless you. You will be renowned abroad, minstrels will sing of your deeds, and future generations shall think of you when they wish a pattern and example; even the high Olympians will watch you with pride and envy, and you shall have a voice in the affairs of men and gods. Glory and honour shall be yours for evermore."

Paris was sorely tempted. The offer of Hera seemed small beside the fame and glory which Athena offered. His blood leaped fast within him as he thought of the great deeds he could perform, of triumph in battles, of nations conquered and glory won. And yet, something told him that these were

not the supreme offerings of life, so he waited for Aphrodite to disclose her purpose.

The goddess of love and beauty showed no impatience or uneasiness while the other divinities made their offers to corrupt the court. She knew that after all Paris was but a man, with a man's strength and weakness, and a man's most vulnerable spot. With supreme confidence in the irresistible power of her bribe, Aphrodite spoke.

"Most handsome Paris, you who are as beautiful as the sun in heaven, what have power and wealth and martial glory to do with you? You were fashioned for love and beauty, and without them you could never be happy. With what the ox-eyed Hera and the cold-browed Athena offer you would live a life of emptiness, ever pursuing, ever accumulating, yet ever unsatisfied. Wealth, power and glory would but increase your desire and leave you cold and desolate, as though suffering from an insatiable thirst which even the nectar of the gods could not quench. Love alone will give you your heart's desire, warm your nature, and stimulate you to fresh endeavour. Look, I offer you not merely a lovely woman for your joy, but the most beautiful woman in the whole world, one for whom the gods would leave their high estate and become mortals, were it possible. A woman 'fairer than the evening airs, clad in the beauty of a thousand stars'; a form of divine perfection, a face of undreamed-of beauty, and eyes so deep and lustrous that you will read therein the very secret of your soul and be lost in their unfathomable depths. She is yours if you will but award me the apple."

As Aphrodite spoke, Paris yielded himself to the rapture of the visions which she placed before his senses, while will and reason fell captive to desire. When she ceased speaking, he stood still a moment as one entranced, while he gazed in ecstasy upon the vision of Helen of Troy. As one in a dream, he took the apple from Hermes and awarded it to the

goddess of love and beauty, murmuring softly: "Lead me to her, let me see her face."

Looking at the old story symbolically, and putting aside many possible interpretations, we see that it bears directly upon æsthetics. Hera offers will or power, Athena offers martial glory and honour, Aphrodite offers beauty; Paris chose beauty. Was he wise in choosing beauty when he could have had the other gifts? Was he controlled by the senses? Is happiness the end of being, the goal of living? and did beauty offer him more happiness than the other things? Removing Paris from the argument temporarily, and making it quite impersonal, if it can be shown that the pleasure accompanying æsthetic activity is no stronger, more unique, or universal than that which arises from practical activity, will it not then be necessary to find some other reason than that of pleasure gained or expected, in order to value rightly the judgment of Paris? Both our intellect and moral nature rebel at making mere pleasure the end in any great pursuit. We desire it as an accompaniment of worthy deeds rather than an end in itself. It is to damage the worth of beauty at the outset to say that its value is in the direct pleasure that it gives.

Let us take four types of men and see how they will view the same thing. Let us imagine a practical business man, a scientist, a religious man and an artist, standing in the presence of a Californian waterfall.

The practical man at once sees an enormous power going to waste, that could be utilised to light the cities in the valley below. Then, too, all this water could be held in reservoirs and used to irrigate the arid acres below. There would be an enormous fortune in it for him, if he could engineer the deal. His whole nature glows with the material, practical possibilities before him, and his next thought is given to securing

control of this stream and diverting it from its natural course to the sea into different channels, until at last it pours a steady stream of gold into his coffers. With these prospects in mind his heart beats rapidly and life seems wonderfully worth living. He is surely happy; intensely, impatiently happy.

The thoughts of the scientist, as he views the waterfall, are quite different. He thinks of how the sun's rays have evaporated the water of the ocean and drawn it upwards to be condensed and precipitated as snow upon the mountain-top, later to rush downwards, ever seeking its way towards the sea. He notes that during the centuries the falling water has worn away the ledge of rock, disclosing different strata whose arrangement proves some theory he has long held. Then, too, here is a rare fern that he has never seen before; and what species of bird is that which drinks on yonder side of the granite pool? His mind is all aglow, and at once he is cataloguing, classifying, speculating, preparing to place before his fellow scientists the results of his observations. He too is happy; very, very happy.

The attitude of the "religious" man is quite different. The practical and scientific aspects of the scene before him do not engage his mind. With a heart filled with love for God he sees in this some further proof of His power, another testimony to His greatness. Whose hand but Jehovah's piled those rocks high into the heavens? Whose hand but Jehovah's cleft the chasm before him? Is not the song of the waterfall the voice of God? Are not all these beauties further proofs of His goodness, greatness and love? And is it not his especial privilege to witness and enjoy them, since he is a chosen follower and worshipper? With heart overflowing with devotion he chokes down the sobs that rise in his throat while tears stream from his eyes. He too is happy, for God is good and great and he is a child of

God. Some day he will know the Father—he and the faithful.

And our artist? What are his thoughts and feelings as he gazes upon the same scene? His attitude of mind and heart is entirely different. The view does not suggest stocks, cities, geology; nor religious worship, dogma, or a proprietary God. What he sees does not lead back to himself or what he is to do, but the self is lost in the glorious sight before him. Almost unconscious of motion, he moves his body from point to point that he may get many views of the lovely scene; he must get a different light, another angle, a changed perspective. One picture after another is imprinted indelibly upon his mind; but his soul is lost in contemplation. Spellbound he seeks no further—he rests.

The sight of the first three led directly away from what was before them to other acts and consequences, becoming a link in the chain of cause and effect; while the artist, instead of being led away, focused his attention upon it and was lost in contemplation, isolated for a time from the outside world. In these rapt moments he lost all thought of time and space, of cause and effect, while past and future were blended in an "eternal now". "Not struggle but attainment, filled his soul with heavenly beatitude." For a moment he contacted the great Reality. Comparing what the waterfall offered to the four who saw it, with what the goddesses offered Paris, we find the same parallelism: on the one side, power, wealth, glory, advantages, each leading to another; on the other, all future advantages forgotten in the beauty of the moment.

Here we evidently have two standards of value. To the business man the waterfall meant wealth and business opportunity; to the scientist it meant new theories, new specimens, and perhaps new honours among his fellows; to the preacher, further proof of the goodness and greatness of God,

confirmation of his theories of creation, deity and dogma. But no such measurement can be applied to the artist's experience; his moment of realisation, wherein he was merged in the larger self, is its own justification and reward. In one case the value of the thing is in what can be done with it; in the other the value is in the thing itself, or the mood it awakens, or what it means to the individual in his experience. The offerings of Hera and Athena were power and glory, and their happiness lay in the promise of what could be done with them. Aphrodite offered beauty, and the value is in the gift itself. One wonders how many men of the twentieth century would chose as did Paris? The difference between the estimate of the Greek and the moderns is largely a matter of externals, due to differences of education and modes of living, rather than to any change in the nature of human beings. They had their great men, their great spiritual ideals and high ethical standards; and for æsthetics they have excelled the whole modern world. *Our* progress has been measured largely in terms of material welfare, in the manner of how we live, how fast we can travel, in the comforts of "civilisation"—rather than in how high can we keep our thought, how unselfish are we, how much do we love. One standard of values asks: What can I do with it? What can I exchange it for? How much pleasure will it bring me in exchange? The happiness is anticipatory—not in the thing itself. The satisfaction comes from the objective.

With æsthetics, with art, it is quite different. The value lies in the thing itself, not in what it may be exchanged for. The mood it awakens is its own recompense; one desires nothing more. One standard is objective, practical, measurable, and can be stated in terms of what is done. It belongs to the form-side. The other is subjective, belongs to the life-side; it cannot be measured, and is not stated in terms of action but terms of being. We give *reasons* for things

belonging to the practical, form side of life ; but we give only *affirmations* for the things belonging to the æsthetic, the emotional. For example, the value of wealth, power and glory can be stated in terms of what results in consequence of their possession. But by what kind of scale would one measure the worth of beauty ? Those who cannot differentiate these two standards, and who apply the same measurement interchangeably, are ever put to confusion. These two fractions of life cannot be reduced to a common denominator ; only the soul can properly evaluate them. We cannot speak of one in terms of the other. Both kinds of value are real, but the worth of one cannot be judged by the standard of the other.

We need no argument to convince us of the value of the practical attitude. The Trojan War might have been averted, had Paris paid more attention to consequences. The world would soon come to grief, could we not measure to some extent the results that follow actions. On the other hand, the value in the æsthetic attitude is this very detachment from the consequences of things about us, and in the possibility it gives of being able to forget the personality with all its passions, littlenesses and selfishness, and realise a higher, bigger, altruistic self, in harmony with the Great Self of the Universe. Only this union with the divine can bring harmony ; this is fundamental, and has been sought ever since man realised himself as different from the brute. It was this yearning for union with the divine that made Paris choose beauty, instead of power or wisdom. For centuries the Greek has stood as an example of the value of the æsthetic and its influence over man. The passion for possession has obsessed us. Man has to learn that *being* is as necessary as *doing*, and that the inner life is as important as the outer.

Emotion is a strong unifying force, cohesive and constructive in its higher workings. Unselfish emotion is one of the ways in which we add permanent faculty to the consciousness to be used life after life. Here is where the value of art and the æsthetic emotions comes in; they arouse and stimulate the synthetic, creative faculties of the soul. Take the love-emotion, for example; is it not phenomenal in its stimulation of the creative powers of the mind? Does it not always, in those whose higher faculties are working, urge one to the creation of *something*, be it a big industry, a chair, a picture, a book, a poem or a song? Did love ever stimulate one to study mathematics? Science, mathematics and philosophy exalt the powers of the intellect; religion and art the powers of the emotions. Religion has had the profoundest influence upon art throughout all history. Religion has stimulated the emotions, which in turn have urged the creation of masterpieces of painting, sculpture, music and literature. Intellect alone makes one a scientist, mathematician, philosopher. These enjoy the beauty of *ideas*, but they do not feel the compelling necessity of giving them perfect physical embodiment. "Religion upholds the ideal of spirit triumphant *over* matter; art upholds the ideal of spirit triumphant *in* matter." One emphasises the divine transcendence, the other the divine immanence. They are complementary and, like the mystic and occultist, represent two modes of the Divine Consciousness working in our universe. "The saint realises his divinity by escaping from the limitations of form at the command of Spirit: the artist, in pouring out his Spirit into the limitations of form."

Beauty is an expression of the divine immanence; it is the Self veiling itself in matter to entice man to further pursuit of Itself, thus drawing him back to his Source. It is characteristic of man that he be attracted to objective beauty, confusing the soul with the form, and thinking physical beauty

the natural outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual beauty of character. It has been well said that a man loves with his eyes. Studying Paris from the purely human standpoint, it will be seen that he was no exception to the general run of men. He chose beauty, but he chose it in another. He chose it from the form-side instead of the soul-side, and many a man does the same thing to-day, fancying in his illusion that the soul of a saint and the heart of a woman are mysteriously blended and hidden behind a lovely complexion and beautiful features. Many modern Helens are as badly illusioned.

Had Paris devoted himself to developing the beauty of his own soul as strenuously as he pursued beauty as embodied in another, he would not have gone down in defeat, to see, from the other side of life, the woman he loved pass to the home of her former husband. Yet this must have shown him that only that is one's very own, to have and to hold, which one possesses within oneself. After the fierce strife of passion and disappointment had died out, he must have seen that all he possessed of what he had fought so strenuously for, was the experience which the holding and losing had brought him, with whatever qualities he had gained in the struggle. He must have learned that, fascinating as is the pursuit of qualities in another, the only true satisfaction comes from developing them in oneself. And again, in moments of disillusionment, when he could see more clearly, he may have found that much which he fancied existed in the other, and which made the quest so fascinating and the possession so necessary, was but the ideal in his own mind projected upon the mirror of another self and reflected back to him.

The subject would not be even partially complete without some mention of the bribe irresistible which influenced the judgment of Paris and brought about the Trojan War, a theme to which Homer and Virgil have done ample justice. Helen of

Troy moves through Greek heroic legend as the desired of all men and possessed by many. To the Greeks she was "one of those ideal creatures of the fancy over which time, space, circumstance and moral probity exert no sway". She was the embodiment of their ideal of physical beauty, the desired of all desirers. Looked at exoterically, there is something indelicate, to say nothing of unconventional, in her various love affairs; they seem the ancient pattern and example for some of our modern celebrities. Looked at esoterically or symbolically, there is a deeper meaning to all this. It shows the Greek love of beauty, their willingness to struggle and fight for it, their devotion to an ideal of beauty which outweighed every other consideration.

