PORTRAITS OF KING GEORGE

THE AUSTRALIAN THEOSOPHIST

MAY 15th, 1929.

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SPECIAL FEATURES:

HIS MAJESTY THE KING

THE GREATNESS IN OUR MIDST

MADAME BLAVATSKY

UNDERSTANDING KRISHNAJI

THE WORLD-MOTHER

AN ADVENTUROUS JOURNEY

UNDER · THE · AUSPICES · OF · THE · THEOSOPHICAL · SOCIETY ·

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THE ACTIVE SERVICE FUND

The General Secretary expects that every T.S. member in Australia will do his duty, and his duty is to support the Active Service Fund.

One Shilling a week

from every member will finance the programme approved by Convention.

Are you "doing your bit ?"



HIS MAJESTY THE KING AT WORK

The Australian Theosophist

With which are incorporated "Theosophy in Australia" and "Advance ! Australia."

The Official Organ of the Theosophical Society in Australia

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NATIONAL ANTHEM

God save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King;
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the King.

Our realm of races four,
Bless more and ever more,
God save our land.
Home of the brave and free,
Set in the silver sea,
True nurse of chivalry,
God save our land.

Kinsfolk in love and birth,
From utmost ends of earth,
God save us all.
Bid strife and hatred cease,
Bid hope and joy increase,
Spread universal peace,
God save us all.

This new version has the approval of His Majesty the King.

His Majesty the King

By Bishop Leadbeater

Before our next issue appears we shall have celebrated the sixty-fourth birthday of His Majesty King George V. It is always a noteworthy occasion for those who understand, but this year our commemoration should surely be even more full of joy and of thankfulness than usual when we remember the terribly serious illness through which our beloved Monarch has so recently passed, when we think how almost all the world, even outside his own vast Empire, waited anxiously day by day for news from that royal bed of sickness, and how widespread were the relief and the congratulations when at last the turning point was reached and definite improvement began. That world-wide interest and affection bore eloquent testimony not only to the capacity of our Sovereign as a ruler but to his sterling character as a man.

It has recently been written of him: "None will question that he has set the nation a high example of hard work and sound common sense. Knowing the Empire by personal contact as no other monarch has done before him, he was destined to become the consolidator of the British peoples. The ruler who gave the House of Windsor its name stands forth as the new-age type of a great King-conciliator, not tyrant; helper of his people, not oppressor; leader, not driver. In hours of danger he upheld the dignity, the honour and the splendour of the Empire. In hours of triumph he was the very spirit of moderation. When things were darkest he showed a cheerful face to the world. Men and women love and honour him, and will hold his name in grateful remembrance, because they know that here is one who has given himself, sincerely and without reserve, to the service of the Empire and its people, who has had no thought but for their good, nor hesitated at personal sacrifice to that end."

When a Theosophist thinks of kingship, his thought naturally turns at once to the Spiritual King, the Head of the First Ray, the Lord of the World, who is upon this planet the representative of the Solar Logos. But this great spiritual Leader, upon whom we model our inner life, has in turn His representatives, His delegates, His agents upon the physical plane in the rulers of the various countries. And to them also our thoughts should turn, that we may thereby help to strengthen them for the very onerous duty which Karma has laid upon them.

That is why always in the daily Eucharist of the Church we think of the work of the First Ray which guides and governs the world; and for us English it is symbolized, embodied, focused, in His Majesty the King. King George is the centre and the head of the grandest Empire that the world has ever known, and to him in that capacity our uttermost loyalty is due, and is always most joyfully rendered by every true man among his subjects. Yet, if we may venture to say so, to the student of the inner side of life His Majesty is more even than that; he is the living incarnation of a mighty idea, the Preserver of the Empire, the one central pivot upon which all turns, a stupendous reality upon higher planes.

He is for us the physical pole or point of this tremendous reality, the principle of Kingship, from which radiates governing power and justice all over the Empire. The mystic words "In the King's name" are no mere outer form; remember that a name is a power, and that as that great centre of force has constantly to radiate, so it must be constantly supplied. We help to supply it by our eager loyalty, our

earnest affection and deep reverence; every time the National Anthem is sung, every time a toast is drunk to the King's health—most of all, every time the King is thus remembered in the Eucharist—an additional wave of energy is sent into that mighty root-idea of strength wielded by justice, power used to maintain peace—the force-centre of the First Ray. The Directing Angel of the Eucharist, who at that service represents that Ray, draws this share of the force into himself for the helping of the world, though it assuredly reacts upon King George also.

In our own land and in many others our forefathers long ago chose a certain family to rule over them, and we give our fealty to whoever is for the time head of that family. Other countries prefer to choose temporary Kings at short intervals, and they usually call them Presidents. No doubt each plan has its advantages and its disadvantages, but we will not discuss them now; let us think rather why there should thus be one man who represents the country, and why it is good for us to feel loyalty to him, to bow before him in loving reverence and to thrill with enthusiasm when he passes.

Loyalty is the outcome of patriotism: and patriotism is a virtue upon which in these days it is very necessary to insist. But we must be sure of what we mean by the term. It is not prejudice, nor is it ill-mannered boasting. There are those who can see no good in any country but their own, who are constantly vaunting with offensive swagger what they consider its superlative excellencies, and disparaging all others. These are not patriots, but merely braggarts; they exhibit not the strength of their loyalty but the depth of their ignorance.

True patriotism is the very antithesis of all this; it recognizes that each country has its advantages and disadvantages, that each nation has its excellencies, but also always its deficiencies, since no political or social scheme is yet perfect, and there is a good deal of human nature everywhere. Nevertheless, it also sees that just as man owes consideration to the parents who have tended him, and to the family of which he finds himself a part, so does he also owe something to the country into which he is born, for that birth is not a matter of chance but of karma. He is put there not to receive only, but to give: for man learns best by service. Thus he should be prepared when called upon to work for his country; he should forget for his country's sake his private interests and desires, and when the opportunity arises he should give himself unsparingly to her service.

I am aware that among students of what is called advanced thought there are those who sneer at patriotism as a virtue which is half a vice—as an evidence of a low stage of development. But that is a mistaken view; as well might one rail at family affection for exactly the same reasons. Truly both love for family and love for country are more limited than universal love, but they are nevertheless stages on the way to it. A man must be a good and loyal son to one country before he can be a good son to the world as a whole. If primitive man thinks only for himself, it is an advance for him to expand: to feel and think for his nation is but a further step on the same road. Later still he will learn to think and feel for humanity as a whole, and then he will come to see that the animal and the plant are our brothers, even though they may be younger brothers, and that all life is Divine Life, and so the love which was once confined to himself, to his family, to his clan, to his nation, has become wide as the shoreless sea of Divine Love.

But a necessary stage on the way to this goal is that patriotism which leads a man to forego his own ease and comfort, to put aside his private opportunities of gain—nay, even to sacrifice his very life, in order to serve his country. Naturally, also, he personifies his coun-

try in the bodily form of her ruler and so is developed the other virtue of loyalty, and his character is thereby greatly elevated and purified. That individual Kings have in the past often been unworthy of this high feeling is a sad fact, but it does not interfere with the other fact of the benefit which accrues to those in whom it is evoked. When it fortunately happens that a sovereign is all that a ruler should be, we have a collocation of circumstances in which loyalty can work with its greatest effect, and splendid results may be achieved for the King and for his people.

A remarkable instance of this was seen in the enthusiasm evoked by the celebration of the Diamond Jubilee of the late Queen Victoria. For those who could see it, the inner side of the proceedings of that day was a spectacle never to be forgotten.

It happened that on that occasion I had, through the kindness of a friend, a seat at one of the office windows in the City on the route of the great procession. Even from the physical point of view the decorations had transformed the gloomy London streets. The whole of the fronts of the tall houses on both sides of the dingy street was covered with a sort of scaffolding which formed temporary balconies to each of the windows, so that the grim house-fronts were like cliffs lined with faces, rising tier above tier, and the procession wound its way at the foot, as along a gorge whose sides were built with human bodies.

Mostly, the people were business men with their wives and families, and country friends; and these latter introduced an element of gaiety and curiosity to which those stern, dark City streets are unaccustomed, for as a rule they gave themselves up to the enjoyment of the occasion, and to the criticizing of their neighbours' toilets. The City men themselves were, in the majority of cases, unable to shake off their anxieties, and were to be seen still surrounded by thought-forms of prices and percentages. Occasionally a privileged carriage would dash by, or a regiment of soldiers on its way to take part in the pageant; but those rarely claimed more than a moment's attention from the men, who collapsed almost immediately into their calculations again. Even when at last the great procession itself appeared, their interest in it was but half-hearted, and they saw it against a background of stocks and shares and financial anxiety.

Now and again some specially popular visitor received a little ovation, but on the whole the astral appearance of that huge crowd differed little at that period from that of other similar gatherings. The delight of the children at so unusual a holiday showed itself in many a flash and coruscation of colour, while their fathers' thoughts frequently offered the unfavourable contrast of dark and leaden patches, blots upon the variegated brilliancy of the scene; for they were but little affected by the waves of excitement which were beginning to leap across from side to side of the street.

But the vibration of feeling grew stronger and stronger, and when the splendour of that marvellous pageant culminated in the approach of the Queen herself a startling change took place, for all the thousands of little local flashes and vortices of colour disappeared utterly, whelmed in the tremendous cataract of mingled blue and rose and violet, which was pouring like a veritable Niagara down both sides of that living valley of faces. Literally, the only comparison possible for it was that smooth resistless rush which is so impressive as one looks up from below at the greatest waterfall of the world, but here it was combined with a wealth of indescribably glorious colour far beyond any conception on the physical plane.

No words can give any idea of the effect of that tremendous outburst of simultaneous enthusiasm, that coruscating cascade of love and loyalty and veneration, all converging upon the

carriage in which the Royal Lady sat, unrestrainedly weeping in sympathy with the overflowing emotion of her subjects. Yes, and her subjects wept also—wept for pure joy and depth of feeling, and those hard-hearted business men forgot their calculations and their anxieties, forgot themselves and their financial considerations utterly for the time, and were transported into a higher world—lifted clear out of themselves, up to a plane of thought and feeling which many of them had not touched since early days of innocent childhood.

An unique experience, not easily to be had in prosaic times like these, but a most salutary one which could not but leave a beneficial impression upon everyone who passed through it. That strong soul-shaking was transient, no doubt, yet every heart had for the moment been stirred to its profoundest depths by noble unselfish emotion, and every heart was the better for it.

No one who experienced that—still more, no one who was able to see the inner side of that marvellous demonstration—could thereafter doubt the value of loyalty as a factor in human evolution. C. W. L.

From the Crow's Nest

By the General Secretary

Watching the progress of our Theosophical ship from the high vantage point of the man at the crow's nest, we have a grand view of 1929's adventure. The new work to which we apply ourselves is the perfecting of every service, and then sailing courageously out to conquer Australia with the truths of Theosophy—all of which is most fascinating. Yet the Master says: "Deeds, not words, are what we want and demand."

