NEUTRALITY AND BROTHERHOOD

THE AUSTRALIAN THEOSOPHIST



JULY 15th, 1929

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SPECIAL FEATURES:

THE INNER SIDE OF MUSIC

BISHOP LEADBEATER CLIMBS A VOLCANO

OUR PRESIDENT

THE FREEDOM OF THE CHILD

KRISHNAJI THE MODERN

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

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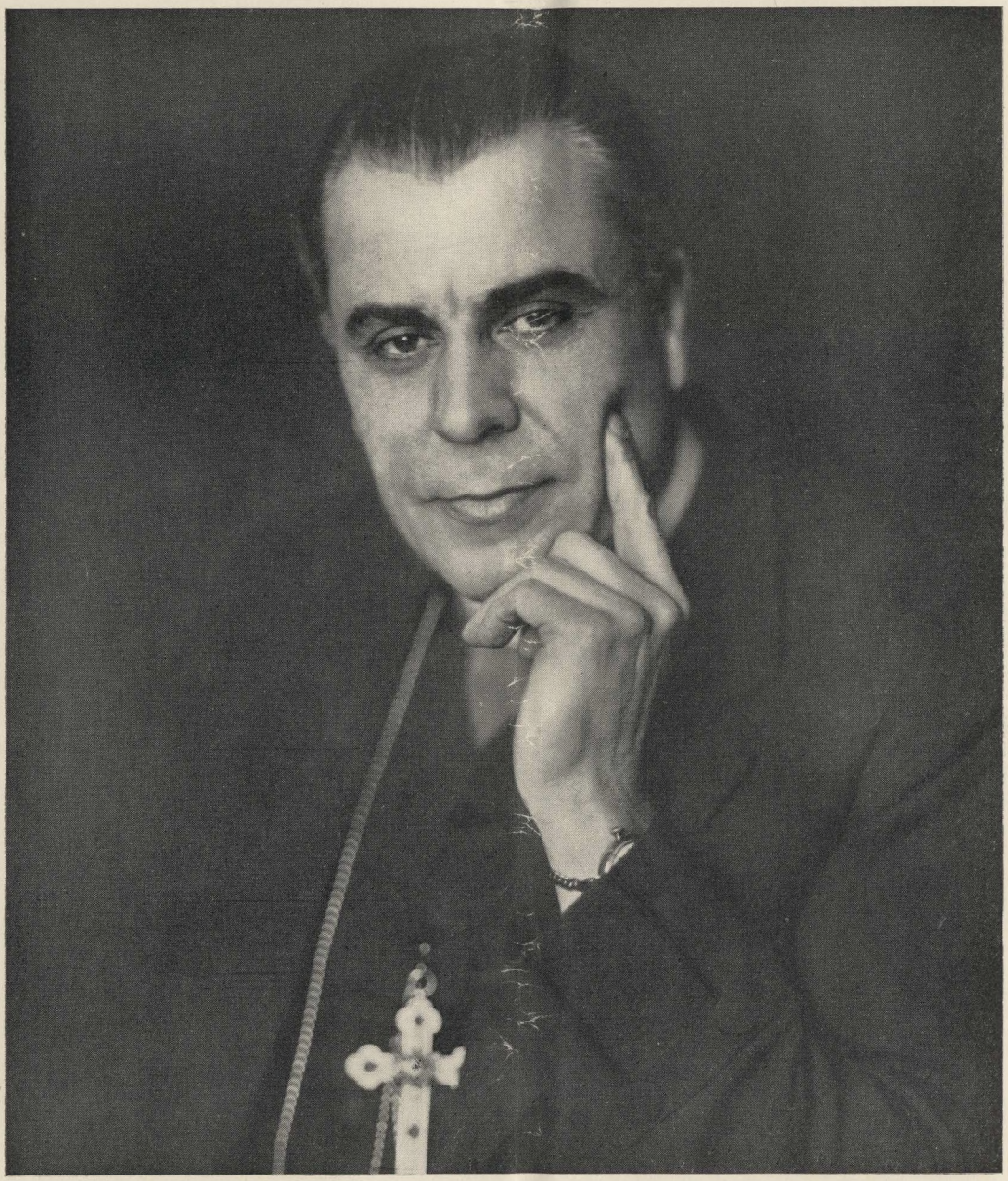
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Neutrality and Brotherhood

By George S. Arundale

The supreme factor in the life of the Theosophical Society, its *raison d'etre*, its justification for its existence, is continuous, unremitting brotherhood among its members: brotherhood never weakening, never relaxing, neither in times of ease nor in times of stress and storm, still less in times of stress and storm.

Misunderstanding of its purposes, or confusion as to its aims, on the part of the general public, the infringement of its much vaunted neutrality, not a little flaunted by those who profess to be so concerned about its maintenance—these are infinitely to be preferred to, are of microscopic consequence as compared with, the slightest violation of that mutual and understanding brotherhood upon the sincere observance of which within the Society the Society's value to the outer world so largely depends.

Is the Society to be composed of querulous faultfinders, misers as to their own truths, sceptics as to the truths of others, jealous of all encroach upon their self-established orthodoxies, impatient of interpretations of life different from their own, persecutors of all who travel on pathways other than their own narrow ways, arrogating to themselves the exclusive right to proprietorship of the Theosophical Society ? Is the Society to be composed of these, or to be dominated by these, or is it to be the happy meeting-ground for all honest and intense seekers after Truth ? Are such seekers to hide their heads under the cold ban of self-constituted inquisitors, or are they to be free, unashamed of their enthusiasms, unashamed of their discoveries whatever these may be, unafraid to display at all times, within the limitations of good feeling, the fruits of their joyful and ardent search ?

Are members of the Theosophical Society to cease to be seekers after Truth ? Are they to cease to seek in their own ways and to follow courses laid down by others ? Are they to cease eagerly to share with others that which has become so precious to themselves ? Are they to cease to express in heartfelt, strenuous living the gratitude they deeply feel to a Society which impartially bids each member God speed on the very quest which its membership involves ? Are they to cease to pay that which is the only true homage —earnest and continuous life—to a movement which not only permits but demands active diversity among its

members within the limits of brotherly respect for others, within the limits of the all-embracing unity ?

Are they tyranically to be compelled to abandon their search, to cease to share its fruits with others, to give up all testimony to the value of the truths they have found, as soon as they happen to be elected to that leadership in the Society which the taking of office implies ? Has the universality of the Society become so weak and its brotherhood so feeble that these are no longer able to tower above all differences, however these multiply as they should if the Society be maintaining and increasing its virility and service to the world, however and wherever these differences may be expressed ? Is our brotherhood after these fifty odd years not yet strong enough or noble enough to know no limitations, not yet large enough to contain within itself all limitations save those of deliberate selfishness ?

What is brotherhood worth if it is to be afraid of Truth or of its votaries' conceptions of Truth ? What is brotherhood worth if it cannot rejoice wholeheartedly in the sincerities of others, be they ever so different from one's own ? What is brotherhood worth if it cannot at all times tolerate and welcome and find ample room for honest giving ? What is brotherhood worth if it does not rejoice in a Society in which freedom of opinion, of belief, of conviction, knows no boundaries save those of courtesy and kindly respect, neither times nor seasons save those which ordinary commonsense brotherhood dictates ?

What is wanted almost above all else in the Theosophical Society is personal, individual, courageous honesty; personal, individual, courageous sincerity; personal, individual, courageous devotion and enthusiasm: and all of these no less from every official than from every private member. To ask a member to abandon the active expression of his sincere convictions, to ask him the moment he becomes an official to cease his membership of, or leadership in, movements which aid him to harness his convictions to usefulness is to ask him to become a hypocrite, and to make utterly futile the whole membership of the Theosophical Society. We do not want to draw our leading members away from other activities, but on the contrary to send them into these activities with all their Theosophy, with all their membership, so that the world may see that in all good work Theosophists are active, perhaps even prominent. The neutrality of the Society becomes the more insistent, the more dominant, the more our members throw themselves into innumerable activities in the outer world, some of which, it may be, are in fact working against each other, follow opposite policies and principles. And the prestige and greatness of the Society itself are enhanced as innumerable movements find *de facto* though of course not *de jure* representation within the confines of its membership.

The Society needs from every member, it exists that he may express in all freedom, an active, I will even say passionate, ardour, a ceaseless endeavour to declare with all the intensity at his command the truths he knows—shall I add, for as long as he knows—the truths he has discovered in the power and in the life of his membership. Such is true brotherhood—to give with both hands all one has that is precious, holding naught back, and ever seeking for more to give. And clumsy giving, ill-considered giving, ill-timed giving—shall not these be condoned and understood, for the sake of that heartfelt abandonment which is so splendid, so priceless, a possession and an offering, and which will assuredly, as time passes and as balance gains increasing sway, divest itself of the weaknesses of its qualities ? Can we not bear with the weakness for the sake of the quality of which it is the temporary shadow ? Have we no patience, no vision ? Can we not see that only at first does fire give forth smoke ? Can

we not wait a little while for it to burn in clear-cut brightness ?