Their civilisation, from the standpoint of æsthetics, philosophy and art, was the grandest the world has ever seen. We excel them to-day only in science and mechanics. What more natural than that they should take the most beautiful woman in the world as their Ideal of Beauty, and make everything secondary to possessing *her*, their symbol of beauty? And the gods of heaven watched with eager interest, favouring now this side, now that, thus adding the religious touch necessary to their imaginative, mystery-loving natures. The fact that various men held the fair Helen at different times means that these individuals so earnestly and sincerely sought and aspired to beauty of life that they attained it. Thus was beauty seen to be not the property of one individual but the possible possession of all who strove diligently enough. And the fact that Menelaus had this beauty and lost it, indicates that for a time he fell from his ideal. But by fighting a personal battle that was Trojan in its magnitude, he once more rose triumphant and regained the Ideal Beauty which for a time he had lost. Looked at in this way, what seems indelicate from the objective viewpoint becomes sublimely beautiful from the symbolic, and instead of the struggle of many men for one woman, we

see the effort of a whole race, typified by its leading members, to achieve an Ideal of Beauty of life placed before it by its Divine Teacher.

We must not underestimate the practical, for our outer life depends upon it; but at the same time we must learn the true value of the inner, synthesising within ourselves the two standards of value, and gladly put aside the strife for possession to win the peace of realisation, which is so beautifully illustrated in the judgment of Paris.

J. Henry Orme

GULISTAN

SA'DI has sung his Garden of the Rose.¹
Time (philistine !) on Sa'di and rose has flung
His dust. Yet from the heap a wild flower blows—
The song by Sa'di sung.

JAMES H. COUSINS

¹ Gulistan, in Persian, means Rose-Garden.

WHO ARE THE DEAD?

By F. B. HUMPHREY

THERE is a theory found in the Bible, which at first sight is somewhat startling, but on consideration and investigation takes on the form of reality. It is the idea that birth in the physical body is really death, and that death, or release from the physical body, is in reality life. James Pryse states that in Plato's *Gorgias* Socrates is represented as saying: "I should not wonder if Euripides spoke the truth when he says: 'Who knows whether to live is not to die, and to die is not to live?'" And we perhaps are in reality dead. For I have heard from one of the wise that we are now dead, that the body is our sepulchre, and that the part of the soul in which the desires are contained is of such a nature that it can be persuaded, and hurled upward and downward."

This view of death sustains the theory of many that the Fall of Man, as set forth in *Genesis*, is the descent of the spirit of man from heaven into generation, or birth; *i.e.*, the leaving of a condition of freedom and happiness, and the taking on of a condition of death and suffering. In the 7th Chapter of *Romans*, verse 6, St. Paul exclaims: "O wretched man that I am! Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"—or, as the marginal note explains, "this body of death".

This theory also coincides nicely with a widely accepted doctrine of the purpose of the prophets and the vicarious atonement of the Christ. Isaiah says, in the 42nd chapter and

7th verse, that He comes "to open the blind eyes, to bring out the prisoners from the prison, and them that sit in darkness out of the prison house". The "prison" and "prison house" here referred to, is the physical body. Notice, too, that the phrase "blind eyes" is used, and not "eyes of the blind". Again, in verse 1 of the 61st chapter, he says: "The spirit of the Lord God is upon me; because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek; he hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to *them that are bound*." The "captives" and "them that are bound" means those who are imprisoned and bound in physical bodies.

The doctrine of the vicarious atonement of Christ is that Christ descends from the right hand of God, gives up a heaven life of eternal bliss, and takes on the form of man in order to help him who was lost, or dead in the body, to become resurrected and attain eternal life. Jesus says, in *Luke*, XIX, verse 10: "For the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which *was* lost." This means those who are already lost, and does not mean those who would be lost if they died without knowledge of and belief in the Christ and His salvation.

In the 18th chapter of *Matthew*, verse 11, Christ puts it exactly this way: "For the Son of Man is come to save that which was lost." And in *John* He says: "For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through him might be saved." It is evident that the purpose of the coming of Christ was to save what we call the living, but who are really dead and lost to all spiritual life. This is the salvation which he brought.

The method of the attainment of this salvation is by a new birth. It is tersely stated in the 3rd verse of *John*, III: "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again [from above], he cannot see the kingdom of God." That is, man is now dead in the body, and if he is to gain eternal life,

he must be born of the spirit. This plan of salvation by rebirth, as revealed by Jesus, had been one of the mysteries of the ages. Jesus expressed surprise that Nicodemus, a master of Israel, did not know it. That Jesus came to save the *dead-living* is further evidenced by verse 25 in *John*, V: "Verily, verily, I say unto you. The hour is coming, and now is, when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God: and they [the dead] that hear shall live." Peter says in *I Peter*, IV, verse 6: "For this cause was the gospel preached also to them that *are* dead, that they might be judged according to men in the flesh, but live according to God in the spirit." That Christ meant those who were still in the physical body is proved by the 24th verse of *John*, V: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, *hath* everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but *is* passed from death unto life." The *Old Testament* idea that men born in the body are in prison is also set forth in the *New Testament* in *I Peter*, III, verse 19, where it is stated: "By which also he went and preached unto the spirits in prison." The phrase "spirits in prison" is significant. In that it does not say "men in prison," it is made plain that it is not a literal jail that is meant.

This release from death, or the prison of the body, is the purpose of the new birth. To bring this knowledge to man, Christ left the richness and joy of heaven. Paul says as much in *II Corinthians*, VIII, verse 9: "For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich." If we are released from this physical prison, we have a new mansion, a heavenly mansion, in which to live. Paul writes in *II Corinthians*, V, verses 1, 2 and 4: "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. For in this we groan, earnestly desiring to

be clothed upon with our house which is from heaven: For we that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened: not for that we would be unclothed, but clothed upon, that mortality might be swallowed up of life." The idea of Paul here seems to be that it is not that we wish to discard the physical body, but to add the spiritual body to it. Thus, if a man adds this spiritual body, he becomes, as Paul says in verse 17, "a new creature; old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new." This is the new birth.

This brings us once again to the mystical interpretation of the scriptures. In other words, it is not that release from the physical body which we call death that gives life, or immortality. Rather it is the birth of the spiritual body, whether on this side or the other side of the grave, that gives eternal life. In his *Epistle to the Ephesians*, chapter II, verse 1, Paul says: "And you hath he quickened, who were dead in trespasses and sins." And in verses 5 and 6 he goes further and says: "Even when we were dead in sins, hath he quickened us. And hath raised us up together, and made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus." This is the mystical resurrection of the dead. Speaking of this matter, Paul says, in *Philippians*, III, verses 11 and 12: "If by any means I might attain unto the resurrection of the dead. Not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect: but I follow after, if that I may apprehend that for which also I am apprehended of Christ Jesus." And in verse 21 he says: "The Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body, according to the working whereby he is able even to subdue all things unto himself." The word here used is "change" and not "drop". And so it is stated in *Ephesians*, chapter II, verse 15: "Having abolished in his flesh the enmity, even the law of commandments contained in ordinances; for to make in himself of twain one new man, so making peace."

This whole view of life and death presupposes that man is a Spirit. In *John*, X, verse 34, Jesus says: "Is it not written in your law, I said, Ye are Gods?" And *Psalms* LXXXII, verse 6, states: "I have said, Ye are gods; and all of you are children of the most High." In verse 18 of *John*, V, it is put even more plainly: "Therefore the Jews sought the more to kill him, because he not only had broken the sabbath, but said also that God was his Father, making himself equal with God." Paul says, in *Romans*, VIII, verse 16: "We are the children of God."

Man, being a Spirit, a God, sends down a ray, or part of himself, into matter; *i.e.*, is crucified in the flesh in order to come into manifestation, or generation. In *I Peter*, III, verse 18, "being put to death in the flesh" is the expression used. The consciousness leaves the heaven world with this ray and takes up its abode on lower planes of matter, and is called the soul. The soul, for further manifestation, buries itself in a physical body, by means of the senses of which it may gain knowledge and develop the latent qualities of the Spirit into conscious powers. Souls which are concerned wholly with things of the body and the material life are said to be dead, lost to the purpose of the incarnation. The consciousness becomes entirely immersed in the physical body and loses the vitalising force of the Spirit. Before the soul can regain eternal life, it must be born again, *i.e.*, become conscious of its divine Self; and to do this, a new or spiritual body is developed, by means of which it may re-ascend, be resurrected, to higher spheres of being—in other words, to heaven. When the ray is sent out into incarnation, a certain amount of force is sent with it; but this is soon spent upon the physical plane, and as there is no conscious connection between the incarnating ray and the Spirit, the soul feels itself lost.

To restore this conscious connection between the soul and the Spirit, between the Son and the Father, Christ came to

earth, and was crucified and buried in the body, that by example, He, in His vicarious at-one-ment, might show mankind how to become one with the Father. He was able to spiritualise His physical body, and became one with the Father. He says, in *John*, XVI, verse 28: "I came forth from the Father, and am come into the world; again, I leave the world, and go to the Father." And in *John*, XVII, verse 11, He says: "And now I am no more in the world, but these are in the world, and I come to thee." Speaking of His disciples, He says in verse 16: "They are not of this world, even as I am not of this world." Praying for them, He says in verse 21: "That they all may be one; as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one is us." Christ's atonement is said to be vicarious, delegated, because He had already achieved His release from birth (death), and it was not a necessary step in His evolution or perfection. He offered Himself a living sacrifice, and was sent by God, delegated, to be an example to all men. "The Lamb slain from the foundation of the world," is the way it is stated in *Revelation*, XIII, verse 8. In *I Peter*, II, verse 21, we are exhorted: "For even hereunto were ye called: because Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example, that ye should follow his steps." That this achievement is possible to all men is evident from the words of Christ in the 13th verse of *John*, III: "And no man hath ascended up to heaven, but he that came down from heaven, even the Son of man which is in heaven."

When incarnated, and "being dead in sins," the soul is spoken of as being dead; the raising of the consciousness from the material to the spiritual plane, and the return again of the soul or Son to its union or oneness with the Spirit or Father, is called the resurrection to the life everlasting, because there is a consciousness again of the inflowing of the force of the Divine Spirit or Holy Ghost, and the soul has

been "raised up" and "made to sit in heavenly places," having returned home to the Father.

..... For, indeed,
 The Self comes not on earth to sow the seed
 Of poppied lethargy which men call peace,
 When from the soul's ennobling toil they cease:
 Nay; when he comes he sows the seed of strife,
 The struggle to achieve immortal life.
 The Self Divine must sever that which dies
 From that which dies not.
 Whoso my true disciple wills to be,
 Let him renounce, at once and finally,
 The fancied self of him, that fondly clings
 To animal existence and the things
 Which to the Self Eternal are but dross,
 And let him patiently sustain his cross—
 The feeble human form of moulded clay—
 And follow Me upon the shining way.
 He, selfish, who his soul would find and save,
 Shall lose it in the gloom beyond the grave;
 But he, forgetting self, who seeks to bless
 All beings, and in lofty carelessness
 Loses his soul among the whole mankind,
 In the Eternal Light his soul shall find.

Who, then, are the dead? Who, the living?

There can be no better answer than that given in *I John*, III, verse 14: "We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren. He that loveth not his brother abideth in death."