Our Opportunity

If we consider the mighty operations of the Inner Government we realize that Their plan is so comprehensive that everything "moves to righteousness." Pain, sin, evil, these wrongs which seem to us so hard are turned to good, so it is truly said, "Blindly the wicked work the righteous will of heaven." By its magic the Brotherhood turns calamity into triumph. By our alchemy we shall turn the ten months' absence of Bishop Leadbeater into a splendid opportunity for achievement. Nothing can compensate for the loss of a great man so much as the flaming out of ardent capacity in others. That zeal we offer in gratitude to Bishop Leadbeater.

The Southern Hemisphere

We extend joyous greeting to all countries south of the line. It has been indicated that the work of our wise counsellor, Bishop Leadbeater, in Australia during the last fifteen years was to establish a Centre for the use of the Hierarchy from which influence would radiate affecting not only Australia but all countries in this hemisphere. We wish to strengthen our ties with South America, South Africa and Java, and we hope that *The Australian Theosophist* will circulate widely in these countries with the effect of bringing us closer together. The directors of 2GB hope later to further increase this linking of continents by transmitting on a low wavelength. Here in Australia we work to arouse an Australian consciousness. "Hemispherical consciousness" will inevitably manifest in all who have risen to the summit of national consciousness. Then develops world consciousness.

Theosophical Services

The Theosophical Society in Australia never did a better day's work than when, guided by Bishop Arundale, it espoused Australia's cause, taking the motto "Advance ! Australia" as its inspiration. For Australia's sake gifts have been made to the nation by Theosophists in the shape of free public services. 2GB was the grandest; *Advance ! Australia* (in pralaya at present unfortunately) was another; the Fidelity News Service still another. All these are practical methods of helping Australia culturally, politically and socially, and now that the Advance Australia News Service supersedes all former journalistic efforts our scope will be much larger.

Practical Politics

Most valuable among Convention's resolutions was that affirming that Lodges be urged to form political groups. The ideal Australia of Labour and the ideal Australia of the Nationalist are one. The diversity of the gifts employed to realize it shows the richness of the ideal, and Theosophists should work in both camps. Now that Bishop Arundale is once more at the Centre, he urges this political activity. Every Lodge and every member should be thinking politically for the future of Australia. If the power of the Theosophists in Australia were loosed in the political field there is no question that substantial results would follow. Please communicate with Headquarters your ideas for our political advance, and month by month we shall advise what Lodges are doing in this department.

International Politics

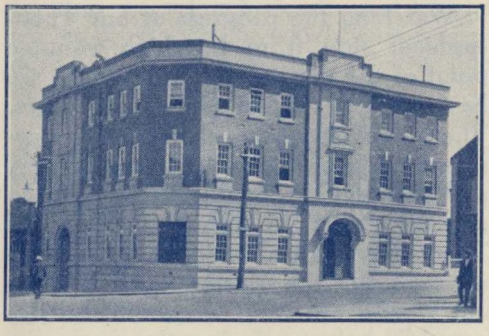
In the international field Dr. Besant holds aloft the importance of India's freedom as an essential to the world's peace. She writes:

> The Freedom of India within the great Federation of Free Nations linked together by the British Crown is a condition essential to the Great Plan, which must ultimately succeed because it forms a part of that Inner Government of the World, which is seeking to begin the founding of a Federation which will ultimately include all the civilized nations of the world on a basis of perfect internal freedom and complete equality between the component nations.

In the outer world of conflict there are signs of a movement towards a world federation, notably in the League of Nations, and the freedom of India being fundamental to that federation all who work for India are forwarding the Plan of the Great Brotherhood. It means either India's freedom or the ruin of civilization. Besides our practical help, we can speed the Plan by brooding on India.

Arundale Hall

Among the fine achievements of the Perth Lodge we wish especially to congratulate its members on the splendid



ARUNDALE HALL, PERTH.

home for Theosophy completed in February last. Architecturally the building is most pleasing, a fitting structure for a virile Lodge, and as a lecture hall it is second among Theosophical premises only to Adyar Hall. It is built on a corner block and in such a way that by extension in two dimensions it can cover an area of four times the present space. The General Secretary performed the opening ceremony on February 5th, dedicating the hall to the service of the Great White Lodge. The guests of honour were Professor and Mrs. Wood.

Goodwill Day

The introduction of Goodwill Day into the Commonwealth by *Advance ! Australia* has received much commendation, and it has become an annual institution. May 18th being a Saturday this year, civic celebrations will take place on the 17th, and on Sunday, the 19th, clergymen are requested to preach goodwill sermons in the Churches. Theosophical lectures on Goodwill Sunday should also be directed to this point. On Empire Day, May 24th, we should proclaim the truth of Kingship, patriotism and Empire.

White Lotus Day

The month of May also brings round the Theosophical festival of White Lotus Day when we commemorate the life of H. P. Blavatsky. What can we offer to her but loyalty to the truths of Occultism for which she lived so bravely ? "Forward with Blavatsky" is the cry to which we rally, for her work still lives, and we who never saw her are yet of the army she leads for the Great Brotherhood.

This month of May is by the Roman Catholic Church dedicated to the last incarnation of the World-Mother, Mary the perfect Mother, while Christians of very shade of faith unite in reverence to motherhood on the Sunday known as Mother's Day, May 12th. It is therefore to her honour that we devote much of this issue to articles about the World-Mother's work. These addresses were delivered at Convention, and knowledge of the World-Mother and her work is so valuable that we feel they should be in the hands of every member.

Adyar Day

The fund for the international Headquarters is still open, and we hope to receive further contributions before remitting to India. We all know how vitally the welfare of Adyar is the concern of every individual member, and we hope to express it by our yearly offering. Will all Lodge secretaries kindly attend ?

2GB.

The Theosophical Broadcasting Station goes forward with its splendid work carrying Theosophy to thousands, and letters of appreciation come from all parts of Australia and occasionally from the United States. Bishop Leadbeater writes from Brisbane aboard the *Nieuw Zeeland*: "The first man who spoke to me on board this ship introduced himself by saying that he had often heard me speak from our Church



"UNCLE GEORGE'S" SATURDAY MORNING AUDIENCE.

over the radio. He is a certain Dr. . . ., and he has with him a son who is a solicitor in Sydney." Perhaps the finest work which 2GB does is with children. Night after night a special session is arranged for young people, and a radio club is receiving many members. The illustration above shows a crowd gathered by 2GB at Mark Foy's, Sydney, where Mr. Saunders, the children's favourite, better known as Uncle George, is holding their attention.

Teachers' Federation

The Teachers' Federation had an interesting afternoon at Convention, but it requires much linking up during the rest of the year from Easter to Easter. Dr. Bean and Mr. Hassall are its two live wires at the moment. A special education number of *The Australian Theosophist* will later be issued so as to bring this work prominently before members. In the meantime, all who desire to associate themselves with the educational work should communicate with Mr. Hassall at The Manor, Mosman.

Drought and Floods

The deep sympathy of all members is extended to our brothers in Tasmania since the whole island is suffering from disastrous floods. Theosophy in Tasmania has gone forward very slowly and these floods are a further setback. Yet, knowing the way in which Theosophists are assisting those who suffered great losses, we realize that this catastrophe may touch springs of latent talent which may be used to further our great movement. Our strong thoughts are with you, brothers in Tasmania.

No less courageous are our friends in Queensland who labour under similar adverse circumstances. Droughts followed by floods have been experienced by the valued members in the Dawson Valley, who first heard Theosophy from Mr. Berry, and the Section surely thinks sympathetically of them.

Blavatsky Lodge

Under the presidency of Professor Wood the Blavatsky Lodge has undertaken new activities, chief among which is the transformation of the Lodge room into a Club. There are 27 other innovations introduced by the Professor, but the Adyar Lunch Club talks every Wednesday broadcast by 2GB, Adyar Camp Talks twice a week, a reorganization of Lodge meetings so that they assume a lively and attractive nature—these are the outstanding features. Then the book depot has been transplanted from Bligh Street to the Boulevard, Her Majesty's Arcade, Castlereagh Street, under the title of The Philosophers' Bookshop; we wish it the same success as attended the New York venture under the same name.

Advance ! Australia

Though *Advance ! Australia* does not for the moment exist on the physical plane, it lives on in the minds of its readers, some of whom indited generous appreciations of its merits when it became known that it might be, as it was, discontinued at the Easter Convention. Betty Ross Clark, actress, wrote a most kindly letter praising its idealism and hoping it would carry on. Among press notices is the following from the *Harbinger of Light*, April 1st, published in Melbourne:

All too few are the journals and magazines that maintain a broad outlook on life, sympathetic with its myriad aspects, striving to see the best in all, and to improve, if possible, whatever is not so good.

Advance ! Australia is one of these few, and we shall regret exceedingly if this splendid little magazine is allowed (as rumoured) to go out of existence. Most publications are devoted to a cause. The cause naturally gives birth to the printed page. *Advance ! Australia* is not an exception to this rule. The only exceptional thing about it is its cause, this being nothing less than Australia itself, in all its manifold life, and varied interests, both material and spiritual. A happy, good-nature beams through all its pages, like the smile of one of those genial, light-hearted, typically Australian boys, "big" in every sense of the word. We like "bigness," especially where thought, sympathy, understanding, and love are concerned. And we get it in this magazine.

It will be a thousand pities if *Advance ! Australia* has to disappear for lack of public support.

HAROLD MORTON.

A HOLIDAY HOME

GUESTS received at St. Alban, Hill Top. Vegetarian cooking only. Beautiful scenery and walks. Library. Glorious vital air 2000 ft. above sea level. Terms 25/-. Camps catered for. Cheap train Saturday always met. Apply Mr. and Mrs. J. B. GALLOP.

The Greatness in Our Midst

By Bishop Arundale

(A sermon delivered by Bishop Arundale in St. Alban's Liberal Catholic Church, Sydney, on April 21st, the day after Bishop Leadbeater left for Java.)

I have chosen as the subject of my short address this morning "Our Presiding Bishop," because there is one great advantage which we can derive from his temporary absence from our midst—we can know him a little better than it is possible to know him when he is physically among us. It has been very truly said that time is the great enlightener. It is sometimes through the spectacles of time that we can see more clearly and truly even than with the naked vision. In the light of time, to use a familiar phrase, it is often possible for us to understand, to appreciate, to appraise more accurately than otherwise. And not only is that true from the standpoint of time, but also it is true from the standpoint of physical absence. Those who are truly great are not easily understood by those among whom they live. Take them away, either physically or by the aid of time, and then it becomes more possible. It is quite true that if the Christ were in our midst today it would be infinitely more difficult to understand Him, very much more difficult to follow Him. But let time intervene and He becomes more understandable.