Those who have, with the aid of their membership of the Theosophical Society, found jewels in that great Mine of Truth to which the Society is so direct a road will be the first to know and to declare that many other jewels have doubtless been found by other seekers, jewels different from their own, and that vast stores of precious Truth await discovery. The neutrality of the Theosophical Society, its true neutrality, its constructive neutrality, is never observed more than in the constant bearing of testimony both to the inexhaustible supply of Truth and to its infinite variety, to the fact that the Truth any individual has discovered is but a tiny fragment from the Mine, and indeed an unpolished fragment at the best, and that there are none who shall not find their Truth if only they will seek. This is brotherhood. This is Theosophy. These things—splendid to me—have I found. Let them bear witness to the Theosophical Society as a royal road to Truth, a road on which all may travel, and—travelling—shall find their Truth. We are a brotherhood of seekers after Truth. We rejoice in each other's discoveries, be these what they may, identical with our own or vastly different. We rejoice in each other's rejoicing. We are happy that each has sought, and—seeking—has not sought in vain. That none of us shall seek in vain is all we hope and pray. Woe to the Theosophical Society if any who have sought and found shall be required at any time, on any occasion, to hide away their jewels—be these what they may in form or life. Woe to the Theosophical Society if any who have become afire with Truth are required at any time, on any occasion, to quench that fire. Woe to the Theosophical Society if any who have found their Light are required at any time, on any occasion, to hide that Light. Shall those whose fire burns low or whose light is dim be suffered to demand that their Brethren in whom fire burns, let it burn as it will, or in whom light shines, let it shine as it will, reduce their fire to feebleness and their light to faintness, and so live in cold and dark untruthfulness ? Surely would this be treason to the Society and a crime to the individual, for it means that on occasion, and perhaps, from the point of view of some, as a rule, our members shall not be afire with their Truth or shining with their Light, or that these shall be made so poor that they become too weak, too faint, too dim, to point a way to heaven. It means that those who lead the Society, and perchance even the private member himself, shall on occasion be required to barter their individualities for the sake of a common mediocrity. It means that those who lead may echo but shall not call. It means distrust of all that is strongly positive and deathly stagnation in all that is negative. Shall no one be afire with Truth or brightly shining with its Light save as he remains a private member, and even then fearsomely, lest inquisitorial brethren, accustomed more to darkness than to light, denounce his fire and seek to quench it with little-heartedness instead of encouraging and guiding it with that most Theosophical of virtues—*magnanimitas.* The Theosophist who is afire with his Truth and shining with his Light is eagerly thankful that within the Theosophical Society he can be utterly true to himself. In reverent homage and gratitude he will relentlessly guard for others that through which he has found his own happiness and peace. True to himself, he will count it his greatest joy to help others by all means in his power to become, to be, true to themselves, to find truth in themselves, to find their own truth and to live it ardently.

Let there be no poor and feeble neutrality, no mischievous negation of brotherhood. Let neutrality be the result of addition and not of subtraction. Let the brotherhood of the Theosoph-

ical Society be the happy comradeship of noble and eager diversities, and display to the world diversities in all their varied richness and loving comradeship in all its glowing warmth, in all its glorious power of binding them together to common ends and purposes.

Unity amidst diversity, declares the Theosophical Society. Diversity without unity is the note of the outer world. Hence the Theosophical Society. May it continue so to live that the time shall come when amidst a myriad diversities in the world at large Unity shall shine resplendent, glowing brightly in all things, bearing witness to the One Life, to the One Brotherhood, to the One Goal.

From the Crow's Nest

By the General Secretary

Australia's Statement to Congress

Will Australia sponsor the Statement for the World-Congress which appeared in our last issue and was subsequently endorsed by a majority of the Executive Committee? Bishop Leadbeater has graciously telegraphed his approval from Java in the following words: *June number excellent. I emphatically endorse statement on P.* 72. Postcards are returning to Headquarters by every mail, the majority bearing the one word "Approved," while others add expressive phrases to show their eagerness for its adoption. We are also glad to receive some correspondence, for there is a little confusion in the minds of a few members regarding the meaning of the first clause. Some have misinterpreted this clause as an attempt to force the Presidentship upon Dr. Besant at the end of her term of office, whether she desires it or not ! While I am sure we are all agreed that it is not in our power to force this office upon Dr. Besant, I feel strongly with all members who have responded that this is an opportunity to put on record our emphatic declaration that while she is willing to act there can be no other President for the Theosophical Society.

Clause 2 has brought us a long and thoughtful letter from Mr. Seddon, bringing under notice a number of important considerations. Chief among these is his desire to see brotherhood specifically enlarged in our Objects to be a "brotherhood of all that lives, which binds all beings within the entire universe into one grand whole." Another member feels it is time that the Theosophical Society took a decided stand against vivisection.

Several members challenge clause 3, Mr. Studd citing the difficulties caused by Judge and Steiner in the past, and Mr. A. M. Davidson warns us against the possible creation of an autocracy in the movement. On the other hand, many members vigorously commend the stand taken, which maintains that there shall be no encroachment on the liberty of individuals, and at the same time emphasises that our movement is richer as there are more diverse opinions and methods in the fulfilment of brotherhood.

Clause 4 finds no opponents, but many eager supporters.

I am requested by Mr. Orlo-Smith to print the following resolutions of the Melbourne Lodge, and to say that the first was passed by fifty-odd votes to six and the second by fifty-odd votes to five:

Referring to the Statement in *The Australian Theosophist* for June, 1929, recom-

mended by the General Secretary for presentation to the World-Congress, the Melbourne Lodge of the Theosophical Society, recognizing the very controversial nature of the subjects dealt with therein, records its strong protest against such Statement being officially submitted to the Congress on behalf of the Australian Section of the Theosophical Society.

Referring to the letter addressed to the General Secretaries by Mrs. Jinarajadasa, as published in the June *Theosophist*, the Melbourne Lodge of the Theosophical Society records its hearty approval thereof, and its belief that the letter is worthy of every consideration at the forthcoming World-Congress.

I have already written to Mrs. Jinarajadasa personally, respectfully submitting that in my opinion the brotherhood of the Society would be treacherously denied if we ever restrict the liberty of members or officers of the Society. That a member should adopt the undoubtedly heavy burden of the Priesthood, the noblest vocation which any individual can follow, that he should be respected for this in every other organization, but be asked to drop his title and clerical attire in the Theosophical Society, is a breach of ordinary etiquette as well as an indefensible attack upon the freedom for which our President has given the greatest part of her inspiring life. Fortunately freedom of speech is still permitted, and, while Dr. Besant pleads for freedom, we need not fear that anyone can say her nay. I won the freedom of the Theosophical Society myself as a youth of sixteen, leaving home for this my right, and thousands of our members have fought their way to freedom; we shall never resign this freedom, which is essential to our own growth and the progress of humanity as a whole !

It was well worth while to submit this Statement to the Section for approval. I hope that before Bishop Arundale leaves for America further cards will be returned to Headquarters in favour of these principles, or a letter giving the writers' views. It will be remembered that a number of our members did not vote last year for the election of Dr. Besant as President of the Society for another term of seven years. Indeed, had it not been for the expense, Dr. Besant would have asked for another voting throughout the Society, as the number which took the trouble to vote was so small a part of our world-wide membership. If you failed to record your vote for Dr. Besant then, here is an opportunity to declare that you have every confidence in her leadership; for are we not all grateful for her uniqueness, her wisdom and her power in guiding her followers to serve the plan of the Brotherhood ?

Preparing for Krishnaji

Your Executive Committee are deeply conscious of the responsibilities of preparing the Australian Section during 1929 for the advent of Krishnaji next March. Being able, personally, to accept Dr. Besant's statement regarding Krishnaji, I can think of him only with the deepest respect. You will therefore realize that there is no irreverence in my saying that we must urgently fortify ourselves *against* his coming. I am reminded as I write this how the prophet Isaiah spoke of the day of the coming of the Lord, not only with the words, "Cry and shout, thou inhabitant of Zion; for great is the Holy One of Israel in the midst of thee," but also, "Howl ye, for the day of the Lord is at hand; it shall come as a destruction from the Almighty." In the presence of a great man great events happen, and with Krishnaji there is destruction as well as construction. By fortifying ourselves against him I mean two things. First of all, Krishnaji is not to be forced upon anyone. It frequently happens that, because of their eagnerness to share a truth with others, individuals attempt to force their vision of truth on these others, by that very fact defeating their own ends. The forced person revolts

from a truth he might have welcomed had it been placed before him in a different way. It should be quite clearly part of our work to decide that so far as it lies in our power to prevent such an action, Krishnaji shall not be forced upon anyone. He does not want to be a dogma. Therefore must we strengthen ourselves in brotherhood and tolerance against well-meant but unwise fanaticism. I know how wonderful is the thrill of the idea that the long-desired Lord should be recognized by all, how we want to urge on all the necessity of recognizing the World-Teacher as he lives with us; but I see a grander verity which Krishnaji teaches—the freedom to worship truth as we have found it, rather than the acceptance of another's conviction. So that while I personally, and many of your Executive Committee personally, see Krishnaji as the representative of the World-Teacher, we will have nothing to do with enforcing him as a dogma upon others. Against this tendency must we fortify ourselves.

Appreciating Krishnaji

In another way should we fortify ourselves against the coming of this great individual. It is axiomatic in the occult world that to him that hath shall be given. This is not the ruling of caprice, but of the same order of natural laws which causes result to follow action. The kind gods may surround a man with every happiness, but until he creates within himself the power to respond he is as unconscious of these joys as the little child unable to read is unaware of the treasures of literature which he will open when able to read. Krishnaji will bring riches to the rich. In proportion to a man's own wealth of spirituality wrought by a thousand unseen sacrifices and aspirations will he be able to accept the grand gift of Krishnaji. Shall we not fortify ourselves then so that being rich we attain wealth, which is real wealth only in so far as we pour it out lavishly upon others.

Welcome the Challenge !

During this year it is particularly requisite that we should pour life into everything we do, into all our activities. Nothing is more sure than this, that when Krishnaji comes he will fiercely destroy all forms which are empty shrines. He will for love of kindness challenge our actions in every particular. Therefore do I, as General Secretary, look eagerly to the day of his coming, for he will inspire us to be great in our lives. Do I not as a Christian Priest welcome the severe challenge he makes to ritualism, and shall I not be a better Priest and a more effective channel as a Mason because of his challenge ? I welcome the coming of Krishnaji, for I earnestly believe that Australia will profit by the experience of other countries, and that when he comes to Australia he will have not forms to destroy, but living forms to fill with more splendid life. To that end we must achieve a unity in our Section during this year, so that the Theosophical Society shall be a perfect vase to hold the life he brings and not a cracked vessel which cannot contain it.

Special Campaigns

With the consent of the Executive Committee, we invite all Lodges to join us in concerted effort to bring certain phases of the Theosophical teaching prominently before the public of Australia, so that by organized drives we shall promote Karma, Reincarnation, Evolution and other phases of truth for a period of a month each. The objective is month by month to bring to the notice of as many people as possible—the whole of the Australian population, if possible—by lectures, radio talks, leaflets, articles in the press, pamphlets, books and conversation, the dominant note of the Theosophical campaign, and every member is heartily and urgently invited to co-operate. A similar campaign was conducted in England with

splendid results, and with a few months' notice we ought to be able to organize and accomplish equally good results in Australia. The proposal is to carry on this campaign for five months and to take special phases in the following order:—

October: Evolution.
November: Karma.
December: Reincarnation.
January: Occultism.
February: Brotherhood.

Headquarters will give a lead to the Lodges, but we shall be glad to receive suggestions to make this another triumph of our undoubtedly successful Section.