F. B. Humphrey

TRANSMUTEMINI

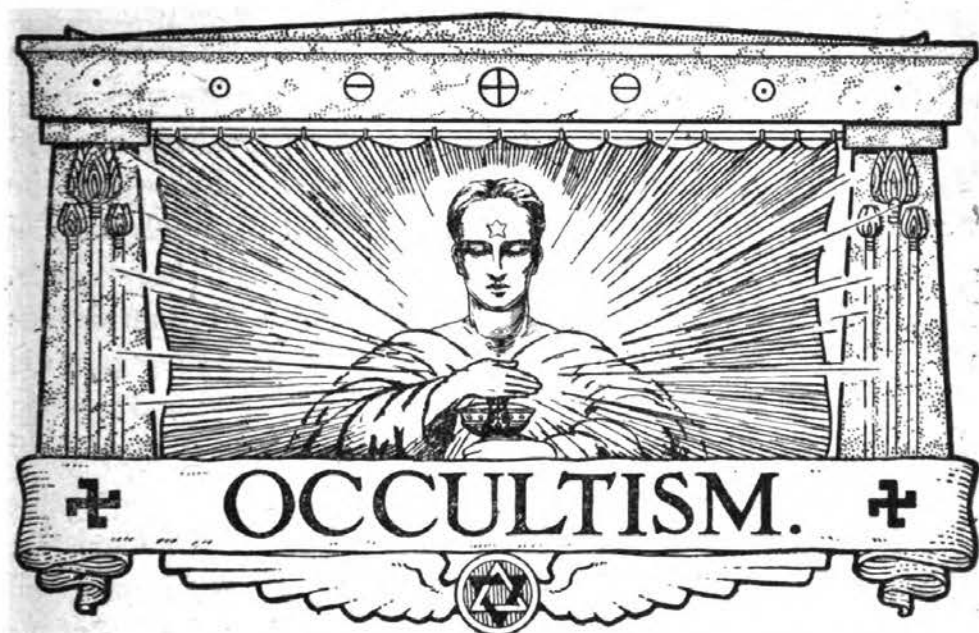
I WROUGHT my love into a sacrifice,
My tears into a tenderness;
And were my gift returned me twice or thrice
Itself, I would reject the meagre price
Of this my new-found blessedness.

Into a sacrifice I wrought my love,
My night into a morn of joy;
There is no gift like giving, and no love
Like loving; this, all other joys above,
No hopeless passion's pains alloy.

I wrought my love into a fadeless crown
That those beloved brows should bless,
And dressed my injury in smiling gown,
And wrought frustrated yearning's fretted frown
Into a deep forgivingness.

D. M. CODD

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SAINTS AND PATRON SAINTS

By THE RIGHT REV. C. W. LEADBEATER

A SAINT is by the definition a holy man, for the word is derived from the Latin *sanctus*, holy. But what are we to understand by that? Turn to the account given in the Christian Bible of what is commonly called the Last Judgment, for though the popular theory of that event is so distorted as to be an absurd travesty of the truth, there is nevertheless a lesson to be learnt from it. Those whom the King put on His right hand in that story were those who had fed the hungry, who had given drink to the thirsty, who had clothed the naked, who had visited those who were sick and in prison. This account is (according to the Gospel) spoken by the Christ Himself, who is to be the judge on that occasion, and therefore

presumably must know something of the procedure ; and He specially mentions those people as the saints, but does not attach that name to any man because of his belief in this doctrine or that. He does not say a word about what these people believed or what they did not believe ; He says only : "Those who have done such things to one of the least of these My little ones, have done them unto Me." Those are the true holy men—those are the saints. What they believe is of no importance whatever ; it is what they *do* that counts. They may be Hindus, Buddhists, Zoroastrians, Muhammadans or Christians ; if they do these things they pass the examination, and are saints. So we see what kind of men and women we must be if we are to follow in the footsteps of these holy ones whom we commemorate.

A great deal is said in the Roman branch of the Christian Church about the intercession of the saints. They are asked to pray God for us that our sins may be forgiven, and that we may be helped in various ways. On the other hand, in other branches of Christ's Church we find that very prayer to the saints regarded as a dangerous superstition, for the ignorant say that Catholics allow the saints to get between them and God. A curious expression, because it is obviously true that the saints *are* in development between ordinary men and God. The saints are higher than we, and certainly infinitely lower than the Deity of our solar system. So they *do* stand between us ; but why it should be considered wicked or dangerous to ask for any help they can give, I have never been able to see.

Those who understand do not ask for intercession on the part of anyone, because they know that God is a loving Father and that He is all the time doing for all of us the very best that can be done at the stage where we happen to be at the moment. We do not need anyone to pray Him to do that for us. What we need is to try to make ourselves more worthy of the help which He is all the time pouring out upon us, so

that we may be the more susceptible to it, and better able to profit by it. That is our side of the bargain, that we should try to live as He has told us to live; that we should try so to live as one day ourselves to reach this very sainthood of which we are thinking.

Is there, then, any use in praying to the saints, if we do not want them to pray for us? They can do a great deal, no doubt; but they also, like the God whom they serve, are already doing what they can; we may be very sure of that. A great deal of the misunderstanding which has surrounded the question of sainthood comes from the forgetting of the great fact of reincarnation. The idea all through the Middle Ages was certainly that the saint, having left earth, had passed away into heaven, and so was close at hand to plead with God, as a kind of friend at court. Many Christian hymns voice that idea: "There they stand in heavenly glory," etc. That is quite true in a sense; but it does not mean that they are in some special place, some heaven set apart from the rest of God's evolution.

The great saint has raised himself into a position where he does continually walk in the light and the glory of God's countenance, whether he be what we call alive or what we call dead, because it is the man himself, the ego, the soul of him, which knows and enjoys all that glory and beauty. Thus what is said in those hymns is true, if only we understand it symbolically, as it should be understood. We must avoid the idea that the saints are all living together somewhere as a great community round the feet of God; God is everywhere, and those who draw nearest to Him are those who serve Him best, not merely by verbal worship of Him, but by action in His service in spirit and in truth.

Many of the saints to whom people pray are incarnated here on earth, and some of them walk among us now. Nevertheless, they, as souls, receive the outpouring of love and

devotion which is given to them, and it is certainly helpful to them, not only by its direct action, but also because of the response which every such outrush of love and devotion calls forth from them. To outpour in response is part of their evolution, and much good is also unquestionably done to those pious souls who by their love evoke the blessing from the saints.

Some of us may not have been accustomed to such an idea as that, and so it may not appeal to us; but the fact that a particular suggestion does not appeal to us is no proof that it may not be helpful to other people of different type. Many thoughts that have been put forward in the name of Religion may not especially commend themselves to us; but why should we condemn them if they are useful to some other servant of God? Why should he not take them and make use of them?

We cannot expect to cast the whole world in our own mould; it would be a very dull place if we could! There must be all kinds of people in it, and each of these kinds of people must have its own way. They have already their own enjoyments; they have their own work, which they can do better than we could do it probably, whereas if they tried to do our work they might find themselves rather helpless. Can we not see that they must have their own way of approaching God also, and that the path which seems so straight to our eyes may not seem by any means the most direct to them, because they are starting from a different point? As we have so often said, to try to force people to take our view is exactly like drawing a man away from one side of the mountain where he stands, and saying: "You must not start from your own place; you must come round to my side of the mountain, and start afresh." The man might reasonably reply: "That may be the best way for you, but it is obviously not so for me."

It is exactly the same in religious matters, and that is why it is so foolish to try to convert a Hindu, a Buddhist, a

Zoroastrian, a Muhammadan, to Christianity. A mission to African savages may have its utility, for it sometimes brings mental, moral and hygienic advancement to its converts, and Christianity is certainly an advance from fetish worship; but foreign missions to civilised races are nothing but a waste of time, money and effort in an endeavour to improve upon the divine arrangements. It is not by chance, but by the will of God, that one man is born a Buddhist, another a Hindu, and another a Christian; God puts each man in the environment which he has deserved, which gives the best available opportunity to develop the qualities which he most needs. It is no business of ours to interfere with that arrangement; and if we do so by telling a person that he can attain the goal which God intends him to reach only by abandoning the path which God has chosen for him and following our prescription instead, we are making a false, foolish and presumptuous statement.

Sometimes a man, having carefully studied various religions, elects to change from one to another; he has of course an incontestable right to do this, and it may quite possibly be of benefit to him, for he may have absorbed all that he can along one line, but may be able usefully to supplement his information or experience by adventuring in another direction. Because of that, we should always be ready to explain our belief and our reason for holding it, when anyone asks us to do so; but we have no right whatever to try to force it upon him.

We may say to people: "Here are certain ways which for us are the best and shortest; they may not be so for you, but that is a minor point. Take what path you will, but take *some* path; get to work and climb. There are many paths which lead to the mountain-head, and when you get there it does not matter by which path you have come. Do not make the mistake of limiting everything."

God has no narrowness, no purblind limitations. Many things which seem strange to us are yet in His eyes part of an ordered progress, for He sees the whole and we see only one little corner; and we are apt to think that some other part is wrong if it does not agree with our little corner. The saint is the man who goes to work to help other people, and we do not help them by trying to force them along our own line.

There are many kinds of saints in life, and some of them may have looked by no means saintly to their contemporaries who did not understand. The higher we rise, the more shall we be able to see of the path along which others are climbing. So we may leave it to them; it is their own business how they rise. If it be possible for us to put the idea of rising before those who as yet have not thought of it, that is always good; but we should never make the mistake of trying to force them to follow our particular line, or of condemning them because they do not.

It has been said, and very truly, that God wants people to be more than merely good. Good, of course they must be; because, unless they are, they cannot be trusted to use their power rightly; but God does not want an army of pious weaklings. He wants great spiritual powers who will work for Him and with Him. Remember the remark of St. Clement of Alexandria: "Purity is a negative virtue, valuable chiefly as a condition of insight." We must have some power and some strength to offer in His service; and sometimes the earlier manifestations of power are not altogether desirable. We sometimes read in the biographies of the strong men of the world—the men who have done its work—that they were decidedly wilful and unruly as children. They were possessed even then of a great deal of power, and it is perhaps difficult for a child to show power without running counter to the prejudices of the people around him, and so he gets a bad reputation. Many who are now considered great saints

have had among their contemporaries the reputation of being anything but saints, just because they were showing in some injudicious way the power that was in them. Still, it is better to have some strength, even if one shows it in a wrong way, than to have none at all ; let us learn to follow these blessed saints in all virtuous and godly living, so that at last we may come to that condition of unspeakable joy in which our angels, our higher selves, shall always behold the face of our Father who is in heaven.

PATRON SAINTS

What is a patron saint, and why should a Church have one? A patron saint is an especially selected channel. The Christian religion is one of the religions of the Second Ray, that of which Christ is especially the Head. So to call a church Christ Church does not in any way distinguish it ; it is simply one of the many thousands of churches belonging to our Lord, because all Christian churches are necessarily churches of Christ. To speak of the Church of the Holy Spirit is not in any way distinctive. That does not say anything as to our special channel at a lower level, because the grace of God is poured upon *all* churches, just in so far as they are able to receive it.

Not that we need channels in order to reach God. We must not be under any misapprehension about that ; to every man upon this earth and in all other worlds God Himself is "closer than breathing, nearer than hands and feet," as the great poet puts it. We are all of us fragments of God Himself, sparks of that Divine Fire, and so assuredly we need no individual link in that sense with Deity ; but if force is to be poured down upon us from above for our use *as a Church*, it *must* come down through intermediate levels and channels. When we give a name to our church, when we choose a

patron saint for it, we are simply selecting a channel at that distinctly lower level—our *principal* channel, because of course there are many channels through which the grace of God comes down upon every church and every gathering of people who are met together in His name.

We choose a name for our church; do not forget that a name is a power. When we begin our service in the Name of the Blessed Trinity, truly we claim that our bishops and our priests act in His Name, but also we mean much more than that. We declare that they act in His *power*, that any power they have is power delegated from Him—that it is by the power of the Christ that the priest can consecrate the Host, that the priest or the bishop can bless, that he can convey grace and help to God's people in many different ways.

So to give a name is not merely to attach a label; it distinctly indicates that we invoke that particular saint, and ask that we may approach through him as a channel. That does not mean that we ask him to intercede for us; as I have said, we do not need a special intercessor, always reminding God of those who entrust their business to his care. Every one of us is near to God. Yet it is true that the great saint is nearer, in the sense that he has realised his nearness, that he has opened within himself higher faculties. We have, every one of us, many sheaths or vehicles. This physical body that we so often think of as "I," is only the lowest and the coarsest of the vehicles, the furthest away from the reality. Inside that, we have what St. Paul called a spiritual body: still a body, mind you, not spirit; but a spiritual body—a body of much finer matter. Students divide that body into two parts, the emotional or astral body and the mental body, but those both taken together are probably what St. Paul meant when he spoke of our spiritual body. "There is a natural body and there is a spiritual body," he says:

and in other places he speaks of man as body, soul and spirit.

Students often call this threefold division the monad, the ego and the personality. The spirit is the divine spark in man, the soul is the individual sheathing of that monad or spark, brought down to a lower level; and that individual sheathing or soul goes on from life to life in the long chain of earthly lives, taking upon it a succession of personalities; and this has been the case with our patron saint as well as with us. At any one of these levels and through any one of these vehicles we may come into touch with the divine, because God manifests Himself at all levels. We come into touch with our Lord here on the physical plane when we come to the Sacrament of His altar; but we may come into touch with Him through our emotions, when we can raise our consciousness out of the mere physical into the emotional body. We may come into touch with Him through our mind, if that mind be pure enough and high enough, and if the soul within it be so far developed that it can use that mind as a vehicle; and so by degrees we can rise to the level of the soul itself, and be conscious through it. The soul is the ego in the causal body, and at that level also we can contact the divine. But it is only the few among us who are free from the physical fetters.