So is it that great Teachers are far more for the future than for the times in which they happen to live. And that is true of those who are lesser than the great Teachers. It is certainly true in many ways of our Presiding Bishop. I do not think any of us who live near to him really appreciate him, or really understand him, because he is so different from ourselves. He must be; it is inevitable he should be different. If he were not different from us he would not be what he is. But that very difference makes understanding difficult because we have not, any of us, that which would enable us to appreciate him and to appraise him at his true value. We have in law the very true saying: "A man ought to be judged by his peers." Our Presiding Bishop can only be judged, appraised, by his peers, and not by any of us who are far from being his peers. And the further away we are from nearness to him in spiritual stature the less is it possible for us to judge, the less is it possible for us to appreciate him. Still, although there is that difficulty in the way there are certain very splendid outstanding features which it is worth while to think about for a moment now that he is not amongst us physically and cannot therefore very easily forbid us to talk about him, as he certainly would if he were physically in our midst.

Several characteristics of our beloved Bishop have struck me most forcibly. One characteristic which is most outstanding is his complete absorption in his work. Whatever he has to do he does with the most marvellous one-pointedness. He thinks of nothing else. Everything else must give way to that which he has to do, which is the work given to him for the moment. And those who do not happen to be concerned in the particular kind of work which he has to do, might find themselves, ruthlessly, as they might think, put out of the way. And of course their feelings, if they have any—I am afraid many people have personal feelings left—may be hurt. But he has a work to do. Those near him who are not immediately concerned with that work must give way to that work, for work must take precedence of individuals. And our Bishop must needs press relentlessly on the Path

which for the time being has been given him to tread.

Then another characteristic is his intense understanding. That understanding is not our kind of understanding. His kind of understanding is constructive understanding, whereas ours, even though it sometimes seems to the individual concerned to be more soothing, is more often more destructive than constructive. He may, for our own good, rub our wounds with salt, whereas the average individual who wants to be



BISHOP LEADBEATER,
With Oscar and Tom, 1914.

kind and soothing will possibly rub them with some kind of ointment which may help for the time but do harm in the long run. He may see we have not appreciated the lessons our wounds exist to teach, that we are not drawing from them the advantage we ought to draw; so he will make them more definite. Some people may think he hurts them and makes them suffer. They feel that when they need comfort he repels them. The truth is that he never repels anyone, but he gives them opportunities of growing more quickly, and those opportunities of growth are more precious than any short-lived comfort which for the time being seem so soothing and so helpful. He expects those people who are near him to be strong, not to be weak. He expects those people who are about him not to be broken reeds but young oaks—I was going to say full-grown trees—but that is too much to expect. Still he expects us to be young with the promise of fine and sturdy manhood. And he expects us to be able to stand the strain of being helped to grow quickly, and that we shall not want to be soothed and rocked as little babies are soothed and rocked.

I know many people who keep out of his way because he tells the truth, and most people when they are selfishly concerned with themselves do not really want the truth, even though they pretend to ask for it. They want to hear something pleasant to the ear. This understanding causes him to give people what they need rather than what they want. He never flatters, but he always helps. The only mistake he may sometimes make is to imagine that people are more sincere and more in earnest than they really are because he looks upon them through the atmosphere and aura of his own supreme intense earnestness and sincerity.

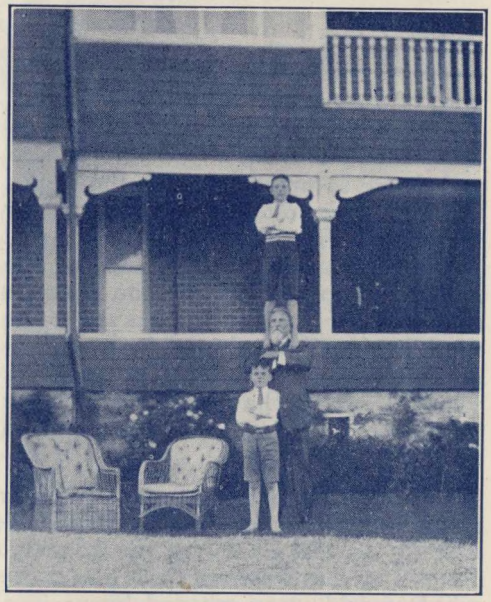
Another outstanding characteristic is his intense and extraordinary simplicity. There is nothing in him ever of what the French call very delightfully the *arriere pensee.* He has nothing lurking in the background. He is true all through, and that simplicity, that utter truthfulness to himself as he is, is a very remarkable characteristic. One can generally tell, perhaps I ought not to say, one can sometimes see, truthfulness in the very physical body itself. You can almost *see* when an individual is truthful. I was thinking of our Presiding Bishop the other day that nothing convinced me more of his

truthfulness (I do not need any convincing, but if I did, nothing would convince me more) than to look at his truthful body—the clear skin, the splendid eyes, the physical radiance. That skin radiates life, and old though he is it radiates splendid and vital life. I should be able to say even if I did not know him, merely from looking at him, that he is a man who has lived a truthful life, a sincere and very patently a simple life.

We have loved him deeply—we do love him deeply, though to use Cardinal Newman's phrase he has left us awhile, but fortunately not from the standpoint of Cardinal Newman, for he has only left us physically for the time being and will return to us next year. It remains just now to be seen how we can take advantage of his temporary physical absence, though he is otherwise present in more ways than one. We are his flock, and his throne there remains ever physically empty so that whenever he chooses to come here he may find that his place awaits him, is ever his and his alone.

I do hope that you will all throw yourselves into the work and take the opportunity which has been given you. If we have been left it is because it is possible for us to be left safely. It might be through our own foolishness and carelessness we shall find the structure he has been building crumbling round about us, though I believe this impossible. That would be our fault; that would be the loss of a tremendous opportunity. We have during the next few months just the chance which we ought to seize with both hands of more than making up for his physical absence so that when he comes back he will say: "Dear me! This Church used to hold a comparative handful of people, now they have managed to fill it." That would be because each one of you has tried to be a Leadbeater on a very small scale, and on a very small scale you have allowed his light to shine through you and in a small way have been a little practically reminiscent of his splendid qualities. If you can fill this Church, if we can enlarge our membership, making each one of ourselves vibrate with enthusiasm, with the spirit in which he has worked among us for so many years, fifteen years he has worked among us, if we can do that we shall have deserved well of him, and other opportunities will come to us bringing us nearer to that happiness in work which is the goal I hope each one of us sets before him.

Do not think of him as away from us, otherwise than physically. I am sure he will be with us very, very often.



Think of him as giving us even more perhaps than hitherto we have received because we need a little more, and then draw from and through him, and all that he is freely, fully, and pass it on.

Remember him as one of the greatest pioneers of this century. Know him if you can see through the illusion of the outer world—know him as the greatest man now living in the outer world. Try if you can to go forward into the future and look upon the pre-

sent as you will some day be able to do, and then will you see him towering above all others in a great splendour. And then you will look at yourselves from the standpoint of the future and you will ask: "Had I the commonsense, the intuition not only to recognize him but to follow him in the sense of being like him even though on a small scale ?" There is no one greater than he at the present time. Whatever the world may judge great, whatever may be the standards of the outer world, those do not concern us. We should know better after fifteen years of his guidance; we have other standards than those of the outer world, and if we can recognize him, if we can know him, if we can feel a little of his majesty and of his splendour then we shall be restless until we do in our own way, humble, small, restricted, something of that which he has done so marvellously. He has built a splendid and, I believe, an enduring foundation. Let each one of us help to build upon it a great structure which shall be not only a glory to the world, but no less an enduring monument to our beloved Bishop, in whose greatness I hope each one of us has basked as one basks and rejoices in the sunshine.

The Teachings of Madame Blavatsky

By C. Jinarajadasa

I desire to present to you the aspect of the work of Madame Blavatsky which I think will become more and more familiar to men's minds as the generations pass. We are too near the beginning of the great upheaval in the world's thoughts ushered in by Theosophy to properly valuate the position which Madame Blavatsky holds as the pioneer of a great world reform in thought.

Now we have one characteristic in all our human nature, and that is continually to feel ourselves as a unity. I mean by that we want to live as if the whole world were grasped by us in a certain entirety. There is within us an instinct which makes us want to be the centre of our little world. We want to grasp and to hold such ideas as religion offers us, such as are given by science; others by art and so on, and feel that these ideas are not conflicting or exclusive, but that they are all one part of our world. Now it is this instinctive need in men's nature to stand, as it were, in the centre of things, which is given in a measure by every religion at its purest and best times, but we find that as the ages pass man gets away from the centre of things, and the various activities of life also seem to separate themselves, and man finds himself in a chaos. Yet man must always possess some kind of a unifying philosophy. It is uncomfortable to live in a world where our religion is in conflict with our science, where such artistic ideas as we possess have no special rapport with our religion and our science. Wherever there is a process of breaking down we are uncomfortable because that world of chaos does not represent that true world which we know within ourselves.

Crumbling Culture

Looking at civilization for many centuries, both in the East and in the West, we find in the intellectual world what may be called a state of dilapidation, where the stones of the intellectual fabric in which the highest minds were living have been pulled down. Consider, for instance, what has been happening for several centuries in Europe. The culture of Europe in its highest times was more or less that of ancient

Greece and Rome. Now Greece and Rome had a unifying philosophy, a philosophy which put the individual into the centre of his cosmos. In Greece each man was something of a philosopher, something of a lover of science, a great deal of an artist, something of a mystic, and man lived this full life, and because of that he felt that he was in the centre of things. Then came Christianity.

Christianity brought a new set of values to Europe, which was that of an intense individual relation between man and God. Instead of the need to understand the relation between God and man, as was the theme in Greece and Rome, Christianity presented the theme as that of understanding God. The result was an intense flame of devotion from men's hearts to God, but so intense, so excessive, that it put out of ordinary vision the general attitude which the cultured people of past civilizations have had to the world, which was to be in the centre of things. But the devout Christian felt that if only you loved God, you were in the centre of things; hence, therefore, there was no need to understand philosophy, what the One was about, no need to understand the great mystery of beauty —all these things were unnecessary.