India

"What can we do for India?" is the question oft repeated by those who realize the importance of India's freedom to the solidarity and greatness of the British Crown. This month our suggestion is to join in a scheme already subscribed to by a worthy brother, who desires that copies of Professor Wood's book, *An Englishman Defends Mother India*, shall be sent to members of the British Labour Party to help in some measure towards Home Rule. Professor Wood's book (reviewed on p. 127 in this issue) is one of the most informative books on India ever published. Will you help us to send copies to members of Parliament as suggested? Please send donations —7/6 a copy—to Mr. F. W. Houstone at Headquarters, who will keep an account for this purpose.

Round the Camp Fire

"Standing back on the ridge are oak trees close together, and in the shelter of these Krishnaji gives his talks," writes Mr. John Mackay on June 2nd, the last day of the Ojai Camp. "At night we sit around the Camp Fire. Among a great many Star members, there is some confusion of thought as to what they should do in the future. Personally I do not feel that. My conviction is that each individual must determine his own activities and try to carry them out effectively and in a more perfect way."

Krishnaji will come to Australia in March next, and will take a fortnight's rest in the mountains before the meetings at the Amphitheatre. Instead of a Camp Fire there will probably be some artistic substitute in the centre of the Amphitheatre, perhaps a fountain through which vari-coloured electric globes may shine.

Welcome Miss Clarke

Miss Marcella Clarke has returned to Sydney after touring the United States with Mr. and Mrs. Branscombe. In both countries Miss Clarke studied the education systems in the schools.

THE MODERN QUEST

On all sides we are surrounded by forces whose controlled action upon the human body and mind we are as yet far from completely understanding. The modern study of healing, by spiritual means, bids fair to disclose, in scientific terms, the secrets of the nature and use of certain such forces in relation to the overcoming of disease, whether it be in the individual or in the body politic.

Should you care to link with others questing for the laws governing the operation of these spiritual powers, write for exchange or complimentary copies of

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For closer contact with this work listen in to the SUNDAY MORNING TALKS BROADCASTED FROM STATION 2GB, between 9 and 10 o'clock, and SUNDAY EVENING TALKS, from 9.30 to 9.45, Sydney time.

Bishop Leadbeater Climbs a Volcano

A member of Bishop Leadbeater's party in Java writes the following interesting story of a journey into the volcanic mountains surrounding Bandoeng:—

We left Bandoeng after breakfast in five cars, quite a respectable party, and motored for about an hour through lovely country. You probably remember the beautiful valley in which Bandoeng is situated, surrounded on all sides by mountains, most of them extinct volcanoes. Some of our party had flown previously to Bandoeng from Weltevreden, right over these mountains. It was a glorious experience. The train takes five hours; we did it in forty-five minutes. How wonderfully clean and sweet the earth looks from above—one would like to stay in the air all the time. Coming down may well be compared with the getting back into the physical body after a sleep. However, to return to my story of the mountain. When we arrived at the foot we found that, although there was a new motor road, it was not yet open to the public, and so the only thing to do was to walk up. We were told it was three kilometres to the top, but we finally found that it was more like three miles, climbing all the time. The younger members of the party marched ahead, but Bishop Leadbeater, Captain Clarke and I took it easy. We stopped repeatedly on



HALF-WAY UP THE VOLCANO

the way, and when we got nearer to the top, which is about 6000 feet high, we carefully watched C.W.L.'s pulse, especially when he told us that some bright doctor down in Sydney had told him he would drop down dead if he went higher than 1000 feet. Well, nothing happened, and when we got to the top, C.W.L. was perhaps a little tired, but otherwise quite fit. We all partook of refreshments, which a Javanese had carried up for us (it is nice to be again in a country where you have not got to carry your own



ON THE RIM OF THE CRATER

suitcases !), and after that C.W.L. suddenly decided he would go round to the second crater. There was a path of sorts on the rim of the crater, but only when we had gone some distance did we realize what we had undertaken. In some places it was positively dangerous, and a false step might very easily have precipitated us to the bottom of the crater in a hole of boiling mud. We had to climb up and down over loose stones; in some places the path was barely wide enough for two people to walk abreast. When we arrived at the place, just between the two craters, C.W.L. stopped, while the other members of the party climbed up to the hill overlooking both craters. After a while we returned, and found those we had left behind, and then almost without a rest we descended to where we had left the cars. C.W.L. stood it all very well, for which we are very thankful. All this happened the day before Wesak night.

HAVE YOU VOTED ?

Will those members of the Australian Section who have not returned the postcards approving (or otherwise) the Statement in the June number concerning the Three Objects for the consideration of the World Congress kindly post to Headquarters by return mail. *Every member should vote.*

Our President

Some of our members are a little sceptical about miracles. Even when they see one before their very eyes they say, as a little boy said when he saw a giraffe for the first time in the Zoological Gardens, "I don't believe it". Some of our members are nervous about our beloved President. She is eighty plus. She seems to live as if she were about thirty minus. How long can she go on at this rate ? What is the Theosophical Society going to do if she cannot continue the heavy burden of the Presidentship ? Is it possible to conceive of anyone else as President ? There seems to be no one in view; of course no one is indispensable, yet she seems to be; what is going to happen ? Well, I for one am not altogether astonished at the nervousness of some of my brethren. Our President *is* eighty plus. She *does* work as if she were thirty minus. There *is* no one else in sight who can hold a candle to her, not even a match. But there is the miracle. Nothing is going to happen, for the simple reason that nothing need happen. When one reaches the President's spiritual age the physical age hardly seems to matter one way or another. At her spiritual age, whatever it may actually be, one hovers in the region of eternal youth, and I who claim to know her better than anyone else except, perhaps, Bishop Leadbeater, who is nearer to her than anyone else, am in a position to declare without the slightest hesitation that in virility and in surging power, in keeness of perception of principles and of all essential things, in piercing discrimination between the real and the unreal, in glorious radiance of character, and in tenderest compassion and understanding, she towers above all the rest of us even if we stood on each other's shoulders. She *is* eternally young, and will go on being eternally young to the end of time; and I should not even be surprised if out of sympathy with the soul the body some day made up its mind to be eternally young too.

For the present the physical body is old and will not quite do all the things it used to do when it was half its present age. For the moment it refuses to be driven quite as ruthlessly as it used to be driven up to a very few years ago. It is also true that its owner may sometimes be discovered tricking it into performing quite a number of feats associated with earlier times. She drives it almost as hard as ever, and the body does not always like the process.

I am not at all sure that even the body at its present age will not be likely to say: Well, if you insist I suppose I shall have to go on as usual; business as usual, in fact. With the President one never knows what may happen. She is as elusive as the proverbial pimpernel. But it is the height of ridiculousness to talk of the President's declining years. They are hardly inclining. They are slightly bowing, that is all; and not often at that.

And what other human being, exalted to the Presidentship, would be able to do a tithe of the work the President now does with all the weight of physical age upon her. He might begin today, but he would be dead tomorrow, or early in the morning the day after. And who has behind him all that our wonderful President has behind her ? Who has the wisdom ? Who has the power ? Who has the beauty ? Who has the record of triumph after triumph over adversity after adversity ? Who has the venerable white-haired radiant majesty that she has ? Who has given to the world the veriest fragment of all that she has given ? Who has made the Theosophical Society what the Theosophical Society is today ? Who has sought out the oppressed and has delivered them from oppression, both in the East and in the West, as

she has ? Who has.....but one might go on for ever and yet not complete the record of her utter self-surrender to the world.

All this is no small part of the assets of our Society. The Society is the most wonderful movement in the world, but it is wonderful not only because of its history, because of H.P.B., because of H.S.O., because of C.W.L., because of the thousands who have loyally served it, because of Those Who stand behind it and brought it into being for the service of the world: it is wonderful in no small measure because of Annie Besant. And let it go on being wonderful because of her leadership of it, because of her life in it, because of her. Suppose each one of us were to trace back the peace, the knowledge, the hope, the inspiration, the certainty he has to their more or less immediate origins. How much of these would go back to Annie Besant ? In my own case a very large proportion, and this would be true, I venture to think, in the case of most of us.

Thank God, I say, that because physical age makes little difference to her, she can be a miracle to us all for a long time to come. We need her just as she is, and the eighty years plus is no less precious to us than all the rest of her, including the thirty years minus. That she can continue to be to us all she has been throughout her Presidentship I know full well. Indeed, I am by no means guilty of exaggeration when I say that I have often thought during the past year in India, when I saw very much of her, that as the days pass she becomes more and more wonderful no less as President than as just herself. Physical age, no matter what it may subtract, also adds—more or less according to the individual. In her case it adds extraordinarily.

Indeed we are privileged to have her as our leader. There is no other to compare with her. There is no other near her. May she be our President for many, many years to come, to the immense advantage of each one of us and to the greater glory of the Theosophical Society to which we have the splendid fortune to belong.

GEORGE S. ARUNDALE.

MR. KRISHNAMURTI IS A THEOSOPHIST

On March 11, Mr. Krishnamurti gave a public address to a crowded house in Oriental Hall, Chicago. His main theme was his oft-repeated statement that the goal of life is freedom —freedom of limitations of all kinds, freedom from fears, creeds and institutions. At the close of his lecture he very graciously gave about a half hour more to answering questions that were written and handed in.

Most of the questions dealt with such subjects as the proof of reincarnation, how a person could be sure of his proper life-work, the place of jazz music, and what the speaker thought of prohibition. But one question was like a bombshell dropped in the meeting: "Are you a member of the Theosophical Society ?"

There was a tense, dramatic moment while Krishnaji paused. Then, with a clear, ringing voice, he gave the emphatic affirmation, "I am."

Here and there throughout the hall there was a sporadic attempt at applause, but it died away as he went on to say, in his inimitable manner: "There is nothing wrong about it; there is nothing particularly right about it. It doesn't make a great deal of difference one way or the other."—*The Messenger.*

THE THEOSOPHIST

The Secretary of Perth Lodge will be glad to receive from any member copies of *The Theosophist* for the following months:

1920: January to May, July to September.
1921: June, October.
1922: March.
1923: June, August.

The General Secretary also requires September, 1927, for the Section Office file.

The Inner Side of Music

By Bishop Leadbeater

Men often talk about the inner world, the world of thought, the world of real feeling, the world to which those who are musicians are especially supposed to have the entry, but I think people very often fail to grasp the idea of the actual reality of that world. They know that they have thoughts and feelings and emotions of all sorts, and that many of these cannot be expressed in terms of the ordinary outer physical world at all, but they often do not realise that the inner world is also a material world. That sounds odd, I suppose, but what I mean is that it is part of this world in which we are living all the time.