The great saint rises beyond all that, and at higher levels still, he becomes one with the Deity. The higher the level we can reach, the more nearly and the more really do we come into contact with the Deity, and with the Christ who is His Representative and part of Him; and that is the difference between the great saint and ourselves, that he reaches far higher up in his contact with the Deity. He is one with Him, and so are we; but we are one at the circumference of the circle—one with God through His outer garment. The great saint, the Master, draws near to the heart of that circle. To reach that heart and to become one with God fully and at the

highest level—that is the goal that we set before ourselves, all alike.

We do not want a saint to pray for us. We do not think it necessary that any, however high, should call us to the notice of God, because we know full well that we also, however humble, are part of Him; we know that God is already doing for us all that it is possible for Him to do at the level where we now stand. He needs no reminder; He needs no intercessor to speak with Him for us. He knows far more than any intercessor could know, and He is ever near to us. It is not that that we want from our patron saint; we ask merely that he should act for us as a channel. Wherever he may be, we can reach him. He may be again in incarnation; he may have a physical body such as you and I have, though his would naturally be far higher, far purer, far better than ours; or his consciousness may be on any one of the many planes or worlds that extend about us. But wheresoever he is, our thought can reach him, our earnest aspiration can reach him, our love can reach him.

When it does so reach him, what do we want him to do for us? To call a church by his name makes a real link with him; it attracts his attention, and he then takes it as a channel for his work and his force. He is, if we may venture to say so, glad that some one, some church, some body of people, should appeal to him in order that he may be the channel for them. Because, again, if we may very humbly venture to say so, the Great Ones Themselves make further progress in so far as They are able to help, in so far as They are able to be the channel for others. And so what we ask from our patron saint is his kindly thought; sometimes, perhaps, his inspiration—yes, and sometimes actually his advice, for remember that he is a great living power, that he can be reached, and that our thought can be laid beside his, so that through the thought which he puts into our minds we can know what is

his opinion on certain subjects. There are those who can meet him face to face on his own higher levels, and can ask whatever we want to ask from him.

That is what we gain from him, and we owe him most emphatically our gratitude and our love for that which he has already done for us. We do not worship any saint; nobody does worship any saint. That is one of the many weird misconceptions which arise from ignorance—the almost invincible ignorance] of the man who knows nothing about theology and nothing about these higher levels, but is nevertheless filled with the craziest prejudice against everything he does not understand. Our language is poor in this respect, and we have not the proper words for varieties of worship; I have already written of the super-reverence due to Our Lady, of the reverence paid to the saints, and of the absolute worship, the desire to become one with Him, which is offered to God alone, and in the nature of things could never be offered to anyone else.

Therefore it is not worship that we offer to our patron saint, but we recognise his kindly help, and we are grateful for it. We recognise that he stands on one of the great Rays, and on his Day we specially decorate the shrine of that Ray in honour of him. So what we feel to him is love and gratitude. Let us all join, therefore, in blessing God for the help that our patron saint has given us, and for the noble example he has set before us.

C. W. Leadbeater

THE INNER RULER¹

By B. P. WADIA

THERE is an aspect of our work as Theosophists, men and women who are presumably striving to lead the higher life, which has not been kept so steadfastly before our mental vision as it ought to have been. In the days of H. P. B. that aspect was well to the front. If we study carefully the Third Volume of *The Secret Doctrine*, which contains special instructions for students aspiring to the spiritual life, we shall find passages on the subject of the unfoldment of inner powers. These powers were not of a psychic nature but of a spiritual character—the strengthening of the individuality, the handling of it in such a fashion that one can make one's own use of it; the insistence on the idea that nothing could be done unless and until the disciple himself grew strong and was able to face the difficulties of the inner, the spiritual life. If we read the experiences of people who trod the Path of Occultism or of Mysticism, we find that they had their own inner difficulties and that they were able to surmount them just in proportion as they had developed the strength of their own individuality.

We are so apt to expect to be spiritually fed and looked after, to receive instructions which we must follow, that often we miss the very first and most cardinal principle of the spiritual life, namely, that the Path cannot be trodden by any one of us without the inner help which comes to us from our own consciousness; that the Masters can only indicate the

¹ Report of a talk to a group of students.

Path, but that we have to tread it; that They cannot help us save by pointing out what are the necessary qualifications for the Path. We have to unfold these qualifications. The work has to be done by us. None can help us, not even the Masters; and that is a factor which we sometimes forget. We often have the idea that if we feel within us a willingness to be taught by Them, we will so be taught. This is not so. We have to teach ourselves. To put it in perhaps a slightly exaggerated way, the Masters do not care about teaching us; They want to use us and our capacities for Their work, but most of us are in a condition of mind which is not helpful, because we do not build up a strong individuality. A strong individuality is the first and foremost essential of the spiritual life. If we want to be disciples, we must be strong. No Master has any use for a child who has to be led and told all the time what he shall or shall not do.

In the teachings of the Buddha, when He was instructing a selected number of disciples, He taught them to relinquish the outer things. He said that ceremonies and rituals are fetters of progress in the spiritual life. If we apply this teaching to things on which we rely in the ordinary life of the world, we find we lean too much, not on high and holy things, but on trivialities which we regard as important. It is this which stands in the way of most of us making rapid progress, because the first is the most difficult step, here as in other matters. To attain to that inner consciousness which says: "*I am going to do it. I am going to find the Master. I am going to make progress in the spiritual life, and no one in earth or heaven can stop me*"—that is the first thing necessary.

It is well to read in this connection what H.P.B. has written in the Third Volume of *The Secret Doctrine* (Sec. V). If we apply this teaching, we shall see that we have wasted much of our time, have relied too much on outside help, have waited for external orders, oral or written, which have

not come and are not going to come. In the spiritual life definite and precise rules cannot be laid down for all. It is not possible. In the old days, when the Teacher took from ten to twelve pupils only, as in Ancient India, it was not possible; far less so now. The spirit of the age is against it. Human beings are too far evolved to receive orders and to carry them out. There are certain hints in this passage of H.P.B.'s which we should think over very carefully and apply to ourselves.

"The first necessary qualification is an unshakable belief in one's own powers and the Deity within oneself, otherwise a man would simply develop into an irresponsible medium." (*S.D.*, Vol. III, p. 62.) The word medium is not to be taken in the ordinary spiritualistic sense, but as meaning a repository of other people's sundry thoughts, emotions and aspirations, instead of developing one's own. We make ourselves largely a storehouse for other people's ideas and inspirations. What about our own in the light of H.P.B.'s teaching: "an unshakable belief in one's own powers and the Deity within oneself"? We are often in fear and trembling when our instincts and reasonings do not harmonise with other people's instincts and reasonings. Why should they? We have each of us our own peculiar way of growth. We must quit the attitude of the child clinging to its mother's apron strings. Unless we do this, we shall not be able to apply H.P.B.'s teaching to ourselves individually. "Throughout the whole mystic literature of the ancient world we detect the same idea of spiritual Esotericism, that the *personal God exists within, nowhere outside the worshipper.*" (*S. D.*, Vol. III, p. 62.)

H.P.B. strongly attacked the idea of the personal God as put forward in the outer world, but she believed in the personal God within each worshipper. "That personal Deity is no vain breath or a fiction, but an immortal entity." Therein lies the strength of the entity—its immortality; "an immortal entity, the

Initiator of Initiates". We should ponder over this expression. We talk too lightly about Initiation, and we do so because we are ignorant of it. This thought of H.P.B.'s needs meditating on. There is something within us that is immortal, the personal God, the Initiator of Initiates. This is a radical idea and needs most careful thought. H. P. B. deliberately tells her pupils who are getting ready for the treading of the Path, the finding of the Master, the coming towards Initiation, that the Initiator of Initiates is within us. But let me read a little more.

Like an undercurrent, rapid and clear, it runs without mixing its crystalline purity with the muddy and troubled waters of dogmatism, an enforced anthropomorphic Deity and religious intolerance. We find this idea in the tortured and barbarous phraseology of the *Codex Nazaraeus*, and in the superb Neoplatonic language of the Fourth Gospel of the later Religion, in the oldest *Veda* and in the *Avesta*, in the *Abhidharma*, in Kapila's *Sāṅkhya*, and the *Bhagavad-Gītā*. We cannot attain Adeptship and Nirvāṇa, Bliss and the Kingdom of Heaven, unless we link ourselves indissolubly with our *Rex Lux*, the Lord of Splendour and of Light, our immortal God within us. "I am verily the Supreme Brahman"—has ever been the one living truth in the heart and mind of the Adepts, and it is this which helps the Mystic to become one. (*S.D.*, Vol. III., p. 63.)

This whole passage brings a great inspiration. We have to find the Immortal Being in us. HE must initiate; HE must bring us the light. This teaching of H.P.B. is of vital value and importance at the present moment. Without this principal, central, cardinal fact—that there is within us an immortal entity whose activities must be brought into expression—we cannot do anything in the spiritual life. We can only take the Kingdom of Heaven by violence when the Immortal God within us has been brought into activity and expression. Therefore we want to find Him. In another place H.P.B. says that He is the Master of Masters, and there is no Master higher than that immortal Divine Spark within us. H.P.B. insists strongly on the unfoldment of the powers of the Higher Self. Now, frankly, if we examine ourselves, many of us will find that we are too dependent on external things.

These externals are very good, maybe very valuable ; still they *are* externals. Our tendency is to get into a mistaken groove and make it more and more defined. Unless we recognise that all these truths are given to us to be applied in our own way to our own individual cases, and that in the application of them no power in heaven or earth can help us, save ourselves, we will continue in our mistakes. Therefore the reliance on the inner consciousness, the inner Self, is necessary.

We should turn again and again to that very wonderful list of qualities in the *Gītā* (Discourse XVI). They are meant for the person who wants to tread the spiritual Path of Illumination. The first of them is Fearlessness. Studying this in the light of what has been said before, we may ask ourselves why it is that Fearlessness is put forward as the first of the great qualities necessary for the treading of the Path. We find, in studying the *Gītā*, that the great effort of Arjuna is to become fearless. Over and over again he is told: "Therefore stand up and fight." What is this quality of Fearlessness from the point of view of spiritual progress? It is something different from the ordinary fearlessness of a soldier in the army, though that is a reflection of the real spiritual Fearlessness. It has a connection with what H.P.B. says is the primary factor of spiritual life—the finding of the Immortal Entity, the personal God within. Both the teachings are the same, but given in different language. Both are spiritual teachings putting forward the same truth.

Why is it that fear overcomes us? Because we are only beginning to develop the first quality of the spiritual life—discrimination. We find when we return from the silence of our meditation upon the Real, the Immortal Self, into the darkness of this world, we become entangled with the unreal. As long as we have not perfected that quality of discrimination, fear will permeate our life. As we discriminate between the

real and the unreal we are able gradually to put the right value on things. It is because we rely on outside things that we get hold of the wrong discrimination and dispassion. We pass from form to form, not from form to life. The difference of passing from the unreal to the real is a difference in kind, not in degree. To us it is often a difference in degree only. That is not the spiritual life. We must make the difference one of kind. We must pass from form to life. That is real discrimination. The real desirelessness is the understanding of the fact that all things are real but have different values; they have different places in the universe to fill. For the spiritual life, therefore, we need the real dispassion.

Now, what do we do? We pass from object to object and let the inner consciousness lie asleep. We think we are experiencing spiritual illumination, when we pass through various stages and contact many forms, gaining the experiences that the life without has to give. The human individual—the I in us—has two poles. This “I” is being continually affected by the lower pole. We do not contact the spiritual pole within us, but constantly attach ourselves to the material pole. External things control us, instead of our controlling them. Therefore we ought to be fearless from the spiritual point of view. We must have a place of retreat, a fortress to which we can go and consult our Headquarters Staff—the General in the fortress who is not the actual fighter, but who can direct and guide us and reveal to us the plan of the campaign. Thence comes the spiritual strength and force which enables us to go on and endure. Without that attitude we cannot “take the kingdom of heaven by violence”. We must have strength so to do, otherwise it can and will take us by violence. This is what happens constantly. There is, so to speak, a fight between the different natures of the universe. We who identify ourselves with the material, go under each time, and therefore the quality which

makes men free is this quality of Fearlessness. "Greater than destiny is exertion," is a teaching that is repeated over and over again ; and it is true if we identify ourselves with the spiritual pole, but not so if we identify ourselves with the material one.