The Dark Ages

After the ancient culture of Greece and Rome was deposed by Christianity we have a separation of the unifying philosophies into distinct separate groups. Religion becomes the dominating thing, the philosophy of Greece and Rome is seen as scarcely an extra in life, but as a mere intellectualism; the cult of beauty has no special influence over men's perfection. We have men's minds hence pulled down, and then ensued the dark ages of Europe. The only philosophy was expressed by the monks, the philosophy of Aristotle in a very limited form, and except for that there was no science. Religion became a very narrow thing and the world full of mystery and darkness was seen to be full of the powers of devils. After a thousand years there comes the great revival, the revival of learning, but when that comes, religion is no longer able to control all the various thoughts and feelings which come with the revival. Science very quickly breaks away from religion and stands absolutely apart. From the time of Francis Bacon till today you find science having nothing to do with the religious thoughts and feelings and instincts of man. Philosophy, too, has developed, but it has become directly an intellectualism, having sometimes practically no relation to the ordinary daily problems of life. Take the German philosophies of Kant and Hegel and Schopenhauer. They are magnificent thought systems, but what relation have they to the ordinary religion which is professed or to science ? Art, too, began at first under the aegis of religion, but very quickly separated itself, and art became a cult of seeking beauty in nature, in humanity, but separate from science, from philosophy, from religion. Before 1875 in Europe you find that for a man who was sincerely striving to be a soul and to gain the central standpoint of life there was no satisfactory philosophy.

A New Era

During all these centuries in the East we have had a different position. The East has always had a sense of the occult values of things, of the larger universe round us, but before 1875, for many centuries, the East itself had become stratified. Its philosophy had become too largely intellectual. Though the life of the peoples was religious, it was filled with a great deal of superstition. The East, full of occult power, was not aware of its power, and especially of the message which it could give to the whole world.

Then came Madame Blavatsky in 1875, and she did a unique thing. She started practically a new era for men's thinking. For the first time, after the lapse of perhaps over a thousand years,

she laid down in her writings a system of thought which enables each individual to come back once again to the centre. See how it affects you today. For you Theosophists who have come after her (after her who pioneered the way for you) religion is not separate from science, nor is art a thing to be kept distinctly apart from your philosophy. You feel that the ordinary boundaries which separate science from religion, philosophy from science, art from all three, no longer exist for you. You are able to stand more in the centre of life, and it is as if, when you turn in one direction, the world is science, but when you—the soul—turn in another direction the world which you see is philosophy.

Now it was Madame Blavatsky who enabled men in these our generations to come to that central standpoint and to break the gaps which generations have made between science and religion, philosophy and art. You find also that she has done another remarkable thing through her work. Look for instance at the religious trend of thought up to 1875. For several centuries, you will find that a certain number of the people, somewhat limited in imagination, believed in God of the theological type. You have the great Church leaders full of a faith in God, but it is a curious kind of limited God, whose principal duty in the cosmos is to look after the earth. As a matter of fact this religious attitude to God, the God of the theologians, has been well described by a phrase that the God of the theologians exists in the gaps of the cosmic order. Madame Blavatsky lays down through her writings that there is a divine law and order, that the cosmos itself is the expression of a will, and therefore you have this striking thought being brought by her.

Great Principles

The great teachings which she has given to us can be summed up in a certain few ways of which the first is the one I have already mentioned, that life is not divisible; you cannot divide life into philosophy, science or art or religion. It is a fallacy, and any attempt at division always means the lessening of your outlook. Hence you find her in *Isis Unveiled* continually attacking modern science, wherever science refuses to admit that larger outlook. She was one of the greatest champions of spiritual things against materialism, because she knew that though spiritual things may have many superstitions, there is far more of the narrowing of the mind of man through materialism. Hence her continual insistence that life is one and indivisible.

The second truth she has enabled us to see is that there is one humanity throughout the ages. In the modern world we are rather apt to discount all the generations that have been. We think of Greece and Egypt and ancient India as past civilizations, as not having any kind of a message of culture useful to us today. In her magnificent work, she links century to century, and shows one common life of humanity going through them all, one common intellectual, spiritual, religious development, and that is why today we see a human tradition going through all the ages. The modern Theosophist does not live in one century, but in all the centuries of the past.

A third great characteristic which she has given to our world of thinking is to bring in the element of occultism, and I mean by that the understanding that the unseen things are more than the seen, and that the seen cannot be understood until those unseen are taken into question. There it is that she definitely threw down a challenge to modern science which refused to admit anything unseen. But the person who has won is Madame Blavatsky, for science is beginning now to grope in the unseen. All the modern theories of modern science deal with the unseen. The speculations as to the atom and the electron are all dealing with unseen things, and we are beginning now to realize that even in materialistic science,

the unseen must be taken into consideration, for the evaluation of the seen demands much more than that which Madame Blavatsky insisted upon that no problem of life could be understood until we saw it in its entirety. But of that entirety a great part was invisible, and we find today more and more emphasis being laid by human thought on an attempt to unravel the unseen.

The fourth characteristic which I will dwell upon is this: she pointed out that there is one will in the universe, hence one Hierarchy of the Masters of the Wisdom. For the first time out of many centuries there is given to the modern world—and this time to the whole world and not only to one part as in India—the fact that the universe is ruled. It is not a chaos; it is a divine plan—divine, not somewhere on a plane of speculation like that of Plato, but actually a plan being put into operation, that nations, races rise and fall, that Continents rise and sink, that not a sparrow falls but there is a will which is worked through divine and human agencies.

Perhaps the last of the great thoughts is this: That because of all these things which she has pointed out, because of life being one and indivisible, because humanity is through the ages one, because there is an occult element in life, because there is one will and one Hierarchy, therefore there is one brotherhood. She justifies the great world-dream of brotherhood by pointing out those facts of the cosmos which cannot be gainsaid, and therefore to promote the great ideal of brotherhood she charges the whole Society with these fundamental ideas which enable us to understand the work which has to be done.

The Summit of Philosophy

In the train of Madame Blavatsky there have come a new set of forces and values. I do not mean that she alone was the worker to bring all these forces and values, but she was the pioneer. She was the one who blazed the trail for all these ideas which have come after her as to man—that man is not sinful, but is a person full of power. That is one of the great dominating thoughts which is gaining power in the world today. She was the one through her writings to blaze the trail as to the ideas of God—that He is not a theological God, but a God of reason, of divine wisdom, whose method and planning we can understand. It was she who blazed the trail for that same great idea in our modern generation as to life—that life is to co-operate with the divine will.

These great ideas stand as the roof of the heaven under which the new humanity is going to live, and it is she who went out into the world, into the forests of ignorance, superstition and prejudice and the divided world of men's ideas and hewed the track and blazed the trail. As I mentioned, it is an instinct with us that we must stand in the centre of some kind of philosophy, each one must construct a philosophy for himself or be dominated by some other philosophy. What Madame Blavatsky has enabled us to construct is each one a philosophy for himself and to stand in the centre surveying the universe in a new way. The only philosophy in the world which enables you to get into the centre of all activity, thought and feeling, to feel that science is pouring through you, that religion is pouring through you, that art is a part of your life, that philosophy is a part of your nature—the only philosophy in the world today with these characteristics is that which she gave to us. We are the custodians of the wisdom. Truly it was given to her, but she gave it to us. She is the great pioneer of this new renaissance, and in the new generations to come when people can evaluate more justly the work done by reformers we shall start a new era of thought with the work of Madame Blavatsky.

C. J.

Understanding Krishnaji

Bishop Arundale, in a letter to the Wayfarers' Lodge, of which he is president and which has a world-wide membership, says of his return to Sydney: "The work of the Church and Co-Masonry is going on in this part of the world with great vigour, enthusiasm and quite unusual efficiency. Of course, Bishop Leadbeater is the inspirer of both, and it is clear, from what he has himself said and from what one can see for oneself, that there is a very important future for both these movements." Then he goes on to say:

"I must confess that it distresses me very much when I see people blindly condemning work because they draw conclusions from what they hear Krishnaji say. To find out that one has made a mistake in joining a movement and therefore leave it, or to feel one no longer needs the help of a movement and therefore to leave it—this, to me, is understandable. And I can quite understand that in the light of Krishnaji's probing down to the Real some of our brethren may feel for one reason, or for the other, that they should cease membership of the Church or of Co-Masonry. But if I understand Krishnaji's teachings aright his burning eagerness is that we should clearly and in everyday life understand the distinction between life and form and that life should ever come before all, and that forms are merely avenues to a knowledge of life. Life above all, yet forms obviously have a mighty purpose, as we can easily perceive merely by looking around us, and when we realize that the forms are servants of the life—nothing more—then we can safely plunge into worlds of forms, for we shall never be their slaves. It is my dharma, for the moment, to work largely among forms, so I work among them. But I would venture, I hope not conceitedly, to believe that I have on the whole obtained liberation from them. Krishnaji has a great world-work to do and must concentrate himself exclusively on that, be almost, if I may say so, fanatical in his absorption in it, for one has to be marvellously one-pointed if one is to move the whole world. That great work must go on and be done beautifully and powerfully as he is doing it. Yet there are lesser things to be attended to and some of us must attend to these lesser things, lesser from one point of view but not from another. I hope you feel no disturbance in your minds. I hope you take all things lightly and easily. I hope you live strenuously and suffer others very gladly to live strenuously also. Go your own way with enthusiasm and encourage others to go their way no less enthusiastically.

"I shall be glad to hear from you particularly on this point, as I notice some of our weaker vessels are being considerably shaken, largely, I think, because they are mainly occupied in getting and not in giving. They are afraid of missing something which might be of advantage to themselves, so they enter into an agony of indecision and worry. If they could only think of these various activities as a means of service they would not worry at all. They would look to see along which avenue they could serve best, and go ahead calmly and happily."

There is a Divine Light that shines in each one of us, which none but ourselves can extinguish, and if we are faithful to that light, more and more is granted. Follow your light, your own light, the light of God within your soul, and it will lead you to an ever fuller and richer apprehension of Eternal Truth and Love. Doors will open for you, great opportunities will come, divine helpers and messengers will be sent to you whom you would never be able to recognize had you not lived so as to be ready for the blessing they bring.—*Anonymous.*



HIS MAJESTY AS A FIELD-MARSHAL

The World-Mother Movement

Space would not permit publication in our April number of the whole of the addresses delivered at the World Mother conference in Sydney on Easter Monday. Mrs. Rukmini Arundale, head of the Movement, and Bishop Arundale were alone reported, and we are pleased to reproduce the following addresses representing other phases of this important movement:

Mrs. Chase said:

What the Movement Stands For

Students of affairs in the world today cannot fail to note the great need of such a movement as the World Mother Movement. The world with all its modern scientific inventions, new methods of communication, and labour saving appliances, stands wait- for a new Humanity to carry life to a higher plane of vision, character, and beauty. This higher type of humanity can come into being only through a higher type of fatherhood and motherhood, and through a form of education in which the mother aspect of love and wisdom are far more active than they are today. Seeing the great need of the world for men and women, free to serve, to think, to feel, to love, it is not to be wondered that Our Lady the World Mother should see fit to create a movement re-stating age-old truths, for the helping of the motherhood of the world at this point of time, a time when a new era dawns for humanity, and a new race quickens to birth.