You know, perhaps, if you ever thought of the matter from that point of view, that whatever reaches us from outside reaches us by means of vibrations of some sort. If you can hear a lecturer speak it is because his vocal chords are setting the air in vibration, the vibrating air impinges upon the tympanum of your ear, and in that way the sound is conveyed to you. If looking up at your lecturer you can see him, that is because vibrations of the ether convey to your eyes that impression which we call sight. There we are dealing with vibrations of two very different kinds of matter—air and ether. Ether is something of which we speak, but of which we know remarkably little—something that we cannot see or touch or feel at all under ordinary conditions.

The unseen world is really an extension of the world that we all know. Many people think, I suppose—perhaps they are almost bound to think—that what we can see is all there is to be seen, but it is a great mistake. There is a vast world around us of which we see nothing, which we do not know by any of our ordinary senses; but the only reason that we do not know of it is that it is built of matter far finer than any with which we are acquainted, and consequently the vibrations of that finer matter do not make any impression upon our senses. You have only to look at a table of vibrations in any of your scientific books, and you will see at once that there are vast tracts in that gamut of vibrations as to which we know nothing.

It is found, when one devotes a great deal of time and trouble to the investigation, that there is clear evidence of the existence of this inner world as an actual, material fact. We think of mind and spirit and soul and all such words as those as referring to something non-material, but really that is not so. Any impressions that we receive, at any level, are received in exactly the same way, by means of vibrations; only they are vibrations of a finer matter.

For example, when you think your thought is as definite a force as electricity or steam; and just as electricity or steam will do work, and set matter in motion, so will your thought do work and set matter in motion. I do not mean, for the moment, the obvious fact that after thinking you will proceed to carry out your thought on the physical plane; I mean that the mere act of thinking sets in motion vibrations in finer matter (which we sometimes call mental matter, but after all, names do not matter), just exactly as when you speak, your voice sets the air in vibration; so that when you think you produce a result in that finer matter.

It is possible for men to develop the power of sensing that finer matter. We sometimes call it the power of seeing and hearing astrally; it is not quite correct to speak of it

in that way, because seeing and hearing involve the use of certain specialized organs on the physical plane; but we mean that the power developed enables us to perceive the objects of that higher world just as though we saw and heard them with eyes and ears. That effect is produced by the reception of vibrations of finer matter, and you are able to receive them because you have within yourself some of that finer matter, though most people have not yet learnt how to use it. It is through that higher part of man (which is, nevertheless, material, though the matter is subtler) that we obtain impressions from this inner world of thought and feeling and emotion.

I think it would interest all musicians to hear something as to the effect produced by music in that higher world. We are all familiar with the idea of overtones. We know that when we strike or sing a note we produce not only that note itself, but certain quite well-defined and well-known overtones at different levels. We know of those in so far as they will impress themselves upon any of our senses, but there are more overtones than we recognise—overtones extend up into higher levels of this inner world and produce effects there which our ordinary physical-plane senses cannot grasp. But, as I have said, people can cultivate these senses of the soul (we may call them that just for simplicity, but it is not a scientific definition); men can cultivate these senses, and then they will learn to grasp the facts of that higher life just in the same way as if they saw or heard.

Let me just tell you first what, if any of you possessed that particular opening-up of faculty, you would see when you were listening to a fine concert. You sit and drink in all the beauty of the lovely music; but suppose you could raise your faculties to that higher level and see what was being done in that inner world, how would it appear ?

To begin with, in addition to hearing, when the music is played you would see certain things. What would you see ? Principally first of all you would see magnificent flashing colours. Every note produces a certain colour. We all know that colour is nothing but a rate of vibration. We are, of course, aware that there is no colour in anything really, that all these pretty shades which we so often see are not really existent. Colour exists only in light; if we see something which appears to be red, that is because it absorbs the rest of the white light and reflects only the red, and what is the colour red but a certain rate of vibraion of the ether ? Blue is another rate—yellow another, and so on. So as a certain note in music is produced by a vibration of air, it is surely not incomprehensible that an overtone of that should produce a vibration of the ether which gives the effect of colour. It does so, and therefore anyone who has developed that inner sight, when he hears lovely music being played, has also at the same time the very great additional delight of seeing all sorts of lovely colours.

How will that work in detail ? Every note has its own shade of colour, so that each note produces the effect of a stippling, of one touch of the brush by an artist; but, of course, we do not deal largely in single notes, except in singing, or in playing a violin solo. We deal generally with harmonies, and as our music progresses we have splendid effects of massed colour, because the colour does not just flash and die away in a moment, but its effect remains a little, just as a sound reverberates, so that to your mind its effect is cumulative; as you listen to some beautiful piece unfold itself, you have a conception slowly built up in your minds, slowly formed before you; and just in the same way you have a form being gradually built

by these colours that are poured out round you.

It is perhaps more like the aurora borealis than anything else that we see on the physical plane. We have the effect of beautiful coruscations of coloured light, but they do not die away so quickly. They spread out, retaining their colour, and build themselves up finally into a great form, so that every piece of music which is played or sung builds a certain definite shape in that finer matter, and that shape is composed — compacted — of masses of splendid colour. As I have said, each single note makes a little stippling, but the whole builds itself into vast masses. It is like a castellated mountain range of glorious colours, like the sunset skies at their very finest as you see them sometimes across the Egyptian desert. A very wonderful thing to see; just as wonderful to see as is the lovely music to hear.

It is most interesting to those who can see it to watch the different kinds of forms that are built up by the music of different composers. Take an overture by Wagner, for example; I do not think I could possibly express to you the effect that that produces in colour. It is as though he uses mountains of flame for his building-stones. One that I recall makes a vast well-shaped erection, magnificent, enormous, comparing in size with the great masses of cumulus cloud towering up into the sky far above the hall in which your orchestra is playing. The resemblance to the successively retreating ramparts of a mountain is almost perfect, and it is heightened by the billowy masses of cloud which roll between the crags, and give the effect of perspective. Each range of mimic rocks represents in size, shape and colour the general effect of one of the sections of the overture as seen from a distance.

In reality every part of the form is full of minute detail, for every note tells, and all these magnificent masses of colour are built up of many comparatively small bands which from a distance are not separately visible. The broad result is that each mountain-peak has its own brilliant hue—a splendid splash of vivid colour, glowing with the glory of its own living light, spreading its resplendent radiance over all the country round. Yet in each of these masses of colour other hues are constantly flickering, as they do over the surface of molten metal, so that the coruscations and scintillations of these wondrous astral edifices are far beyond the power of any physical words to describe.

A striking feature in this particular form which I am recalling is the radical difference between the two types of music which occur in it, one producing the angular rocky-looking masses, and the other the rounded billowy clouds which lie between them. Other *motifs* are shown by broad bands of blue and rose and green which appear at the base of the bell, and the meandering lines of white and yellow which quiver across them are probably produced by a rippling arpeggio accompaniment.

Being an ecclesiastic, I have seen these forms most frequently in connection with organ-playing. A splendid piece played on a fine organ makes a form which is indeed worth seeing —a form one could never forget— gorgeous masses of colour, and running through them parallel lines like rivulets of gold and silver and ruby which are quite indescribable. Each *motif* has its own pattern of colour, and when the different *motifs* come over and over again we have the most marvellous combinations.

In conjunction with our great President I once published a book entitled *Thought-Forms*. Just at the end of the book we tried to represent three of these magnificent music-forms; but the thing is not to be done. We can no more express it in painting than we can describe it in words; yet if you have the opportunity of seeing the three illustrations in that book and

comparing them carefully with the accompanying letterpress, they will certainly help you to make a better mental picture of a conception which is perhaps new and strange to you. It is indeed glorious beyond all imagination. We read in sacred Scriptures about streets of gold and pearly gates and the throne that is like unto an emerald, and so on, and it all sounds extravagant and out of reach, and one thinks: "That is something written only in books; in real life we do not see these things." But we *do*. There are things just as grand as—nay, infinitely grander than—that, and only when we have learnt to see upon these higher planes can we really imagine what that unfortunate Jewish scribe was trying vainly to portray.

We, too, try sometimes in these modern days to describe these wonderful sights of the higher worlds. We do not talk now about streets of gold and gates of jasper; we speak more of Egyptian sunsets and the glory of light and colour; but we fail just as much as did the writers of old to tell you what these things really are. And music is of all things effective and glorious in that higher world, where the forms which it builds and the colours which it throws out are visible. Each note is a touch of the brush, a little stone in the building, a tiny contribution, yet an essential part of the glories of these vast architectural shapes constructed by the wonderful outpourings of musical genius.

A fugue of Bach gives a very definite form—rugged and yet symmetrical, bold yet precise in its detail. The same music will always build the same form and give the same colours; but the size of the form depends upon that of the orchestra or organ, and, of course, the excellence or inferiority of the performance shows itself in the astral world. When it is perfectly done, the form is perfect—splendid beyond all words. If the performance should be merely mechanical, we have quite a different effect. It is very difficult to explain the difference, but perhaps the best I can say is that the thought-edifice looks as though it were built of cheap materials! It has not the splendour and richness and effectiveness—and if, perchance, somebody should sing a trifle flat, or anything of that sort, it would show distinctly as a disharmony in the colour.

One especially interesting point is that these forms do not die away as rapidly as does the sound, but they persist for some time after the piece has been ended. Of course we know that sound does not really die away when we think it does; it goes on into space in all directions. We cannot hear it beyond a certain distance, but the vibration still continues. Perhaps the best way that I can express it is to say that we fill this music-form with wonderful spiritual life, and so long as it persists it goes on radiating that exhilarating and uplifting influence.

So you have this at least to remember, you who sing and you who play—that you are doing far more for other people than you know; that it is not only those who hear who will be affected by the music that you play, because you build on these higher levels a form which will persist for perhaps an hour or two, and during all that time will be radiating out its uplifting influence, so that you will unquestionably help a number of people of whom you have never heard or even thought. Thus you do much more than you know for the helping of mankind.

That is one of the most glorious and beautiful things about the right kind of music sympathetically performed; not only does it give the keenest pleasure, not only is it one of the greatest of all educations, but everything that the true musician does is helpful to others also, and he is spreading a very high variant of spiritual power. He is doing good

even though he is not in the least thinking about it, being simply wrapped in the glory of the music which he is rendering.