In our meditation, therefore, in our study, in our daily life, our effort should be to find and express the Inner Self within us, and not to rely too much on outside things. Let us find our own Path, not walk in the wake of others. The child, when he grows up, finds his own way, his own work, his own colleagues, his own philosophy. We are too apt to rely on leaders, and instead of taking up some of the burden, we put on the Masters our own weight, and sometimes the Masters have to push us off. The great karma of the world is on the shoulders of the Masters ; we should relieve Them of some of it, not put on Them additional burdens. We should be prepared to face our own karma.

This brings us to the point of discipleship, the coming nearer to the Master. Discipleship is not within the range of the personality unless the personality is controlled by the ego, and the ego begins to work as personality. We may talk of Discipleship, we may play with the idea, but the real power of the Master working in and through us is not a possibility unless this is done.

The first necessity, as H.P.B. has put it, is to find that Inner Entity, that Immortal Ruler, that Initiator of Initiates. This work is to be accomplished in definite stages—first, a clear conception of the thing to be done, then application of the doctrine of the Inner Ruler continuously, not only in meditation and study but also in daily life ; in matters of judgment to act by what comes to us from within. It does not matter if we make mistakes. We have all had tumbles in the past, and we can always pick ourselves up and go on. If we are wise we learn by the mistakes of other people, by their example. That is the way we can make progress. We

have so much personality that we fail to see the big Truths. Therefore we must follow that inner voice of conscience ; even if it is not all-wise, it is *our* conscience ; it is the best we have, so to follow it is the best method to choose in the spiritual life.

We rely too much on outside matters, and that is why we do not make progress. We may get book after book, find new ways of service ; but these do not bring us the spiritual life. We pass from form to form, from shape to shape, but we must proceed from form to life ; within ourselves we must find the Ruler whom fire cannot burn, nor water drown, nor winds sweep away. He is always within—perpetual, eternal, helping and guiding, when we need help and guidance. To find that God within us—that is the first attainment. We must find ourselves living in the world of Gods, we must find the habitat of the Masters and make it our own. Theirs is a world of Life and Light and Immortality. They are not to be found elsewhere. One may find Their expressions here and there in the world, but one will not find Them. Our task to find our Immortal Ruler, our Self, and then to go forth into the world, bringing to it the kingdom of heaven. Slavery is bad, and spiritual slavery is the worst of all slaveries.

That is the great, the central idea of the spiritual life. Without living it we shall make no progress. We may go from form to form, and in the long course of evolution, when we come to the seventh globe in the Seventh Round, we may at last find ourselves. But our idea is to hasten our evolution ; to do to-day what ordinary humanity will do in the hereafter. Let us then give as an offering our meditation, study, daily life, to the Masters who are waiting to help us all. Awaken the sleeping Lord within you, and then the ever-watching Lords of Compassion will help you to free the world from the bondage of spiritual slavery.

B. P. Wadia

SONS OF ANAK

By EGYPT L. HUYCK

(Concluded from Vol. XLI, Part II, p. 597)

WHILE all of this work of the elementals is absorbingly interesting to the beholder, there is still another side of it that is far more important to them. This work of theirs corresponds to what we call physical labour, and they seem to consider it much in the same light that we do—a very necessary and important part of their evolution—but behind it, is what Metiler called “the love of moral strength”. They define this moral strength as “love, joy, obedience and work for our King”. This to me was a very striking definition of moral strength. They always put love for the King first. Joy follows, because there must be unity; and obedience and work go hand in hand, always. In every contact that I have had with good fairies, love for the King has been the dominant note of all their activities.

I have called your attention to the silver horns carried by the Brownies on two different occasions. It is impossible to describe them. Each one will have to get his own mental picture of them. They have one twist, however; so do not picture a straight horn. Those who have earned the horn are very proud of the fact—not arrogant, but happy. It is a distinguishing mark, and sets the possessor above his fellows.

You will remember that Marvin, who directed us back in world-history, carried a horn, showing that he had an understanding of these matters. His degree of rank is also shown by the Mark that he carries.

The Brownies who are apprentices in the building of the tree, carry a Mark that is much like our capital "T". These Marks are made like a seal and are set on a short handle, which they carry as if it were a staff, seal downwards. Those who have advanced in understanding of the work, carry one that has a pair of compasses, open at about the same angle that we see displayed in the Masonic symbol, and across these compasses is laid the "T" of the apprentice, inverted, with the right arm of the "T" midway in the opening of the open compasses. When the workman has arrived at a certain stage of efficiency and receives the silver horn, he carries a Mark with the compasses laid over the "T".

Perhaps it will be interesting if I tell the story of how long it took these nature-spirits to get over to my brain-consciousness these prints of the Mark. I took notes and laboured for a whole day, going over previous observations. Thus they showed them to me over and over again. It seemed I could not get the picture, for, the moment that I focused on the purely physical plane to enable me to draw the Mark, the picture would be dim to my memory, and therefore unreal, for I was so afraid of being deluded. But there was no way of overcoming or going around that point. They, the elementals, were not going to be cheated out of their story being told as completely as the poor instrument which they had to tell the tale was capable of seeing and revealing it. They are justly proud of their work and seem so happy when it is appreciated. The Mark on the physical plane, if one can stretch the imagination enough to image it, would be something like a quarter of an inch in diameter. I used to watch and hunt for these Marks on the different

trees when a child. It was quite a shock when, one day, I discovered that grown folks did not see them. They are varied in the different tree families. Finally, knowing that I was not going to be able to dodge the point—for the Builders gave me no peace—I turned deep within my own centre of consciousness; there it appeared at least a foot in diameter in a clear yellow radiance. It was very easy to draw from an image of that size, for the memory did *not* fade. The Mark is etheric—I should say of a weathered grey colour, in most instances.

Now, the blast of the horn is of great importance in the constructive work. It seems to be part of the vibration needed from a higher plane, perhaps the one we think of as music. This thought of music links us with the *devas*, for, as I understand it, the next step upward for the fairy-elementals of the third degree leads them into the *deva* kingdom. Their practice with their silver horns, and the work of impressing pictures upon the minds of mortals, is part of the preparation for their next step in evolution. With a little whir as of wings, and the clear, silvery notes of the tiny horns, they bid us farewell.

THE DEVA KINGS

Would that I had power to convey to you the glory and grandeur of the mighty angels that guard these monarchs of the forests. It is a wondrous company, as one glimpses grade upon grade of the *deva* hosts that take part in the building of this grand cathedral, the Redwood forests. A glimpse is all that has been given me. "The pen of an angel" with "the point of a diamond" is not present to express the beauty, inspiration, joy, peace and contentment which is conveyed to the free consciousness unfettered by the physical brain. Above all, in all, over all, is the supreme sense of law and order.

One mighty chord of music, vivified with all the opalescent colour of the wildest dream of a mad artist, is the memory left in my consciousness of the kings that the fairy elementals love, work for, and obey.

The spirit of the tree or the group-soul consciousness, is quite individualised in these aged monarchs; and moves about within a limited radius, lending another factor to be dealt with, quite apart from the subject of the building of the trees. Let it be remembered that these trees are the most highly developed of the *Coniferæ* family. So, in gauging the consciousness of the lesser members of the species, one need only reduce the degree of vitality and strength that they give out. Persons who love the pine, fir, cypress, etc., may apply the consciousness of the Redwood as given below to their favourite tree, but in a lesser degree. For example, one might liken the Redwood to a sixty-five horse-power machine, while the pine only reached to the twenty horse-power type. In some of the species it might fall to eleven horse-power.

Personally I consider there is no pine tree that quite comes up to the long-leaf pine that grows in the mountain districts of Georgia and Alabama. To my sense they are nearest to the Redwood in giving out vitality. Those who have contacted the great cone-bearing forests of the North, will quite likely disagree with me. I will own to a great love for the giant spruce and fir trees of Washington and Oregon; but there is a certain something which seems born of the Southern latitudes that does not exist in the Northern ones. It is this intangible something that turns my heart to the long-leaf Georgia pine. Let no one feel that he can pour out too much love to his favourite cone tree, for it will give back measure for measure, and it will be "full and running over". Let me exhort all who can do so, to love and help the creatures of the unseen world, by *silent* appreciation of their handiwork.

CONSCIOUSNESS

The reader will guess that it will be very difficult to give the consciousness of these great Redwood trees in a word, as it is quite easy to do with the less evolved of the vegetable kingdom; but to say that the key-note is vitality would cover the ground very well, when we define vitality as the "principle of animation, the act of living". As one gazes into the trunks of these old trees, they appear a glowing yellow of sunlight, softened just enough to take away the glare, more perhaps as seen through slightly coloured green glass. The aura is a very large and health-giving one to mortals; for the tree seems to radiate the life-force in which we are so often lacking. In the midst of a clump of young trees one feels that they are storage batteries for the sun's rays. The trees seem to make of themselves a focusing glass, and to store up the energy thus drawn upon them. A sensitive to this condition, strolling among them, dreams that he has stored vital force within himself to last for a long life—it is so pronounced within his being—but he is unable to assimilate or store up very much of the strength, and so loses it in a very few hours. Would that we could learn this secret from Nature! It is one of the lessons of the future that will be given to us when we begin to work upon and to *practise* the Third Object of the Theosophical Society. To refresh our memory, this Third Object reads: "To investigate the unexplained laws of Nature and the powers latent in man."

In connection with this, there is a mighty power and strength, for either good or evil to the human family, connected with the perfumes of the kingdom under discussion. There is such a vast field to be explored along this one line; for one who has had the vision for a moment only, feels like one might imagine oneself feeling when, seeking a cup of water

to drink, one were suddenly deluged with a barrel of the life-giving fluid and unable to get a drop to quench his thirst.

Relative to the Redwoods, persons who have contacted the tree may not be agreeably impressed with its odour; it is so strong and so different from the pine. I had not thought to touch upon this subject at all, but it is so much a part of the hidden side that it cannot be passed over in silence. Some of Nature's odourless flowers are quite vile upon the inner planes, and some that are too strong on this plane are very delicate and delightful on the inner planes. Thus it is with the Redwoods. The perfume of the pure is always to be attained and obtained in the midst of suffering and chaos of body and nerves. Thus the giants of the vegetable kingdom may be, and are, a blessing to suffering humanity in the degree that humanity can see within, and get the delicate healing scent of the strong outward odour. They thus find the true power of the healing hand of Nature.

People who lived close to Nature, as did the early pioneers of this country, received much, for they spent long *silent* hours in the virgin forests and were unconsciously receiving Nature's blessing because of this *silent* communion with Nature. But, man being man, he must make use of these giant trees, and so in the early days he soon found the great value of the trees for building material.

The *Sequoia sempervirens* is the commercial Redwood. Their growth ranges from the sea level to an altitude of 2,500 feet, in what is known as the "fog-belt"—never farther inland than twenty miles—average distance ten miles. Remember the statement of the Brownie: "We protect our trees from fire with the salt of the sea." Their range is confined to a strip along the Pacific Coast in latitudes approximating 36 N. to 42 N. Exceptionally large trees of this variety stand from 325 to 350 feet in height and measure from 18 to 20 feet in diameter. The bark is from eight to twelve inches thick. The leaves

are flat, sharp, pointed, and of unequal length, from one-third of an inch to an inch in length. On young trees, and the lower branches of the large ones, the leaves stand out in two lines on opposite sides of the twigs. Their colour is a bright, deep, yellow-green. The upper branches of the trees resemble their cousins the *S. gigantea* in the bract formation of the leaves, but still it is very easy to tell the one from the other, by the difference in colour of the leafage.

UTILITY

For this part of the story of the trees, the writer is dependent on the information furnished her by the "California Redwood Association of San Francisco, Cal." There are so many wonderful things to be told that it is difficult to know where to begin.

Great sawmills are now at work in the forests, cutting the giant trees into lumber. Some of the logs must be split with gunpowder before they can be sawn. Many logs weigh as much as a railway locomotive—one tree furnished enough lumber to build a small village. Another tree gave enough lumber to build a church, steeple and all, and big enough to seat five hundred people. The stump of another tree was hollowed out and made into a home for a family to live in. It made two rooms ten feet square and fourteen feet high—just think of it! There are so many of these great trees standing in the Redwood forests that it will take all the sawmills now sawing Redwood logs into lumber more than a hundred years to cut up the trees.