The World-Mother Movement is surely the spiritual flower, to blossom on the world's tree of the women's movement, which, during the last decade, has been freeing the women of the nations to use their talents in many new directions. Especially is the movement needed today, because of the attitude to motherhood which exists in many communities; the opening of new paths to women has caused a curious reaction, switching many of them, as it were, off the line of the true vision of what womanhood really is in relation to the race. The women of the world must hear again the call to fulfil the highest destiny of their nature in a way that is compatible with the development of the age, and with the high sacredness of their office as mothers. The question of Motherhood in modern civilization has become one of great complexity; the strain that many women live under, and the artificial life they lead, have made the path of motherhood a very thorny one, and the mortality attendant upon it is terribly high.

Her Majesty the Queen sent a most sympathetic message to a recent conference in London, sitting to endeavour to find out the causes of the high rate of maternal mortality and urging them to use their best endeavours to help the motherhood of the race.

Another aspect of the subject comes up at all the great conferences of women, both national and international, under the question of the protection of women in industry. This problem is dividing public opinion, and very strong and intelligent groups of women stand on either side for and against the protection of women in industry.

The fact that this question is a burning question at the present moment is significant, in view of the Call of the World-Mother, and on the surface it might be difficult to imagine that there could be thinking women fighting against the protection of women in industry. To understand something of the reason, consideration must be given to the fact that the protection of women in industry might affect the speedy evolution of the economic independence of women, equal pay for equal work, etc., which may have to be attained

in order that the women of the world should be free to develop each one her own individual uniqueness in Humanity's great cause.

Yet another vital aspect of the World-Mother Movement is the emphasis laid upon spiritual motherhood, or perhaps one might say upon the manifesting by all women, whatsoever their work in life may be, of that divine spirit and principle of Motherhood—that flame of spiritual glory inherent by virtue of their divine origin in all women—in womanhood as a whole. The world will change indeed its attitude to motherhood, to womanhood, when the Divinity which is the noumenon of which womanhood is the phenomenon, is more clearly understood. This spiritual aspect of Motherhood must enter very much more deeply into the educational systems of our day, if those systems are to help and not to hinder the unfolding of the Divine life in each child.

Madame Montessori beautifully said, that to work for the regeneration of education is to work for the regeneration of the human race. And it is along these lines that members of the World-Mother Movement can do creative work by endeavouring to change the public opinion of their own immediate circle from a belief in harshness and fear as tools in the creation of character, to a living faith in the necessity of an atmosphere of love and trust in all homes and all schools where children and young people live.

In Australia there is all too much belief in harsh methods of discipline both in the homes and in the schools, and until those ideas give place to more enlightened ideas, Australians can never have an opportunity of becoming the race of people that the Blessed Masters wish them to become, or of attaining the spiritual stature within their reach, in this great continent of the Southern Hemisphere, perhaps prophetically named in the earliest days by de Quiros *"Australia del spiritu Santo"*—the Southern Land of the Holy Spirit.

The World-Mother Movement stands, I take it, for Life itself—for the unveiling of those true values to which our modern civilization has tended to make us blind, and for the knowledge that only through the wisdom of Love can the children of the race attain the great spiritual heritage that is theirs by virtue of their divine origin.

Teacher and Pupil

Miss Sandra Chase discussed the question of bringing the World-Mother and all that she stands for into relationship with both teacher and pupil in the schools. If the principal were called the school mother or the college mother the vibrations associated with the name would bring down love and blessing and understanding, the name would call up all the latent motherhood in her. On the child's part the attitude of perfect confidence and trust would establish perfect freedom of mind and body which should be the right of every growing child in school. Then the teacher would become the mother and the mother the ideal teacher.

A Personal Reality

Mr. Harry van Gelder said:

I want you to understand that Our Lady is not only an Ideal or a great Angel, but that she is a real individuality interested in our physical plane work. She exists for our advancement and for the helping of humanity. She is far more real than any of us because She is so much greater, so much more intense and true. She represents the feminine aspect of the eternal duality of nature. Both fatherhood and motherhood are necessary, since these are two aspects of a perfect unity, which is the dual nature of the Logos. She is a marvellously beautiful angelic Being, but She is more than this. She is the embodiment of one of

the great forces in Nature. As the World-Mother, her work is the upliftment of womanhood. For centuries woman has been regarded as the chattel of man, but in the present time a great change of thought is noticeable in the world, a tendency to give woman as the equal of man her rightful place. This change of thought into reality is Her work. If we wish to help Her in this great labour of ages, we must spread the message of Our Lady, we must see in every woman the representative of Our Lady, and so the world will once more be peopled by a glorious race who respect the sanctity of motherhood and fatherhood. Through one of Her deputies the World-Mother is present at the birth of every child. We must inculcate ideas of perfect hygiene among women at childbirth. The expectant mother must be surrounded with the utmost cleanliness and tenderness, for the wish of Our Lady is that every child should be given at birth every advantage that a perfect magnetic condition can provide. A perfect magnetic condition in the child is impossible in unhygienic surroundings. We must spread the message of the reality of Our Lady and that motherhood is a glorious representation of one of the aspects of Nature.

God the Mother

Mrs. Moss made three points:

First of all I think of the material principle or feminine power in nature, complementary and supplementary to the masculine—receptive, sustaining, fructifying, vitalizing, God the Mother complementary to God the Father, operative in all kingdoms of nature.

Secondly, the higher self or ego, manifesting as female with the possibility of culling from nature all experience through a female form and expressing, or capable of expressing, the finer, softer, more beautiful qualities of the soul—exquisite emotion, the perfect poise of art and direct intuition from the God within.

Lastly, the highest expression of that maternal principle in a Being who has through many incarnations brought to perfection the maternal qualities expressed in a human form and therefore has the most profound understanding, the deepest and most tender sympathy and who is, because of that, able to help all who, finding life difficult, look to her for help.

Then trying to sense the plan of evolution and the part that falls naturally to women I see the very great possibilities for the good of mankind if woman understood the great problems of sex, of education, and their influence on the early life of the child.

Suggestions for Practical Work

Dr. Hilda van der Stok:

It is a year since the Call of the World-Mother sounded to awaken womanhood's dormant powers. Strong, pure, wise, all-understanding, wondrously tender She stands before our inner eyes, calling on us to be Her messengers, Her representatives in this complicated world of ours.

A whole year we have pondered, tried, prepared. When first we heard the Call we felt so thrilled with the glory of its message that we wanted to share our happiness with all the women of the world and we wondered how we could reach them. We asked one another: "What shall we do? How can we spread the message? How can we work for her?" And we looked to our Head for the information. But she in her wisdom was silent, for if we have to ask from somebody else a definition of our inmost being, if we have to ask from somebody else the way to express our womanhood in our lives, we show that we are not capable yet to be Her messengers and she wanted us to find the answer within ourselves.

Well, we have tried, we have pondered, we have meditated and I will give you my personal conclusions.

It seems to me that we have to keep our ideas of womanhood and of motherhood universal. Every woman is a manifestation of the Mother side of God, representing her own aspect of the Divine Mother which she alone can bring to its full unfoldment. No ideal can be put before us to be adopted by all, no general line of action can be prescribed to be followed by all. Every woman has to realize her own womanhood, her own part in the Divine Motherhood, and has to find her own way of expressing it, of living it.

To me motherhood means the power of sacrifice, the strength of purity, the radiance of infinite tenderness and all-understanding wisdom. Every woman will see the Divine Mother in her own way, and all are right for all are part of Her.

To have a clear conception—plastic and fluidic, for it has to grow with us towards perfection—is the first step, well directed action the second. According to our temperament and opportunities we should set to work to live the life of a mother of humanity, reflections as we are of the Mother of the World.

Countless avenues of activity open before us in family life, in social life, in political life: everywhere the mother is needed. I mean "mother" in a universal sense, not in its more limited sense of a physical mother, for physical motherhood is only one, if a very important, expression of Divine Motherhood.

Our work lies wherever young life is blossoming. Our social conditions are far from ideal, and young humanity (young as far as the body as well as the soul is concerned) has not the opportunities of development to which it is entitled.

Our penal laws and our prison system forces the young soul to continue on its anti-social course. Our educational system lacks freedom, it forces the young life into a certain mould instead of helping it to grow along its own lines, to fulfil its own purpose. If you want a suggestion for a practical line of action, here is one: let those of our members who are interested in education study the subject thoroughly and join any organization for the reform of our educational system which they think is on the right lines, and work hard in that organization. To wish for reform piously is a very slow way of getting it !

Another line of action the need of which springs in one's eyes in every big city: thousands of children run wild in the streets and see the most appalling degradation of drunkenness and coarseness because their mothers are overburdened by housework. There should be children's libraries and children's homes on the lines of Dr. Maria Montessori's Casa dei Bambini in every block of streets. We can work for that.

Further, the mothers should be relieved by better housing conditions. No white country in the world is so hard on mothers as Australia, and no country has better opportunities for improving the conditions that cause the difficulties. In Holland the municipalities of the larger cities have taken in hand the building of the working men's quarters (this is not quite correctly put, but time does not permit to go into details of the scheme). Instead of the monotonous streets of barrack-like houses, blocks of buildings of beautiful architecture are set up, with a large central garden to each block and all sorts of labour-saving appliances in all the flats of the building. If you are socially inclined, work for better building regulation !

Then there is the thorny field of economics and politics concerning women. Women should be free economically and politically—freedom is the most essential condition for growth

for every living creature. No woman can fulfil the Divine Motherhood which she is born to make manifest in her life if she is not free. No mother can be expected to express even an inkling of the Divine Mother, Whom she personifies by virtue of her womanhood, when she is overburdened with the details of life, the thousand and one small things that she has to do because she cannot afford any help.

Women's views on any of these problems and the way to deal with them—there are a few hundred more problems—will differ widely; they should differ widely. The more difference the better, as it will lead to a fuller expression of universal womanhood. We want women to express the mother-side in every movement, in every expression of life. We want her to join organizations working for the welfare of humanity and to bring into those organizations her individual aspect of motherhood.

How I Know There is No Death

By F.A. (An Australian)

On a blazing hot day in a big country town in the west of New South Wales, I had walked a mile home from school. I was nearly fourteen.

Finding all at home taking their siesta, I went noiselessly to my own room, removed my shoes, and was also soon fast asleep. Rarely did I ever rest or fall asleep in the daytime. But on that particular day I slept on for hours. The sun was well on his way to awaken the other half of the world when I woke up or rather *approached my room.* For I found myself outside my room and I entered it not through the door, but through the corner at the other end of the room.

I remember also how joyously free, light, wondrously happy I was feeling before I entered that room through that corner. I simply stepped straight through the wall and looked towards my bed. To my intense surprise there was somebody lying there. A little girl was prone there fast asleep. I can see her now just as she was then. A little face, like a rosebud, all flushed pink and white, with softly rounded features and a mass of golden brown satiny hair adorning the pillows. Soft little curls played about her ears and temples, stirred by the breeze from the open window. She had a little pink cambric dress on; and a white diaper pinafore. Middle-aged as I am now I can always vividly recall that small pink form as it looked then lying asleep on that little bed in all its childhood's beauty.