All this may be quite new to some of my readers. It may even strike them as strange, as improbable, because they have never seen it. Nevertheless, I, who have spent most of my life in studying these things, can bear testimony that this higher life exists, that all these things are realities, and that, whether they know it or not, musicians are producing these effects of which I have written. I should think that in so far as they are able to accept the idea it should be an encouragement to them. It should give them added pleasure to feel that they are in that way shedding a benign influence around them and doing good to their fellow creatures all the time.

Much more I could tell you about the curious variations in different types of music, and even in the same piece of music rendered differently. The effect produced by playing a piece upon a great Church organ and the effect of the same piece performed by an orchestra would be identical as far as the shape and colour went, and yet quite different in what I suppose we must call texture. Also you attain with stringed instruments—the violins and violoncellos—a far greater accuracy and delicacy than you can with the organ, which is tuned like a piano to an equal temperament, and so is not perfectly in tune with any key. All that shows itself in the shape and colour of the form.

Supposing you play a solo on the violin and then have the same melody taken as a solo on the flute, you will have *almost* the same colour and the same shape, yet the quality is somehow quite different; one is, as it were, of a different texture from the other.

There are of course many kinds of good music. If we should play, for example, one of Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte,* we should build up a beautiful airy structure like silver filigree work, wonderfully light and graceful. Even the simplest air may produce curves of beauty. Of course I do not say that all musical forms are necessarily lovely. I have seen some very curious broken forms surrounding an academy for young ladies at the time of the practising-hour. But at the same time, though you may think it rather odd, a child practising scales throws out lasso-like loops and curves which are not without a certain beauty, so long as there are no broken links.

In the case of a four-part song or a glee, we see four lines of colour intertwining beautifully and wonderfully with one another, and it is most interesting to study the obvious difference between the soprano and the tenor, or the alto and the bass. They can be distinguished in a moment, although the intertwining often makes most lovely patterns. The same is true of the four parts of a hymn such as we sing in Church. There we have sometimes very fine effects. The different verses of a hymn make a succession of forms more or less alike, which follow one another and make a procession of these coloured forms. With a song which has a chorus we see a sort of silver line of melody and great beads strung upon it. The chorus makes each time a swelling out like a bead strung upon the string. Military music has a very wonderful effect—harsh, of course, but full of strength and virility and martial ardour. One need not be a soldier to appreciate the effect of military music.

Men who are fine musicians can do almost anything they like with people who are at all sensitive to music. If they join in a concert, they can bring their audience to the verge of tears, or arouse martial ardour in them. They can play upon their audience as they play upon their instruments, and that is largely due to the effect of the unseen part of the music on the higher

and inner part of the man. It is interesting to see how it affects people, how it stirs up certain parts of their natures. Then there is a curious sort of reaction there, because of the emotions aroused by the music, of whatever kind they may be; they in their turn produce vibrations, and so we have the splendid form of the music interlaced, as it were, intertwined with the other astral form which is the effect of the emotions called forth in the people by the music. That, again, is another interesting study, because although that form, too, is built of colours and vibrations, yet they are perfectly distinct from those made by the music itself.

I think one may be almost sure that some of our great composers saw as well as heard and felt the effect of the music which they were composing. When you see the beautiful ordered architecture of some of these wonderful pieces, you can hardly escape a conviction, a certainty that the man who composed that saw as well as heard. It may well have been so, for it is easily possible for one who is sensitive to know and hear strange things. I have heard that Mozart once said that a whole oratorio sometimes came to him in one crash, like one mighty chord; but when he came to write it out, to orchestrate it, it took him days to express it. But he said it came to him with one mighty crash. I can understand that, though I cannot readily explain it, because I know that under certain higher conditions one feels just that effect of having something—some explanation or some instruction—poured out upon one all at once, in a moment; but when one tries to write down that explanation or instruction one finds that it fills many pages. I have repeatedly had that experience.

I suppose that all this may seem somewhat strange to many musical readers, but I assure you it represents the facts. What knowledge I have of the subject is the result of forty-five years of study, and whether musicians can accept it all or not, I think it will be of some interest to them to hear that there is another and an inner side to their art, and that its result in a higher world is such as cannot be conceived in our normal senses and under normal conditions. There is a glory and beauty which is beyond all words. The best way to realize something of that is to be swept up into it by the glory of music. There must, I think, be among them some who have had glimpses of this sort of thing. I rather frequently meet with people who see something of colour wherever music is played. It is not unusual; and we are told that these higher powers will come to all in due course. The people who happen to have them now are only those who have developed them, by hard work or by study, a little in advance of others. All mankind will one day have the power to see as well as to hear when these splendid masterpieces are performed; happy are they who even now have anticipated that unfoldment ! C.W.L.

OUR AMBASSADOR TO THE WORLD CONGRESS

Bishop Arundale was appointed by the Section Executive on July 4th the official representative of the Australian Section at the World Congress to be held at Chicago August 24-29. While giving expression to the views of the minority, he will generally uphold the Statement published in our June number reasserting complete confidence in the President's leadership, declaring against any change in the Three Objects of the Society, reaffirming the principle of complete individual freedom within the supreme neutrality of the Society, and proclaiming the Theosophical Society to be amidst many collateral brotherhood movements the great cornerstone. These four points will form the basis of important discussions in Congress.

Bishop Arundale

None but those in close touch with Bishop Arundale have any conception of the strenuous life he lives or the power and energy he puts into the Theosophical Movement. His life at The Manor is a continuous round of engagements, but so consummate a master of his craft takes everything in his stride and has ample time for leisure and for brooding—brooding is in fact fundamental to his work. Like the orderly procession of the worlds, daily life for him is a ritual, part of the cosmic ritual, and working with the cosmic ritual he makes the most of life. And it is life he is concerned with, it is life which he pours out through forms, through the Theosophical Society, through the Church, through Masonry, through many forms—he uses them all, fills them all as far as he is able, transcending them all as he transcends personality. It is life which to him is vital—life as Krishnaji conceives it, filling the forms or breaking them as they are able or unable to express it. To take over the spiritual responsibility to the Elder Brethren for so important a work is no light task for anyone other than Bishop Leadbeater, though it is easier for the foundations he has raised; the Australian Atlas has indeed a weight on his shoulders, the duty of irrigating the field with the living waters from on high, from the inner fountain of divinity. Bishop Arundale pours out life lavishly—upon the individual, into movements. When he speaks he speaks torrentially, when he gives he gives generously, when he plans he plans in big scale measures. He lacks men more than money, for money seems to come, but men are rare who have the gift to co-operate in a big moving campaign, though he has the happy feeling faculty of being able to utilize every talent that is offered.

Blavatsky Lodge had no sooner invited him to succeed Professor Wood as President than he adjusted the form to enable his life to flow more freely through the Lodge, and so into the Section. Until June 19th he had worked in other ways, but the new relation he has established with the Section through the Lodge will provide an added channel through which he can infuse life into the whole organization. His inaugural address to the Lodge stressed the keynote of brotherhood renewed in life, a triumph of life in forms. His reissue of the *Blavatsky Lodge News*—a two-page leaflet figuring H.P.B. on the top left-hand corner—is a means through which he radiates from the centre to the circumference, and beyond. Through *The Southern Cross* he shines Masonically on seven hundred brethren throughout the Commonwealth. Through *The St. Alban* he makes a channel to every Church member in his diocese. Through *The Australian Theosophist* he addresses every Theosophist in the Section. Those he cannot reach by travelling—whether in the Section, the Church, the Craft, the Lodge—he communicates with by the printed word; he is a great publicist. If an Australian Star paper still existed the Star people would hear from him through that. He is so all-inclusive. And in the wider sphere of the State he announces a new ideal of citizenship through *Advance ! Australia* which will reach some thousands of Australians, side by side with a similar influential campaign amongst five hundred editors and their reading public organized by the Section's Press Bureau. The mass effect of all this impact on the public must be fairly substantial; who knows but that the incessant flow of brotherliness and goodwill may not have averted, or yet avert, a revolution. Optimistic ? Granted, but streams of hatred are flowing, and streams of love do neutralize streams of hatred, and continuous streaming of love must win, for love is greatest and

evil is ultimately naught. The thousands of idealists who work for Australia's advancement unaware of the plan vouchsafed to us Theosophists will work more effectively and purposefully in so far as we envisage Australia's goal and definitely orient their activities to it. And an Australia standing nationally for Brotherhood is the goal and every step on the way.

When Bishop Arundale goes to America—he leaves Sydney on July 27th and arrives back on October 10th —he will be working for Australia the whole ten weeks, for his thoughts will be ever with us, as they were on his journey to America three years ago. From a World Congress he will bring new power and new inspiration for the spiritualizing of our lusty young Commonwealth. Shall we not see to it that his work suffers no reaction in the meantime, that we sustain and advance it to the point to which he would have advanced it, and further if possible. A gripping job, and one that should stir our very souls to promote it.

To Bishop Arundale and the beautiful Rukmini we wish a happy journey, a full measure of deep and joyous experience and safe return to carry on the work to which we, with them, are committed in the service of the KING and to the greater glory of Australia.

J.L.D.

The Freedom of the Child

By Norna Morton

A little boy holding a feather in his hand ran to greet his mother, saying: "Look, Mother, the bird has come off the feather." And ever the adult and the child continue to see everything from radically different viewpoints. It is a controversial question who is right. The answer to a question will alternate as you ask first the child and then the adult. They speak different languages. What an experience it would be were we vouchsafed the power to change places with a child for an hour, for the outlook of our childhood is long forgotten. Would we be flattered by the little one's opinion of us ?

Children are very keen and close observers, constantly weighing on their scales of justice all our doings. Though by oft repeated imitation of our behaviour their characters are greatly moulded, they are free agents, developing independently. Indeed our little children are denizens of another realm, dwellers in a world far remote from our own, and not yet bound by our rules and regulations. A prophet declaiming on the time of the coming of childhood's greatest ally once said: "A little child shall lead them." If only we would let ourselves be led we also could be wanderers in the child's enchanted land, thus enlarging our outlook on life, and our understanding of life; and if we could cherish and foster all child life with the wisdom of His all-embracing love our attitude towards living would undergo a vast transformation.