The Redwood stump does not die; it lives to raise a family of baby trees; they grow from the stump as "shoots" or "suckers". These baby trees, like their parents, will some day be giants of the forest. The giant trees of to-day grew this way. They stand in circles in family groups, showing

plainly they were mothered in the same way thousands of years ago. The Redwood stump is not selfish ; it will mother other young trees as well as baby Redwoods. There is a Redwood stump at Scotia, California, raising a maple tree that is now thirty-two inches in diameter and thirty-four feet high—this was in 1918. The maple is happy and satisfied with its strange mother, for it is a very healthy tree.

After the giant trees are chopped down, the woodsman cuts off the branches, "peels" off the bark, and saws the long trunk into logs, ready to be sent to the sawmill. But the logs are so heavy that they cannot be hauled until the branches, bark and other rubbish is removed. So the woodsman waits until the rubbish is dry and sets it on fire. The Redwood logs lie in this terribly hot fire ten to twelve hours—but they do not burn.

These oldest living things in the world, even after falling down in the forest, refuse to die like other trees. Exposed to moisture or the damp ground, Redwood lasts many times longer than iron or steel. Wonderful stories are told by the woodsmen of the great living power of the giant Redwood trees. A thousand years ago, a big tree was blown down in the woods ; a baby tree sprouted and grew from the fallen giant until it became a giant itself. A woodsman chopped down the standing tree, which he found to be a thousand years old when he counted the rings, and there, on the floor of the forest, almost buried out of sight in the ground and under the standing tree, was the great Redwood that had fallen down before the other tree began to grow. The fallen giant had not died, or even rotted, so the woodsman sent it to the sawmill to be cut into lumber. The woodsman was curious enough to count the rings on the fallen tree, and he found it was five hundred years old when it was blown over. (Government Reports give some findings that were even older than this one.)

The lumber is used for building and making everything for which wood is employed; its lasting quality makes it especially valuable for railroad ties and tunnel timbers; stately passenger ships on the five oceans and the Great Lakes have their state-rooms and their wonderful interior decorations made of Redwood. Fine organs in churches and public halls are made of Redwood. The people in Boston are told the time of day by Redwood hands on the clock of the tower of Uncle Sam's Custom House Building. The minute-hand is sixteen feet long, and, plus its arm of bronze, weighs 141 pounds. The hour-hand is twelve feet long and weighs 112 pounds. The clock makers used the Redwood because of its extreme lightness.

MISCELLANEOUS

Sequoia is an Indian name, and signifies "ever-living". The old Chief, Sequoyah, whose name they bear, had great power and influence among his people, the Cherokee tribe. When Sequoyah was forty years old, he completed the Cherokee alphabet, which was adopted and proved very successful; this was in 1821; so it was quite fitting that the "Sons of Anak" should have been named after this celebrated Indian chief.

Strange to relate, there seem to be no legends in regard to these trees. They are sacred to the tribe of Monos, who call them "*Woh-woh-nan*," a word formed in imitation of the hoot of the owl. The owl is considered to be the guardian spirit and the god of the "Big Trees"; bad luck comes to those who cut down the "Big Trees" or shoot at an owl, or shoot in the presence of an owl. I hope to make some investigation of this subject in the future. I have a theory that the tribes of Indians who knew of and venerated these giant trees, were influenced to such worship by the spirit of the tree.

When the soul of the tree walked abroad and the "Red men" of the Mono tribe beheld this phenomenon—as they have power to do—it is very reasonable to suppose that they would quite naturally worship the god of the tree; and hold the tree itself in great veneration. There is such a curious sense of being engulfed and upset mentally by this manifestation, even though one may recognise the lack of power or wisdom in the entity thus manifested from the body of the tree. I have a feeling that it is just blundering about without definite direction.

The "Big Trees" are called the Eighth Wonder of the World, but different people have different opinions on the subject. The Associated Press thus reports a few statements of King Albert VII of Belgium, while on his recent visit to the United States. At Merced, Cal., on October 16, 1919,

standing in the perpetual shade of the huge, age-old Sequoia tree dedicated to New York State in the Mariposa grove of the big trees, King Albert . . . paid tribute to the foresight of the Federal Government in setting aside the Yosemite National Park and similar great reserves. "The scenery is wonderful," said His Majesty. "Ah! these trees! There are mountains in many places, but not such trees as these. I am very much pleased with the government system of national parks. They are educational and they help to make the people patriotic. We saw, as we drove in, the results of private ownership. It is not so under government control. You are conserving your national resources and national wonders." When asked what most inspired him of all he had seen on the trip across the continent, the king pointed unhesitatingly to the stupendous trees which have stood sentinel through the centuries.

May the picture of the forest that has so impressed the noble king of the Belgians, ever remain a vivid and helpful picture, whenever he turns to its place on memory's wall.

Their size and age, combined with their strong, vital, shall I say personality, call forth from the depths of our being homage to the Great Architect of the Universe who has imaged these trees, brought them into being, and saved them from becoming entirely extinct during the great glacial period. Would that I could convey to all who read this story of the

trees some of the joy and peace that it has been my good karma to be able to receive, while making this effort to understand the consciousness of the Redwood. Call to mind some moment in your life when you felt the life-blood strong, free and alive in your veins ; add to that some supreme moment of joy and harmony ; mix with these a superlative moment of triumph (the best that has been attained) ; and lastly, combine with it peace, that peace which is found in worthy activity. Think of this as one long sustained and positive consciousness, and you will have some understanding, according to the degree of your intensity, of the message to humanity of the " Sons of Anak ".

MAY THEIR PEACE ENFOLD YOU

Egypt L. Huyck

A NEW INGREDIENT

By HELEN M. STARK

DR. JAMES MACGREGOR, physician, psychologist and hypnotist of the French school, rose from the dinner table and led the way to his favourite corner of the house, his little smoking-room, where the air seemed always vibrant with the thoughts of the great men who from time to time had gathered there. His wife, smiling across the coffee-service, passed to her husband and his friend the fragrant cups and returned to the subject that had prevailed throughout the dinner hour.

"Does it still seem too strange and weird, Dr. Clayton, this new phase of James's work? Is it too much like a witchcraft tale from the dark ages, or has James convinced you that it is the logical and legitimate extension of the psychologist's field?"

"Hardly that as yet, Mrs. MacGregor. I am still a good deal bewildered by a lot of new ideas, and am still amazed by James's absorption in a wholly new theory. He was formerly of the conservative line, but now his enthusiasm and his eloquence confound me quite as much as his strange ideas. The position of ship's doctor, which, as you know, I held during a five-years' cruise in the Antarctic Sea, does not require a knowledge of medical fads, nor does it facilitate the acquisition of them. Do you honestly think, Mac, that I've missed much in those lost years?"

"Yes Clayton, you have missed some important things. Five years out of touch with modern thought may mean a great deal. We, who have been in the thick of it, get a wonderful thrill of expectation when we hear a tumbler turn in that multiple lock that guards the secrets of life. If we can get no farther with that particular key, we toss it into the discard. A negative result means that there is one thing that we need not try again. There is one less failure to be met. I have tried a good many experiments since we last met, including matrimony."

Dr. Clayton turned smiling to the as yet unknown wife of his lifelong friend. "That experiment has been, I take it, a complete success."

"Oh! yes, no failure to record along that line. I advise you to turn your attention in that direction, Clay; its time you tried it too. You used to have dreams, if I remember your youthful confidences. Haven't met the dream girl yet?"

"Not a glimpse of her yet, Mac. I'd not be drifting around the world like a derelict if I had found her."

"Ah! You may have found her and lost her. Derelicts usually carry tales of tragedy and loss: they have known shipwreck." Mrs. MacGregor raised the question with a sidelong look, but her husband broke in with: "No use trying to find a romance or a tragedy on that clue, Margaret. Clayton is not that sort; there will be no losing nor forgetting when once he has claimed his own. Death alone can break the bond he will put upon his woman." Dr. MacGregor turned to his friend with his quick, warm smile: "Something like that, wasn't it? Our old boast, you know? But since she is still behind the veil of to-morrow, let us get back to the business of bringing Clayton up to date."

"By all means; the sooner my ignorance is dispelled, the better it will be for me and the sooner I shall be fit company for the well-informed." As Mrs. MacGregor arose, Clayton

continued: "Oh, don't go, Mrs. Mat! I shall need the light of your countenance upon me while I imbibe wisdom at the parent fount."

"I must not stay, I shall give the greatest assistance by removing my frivolous self; I hope to see you in the morning with a revised opinion of the limits of human knowledge. Good night."

As she left the room, Dr. Clayton turned back to his host and said: "Give that to me again, Jim, that sort of thing needs repetition. Maybe I can believe it with plenty of practice."

Dr. MacGregor met the challenge in all seriousness. "You may now feel facetious, but I think I can soon show that the subject is worthy of your serious attention. It is merely the latest extension of the science of hypnotism. It has been developed under the direction of the best men of the French schools. Many are engaged in this line of investigation, but Col. de Rochas is their leader. The method is this: he puts the subject under hypnotic conditions, and then guides the latent memory back, step by step, through adolescence, youth, and into infancy. No matter what the subject has known, he passes again through the mental states of that experience. If he has been unhappy, he weeps again in that grief; if he has loved, he thrills again with the ardour of that passion. Even the habits of the body, one by one, fall away as he returns into childhood. If you give him a pen he can produce only the unformed script of his childhood copybook. Col. de Rochas has tested this so thoroughly that he declares that here we stand on firm ground. Beyond this lies the real enigma, the greater mystery."

"And what is that? How can we go farther?" Dr. Clayton was all attention now.

"He does go farther," resumed Dr. MacGregor, "much farther. He has carried the memory back to the silence of

infancy and beyond, back through the stillness of the prenatal period; and with determination and steady persistence he has carried it across the gloomy abyss of disembodiment, back through the silence of death, and has then found it awakening in another personality. He has proven the continuity of personality."

Dr. MacGregor paused, and for one moment absolute silence held the room. Then Clayton sprang to his feet with the cry: "My God, man! That's impossible! It's unbelievable!"

"Unbelievable? Yes, to you perhaps, but surely you see that that is not a final and deadly criticism. The believable and the unbelievable are divided by an ever-changing standard that Nature does not regard. Man faces every new thing, bold and defiant in his unbelief, but Nature surely brings him to his knees before the gradual unveiling of her endless mysteries."

Dr. Clayton sat as though entranced, with furrowed brow and clenched hands, striving through simple stress of nerve and muscle to complete or to refute the astonishing theory that had been put before him.

"Give it up, Clayton, for to-night," said Dr. MacGregor, "and go to bed. You are a little behind the times, that's all. Why, even the man in the street is getting acquainted with this line of investigation. To-morrow, look over the magazine files; read Maeterlinck's latest books. A small and up-to-date addendum to your education is all you need. Margaret will help you, she's keen on this line."

Dr. Clayton meditated for a while, and then said: "It's a good thing for you that she is; it's not every man who has a wife who is keen on his own line. Where did you meet her, Mac?"

"Oh I'm lucky all right; that's quite apparent, even to me. I met Margaret while in the South on a business trip. She belongs to an old Southern family. There's a bit of family

history that I must tell you before you get better acquainted with her, otherwise you might be puzzled. You'll be sure to hear of it soon, as allusions to it are frequent with her.

"Briefly, the story is this. About two generations ago there occurred in her family a shocking tragedy, preceded by a scandal, to which, as usual, the husband in the triangle was the last to give attention. Margaret's great-aunt, Agnes Payson, at the age of sixteen was married to a man whom she had known but a few weeks. Six months afterwards she met his most intimate friend, and an infatuation followed that was mutual and almost instantaneous. So open and ingenuous was the conduct of the affair that it soon became the gossip of the neighbourhood, and at last the husband's suspicions were aroused. Determined to trap the pair, he went from home, and returning unexpectedly found them together. Hearing shots, the servants rushed into the room to find all three quite dead. It was clear that the husband had killed his wife and her lover, and had at once followed them into the shadow.

"This affair outraged the sensibilities of the entire family; even now, this piece of the family history is regarded as a blot upon the name, by all save Margaret. By some accident she learned the story when very young, and it at once became an absorbing topic of speculation for her. Very far from considering it a disgrace, and being shocked and ashamed, she looks upon it as a fascinating romance and seems to find a keen, an almost personal interest in all the details of the story. She has ransacked every family archive, and possesses all the relics of Agnes Payson now in existence. She has a wardrobe full of her clothing, dozens of her trinkets, her jewels, and her portraits. Strange to say, there is a striking resemblance between the two women. It is all a source of anxiety, even of fear, to me. My wife is fascinated, almost bewitched, by the personality of her long dead and wayward relative. I've tried

by the most obvious, and again by the most subtle means at my disposal to turn the current of her thought, and cause her to forget the event which had obsessed her young and romantic fancy, but without success."