I can remember the very make of that particular dress and the pattern of the embroidery on the pinafore, though I forget all other patterns. The same with the little shoes by the bedside that memorable day.

In perplexed wonderment I went a little nearer, and after the first surprise at seeing someone on my own bed had passed, I suddenly exclaimed in swift astonishment; "Why, that's me! That's me!" just as a child would. And I found myself looking down on my body. I was outside that body; quite away from it; yet fully conscious that that thing on the bed was mine.

And a strange fight took place. For, beautiful though that little form was, so young and healthy and lovable-looking, I did not want to go back to it. Was it some swift intuition of future suffering if I went back there

that held me ? Or was it just because I was so free and happy out of it ? I stood regarding that waiting form, breathing softly as though calling me ; I knew too that it could not rise without me. That knowledge swept me at the time. But it did not send me voluntarily any nearer. I was indifferent as to whether it ever rose again. Then suddenly came the thought: "If it doesn't get up they'll think I'm dead." That thought sent me forward towards my prison. But no ! For I stepped back again. Even the fact that they would think I was dead did not seem to stir me with any desire to re-enter that pretty little prison on the bed. However, I suddenly felt myself being drawn towards the bed. That little body seemed to be pulling me towards it, or was it some power propelling me forward ? I started to back from it. It drew whilst I kept backing. There was no fun in it, for I was in deadly earnest in my fight against entering it; and though apart from it and outside it, I yet seemed to be connected with it by some kind of drawing string. It drew me towards it with this magnetic string as it were, and I drew back. I fought it all the way. But it beat me. I found myself drawn to it, but against my will. I found myself being drawn *through it* with a gentle rush. Even when nearly through I must have backed against the full possession of me by that body, for, though fully conscious and seemingly awake, I yet could only see the shadow as it were of the furniture. All the furniture was only a shadow-show, mere outlines as it were; nothing was solid, until, quite suddenly, everything became solid.

The body had me.

I felt depressed for days after, because I still sensed the freedom, lightness, and happiness I had enjoyed when outside the body; I felt as though I had been kidnapped, and by my own body. I felt bewildered. And I have been irritable with solids almost ever since. Anyone must feel so who remembers the convenience and comfort of passing airily *through* them just as though they were nothing at all (no matter how thick), instead of circumnavigating all the time. When we can do this *at will* then our wonderful airplanes will be obsolete; for we shall be airplanes ourselves floating away consciously and *at will.*

F. A.

CHILD WHO SAW ANGELS

That some children, at least, can see angels is the belief of the Bishop of London.

Preaching at St. Paul's, Harringay, yesterday, his lordship argued that God and the angels were always near us, and he asked the congregation not to regard a child's remark that he or she had seen things as mere fancy. He was confirming in Westminister Abbey and among the congregation was a girl of 13, who had come to see her brother confirmed.

Nothing had been put into her mind at all on the matter, but at the service she said to her mother, "Do you see them, mother ?" "See what ?" asked the mother, and the child replied, "Angels on each side of the Bishop." It was said that the pure in heart shall see God, and was it not therefore possible that a child perfectly pure could see things adults could not see ?

The Bishop also told the story of five girls whose father, feeling ill, went to lie down. The youngest girl was sent to bed, but came from her room calling, "Come out, there are two angels walking up the staircase." No one else could see anything. Later the child again called, "Come out, the angels are walking down the staircase and father's walking between them." All five girls saw the same thing, and going to their father's room they found him dead.

An Adventurous Journey

By the Rt. Rev. C. W. Leadbeater

When writing recently in this magazine about the wonderful ruins at Anuradhapura and Mihintale I described the route from Colombo to those places, and the far from luxurious arrangements for travel which existed there over forty years ago. The account which I then gave depicted the journey under ordinary conditions; but I mentioned that I had once undertaken that expedition under circumstances so unusual as to be worthy of special narration. That story I will now tell.

In place of the daily mail-trains of the present time between Colombo and Madras we had then a weekly service of small and cockroach-ridden steamers from Colombo to Tuticorin, supplemented semi-occasionally by somewhat larger boats from England which went directly to Madras by the southern route round the island. On this particular occasion I had to attend the Christmas Theosophical Convention at Adyar, and, accompanied by a Sinhalese companion, I had arranged to leave Colombo on the 21st of December by the British India steamer *Almora*. But on the evening of the 19th, I heard that that vessel had been delayed in the Red Sea, and would not arrive till the 27th, so I and my friend had to find some other means of transit.

On the morning of the 20th I went round to every steamer office in Colombo trying to find something—anything, even a cargo boat—that would put us ashore in India in time, but nothing of the kind was to be had. I had heard that there were little native brigs running between Colombo and India, so I went to see about them also, but I found that their captains were all afraid to put out in consequence of the bad weather. Several had started the night before and had to return, getting back into the harbour with great difficulty and some serious damage. As the weather still continued unfavourable on the morning of the 21st, and it therefore seemed unlikely that any of these little boats would leave that day, I determined to try what is called the land route—that is to travel by land to the north of Ceylon, and make my way somehow or other across the narrowest part of Palk's Strait. No one seemed to know much about this land route—I could not find that any of my friends had ever travelled by it; but I knew there *was* a land route, and it seemed the only way open to us.

Accordingly, we left Colombo by the 7.30 train on the morning of the 21st, and reached Kandy at 11 o'clock, and Matale (the northern limit of the railway at that time) at noon. From that point what little traffic there is was then carried on by an arrangement called a coach, though it was very different from our English coaches. Here commenced our difficulties, for the agent at the coach-office informed us that because of the heaviness of the roads the proprietor had ordered him not to allow more than two passengers to travel on any one day, and that those two places were already engaged several days in advance. I explained the circumstances of our case, and showed how urgent it was that we should travel quickly. I even offered extra payment, but in vain; the agent could not make any exception to his employer's rule.

I then inquired where the proprietor was to be found, and was told that he lived about eight miles along the road. I suggested that we might at least go in the coach as far as that; that could not do the horses much harm; and I would undertake to persuade the proprietor to relax his rule.

With much difficulty I induced the agent to agree to this, but he protested all the while that we were foredoomed to failure. He was quite sure his master would not let us go on. I thought differently, and I was right; a little judicious management of the proprietor soon procured for us the requisite permission to travel as far as Anuradhapura, the limit of his jurisdiction. As I have already described the journey to that town, I need not say much about it here.

My present experience differed from the earlier one only in two ways—first, that owing to the heaviness of the road, we were nine hours late, and, secondly, that in several places there were considerable inundations. Twice the road was so entirely flooded that we had to alight and wade for half-a-mile over sharp stones through a rapid current more than knee-deep, the empty coach following as best it might. At last, about three miles from Anuradhapura, we found a bridge washed away, and our road barred by a furious torrent, half-a-mile wide, of unknown depth. We had no boat, and my companion could not swim. I thought of making a raft, but soon gave up the idea, perceiving that the swiftness of the current would render it utterly unmanageable. The best thing to do seemed to be to skirt the torrent and try to strike the north road at some point higher up; so we abandoned the coach and walked to Mihintale, eight miles off, through rain of truly tropical vigour. It was after dark when we reached there, but still we managed to hire a bullock cart to take us to Madavachchi, a village on the Jaffna road. We arrived there at daybreak only to find that, as there was no booking-office, we could not obtain coach-tickets there. Immediately we engaged another bullock-cart and pushed on to Vavoniyavilankulam.

We were by this time in the part of the island where nothing is spoken but Tamil, a language of which neither I nor my companion knew ten words, so we were rather uncertain as to what the people meant; but at any rate they would issue us no tickets and would say nothing at all about the coach. In consequence of the inundations everything was thrown out of order, and we had no idea at what time the coach would come, so we dared not leave the road for a moment, but had to sit out there in the pouring rain till eight o'clock at night, when it arrived.

Imagine a platform of rough boards about three feet by four, set on wheels and covered by a sort of bamboo roof about four feet above it. Then suppose this machine loaded with mail-bags, tin boxes, and miscellaneous luggage, on the top of which were somehow crouched (for there was no room either to sit or to lie) two forlorn human beings—everything inside and out being thoroughly, hopelessly, soakingly wet—and perhaps you may succeed in forming an imperfect picture of Her Majesty's Jaffna mail-coach as it drew up that night at Vavoniyavilankulam.

The coach driver having, as we afterwards discovered, received the same order as the agent at Matale, opposed our attempt to climb in, and of course the miserable passengers already in possession viewed the prospect of still further crowding with anything but joy. Remember that we did not understand the language and had no means whatever of explaining the urgency of the case, or inducing anybody to listen to reason. What could we do ? Nothing, I think, but what we did; and that was to push aside all opposition, throw in our bags, climb upon them ourselves and simply sit there, trying to look unconscious of the torrent of vigorous vituperation that was being poured upon us. After a few minutes the driver took away the oxen from the coach and was evidently refusing to proceed; however,

we judged we could probably tire him out at that game, because, as he had mail bags on board, he would not dare to delay much; so we pursued a policy of masterly inactivity. The driver retired into a hut and stayed there half-an-hour; still we were immovable. Presently he reappeared and began to adjure us once more, but this time in a much more respectful tone, and—seeing, I suppose, that sulkiness was of no use—one of our unfortunate fellow-passengers now discovered that he could speak a little English and proceeded to act as interpreter.

Through him the driver represented that he could not possibly take us. The roads were very bad, the coach would break down, the oxen would be unable to draw it, and above all, his orders to take only two passengers were precise, and he was afraid of the consequences if he disobeyed. I rejoined on my side that business compelled me to go, that I was willing to take all responsibility as to coach and cattle, that I would myself see the proprietor and exonerate the driver; and, in fact, that I was simply going on in spite of everything.

Well, it all seemed useless, but at last the man incautiously remarked that if there had been only one of us, perhaps the thing might have been possible. I at once pinned him down to that admission, and told him that if he would take my friend and the luggage, I would cheerfully walk. We were not much more than a hundred miles from Jaffna, and I knew I could get over the ground quite as fast as the coach on such a road as that, so I felt quite safe in making the proposal. In this manner, then, we eventually started—I walking, or rather wading, behind and the other three passengers riding. There were more inundations, and the road was a mere apology for one for some distance; but after about twenty miles we reached drier ground, and I was able to ride, though riding in that vehicle was certainly more uncomfortable than walking.

Presently dawn came, and all that weary day we jogged on in incessant heavy rain through unbroken and more or less inundated jungle, seeing no houses and no human beings except at the little isolated huts where, at regular intervals, we changed cattle. Recollect that not for one moment was any approach to rest or comfort possible, that we were soaked to the very bones, and that we could obtain no food of any description—indeed nothing whatever had passed our lips for two entire days and nights—and you will begin to realize our condition when, after four nights without sleep, without even a chance to take our wet coats off, we reached an obscure seaport named Kayts on the morning of Christmas Day.