Every environment, even the most ordinary, holds for a child an infinite variety of objects, the meaning and use of which the small child must laboriously commit to memory. All too frequently children are hustled and hurried by older people who are forgetful of the strain involved in using objects strange and unfamiliar. When a youth is apprenticed to a trade he is given ample time to con his tasks, but the child novice is rarely extended this same concession. He is hurried from the first day he endeavours to walk. I think few of us have stopped to consider how numerous are the things the uses of which the child must learn, and

how manifold the "do's" and "don'ts" he must commit to his undeveloped memory. As unmerited as wrong are the reproofs hurled at children. Failure, due to lack of time, to grasp the meaning of a command or the use of a utensil is too often interpreted as negligence. Children should be free, for child life is the precious jewel of the nation; its preservation and complete unfoldment must be the primary desire of all who would see their country flourish.

Inevitably children are influenced both by environment and heredity, but they must be gloriously free to remain essentially themselves. It is not by segregating the child that this is best achieved, but by an environment crowded with as many things and people as possible, and by providing new avenues for the employment of the child's rapidly increasing energies. If this is not done, the only alternative for the child is to turn his interest back upon himself. Keep childhood's attention always outward turned, and there will be a free flowing and giving of self. If this free giving of self and childish ideas is made habitual in childhood, then with the dawning of youth, when thoughts are inward turned, the youth or maid will find the door ajar to an inexhaustible reservoir, the wide world of ideas, and life will flow easily and unendingly.

In child-care the truest solvent for awkward situations is a little imagination—unless of course we resort to primitive methods of force and fear, thereby admitting failure in ourselves and an incapacity to maintain order without resort to cowardly actions. It is frequently imagined that maltreatment begins and ends with the physical actions. Too frequently, though, are the subtler facets of the child's nature submitted to storms from which recovery is never complete. Richness of experience embraces a knowledge of all the world's sorrows and pain. Roughly presented, such experience dulls the beauty of childhood, smashes the crystal facets of its scintillating nature. Rightly experienced these sorrows, with the skill of the gem cutter and polisher, cut away as pain must at some stage the cords and matrixes which hold the individual, leaving him an independent, strong, flashing jewel. Mental and emotional domination is impoverishing our youth, and unless more money is expended on individual teaching, it would seem as though no immediate redress were possible. Without individual training how can we hope to make the most of our child material ? Forced discipline and domination develop in children an aggressive or bullying attitude, or else cause repressions and stunt a lovely flowering of character. It is of the utmost importance that these things should be avoided, for society's rise or stagnation depends upon the energetic living of each separate unit.

Repeated sacrifice of the individual to the general rule is not wise with the new child and the new youth. Everywhere we see signs of a new type arising with a new mentality and a finer and keener sense of perception. Accepted laws and customs fail to bind modern youth, old fashions are flung to the winds. Freedom is its creed, and the individual's rights are the keynote of the new democracy. Now even little children seem to be born with the feeling for their democratic rights, and the freedom that grown men expect in their civic life is demanded by children from parents and teachers.

No matter how young the child, this freedom should not be denied. Out of this freedom is born self-respect and self-discipline. These are lasting powers to be counted on in childhood whether the teacher is present or absent, to be counted on in manhood whether external law is enforced or lacking—they are an integral part of a free citizen's life.

In dealing with children, in all departments of life, we need a new and

wider horizon. Methods successful yesterday are outworn today. Life is racing on. Invention and science are lords of civilization. If the ethical side of life were paralyzed for a moment, if the currents of idealism ceased to flow for a moment, materialism would win the day. Therefore educationists must make the most of their vocation, for it is a nation-building business. Perhaps education would achieve greater purpose if instead of instilling facts and aiding in the acquiring of certificates it implanted a deep and abiding love of culture, a sense and appreciation of all that is beautiful. We would have fewer B.A.'s and M.A.'s, but on the other hand there would be more life-long students of living things. And what after all is the value of learning and culture if it does not make men capable of looking upon life more broadly and humanly ?

Through ignorance we turn the child back upon itself. When the baby cries, it is silenced by a comforter which the wee mite sucks and forgets the wide world and its self-content. When the adolescent looks for the reason of life, we greet him with some form of archaic religion which smugly denies reason and purpose for all things but offers base promises—again a comforter, and again the outward-going impulse is quelled. Instead, let the burning desire to go outward and to investigate go unsatisfied, and people would see that experience is nobler than comfort. The world would probably be soon peopled with heretics, but they would be glorious heretics, rendered free to interpret all impulses in a natural way.

With birth a child ceases to belong to any living being, though its physical well-being must be guarded until it is old enough to care for itself. "Your little children are not your children. They are the sons and daughters of life longing for itself. You may give them your love, but not your thoughts. You house their bodies, but not their souls. For their souls dwell in the house of tomorrow, which you cannot visit, not even in your dreams. You may strive to be like them, but not to make them like you. For life goes not backward, nor tarries with yesterday."

THE PRESS BUREAU

Most of the newspapers using the Advance Australia News Service acknowledge the service, though acknowledgment is quite optional, as we indicated in the letter which we addressed with the first "copy" dispatched to all editors. The *Maryborough Chronicle* had the courtesy to introduce the service to its readers with the following passage from our letter:—

"This service will stand for Australia first, for an Australia that is moving in spite of internal difficulties to her rightful place and high destiny among the nations. It will envisage Australia and her duty in relation to the Empire and the rest of the world. It will promote patriotism as fundamental to the welfare of the Commonwealth, and an attitude of practical and constructive idealism towards its national problems. This new service is another gift to the Commonwealth by the Theosophical Society, which has for three years endeavoured to develop an ideal Australia through the monthly journal *Advance! Australia*, which set up 2 GB Broadcasting Station in Sydney, and which has in many ways worked for the country's advancement against retrograde influences."

Up to July 10th thirty papers had published articles from our News Service, aggregating 2110 inches, equivalent to 95 columns 22 inches in length. This measurement is made from voucher copies returned to the Section Office, but other journals are using our news-letters which do not return vouchers. A Brisbane trade journal used our article, "Two Kinds of Arbitration," as an editorial, as also did other papers, and other items have been placed in the editorial columns. Some papers publish the whole service, others select special items; the cumulative effect throughout the Commonwealth must be to intensify the patriotic spirit and the tone for which the Theosophical Society stands before the world.

Mr. Jinarajadasa's Visit to Rio

Mr Jinarajadasa's visit to Rio de Janeiro has a special interest for Australian members, because the Brazilian capital is an important Theosophical Centre, bearing the same relation to South America that Sydney does to Australia, and because South America is to be the cradle of the 7th Sub-race. Our Latin-American brothers responded joyously to Mr. Jinarajadasa's message of beauty.

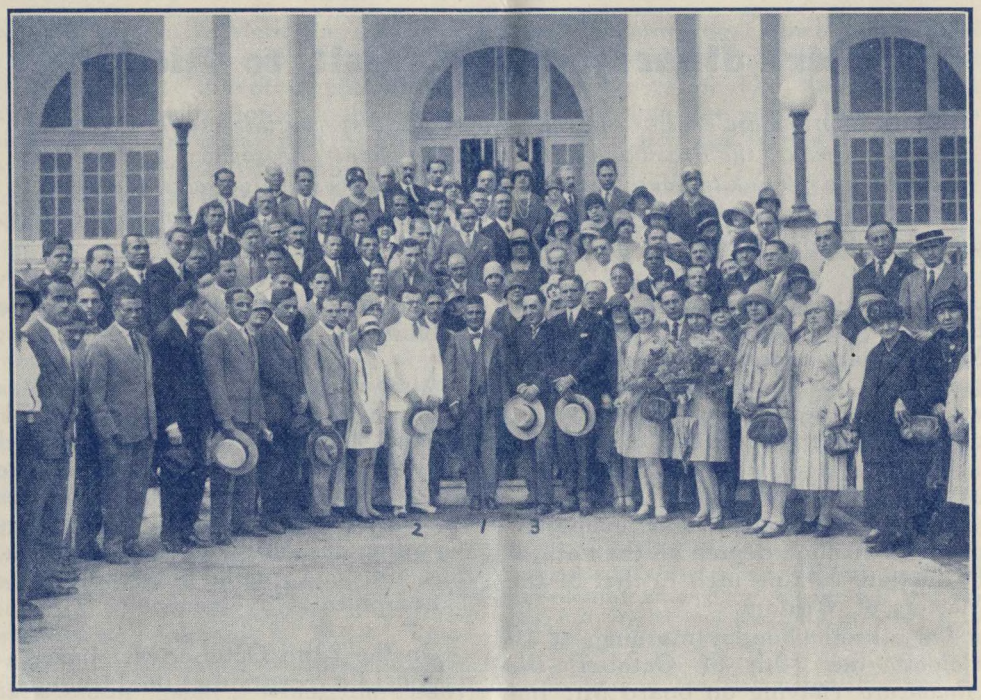
The anxiously expected arrival in Brazil of the great Indian Theosophist, Mr. C. Jinarajadasa, was a very important event for the spiritual movement which at present is causing the whole of South America to vibrate.

The enormous work realized among us within the short space of forty-five days is an eloquent and exuberant proof of his high degree on the Path of Perfection, coming nigh to that of the Masters of Wisdom.

On a bright Sunday morning, at 10 o'clock, the 10th of October, the *Almanzora* (having on board Mr. Jinarajadasa) came alongside the quay, where a committee of reception and practically all the Theosophists of Rio de Janeiro were assembled to present their welcome to the illustrious visitor. On descending from the boat, Mr. Jinarajadasa was first saluted by the National President of the Theosophical Society of Brazil (Dr. Juvenal Meirelles Mesquita), who expressed the great satisfaction of all Theosophists to see Mr. Jinarajadasa tread on Brazilian soil, the country of Universal Fraternity, where the requisites demanded by the Theosophical Society from persons applying for membership were accepted by the Brazilian people. Immediately afterwards Mr. Jinarajadasa, in a motor car placed at his disposal by the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, and accompanied by the National President (Dr. Juvenal M. Mesquita) the Rev. Aleixo A. de Souza (private secretary) and by Dr. and Mrs. Deocleciano dos Santos, first and second secretaries of the Theosophical Society, journeyed to the latter's house at Avenida Paulo Frontin, where Mr. Jinarajadasa resided during his stay in Rio de Janeiro.