"A queer tale, Mac; it suggests the clinic or the psychopathic ward, and I do not wonder it gets on your nerves. Still, it seems you ought to be able to find the explanation. If there's anything in your notion of continuity of personality, may it not be that Mrs. MacGregor herself enacted that drama through the personality of Agnes Payson? Haven't you thought of that?"

"Thought of it? Why, Clayton, it's the one unending nightmare of my life. I wish I did not think of it."

"Did you ever try the hypnotic experiment? You'd know then."

"Know? Damn it! I don't want to know. The suspicion is all I can bear; the certainty would kill me. She is my wife, remember."

Dr. MacGregor relaxed, dropped back in his chair, brooded deeply, and then said: "No, Clayton, I have never put Margaret into the trance state, and I never shall. I told you this story because I knew you would have to know it sooner or later, if you stayed with us. But understand this: I do not admit that there is any connection between the woman who is my wife, and Agnes Payson. The resemblance is only a coincidence. Margaret's immature fancy was caught by the romance of the story, before she could understand the tragedy or the disgrace, and it has made too deep a mark ever to be effaced."

"As you become acquainted, you must use your own judgment in commenting on the matter when she mentions it to you. I, of course, prefer that she does not talk of it; but she is sure to do so."

The next day brought a critical case to Dr. MacGregor; and the days that followed saw him still wholly merged in his

practice, seeing his wife and friend only in the chance meetings of the day, too weary at night, even when not engaged, to share the social whirl that formed an important part of Margaret's life. As for Dr. Clayton and Margaret, each was entering that new and fascinating experience of getting acquainted with some one destined to fill an important part in all the future life. Dr. Clayton, after a brief vacation, was to enter partnership with Dr. MacGregor, as the fulfilment of a long-cherished plan. Until the time came for his initiation into the practice, Dr. MacGregor was glad to leave his entertainment in other and less busy hands.

The shock of awakening was a rude one. One midnight, after hours of study on a difficult case, he turned out his study light, and opened the door. Across the hall in the drawing-room the lights still blazed; the guests had gone, and Margaret and Clayton were saying good-night. Only for an instant did he look; but even as the scene illuminated by the lightning's flash remains before the eye, so did that picture burn itself upon his mind. He saw the flush on Margaret's cheek, the world-old look in Clayton's eyes, and the hands that clung even as they fell apart. Dr. MacGregor staggered back into the darkness of the study. For an instant he saw red, and hell burned in his brain. Then every faculty awoke and every power asserted itself—the training of the scientist held good.

Five minutes later, as Clayton followed Margaret out of the drawing-room, he heard the unconcerned and rather weary drawl of MacGregor: "Come in, Clayton; haven't seen you to-day. Let's have a smoke before we turn in."

MacGregor stood beside the table, which was covered with open books, sheaves of manuscript and scraps of note-paper. A slender, metal frame, carrying several revolving discs of polished silver, performed its evolutions beneath his hands.

"Sit here, Clayton, and smoke up; I'll join you in a moment."

Clayton took the indicated chair, and let his bored and rather sleepy eyes rest upon his host. Presently he said: "What are you doing with that whirligig, Mac? It's giving me a pain behind the eyes."

"All through in a minute; just getting it ready for to-morrow." But in less than a minute Dr. MacGregor turned from his machine to use the more effective means of the hypnotic pass.

"A fine subject—went under easily. Now I shall know!" and determined hate flashed in his eyes. Adjusting the reclining chair, he drew the unconscious body into an easy position and gave his whole mind to the business in hand. He continued the passes for a time; then, as a test, he said: "You're on the way to the Military Academy, you and Jim MacGregor."

"Gee, I'm hungry," piped a boyish voice. "Say, Jim, d'you suppose we'll get there in time for supper?"

MacGregor smiled grimly, and continued the passes. Relentless as an inquisitor, ruthless as a vivisector, he entered the secret chambers of his victim's brain and, testing now and again, knew just where he stood. At last he reached the silence he sought: the subject did not speak, for he could not. The power of speech was lost in the limited consciousness of infancy. The sleep grew deeper, the concentration of MacGregor increased, his every power centred on the one point. At last came the sound he waited for. It was the death-rattle, followed by a groan and then confused words, ending in a clear-cut sentence that was a cry: "My God, Agnes! Hide! He's come back, he's trapped us! He didn't go!"

Hours later, MacGregor struggled back to consciousness from the death-like faint that had interrupted his work. But he knew enough. He carried Clayton to his bed, released

him from the trance, but left the suggestion of natural sleep, and then went back to his study to decide what must be done.

The late breakfast was nearly over when Margaret MacGregor rang for the maid: "Call Dr. MacGregor again, or see if he went out—he surely would not go without breakfast!"

"He has gone out," said the maid as she returned; "I found this letter in his room."

Margaret hastily opened it, and after hurriedly glancing through it, passed it across the table; and Clayton read:

"Dear friends, I have gone out of your lives for ever. I shall continue my work in another part of the world, under another name. You will never know what it is, but you will know how to proceed with your own affairs. History did not wholly repeat itself; I did not stain my hands again."

As he read, there rushed into Clayton's mind memory and realisation; but to her query: "What does he mean?" he replied: "I do not know." And he knew that so it would ever stand between them.

Helen M. Stark

A SPRING LOVE SONG

OF tender things with shining wings,
Of hearts' desires and lovers' fires,
The light that burns behind the storm,
The life that dwells within the form—
 I'll gather all for love of thee
 And, reckless, fling them all to thee
 Who callest to the deeps of me.

The jewelled lights of frost-bound nights,
The first sweet rose that summer blows,
The music of a moorland stream,
The airy fabric of a dream—
 I'll mould into a thought of thee,
 And blindly toss it up to thee
 Who callest from the heights to me.

This life of mine, this spark divine,
The haunting fear, the tortured tear,
The soul that strives and fights to rise,
The form that fails and droops and dies—
 Take them, I yield them all to thee,
 Fearless because thou lovest me,
 Whose eyes pierce through the mists to me.

EL HILAL

CORRESPONDENCE

THOUGHTS ON IRELAND

THE spring of 1920 witnessed a revival of activities on the part of the Theosophical Society in Ireland, to which more general attention should be drawn, for it is the beginning of a great spiritual awakening fostered by the Master who has described it as "part of the fabric which it is mine to make".

A Healing Group, formed in Dublin, has adopted the following phrase as the central idea for its general work: "Let us dedicate ourselves as channels through which the Healing Forces may flow forth, soothing all their bodies and bringing Peace and contentment to the sons and daughters of Ireland, so that they may step forward together, ready to greet the Dawn."

If the sons and daughters of Ireland, scattered throughout the world, their many friends, and all lovers of humanity as a whole, will adopt this as the key-note of the new movement, their assistance will be of untold value. Let them concentrate their thoughts on it, alone, or in groups wherever possible, and help to build up a great ideal.

More help is needed, and can be given by overcoming every despondent or bitter thought that may be engendered by the present state of turmoil, or rather by the garbled accounts that find their way at times into all sections of the Press. Partisan feeling is running very high, and is not easy to check, but love of Ireland is the strongest tie of all to Irish people, and in that they can find common cause. This devotion to their beautiful land is not new to its inhabitants, it shines brightly through all their history and literature. And it is one of the greater virtues. Once understood, it is easy to realise that they are inclined to look upon all folk from outside as foreigners, and when these interlopers take upon themselves to shake their heads and say what a dreadful state of things appears to exist, the national spirit is roused at once.

Linked to one another on account of their geographical position, the sister islands contain such different types of people. The Irish, functioning so largely in the astral world, swept away by their feelings, living in a world of poetry and romance, cannot comprehend

the cold logic of the mental plane so dear to the Englishman. The Englishman, planning out his life and his business affairs day by day and year by year, cannot fathom the Irish character which responds to a catastrophe with the remark: "Well, at any rate it is a fine day, thank God!"

The invocation of the Almighty in the everyday language of the Irish is more than lip service; it comes from their hearts. God is very near to them, according to their way of thinking, and interests Himself greatly in the affairs of individuals. And if He does this, it is only natural to expect that all the unseen hosts of helpers should do likewise. To the Theosophist this is a legitimate outlook, and wholesome withal; only those who have formed the habit of looking upon God as an abstract being, regard the theory with suspicion.

It is through the Irishman's great love of his country and his innate spirituality that regeneration will come. Karma has laid a heavy hand upon many European nations, but Ireland escaped. Is it conceivable that her young men have been spared, only to perish later in the horrors of fratricidal war? Is it not just as probable that Ireland had not such a debt due from her, that her spirituality and light-heartedness saved her from the black wave of materialism which brought other nations to their doom?

No people are more susceptible to the thoughts of others than the Irish. Teachings from an occult source have said: "Love Ireland, and Ireland will cease to hate." Other teachings have acclaimed her "the little favourite of the Gods". Those who have faith in the alchemy wrought by Love have an excellent opportunity awaiting them. If they search out the golden qualities running through this delightful race, they will cast out from their minds the slightest idea that they are disloyal or bloodthirsty by nature, even if force of circumstances has made them appear to be so.

So will help be given to hasten forward the grand dawn of a new era, in which the Isle of Erin is destined to play such an important rôle, when the darkness of to-day will be forgotten in the light of ages.

"ERAIND"

BOOK-LORE

The Reign of Religion in Contemporary Philosophy, by S. Radhakrishnan, M.A., Professor of Philosophy, the University of Mysore. (Macmillan & Co., Ltd., London. Price 12s.)

The key-note of this brilliant survey of contemporary philosophy is perhaps a glorious confidence in man's progressive development towards "one far-off divine event". To the man wearied with journeyings in the wilderness of intellectual speculation it reveals a land of promise at the end. To those who are sick with the morbid psychism of the present it is a delightfully refreshing draught from the waters of pure reason; to the divinely discontented it gives assurance of joy and peace; and all in the name of philosophy—a philosophy which "is the attempt to think out the presuppositions of experience, to grasp, by means of reason, life or reality as a whole," and of which the test "is its capacity to co-ordinate the wealth of apparently disconnected phenomena into an ordered whole, to comprehend and synthesise all aspects of reality". In such a philosophy there is no need to fear the incursions of reason into the realm of religion or to sacrifice reason to preserve faith, as the author complains is too often the case in contemporary philosophy, whose principle is rather the heresy of separateness, the result of exclusive intellectualism.

We cut the whole in two and then view the environment as an alien influence, checkmating the individual at every step of his progress. An antagonism is set up between man and nature, and man is supposed to wrest treasures from nature, but truly man is in an environment which is human and spiritual. The world glows with God. The individual is said to progress by fighting and conquering nature. We forget that nature could not be conquered by him if it were different from him in its essence. It is unnecessary for man to tear himself away from his environment, place himself over against it, to master it as if it were something alien. It is a kind of peaceful and restful union with the environment where its life flows over into his life. The world of intellect is not the absolute reality. It is only the half-real world of claims and counter-claims.

The author, then, putting the beacon light of the all-comprehensiveness of philosophy into our hands, and with the warning that only the fearless, steadfast and disciplined intellect can hope to plumb the depths, takes us on a mildly Dantesque journey into the misty regions of intellectual speculation, and shows us the variety of "systems" that Leibnitz, Ward, Bergson, the Pragmatists, Eucken, etc.,

have presented as attempts to explain the riddle of the universe—all more or less vain metaphysical discussions that end nowhere. With a ruthless tearing of their creations limb from limb, he gradually reveals his own rendering of the philosophy of the Upanishats—All in One, One in All.

Whether or not we are willing to accept the belief that, since the Ancient Wisdom of the Upanishats is "the earliest form of speculative idealism in the world, all that is good and great in subsequent philosophy looks like an unconscious commentary on the Upanishatic ideal, showing how free and expansive and how capable of accommodating within itself all forms of truth that ideal is," yet all seekers after truth will certainly enjoy Professor Radhakrishnan's review of the current of modern thought in the West, and his idea of how it can be linked with the yet unplumbed depth of the Wisdom of the East.

M. W. B.

A Theory of the Mechanism of Survival: The Fourth Dimension and its Application, by W. Whately Smith. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., Ltd., London. Price 5s.)