We had arrived at Jaffna, I should have said, just at midnight and, learning that there were no vessels leaving there for India, had at once engaged a bullock-cart to go on to Kayts. Here there was only about forty miles of sea between us and India, but still our evil fortune did not desert us. There were twenty-six native sailing-boats (of sixteen or eighteen tons) ready to start, but the weather was so bad, and the wind so unfavourable, that the crews were all afraid to go. We offered double fare, but it was useless. The Tamils there are not good sailors at the best of times, and nothing would tempt them to risk their rickety craft in such weather; and really I did not wonder at it.

Here at last was an obstacle that all our perseverance could not surmount. There was nothing for it but to wait, so we went up to what is called the "rest-house"—of course there are no such things as hotels in these places—and managed to have some curry and rice cooked—the first meal to which we had sat down since leaving Colombo. While it was cooking we took off our wet clothes—also

for the first time since leaving Colombo —had a most refreshing bath, and put on—not dry clothes, for nothing was dry—but comparatively clean garments. Then we took our food and enjoyed it, and after that, as it was evening (our inquiries and bargainings had taken time), we went straight off to bed. Of course our bedding, like everything else, was soaked through and through, but we were tired enough to sleep in the bed of a river. We just dropped down and lay like logs for fourteen hours or so.

In most countries such an adventure would end in rheumatic fever, but in this glorious climate, after all this and much more, we were both as flourishing as ever. To cut the story short, on the following day the weather improved slightly, and we found a Muhammadan captain who was willing to start. About five o'clock p.m. we were under weigh. The sea was rough and we had to beat up against the wind, but still we progressed fairly until the middle of the night, when we were suddenly struck by a squall. It looked very grand as it came up; there seemed to be a huge pyramid of inky-black cloud on the horizon, and then all in a moment it leaped upon us, and we were in the midst of a raging storm. A magnificent effect for a painter, but I don't want to see it again under exactly the same conditions.

The helmsman was half asleep, and all the other fellows entirely so, so I was absolutely the first man to see the thing. For a moment I scarcely realised what it was, but as soon as I did I raised a shout that speedily roused the whole crew, and we hauled the great lateen sail in only just in time. In half a minute more our fate would have been sealed and I should not have written this account. How far that squall drove us I do not know; fortunately it did not last very long, and soon after noon the next day we made the Indian coast at a village called Adirampatnam, of which I had never heard before.

There again we had difficulties, for the captain, with characteristic cunning, tried to cheat us because we did not know the language. He had been paid to put us free on shore, but now he wanted to shuffle out of that and make us pay again for boat-hire. This he tried to induce us to do by abusing us in what must have been highly unparliamentary Tamil, while we in idiomatic English assured him that we had not the slightest intention of paying a single cent. He and the coast boatman kept us in the boat for some time, refusing to land us. Then they tried to retain some of our luggage, and surrounded and threatened us with big sticks and long knives; but as usual our dogged perseverance and our evident readiness to fight any odds if forced into a quarrel won the day for us, and we were permitted to depart unmolested after some two hours of danger.

There were no Europeans in that part of the country, and the inhabitants seemed peculiarly wild and savage. Indeed they have a very bad reputation as most ferocious robbers, as we afterwards heard. After some wandering about among this dangerous race—none of whom would carry our luggage or help us in any way—we encountered the Customs superintendent (who could speak English) and tried to arrange at once for some conveyance to the nearest railway station thirty-three miles off. It appeared, however, that there were still some difficulties, for he informed us that we must not think of starting in the afternoon. The roads, he said, were terrible, and if we were still on the way when night fell we should undoubtedly be at once murdered or our bullocks and goods stolen, even if we managed to avoid the leopards and panthers with which the jungle swarmed.

I was rather sceptical about all this, but as the villagers evidently believed it, we could not hire a cart at any price,

and perhaps it was best so, for, on inquiry afterwards at Madras, our friends quite confirmed all these stories. So we had another meal and part of a night's rest, and set out just before dawn for Mannargudi. That twenty-three miles was an experience, and not at all a desirable one. There really was nothing that deserved the name of a road, but rather a sort of track through the fields, and most of the time the cart was about up to the axle in soft mud, while we had to wade behind and give it an occasional push. The people looked the most savage ruffians imaginable, and there was no food to be had but a little fruit. Mannargudi, however, seemed to be more civilized; there we were able to buy bread, and to hire a queer conveyance called a jhutka, drawn by the remains of a pony, to take us ten miles further on to the railway-station at Nidamangalam. We arrived at last, and had to wait four hours on an open platform, sitting on our luggage, which we dared not leave for an instant.

We had another four hours to wait at Tanjore Junction, and so at last, at three o'clock in the morning, we boarded the mail-train for Madras, which city we reached safely after fifteen hours travelling. This was on the evening of the 29th, so our journey had taken us nine days, during which time we had slept only twice and eaten only two meals, living the rest of the time on one loaf of bread, some bananas and a few little native buns. Nearly all the time we were wet through, and we constantly had to take quite severe exercise of various kinds; and this is leaving the danger and anxiety out of account. On the whole I do not think I shall try the land route from Colombo to Madras in the rainy season again if I can help it.

Nevertheless, and in spite of this distinctly uncomfortable experience, I feel the greatest attraction for Ceylon, which I think is on the whole the most beautiful country I have seen—and I have visited most parts of the world, except China and Japan. Our late vice-president, Mr. A. P. Sinnett, eulogizes it thus:

"Ceylon is the jewel-pendant of the Indian Empire—a glowing luxurious garden teeming with natural beauties in infinite variety, where the fierce heat of India is softened by 'purple spheres of sea,' and the climate, an almost unchanging continuity of the richest imaginable midsummer. Peninsular and Oriental passengers staying for a day or two, or for a few hours only, at Galle or Colombo, on their way to or from Australia or the Indian ports of the Bay of Bengal, will gather from even such passing glimpses of Ceylon, bright memories of its tropical glory that can never afterwards fade entirely away. The abundant vigour of the vegetation, the glowing oriental magnificence of the landscape, rolling up inland into great mountains, and everywhere glossy with shining verdure and scented with tropical forest, the natural splendour of the whole country must always leave an impression on imaginative minds, that no lapse of time or variety of other scenes can efface.

"But the passing European traveller or tourist will generally associate Ceylon with ideas of languor and enervating enjoyment. Nor will many residents reproach the island in their recollections with any worse attributes than those that may have been associated with their own ennui. They may have a large experience of its Anglicized aspects without realizing much of the inner life of the inhabitants, or of the wild interior. Their travels may never take them out of reach of the imported luxuries of European homes, and they may little realize the very different impressions of Ceylon that they would accumulate if they struck away from the railway lines and the easy comforts of plantation homesteads, in search of a path through unfrequented districts." —C.W.L.

The Spirit of Anzac

(*An Address delivered by Bishop Arundale in Sydney on Anzac Day, April 25th,* 1929.)

We are commemorating today a splendid example to us all.

We are remembering what Australians—and with them their gallant comrades of the British 29th division—can achieve in a time of supreme need, what Australians have achieved when summoned by the God within them to fling away for the sake of principle, for the sake of simple duty, that which must have seemed to be almost, though not in fact, their most precious possession —physical life.

To what end these commemorations ? To what end these yearly remembrances ? These heroes of ours died for Australia, died because to men of spirit death is sometimes preferable to life. You and I are not, it seems, faced by the terrible problem they solved so truly and so nobly. We are not asked to die for Australia, but are we not summoned to live for her ? Is not this the only remembrance worth the name ?

These processions, this homage at the Cenotaph, these services, these addresses, are but tinsel, are but a mockery, unless the spirit of their dying becomes the spirit of our living. The nobler spirit in war must become the mighty urge to Peace and Brotherhood. Peace must consummate war. God forbid it should be but the cradle of another conflict.

And yet ? What do we see around us ? Peace in name, perhaps. But is there not warfare in fact ? Disputes, quarrels, suspicions everywhere, no less in this land of ours, consecrated though it has been by the death of our kith and kin, than elsewhere throughout the world. In everyday life in Australia there is much, very much, which is the antithesis of, which challenges the spirit of Anzac, which must make some of those who have offered and given the supreme sacrifice wonder sadly whether their gift has not, after all, been in vain. They have given their all, with no certainty, in most cases, as to their own future, as to what might come after death.

They gave their all without thought of reward, without thought that they might return to enjoy the fruits of their sacrifice. They gave because it was not in them to do other than give. But they gave that we too might be inspired to give. They gave their lives. They broke their lives to pieces. Can we not in some measure give our lives ? We have not to break them to pieces. We may fulfil them otherwise. We say we are proud of those who fought for us and died ? Would they be, are they, proud of us ? Do we seek but to shine in their reflected glory, basking lazily in *their* sunshine, selfishly, uselessly ? Or do we too seek to shine, to be afire, lighting our own souls from the brightly burning fires of theirs ?

The spirit of Anzac, the heart of it, the soul of it was the performance of duty in the sacred cause of Freedom and of Brotherhood, against tyranny, against oppression, against violence, against hatred. They died, these men and youths of ours, that Freedom and Brotherhood might live. They died to help to free the world from violence, from hatred, from tyranny. Have they died in vain ? To them duty was joyous, happy, inevitable, even though performance were indeed garbed fearsomely. But they triumphed over fear, and in them was no hatred, not even for the enemy. But surely they have a right to expect that the future shall be worth their glad sacrifice. They lived and died for the future. Is this present (the future, or part of it,

for which they died) worthy of all they did for it ? Is today such as it is because of them or in spite of them ? These celebrations, these commemorations, our words and our articles in the newspapers, our professions, our acts of homage, are little short of blasphemous, if the spirit of Anzac be not intensified as the years pass one by one, if each commemoration be not the outlet for more strenuous effort to build an Australia in the image of their love for her and hope for her.

The blood of Anzac, the sacrifice of Anzac, must be the foundation of a noble Australia. Not of an Australia feared for her might, but of an Australia respected and loved for her righteousness.

The spirit of Anzac lives. It is not dead. It lives in all who love Australia passionately, and put her welfare before all else. It lives in those who strive for Brotherhood and Goodwill. It lives in those who work for comradeship and wage incessant warfare against all that drains Australia of her life's blood. It lives in the silent heroism of countless women who weep, perchance in secret, but who smile before the world.

It has shone in splendid beauty in men of the stamp of Keith Anderson and Robert Hitchcock. The Southern Cross embodies it. The spirit of Anzac lives. Brothers, may it live in us. May the spirit of our living reflect the spirit of their dying. They need no other monument. Without it all monuments of brick and stone are vain. But with it, they will rejoice, for they will know they have not died in vain.