Already previous to his arrival, as well as during his stay, the press took a lively interest in the distinguished visitor and the ideals for which he stands, and many articles and notices appeared in the principal newspapers regarding his individuality and work, thus arousing public interest in the Theosophical Movement.

On the 22nd October Mr. Jinarajadasa held a reception at the Headquarters of the Theosophical Society, where all members of all the Lodges of Rio and Nictheroy, and representatives of Bello Horizonte, were present. The meeting was opened by the National Secretary presenting the illustrious visitor and congratulating himself and the Theosophical Society in Brazil on having been accorded the happy opportunity of entertaining so renowned a messenger of the White Lodge Mr. Jinarajadasa then delivered to the Brazilian Theosophists a brilliant lecture in English and translated into Portuguese by his secretary, revealing that Brazil, and specially Rio de Janeiro, was destined to have a glorious spiritual future and a great mission to carry out in the evolution of the peoples inhabiting the South American Continent, by preparing the ground for the seventh sub-race, the cradle of which would stand in this enchanting part of the American Continent. The lecture was accompanied by some exquisite passages of music executed by notable professors and singers.



RECEPTION OF MR. JINARAJADASA AT RIO DE JANEIRO

1 MR. JINARAJADASA. 2 DR. MESQUITA, NATIONAL PRES. 3 DR. IVAN GALVAO, VICE-PRES.

The night of the 23rd October was consecrated to the members of the Esoteric School.

On the 24th October visits were paid to some of the remarkable spots of the city and surroundings, including the Botanical Gardens; at night Mr. Jinarajadasa assisted at a performance at the Trianon Theatre.

The first public lecture was given on 25th October, at the National Institute of Music, which was completely filled. Mr. Jinarajadasa addressed the public in Italian in introduction to his lecture on "The Idealism of Theosophy." This splendid address was received with the greatest applause and enthusiasm.

Next day Mr. Jinarajadasa visited the National Museum and inspected the interesting collection of pottery and other curios left by the Marajos Indians, demonstrating the existence of a very early civilization on the Continent, the roots of which are to be found in the ancient Empire of the Toltecs in remote Peru. On the same night Mr. Jinarajadasa addressed the members of the Theosophical Society, presenting a general scheme to follow in years to come. He duly dealt with the Theosophical work in its various aspects and gave clearly outlined suggestions as to how each different temperament might adapt itself to some particular kind of work, and therein excel in usefulness and fraternity.

On the 27th October he went to see some parts of the environs of Rio, famous for their beauty; and on Sunday, the 28th, he visited the former Hamsa (now Rio de Janeiro) Lodge, dealing with the work a Theosophical Lodge should execute; part of the afternoon was spent at the house of Dra. Nina Flores, of the Pythagoras Lodge, who delighted the visitors with an exposition of the culture of the ancient Incas, illustrated with passages of exclusively Inca music.

(To be concluded)

Krishnaji The Modern

By the General Secretary

Religion is out of fashion and most religious teachers are out-of-date. Not so with Krishnaji. He is the world's outstanding figure in all departments of life because he is abreast of the times and understands the spirit of today. For centuries the Church has been teaching obsolete ideas in outworn phrases, far behind the knowledge of the day, instead of assimilating the newest thought and urging men on to new achievements. While this is unhappily true of some priesthoods bound by the literal interpretation of the scriptures, it most emphatically is not true of that inner body which is the source of all religious instruction, the Great White Brotherhood. In that organization there is the stability of age-old wisdom, and because of this a quality of up-to-dateness, of business-like efficiency which we find reflected in a modern business institution. In the perfect management of an up-to-date factory in perhaps a thousand different functions, from the receipt of an order to its prompt despatch, we have a small analogy to the organized activity which has existed in perfection in that Brotherhood from time immemorial. In this Brotherhood there is no obsoleteness or inefficiency.

It is thus to be expected that the manifestation of the World-Teacher should be in every sense modern, even ultra-modern. That Brotherhood has so guided the world's activity that the modern spirit prevails in the world; and the same spirit is commended and developed by the World-Teacher as the Brotherhood's representative. Instead of the traditional figure of the Man of Sorrows, however much of inspiration there is for many in that symbol, here is a youth, full of living fire, eager to experience, to adventure, to know, to create, and to enjoy. He has transformed the Path of Woe into the Path to the Kingdom of Happiness. Energetic he is, quick and powerful, beautiful in action. The American newspapers figure a "World-Teacher who plays tennis," a New York journal showing far more respect for his mysticism because he is a "quietly dressed modern" than if he came dressed in white robes and sandals and used the methods of ancient Galilee. Says the editor of the *Nation* (New York): "Mystic power may cheerfully inhabit a body that can swing a racket and a mind that can appreciate Voltaire. Even interviews and trips on the Twentieth Century Limited should be compatible with modern saintliness." Jesus strode the valleys of Palestine talking to small groups of people; Krishnaji addresses amphitheatre and camp audiences running into thousands, and the magic of radio gives him the ear of millions. In him as the one world figure of today is personified the spirit of the modern movement.

How to be modern—that is the all-important idea ruling our minds. No longer for us the calm philosophy which says that time is an illusion, or the dignity of Oriental resignation: "Sit down and wait till the hurry is over." The modern spirit is one of speed. Step on the accelerator, and go straight to your goal. How hard for the peace-loving, gentle spirits who long for quiet meditation on the Infinite—how wonderful for clear-minded quick-thinking men. "Get on or get out" is the modern tendency. From this tendency comes knowledge that progress or evolution is the plan of God, and speeding up follows from this knowledge. At first a somewhat selfish ambition to acquire more for

oneself, this speed impulse becomes at a higher level a noble aspiration inspiring one to hasten on to spiritual heights, drawing the world with him. For while progress from individualization to Initiation is inevitably slow, the progress which a man makes when he takes himself in hand is enormously quickened—as much faster as geometrical is faster than arithmetrical progression. The Great Ones move in powerful speed.

Contrast the up-to-date person with the out-of-date. The former desires constant change—change of everything, and particularly method, while to the latter the things of yesterday are still satisfying. The good old things can always be decorated differently, presented in new ways, and the out-of-date people look with horror upon any inclination to assign them to the scrap-heap of worn-out things. The truly modern will throw aside anything that is not of immediate use. He will trust to finding a new instrument or a new method or device when he requires it, an improvement on the present one, in contradistinction to his friend who puts by many things which "may come in useful."

Now Krishnaji is a rebel. The seed of dissatisfaction sown long ago in humanity has grown into a strong and powerful weed. It is growing in everybody's garden, and instead of neglecting it, trying to smother it, Krishnaji, the gardener, waters the weed. For as the briar is an important ally of the rose-grower, so the weed of dissatisfaction can be turned into a useful plant. Krishnaji works to awaken great dissatisfaction with things as they are. Good they may be for their creators in the past, but they are not good enough for the modern world, since the modern world has not created them. Hence one sees Krishnaji as the embodiment of the new phase in art which at first amazes everybody. In the music of today many of the old traditions are ignored, and instead of the harmony to which we have been accustomed there is frequently disharmony. In the Slavic school one's conventional sensibilities are considerably jarred at first, yet one cannot but commend the courage which throws off the bondage of the past. Does it not happen alike with musician and World-Teacher that for the sake of the future they must sacrifice pleasure in past achievement, that they may lead the way to new creations ? And here is a source of much misunderstanding, that some will not realize that the Teacher closes his eyes to much that has been glorious in the past—works of his own inspiring, works which he still inspires—that he may found a new order. He does not condemn the past, but he insists that if the past is allowed to enslave the present it will prevent a great future. Modernity requires rebellion in her subjects, and Krishnaji is the arch-rebel against enslaving traditions.

Rebellion, however, is insufficient; it must be, as Krishnaji says, an intelligent revolt. At first it looks as though rebellion is a backward step, but it is in actual fact part of a new campaign in which one must return to fundamental principles. Let us illustrate by architecture. In the Gothic style, building passed through an evolution to a magnificent climax beyond which this form of art cannot be carried. The soaring arches, the massive towers and slender pinnacles, embodying the holy aspirations of men, have reached the summit of perfection; in this style, architecture has realized its highest possibilities. It only remains for the builder according to this past method to alter within the limitations prescribed—by elaborating the ornament, perhaps adding an apse here or a cloister there. The modern builder must throw over this past. He cannot despise these, the most lovely creations in stone that the world has ever seen—neither does the World-Teacher despise the devotions and

sacrifices, the spiritual edifices, of the past; but both deliberately shut their eyes to that glory while they endeavour to lay the foundations of new and equally noble orders. The modern architect has by no means achieved it. His work is still inferior to the heaven-ascending spires of Gothic days. Yet there are possibilities in this new architecture which rouse our admiration. It is sincere; it is strong; it is straight. But to be art it must raise these qualities to be the ministers of a lofty ideal, and attempts are being made in this direction. This is another of the similarities between Krishnaji and the modern spirit—only Krishnaji is the modern who works with knowledge of what he wants, while others are still experimenting.

The new psychology and its practical application to life illustrate another of Krishnaji's up-to-date methods. He urges 100 per cent. efficiency in life, and teaches us how to get it. Psychology has classified the regions of man's consciousness, and psycho-analysts teach us how to bring the great wealth of hidden riches to the surface to be used in the business of life. The psycho-analyst is decidedly a modern, but he is also a person to beware of; by contrasting the teaching of Krishnaji, the supreme psycho-analyst, with the attempts of the schools one finds that many of them give only partial glimpses which throw the details of life out of proportion. Krishnaji adjures us to live like Gods; he shows us how to do so. No professional psycho-analyst has taught us that—therefore Krishnaji is an ultra-modern.

Two more examples of the position Krishnaji holds in the forefront of progress may be taken in painting and education. While Krishnaji is very definite and clear about many things, some points of his teaching are intentionally vague—vague like impressionist paintings. The intent is the same in both cases. There is a tendency for the eye to be satisfied with the perfection of form and line in a painting, and for the mind to be satisfied with the definition of some truth, without the inner eye discerning the reality which these forms are intended to convey. To combat this satisfaction which imposes limitations, the painter and the poet, likewise Krishnaji the Teacher, give unfinished forms. It is not that they cannot finish their work in perfect detail, but their desire is to turn the mind from the material to the spiritual world. This vagueness and indefiniteness is an intelligent part of Krishnaji's methods, and he accomplishes what many of the lesser artists attempt but fail to achieve.