The term "fourth dimension" has for some time filled quite a useful place in speculative thought on superphysical problems. In the first place, having received the non-committal blessing of the higher mathematicians, it has been regarded as a respectable no-man's-land by church dignitaries and others who would be horrified at the bare mention of Occultism or even Spiritualism. Secondly, a few daring minds have succeeded in attaching an intelligible meaning to the term, and find the concept stimulating to the interpretation of psychic phenomena and the universe in general. Finally, there are the personal sponsors for the fourth dimension, the very few who can claim to have experienced an extension of consciousness which may be described as the apprehension, and even the deliberate use, of a fourth dimension of "higher" space.

The author of this book would seem to come under the second of the above categories of fourth-dimensionists; he evidently belongs to the scientific and mentally fastidious type of psychic researcher—the type which preserves its scientific reputation by sternly repudiating as unscientific, not only probable frauds, but all that has not yet come within the scope of its investigations, and at the same time holds itself free to take a scientific holiday in order to pursue a favourite line of speculation. The result in this case is a very agreeable initiation into the mysteries of four-space—with a piquant dash of n -space,

now and then—brief, clear, balanced, and boldly intuitive; in short, it is a handy book for getting a general idea of the subject, and for passing on to one's more cautious friends.

There is nothing strikingly new or original in Mr. Whately Smith's working out of the higher space hypothesis; most of the arguments are based on the analogies usually taken from a hypothetical two-dimensional space, in the manner of Hinton and other exponents; but the summary of the case is complete and up-to-date, including, for example, Dr. Crawford's experiments and conclusions on the mechanics of table-lifting. In spite of the often justifiable criticism that Theosophy provides names rather than explanations, the author's suggestions are in many cases almost identical with Theosophical descriptions in all but name—notably in his references to the etheric double, which he regards as the connecting link between the three-dimensional or physical body and the four-dimensional or post-mortem body. Another truth which he recognises as an important contribution of Theosophy, is the relation of involution to evolution :

For myself, I tend more and more to the view that Life, Vitality, Consciousness—call it what you will—is something which dips down, as it were, for the purpose of gaining experience and of self-evolution, from its original location—wherever and whatever that may be—through successive limitations of consciousness, until it reaches this, the lowest, the most restricted and the most individual of all. . . .

At each successive descent, consciousness must find a suitably organised vehicle in which to function and through which it can receive impressions. But each such vehicle will involve corresponding circumscriptions, and, conversely, each upward stage will involve an extension of consciousness, until finally, when our evolution is entirely accomplished, we shall be completely and fully conscious, and independent of all limitations of any sort or kind. On the downward half of the journey the characteristic process would, on this theory, be the gaining of individual at the cost of "communal" consciousness, whereas during the second half the latter would continually increase and at last lead to complete "communion" in the widest possible sense, without any loss of individuality.

Fortunately Theosophical students are by no means agreed among themselves as to what is the actual fact in Nature which corresponds to the elusive concept of a "fourth dimension"; so we are especially pleased to find (on p. 109) a reference to Mr. E. L. Gardner's article in THE THEOSOPHIST of October, 1916, for this writer was brave enough to express his opinion that the term was in some ways misleading, though throwing a certain amount of light on the possibilities of higher states of consciousness. But, however we may view the application of geometrical principles to superphysical phenomena, the subject will always remain a fascinating one; consequently we shall always welcome well-written books like Mr. Whately Smith's.

W. D. S. B.

A History of the New Thought Movement, edited by Horatio W. Dresser. (George G. Harrap & Co., Ltd., London. Price 7s. 6d.)

The history of New Thought makes a very interesting document. Its origin is traced back, as we understand, to Mr. P. P. Quimby, who made after experiment the discovery, or perhaps to put it more accurately realised the truth, of mental healing. Both New Thought and Christian Science lay great stress on healing; indeed to the outsider, at least, it is the *raison d'être* of the latter teaching. There is more latitude in New Thought, also more of the affirmative as opposed to the negatory spirit. It is not our province to go into either of these systems of thought, but perhaps it should be mentioned that in the history under review, the claims of Mr. Quimby as the discoverer of real Christian Science are put forward, and it is contended that Mrs. Eddy's presentation is derived and adapted from Mr. Quimby's work along those lines, and is not to be considered in the light of an original inspiration. So we understand Mr. Dresser's side of the case; but we know, of course, that the Christian Scientists do not admit this contention for a moment. Wherever the rights of the case lie, it must be granted that the New Thought is wider in scope than Christian Science; and it is possibly for that very reason that New Thought has not made the wide appeal that Mrs. Eddy's church has done. Humanity still likes its beliefs cut and dried, and Christian Science exercises as rigid a control as the Roman Church over the beliefs of its votaries.

It is interesting to see how New Thought regards Theosophy. Naturally the first consideration is: What has Theosophy to do with healing? We are told that "a Theosophist might assimilate the New Thought and practise mental healing in the same way as the healers". A Theosophist might do anything, of course; so we are not much further on. "Auras" and "planes," we learn, are interesting "to devotees of the New Thought," but the "inculcation of the theory of reincarnation is, for example, a distinct propagandism among Theosophists. The question would be, as I have queried elsewhere, whether the doctrine of reincarnation affords the best plan for the emancipation of the individual." We should personally have thought it more to the point to examine the doctrine and try whether it be true or not.

Very interesting chapters are those on the later organisations for the consolidation of the New Thought as a movement. We in no sense wish to imply by the word "consolidation" any idea of narrowness. It is pleasant to see how broad a platform has been kept

throughout the Conventions. The First International New Thought Congress was held in 1915, and since then it seems to have been an annual function.

We recommend Mr. Dresser's book to those who wish to acquaint themselves with the history and the aims of the New Thought Movement.

T. L. C.

On Dreams, by Babu Kinori Mohan Chatterji (in Bengali). (To be obtained from the author, at the Bengal Theosophical Society, 43A, College Square, Calcutta. Price Rs. 2.)

This is, we are told in the Preface, the first serious attempt in Bengali to treat the fascinating subject of dreams in a systematic manner and on scientific lines, so as to evolve order in a chaotic region of mental phenomena. As such, it deserves the careful attention of the psychologist as well as the general student. The author is a well known writer in his own vernacular, and by bringing out this treatise he has rendered a service to the literature of his own Province.

Time was when people thought that dreams were the mere incoherencies of a heated brain, and that there was nothing more to be said or made of them. Then they began to observe and study, and by and by their studies yielded rich results. Many years ago Mr. C. W. Leadbeater published his book on *Dreams*, treating the subject from a rational and Theosophical point of view. So far as the researches of the Society for Psychical Research were concerned, Mr. Myers's monumental book, *Human Personality*, embodied their results in a permanent form.

Our author, we find, has made good and effective use of these two books and other books bearing on the subject, as well as his researches in Hindū psychology. He starts with disproving the now exploded notion of the materialists, that thought is merely a function of the brain, and treats of the Self with its threefold powers of willing, feeling and thinking. From this he naturally passes on to the subject of the vestures of the Self, the different bodies through and by which he comes into contact with his environment, and the different states of his consciousness—the waking, the dreaming and the deep-sleep consciousness—with an excursion into the field of the subliminal, which, after all, is greater than our ordinary brain-consciousness. But above all, as our author insists, consciousness is a unity; and this is the important fact to bear in mind.

Having now treated of the mechanism of the mind, the psychical apparatus which the Self makes use of in dreaming dreams, the author is in a position to treat his special subject in detail; and he does so in a thorough and systematic manner, classifying dreams into their several varieties—symbolical, previsional, etc.—representing each variety by appropriate illustrations. He also explains why some dreams are incoherent, while others accord with present or future facts, and has much to say, which is both interesting and suggestive, as to the relation of Time to our consciousness, and as to the Past and the Future being ever-present in the Eternal Now. The value of the book is enhanced by a very readable Preface by Babu Hirendranath Datta, and we have much pleasure in commending the book to the notice of our Bengali-knowing readers.

H. D.

Man-Making: From out of the Mists to Beyond the Veil, by William E. Benton. (John M. Watkins, London. Price 7s. 6d.)

This book does not attempt to add anything new to our knowledge of man, but is a conspectus of his history, tracing the question of his existence in other planets and his genesis here; it reviews the present position of man in various parts of the world, and includes some notes on impediments to human progress, and sympathetic and reasonable comments upon Spiritualism and the post-mortem state. The book contains many commonplaces for the educated reader, and a great deal about foreign countries which is exceedingly inaccurate and, indeed, sometimes sheer nonsense. The Chinese, after a few words of introduction, are dismissed with remarks like these:

They are frugal, industrious, patient, long-suffering, law-abiding, painstaking, resourceful, observant; care little for alcohol, and rank amongst the world's highest craftsmen in every art. They are, however, given to licentiousness, superstition, female infanticide, opium-smoking, unreasoning conservatism, and, where they are in frequent contact with foreigners, are said to be, and only there, unduly given to lying, cunning, thieving, insincerity, and treachery.

And when the author gets on to India, he repeats the sort of thing an old-style missionary would say, together with some statistics out of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, making remarks like these:

An increasing number flock to the English schools and colleges. Native opposition to the education of girls is slowly decreasing. The immolation of widows is now a criminal offence, and great efforts are being made to legalise the marriage of widows.

Anybody who knows the truth about India knows that never has there been such an instinctive desire for knowledge in any nation, and never such poor facilities granted by the Government—but

fortunately the Reform Act will change all that. The author, here and in other places, has employed knowledge that has either been so changed by later advances as to be now of hardly any value, or which has been entirely upset. This makes his book much less valuable than it might have been if published before the devastation of the war.

F. K.

"So Saith the Spirit," by a King's Counsel. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., Ltd., London. Price 10s. 6d.)

One's first impression on looking into this book is surprise that the "Spirit," or "spirits"—for there are several—should be so very denominational. The world in which these spirits live is a very material one, divided into provinces, with governors who are priests of the Church of Rome, and who are evidently assured that no other form of government in Church or State is possible.

We are told in the Introduction that the two mediums are fond of history and biography, and the communications which come through them are evidently coloured by these tastes, as many of them purport to come from notable historical characters. They all profess great affection for the mediums, addressing them as "dears" on every possible occasion. Aristocratic spirits these are, too; of each one we are told that he either "occupied a high position" on earth, or has reached "a very high plane" since.

But they tell us nothing new, and their repetitions are of no particular interest—this is a fairly average specimen (the spirit is relating its experiences shortly after death; he lived in the seventeenth century and is now, like all the others, on a high plane):

I looked at Dad, then winked at Mi—and said: "What about the punishments I have been told about?" Mi—cried: "Don't talk like that, darling one," she said; "how could you? Of course we shall all be happy." My father, with his usual love of truth, said: "There will be some purgatory first." Mam was indignant: she leant on Dad's arm sobbing . . . "Cheer up, Mam," I said; "we'll do our best to get over this purgatory business and then go and help numerous relations on earth." Mam was shocked, but she smiled! . . .

We walked about the gardens, and I was allowed to stay there that night and the days to come, until the famous trial scene.

In the same frivolous strain he describes his trial and sentence—"hanging about on the earth plane"—and one wonders why and how he attained the exalted heights which we are assured he has reached. In another place, we are introduced to relations who have passed

over, lamenting over one still alive, who seems to have been a trial to them. One says: "It is a pity the poor old boy doesn't fall into *the* sleep and come to us. We would all forgive him and welcome him.' Mother put the corner of her kerchief to her eyes. 'Yes, yes,' she sobbed, 'but God won't.'" (!)

If this is the best that "the Spirit" can say, we feel that silence is preferable.

E. M. A.

The Epworth Phenomena. Collated by Dudley Wright, with Critical Introduction by J. Arthur Hill. (William Rider & Son, Ltd., London. Price 2s. 6d.)

This volume contains an interesting collection of the many and varied psychical incidents experienced and narrated by the founder of Methodism during his career as a missionary preacher. It begins with the remarkable experiences of the Wesley family at their father's vicarage of Epworth, where for a long period of time the household was almost daily disturbed by the loud knockings and other manifestations of an entity on whom the name of "Jeffery" was bestowed. The incidents formed the subject-matter of a series of letters which passed between the various members of the family, and are here collected into one volume for the first time. From the evidence contained in them there seems to be little doubt of the superphysical nature of the phenomena.

The latter portion of the book is devoted to the psychic experiences of various persons with whom John Wesley came into contact, and it contains many quaint and unexplainable episodes which should prove of interest not only to the student but to the general reader.

G. L. K.