Death No Evil

It is not death which we should regard as an evil fate; our Theosophical knowledge has at least taught us that. It is never the dead whom we should pity, but the living who still suffer under the cramping restrictions of this strange physical plane. For those whose consciousness knows no other world, it seems terrible to have to quit this; a man whose sight ranges over the higher worlds knows, with a vivid certainty that nothing can shake, that if one is to consider happiness alone, the happiest moment for every man is that in which he escapes from this world into the wider and more real life above.

Granted that our life here is a necessity, that we have development to make that can be made only under these hard conditions; it is for that reason that our physical life is necessary, and so we come forth into it as a man goes forth from his home to some unpleasant task which nevertheless he knows must be done. Pity by all means the poor fellow who is exiled from that higher life, but do not waste your sorrow upon those who have gone home again to the glory, the beauty and the rest.

Seen from the physical world everything is distorted, because we see only so tiny a part of it, and then with strange stupidity insist upon taking that for the whole. Occultism teaches us a finer proportion, and brings our life into perspective for us, and so while we lack nothing of sympathy for all who suffer, we yet learn that those who most need our sympathy are not those upon whom the indiscriminating world showers it most freely. All worlds alike are part of the great Solar Deity; in Him we live and move and have our being, and since we cannot fall away from his presence nor escape His guiding hand, what matters all the rest ?

C.W.L.

The Spiritual Government

By Harry van Gelder

The Manu

As the physical archtype of our Aryan race, the Lord Vaivasvata is a perfect specimen of virile manhood. He is very tall, about six feet eight inches in height—an awe-inspiring Presence. The great leonine head regally poised on the perfect body is indicative of the tremendous power which He wields. The hair, long and wavy, is brown with little golden glints. His brow has the commanding prominence of the thinker and the man of action. Dark, thick, bushy eyebrows shade the great flashing eyes, which are brown and set wide apart. A tremendous, irresistible power streams from them which commands an instant and unquestionable obedience. The great aquiline nose has sensitive and delicately carved nostrils. The stern lips are almost hidden by the thick brown moustache. The powerful jaws are covered with a long light brown beard reaching to the chest. The Lord Vaivasvata is every inch a King. His whole air is that of commanding power, and yet in those marvellous eyes, which few could meet without discomposure because of their flashing fire, there is a glint of humour and understanding. The beautiful face is stern, but in some undefinable way there is a tenderness in it not connected with the features, but coming from within.

He is the chief of one of the three great departments of the Brotherhood which rules the world. His colleagues are the Bodhisattva and the Mahachohan; the former is in charge of the spiritual side of life, i.e., religion and education; and the latter directs the rise and fall of civilizations according to the cyclic plan. The Manu looks after the physical and social welfare of the Root-race and His work continues while that Root-race exists.

His mighty aura is so intense that it seems like a blinding white light, which surrounds Him on all sides. On the edges of this immense ovoid there is visible an electric-blue corona. In that perfect Presence you forget all your conceits and pettiness, and you realize your true nature. No falsehood of any kind is possible within His aura; it just melts away as the dew vanishes in the sunlight. Only realities can exist in His Presence, and all shams vanish.

The World Teacher

I first saw the Lord the Bodhisattva when I was about seven years old. I had been meditating very deeply; suddenly I saw Him in His garden sitting on the white marble seat under the great banyan tree. The garden was laid out in terraces, which were filled with glorious flowering plants of various kinds. The light of the full moon gave a silver sheen to everything around. But His beauty was beyond description. The beauty of the flowers and trees are but a dim reflection of His. The wonderful scene will live in my mind eternally. The splendour of His Presence gave life to all things around; the silvery leaves and the manifold colours of the sweet flowers received a new measure of glory from Him.

He is wearing a Keltic body full of grace and beauty—tall and of marvellous proportions. That Face draws one like a magnet, so perfectly lovely is it. The long wavy hair forms a splendid aureole of gold around His head. He has a short pointed golden beard. The eyebrows, exquisitely arched, are set on a high noble forehead. The eyes, of the deepest violet,

are large and set wide apart. Such a wealth of tenderness and love radiates from them that the life within one bows down in reverence. The nose is slightly aquiline, beautifully carved and with fine nostrils. The mouth is parted in an exquisite smile of infinite compassion as He looks down on suffering humanity. The face is perfectly oval and has a complexion like alabaster, with a most delicate rose tint on both cheeks. The jaw is square and determined. If one wishes to realize that love is the greatest power one has only to be in His Presence. The head is gracefully poised on the perfect body. He usually wears a long, white, flowing robe with wide sleeves. The hands are very beautiful; the slender tapering fingers are strong as steel and white as ivory.

His tremendous aura is a blinding white radiance which shows at the edges a roseate hue. In His Presence there is that peace that passeth understanding, and one forgets all the petty unrealities to which men so longingly cling. One realizes the unity of all life in all things. One merges for a moment in the eternal, and all sense of time passes away. One recognizes that *all* is Life, that everything that surrounds us—the very air we breathe, the bright, joyous sunshine and the dark shadows of the evening, the fertile green plains and the desolate arid desert, the exquisite flower and the towering tree, the bustle of the city and the quiet peace of the forest—all is His Life; the Life which is ever seeking to manifest itself in more and more perfect forms. One bows down in reverence and adoration before this glorious Ideal, Who represents the highest in us and in all Nature.

His work is the educational and religious life of this world with its myriads of manifestations. Not only with us who are human does His work lie, but with every living thing on earth or in heaven. To learn to feel that unity with all living things to an ever greater and grander extent is our task, and when we shall have done this, then we shall have attained Liberation, and we shall have entered into the Kingdom of Happiness where we shall ever see His light before us, and thus reflect this light to the suffering world which is lying in the darkness of ignorance.

The Mahachohan

This great adept is the Official of the Hierarchy who directs civilizations and their changes according to the Plan of the Logos. He works on the minds of men for this purpose. He also supervises the work of the Chohans of the five rays below the second. He represents the Holy Ghost, embodying the Divine Activity, His consciousness being utterly one with that of the third Aspect of the Logos on the Nirvanic Plane. The akashic records are an open book to His eyes, and He looks after the occult records of the Hierarchy.

In appearance He resembles an ideal statesman. He is tall and thin, and moves with a marvellous dignity. He usually wears white robes and a turban. His face is thin and ascetic. The forehead is high, and gives an impression of tremendous power and intellect. The face is completely hairless except for the pencilled eyebrows. The eyes are deep-set and wide apart and have a terrible piercing quality which seems to read the very soul of man. They are dark, and the stern knowledge of all the ages seems stored up in them. A great power and dignity radiates from Him. The great thin-bridged nose, like an eagle's, the stern lips and the square powerful chin, all seem to strengthen this impression. In those deep and unfathomable eyes there is a spark which indicates a sense of humour underlying all the stern military qualities; and sometimes on that beautiful clear-cut face, with its olive skin, there is a softness and a tenderness which are all the more

lovely because of their seeming absence generally. Then a tender smile parts those lips, a smile which sets the heart beating in ecstasy. In this condition of ecstasy all sense of time and space is non-existent; the past, present, and future are revealed in one vast vista and an intense irresistible longing is generated to do the utmost to further His work in the world. One thus realizes with tremendous sweeping vision the true unity of Life in all its myriads of manifestations, and feels that all these have their part in the Divine Scheme.

Personal

Dr. Besant left Bombay on April 20th for London, and she will preside over the Annual Convention of the English Section at the beginning of June. On four Sundays in June, commencing the 9th, she will deliver in the Queen's Hall a series of lectures entitled "The Life After Death."

Mr. Krishnamurti will be in London during June, and will lecture to Theosophists and Star members on four consecutive days about the middle of the month. After he indicated his inability to attend the World Congress at Chicago the time of the Congress was changed at the President's request, to August 24th, but there is only the barest possibility that he may attend, as his camp at Ommen is also in August, commencing on the 3rd.

Bishop Leadbeater and his "family" of fellow-members, mostly Dutch Theosophists, who travelled by the *Nieuw Zeeland* to Java, leaving Sydney on April 20th, reached Soerabaya on May 3rd, reporting all well. One of the first points in the itinerary is the Borobudur, the ancient Buddhist temple, which exerts a powerful magnetic influence over the whole island. Many of the Dutch Theosophists in Java were born within its "shadow."

Mr. and Mrs. John Mackay carried with them the heartiest good wishes of many friends on their departure by the *Aorangi* on May 2nd. Their tour is being made in response to a cable message from Mr. Krishnamurti, inviting them to the Ojai Camp and the Summer School at Ommen. As National Organizer for the Star in Australia Mr. Mackay will accumulate much valuable experience, which will be at the service of the Order when Krishnaji visits Australia, probably next year. Krishnaji has intimated by cable that he will be delighted to use the Amphitheatre.

Mr. Jinarajadasa has had a most successful tour in the South American Republics, one result being the formation of a new Section, namely Paraguay, to which we send our warmest congratulations.

Sir Henry Trueman Wood, who passed away recently at the age of 83 years, was the brother of Dr. Annie Besant. For nearly half a century he was historian, inspirer and guide of the Royal Society of Arts, being at one time its president. He was prominently associated with the British Association and held high office in Freemasonry. The *Times*, in a warm eulogy of a "man of both literary and scientific culture, and quiet, genial humour," remarked that it was "curious he should have been the brother of Mrs. Besant, with her strong personality and vivid eloquence. He resembled her in nothing but tenacity of purpose and power of concentration. Now and again in private conversation, on hearing her political and controversial activities severely criticized, he would say, with a quizzical smile: 'I do not disagree with you, but before you go further, you ought to know that she is my sister.' "

KINSHIP

I am aware,
As I go commonly sweeping the stair,
Doing my part of the every-day care—
Human and simple my lot and my share—
I am aware of a marvellous thing:
Voices that murmur and others that ring
In the far stellar spaces where cherubim sing.
I am aware of the passion that pours
Down the channels of fire through Infinity's doors;
Forces terrific, with melody shod,
Music that mates with the pulses of God.
I am aware of the glory that runs
From the core of myself to the core of the suns.
Bound to the stars by invisible chains,
Blaze of eternity now in my veins,
Seeing the rush of ethereal rains
Here in the midst of the every-day air—
I am aware.

I am aware,
As I sit quietly here in my chair,
Sewing or reading or braiding my hair—
Human and simple my lot and my share—
I am aware of the systems that swing
Through the aisles of creation on heavenly wing—
I am aware of a marvellous thing:
Trail of the comets in furious flight,
Thunders of beauty that shatter the night,
Terrible triumph of pageants that march
To the trumpets of time through Eternity's arch.
I am aware of the splendour that ties
All the things of the earth with the things of the skies,
Here in my body the heavenly heat,
Here in my flesh the melodious beat
Of the planets that circle Divinity's feet.
As I sit silently here in my chair,
I am aware.

ANGELA MORGAN.

Everybody's Magazine.

The Theosophical Society

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