It is natural to expect that he who represents the department of education in the spiritual government should be skilled as an educationist. In his early years *Education as Service* put Krishnaji in the forefront of educationists, and today he awakens in the most amazing way in thousands of people the desire to be self-reliant and to express their individuality. He has faith in every human being. One cannot doubt after seeing Krishnaji and understanding his mission that there is uniqueness in each one of us worthy of development and expression. The era of Montessori and other pioneers paved the way for the crowning certainty of Krishnaji the educationist. As Teacher, Krishnaji is supremely modern.

The teaching of Krishnaji is variously described as wonderful, fascinating, stirring, simple and profound. Every different individual will recognize in it a different set of beauties, but one who can typify all that is best in art, education, and religion, one who can take the vexatious problem of sin and change it into power, one who can lead in every progressive activity of the world—he is certainly a modern —he is an overtowering genius.

The Call of The World-Mother

By Geoffrey Hodson

The student of contemporary history and sociology can hardly fail to be impressed by the urgent need which has arisen for a change in the present attitude of the race towards marriage and parenthood. The time has surely come when the mother must be restored to the high place which once she held in the hearts and minds of men, when the mother must be recognized as the representative of the Mother-aspect of the Deity, just as the baby is the symbol of the Christ-child newly born.

Whilst attempting recently to pursue some investigations into this great subject, and more especially into the conditions of pre-natal life and their relation to health and disease, the author found himself unexpectedly drawn into communication with a Consciousness infinitely greater than his own, in which the feminine aspect of the Deity seemed to predominate. The ancient divinities, Isis, Ishtar, Venus and a long line of such female avatars were recognized as manifestations of that consciousness, and a fragment of the truth concerning them was revealed.

Such experiences are extremely difficult to translate into words, but it seemed as if the inherent femininity of all things became apparent. The divine immanence seemed definitely feminine. God, the Eternal Mother, was present in the heart of every atom, not so much as a power, nor as a form, but rather as the Source of all power and the Conserver and Nutrifier of all forms.

Many phrases, such as "Isis, the Eternal Mother of the World," "Mary, the Star of the Sea," and still older concepts, apparently belonging to religions of the long-forgotten past, entered the mind, and an actual form presented itself to the inner consciousness. It was that of a woman, divinely beautiful, supremely spiritual, radiant and perfect, remote yet everywhere present, the in-dwelling life residing in the heart of Nature—indeed, Nature's very self seemed to shine forth in perfect female form.

These, at best, are only words, almost meaningless save to others who have also seen; yet having seen, they need no words. To the author, it seemed as though the Figure spoke, and, as It spoke, changed into the likeness of the Madonna. Our Lady was calling to the world.

This call does not belong to time and space; it is the eternal call of the World-Mother to Her children throughout all worlds. Forever She is calling Her children home; brooding over them, inspiring them, and ever drawing them nearer to Herself. Yet, when the call is heard by one still limited by time and space, with ears almost deafened by the sounds of earth, he interprets in terms of his own mind and hears a special call to his own times.

Feeble, indeed, are the words which follow, for they convey but a fragment of the true call, which is for ever sounding forth and will sound until all Her sons have found their way home.

Our Lady, once the Holy Mother of the Lord, now the Divine Mother of the World, sends forth a great appeal to men to share in Her work for the mothers of mankind. She broods over the human race. Incarnate in every woman and immanent in every child, She sees herself in every mother and Her Son in every babe. She appeals to all the foremost thinkers and leaders in the world, calling them to rally beneath Her banner and devote themselves to the service of the women of their race; to work for the exalta-

tion of the ideal of parenthood, and to form a body of strong and chivalrous protectors of the weak.

She seeks a world-wide response to such ideals, and would have men plan international endeavour to reach the hearts and minds of all the nations of the world and plead with them for the sacred cause of motherhood.

The degradation of the woman of earth must cease; the stain of that degradation must be wiped away. The children must be born with joy; the mother must be surrounded with love and gentleness, harmony, beauty and peace, for she needs the best that civilization can provide for her. No offering is too great to repay her for the service she renders as mother of mankind. She must be taught the spiritual significance of her place in life, and be prepared for her service to her race by spiritual exercises of devotion and of prayer.

Slums and overcrowded areas, ill-ventilated rooms, ugly surroundings, vice, self-indulgence and lack of cleanliness and fresh air make motherhood a ghastly tragedy for thousands of the women of the world. All these evils must be removed. Mothers must be taken out of the slums and crowded areas into the pure air and beauty of the countryside. Fit dwelling-places must be prepared for the sacrament of birth. The physicians of the world must band themselves together to bring about this much-needed reform.

When thinkers and idealists meet together to plan and to prepare for the civilization and culture of the coming age, I would have them hold within their thoughts the mothers of their children, and the children too. Their difficulties will be greatly diminished if they will but care tenderly for all mothers and mothers-to-be. All the seeds of sickness, crime, misery and shame are sown during pre-natal life. Is it not clear that all these things are latent in the body and the soul, planted there during the months of waiting for birth ?

She, the Holy Mother Herself, enters into every chamber of birth. She gives Her services in the slum, the prison and the tenement. No woman is so low as to be outside the range of Her all-embracing love. She honours even the most degraded for the sake of the divine Mother, which She ever sees within each one. She sanctifies the shrine of birth and welcomes every human babe into this sublunary abode.

If thus She serves, will not mankind give service, too ?

An order of the servants of the Mother of the World is needed to plan and carry out this work on earth, and, in addition, to send out strong thoughts of the great ideal of perfect womanhood and happy motherhood charged with Her power and ensouled by Her angel-representatives. If every organized society, both religious and secular, would devote but a measure of its time and energy to this great cause, the future of the race would be changed as by a miracle. The physique and the consciousness of the children of the coming age would be improved beyond all imagining. If philanthropic bodies, medical societies and Masonic brotherhoods could be brought to recognize the urgency of the need, and to use their knowledge and power in bringing about reform, a magnificent future for the race would be assured.

The splendid ideal of perfect womanhood, once more presented to the world, would find an answer in every human heart, for none has grown so cold to love and tenderness as to be deaf to the call of the Mother of the World. Her service must have its place in every forward movement and in every measure of reform. The concept of the Mother Aspect of the Deity must be brought back into the religion of the West, so that it may permeate every order of society. Of what real value is the consecrating of churches and shrines to Our Lady, if, by their

acts and in their lives, men deny the very principle for which She labours from age to age ?

Our Lady seeks those who will serve Her, watches for those who will answer to Her call and become enrolled as knights in Her service. No greater need has ever been for chivalry and knightly enterprise than is at present manifest in all the countries of the world. Her knights will reap the full measure of reward, for She Herself will lead them, will bless and inspire all their undertakings with Her gracious loveliness, Her sweetness and Her power. She draws nearer to the peoples of the earth year by year, seeking for those who will serve Her in Her great task, Her office in the Hierarchy of Those who live from age to age to serve the world.

Every heart which is open to Her call, which feels divine compassion for the mothers of the world, receives the full measure of Her benediction. Loyal servants already She has found in every land; many faithful hearts have answered the call. She also needs great leaders who will plan and organize a world-wide movement which She invisibly will lead. She offers to all men a splendid opportunity, the inestimable privilege of drawing nearer to Her, of working by Her side, and of knowing, face to face, that perfect womanhood of which She is the shining and glorious embodiment.

Thus She is calling in the invisible worlds, that She may find willing servants in the visible world. She calls for men and women who will fight Her battles, plead Her cause before men, and aid and represent Her in Her labours for the coming age.

G.H.

Instinct in Animals

Our Questions and Answers columns are open to members, and answers will be given by authorities on special subjects. Bishop Leadbeater supplies the following:—

QUESTION: How does instinct operate in the animal? Has the group-soul a separate consciousness that guards and directs the physical well-being of the animal, or a group of animals attached to it; or is instinct a certain bias given to the animal consciousness ?

BISHOP LEADBEATER: I should not put the question that way. The group-soul is, of course, evolving like all other souls. It evolves by the experiences brought back into it by the animals which during their lifetime are individual enough. You must not make the mistake of supposing that because the animal is not yet individualized, therefore it is not as you meet it an individual. It is. It has a soul of its own for this life, and while its physical body is alive it is just as much a separate person as you are. But the difference is that after death that consciousness goes back into the group-soul consciousness and is mingled inextricably with it. You cannot take it out again any more than when you have emptied a glass full of water into the bucket. Whatever colouring has been poured into that bucket will be spread over the whole bucket to a slight extent, so that whatever water was taken out of the bucket would bear token of its influence. But while your glass of water is standing the water takes the shape of the vessel, and in that way it is an individual glass full of water. Instead of that glass full of water being separate

for all time, it is poured back into the bucket.

The experience of the individual man is drawn up into his ego and unquestionably affects that. He is supposed to have learnt many lessons during his life and the result of those lessons remains with him. The same with the animal, but it is the whole group-soul which is influenced by the experience, and therefore not to the same extent as it would be if the same water were poured into another vessel. The man gains much more vivid experience. Undoubtedly the effect of the experience gained by each animal belonging to a group-soul does go to the soul as a whole, and therefore the next separate soul withdrawn from that group soul will have a little more knowledge than before the contents of the last life were poured in. I should say that what we call instinct is the knowledge developed by the group-soul. All the animals coming from it would have this same instinct. That is the way I should put it. I do not know whether that is the same thing which you mean by saying that it is a bias given. I suppose you might put it in that way. It seems a little different. Anyhow that is the fact. The experience of each individual goes back into the group-soul and is therefore shared by all future creatures who take their ensoulment from that group. But the animal while he lives is individual.

In the case of the human being I suppose he conveys a certain amount of information to the ego while alive; the bulk of it and the result of any life is absorbed by the ego during the heaven period of the man, but during physical life there is some slight interchange; the amount would vary in different cases. Whether there is anything like that for an animal I do not know. I should not think so. I think the animal's group-soul would have to wait for the result of his life until he gave up that life, since the individualization finally takes place because the animal develops within himself, within that separate body of himself, more than the group-soul could absorb, different things, different materials, different vibrations which would not fit, and that is why and how he breaks off. So I should think it probable that the group-soul does not gain any experience of that kind of which we have been speaking until the animal dies and the reabsorption takes place.

QUESTION: Does the group-soul of a number of animals, say bears, look like a bear?

BISHOP LEADBEATER: In all cases the group-soul looks like a floating cloud, a spherical cloud.

QUESTION: When a fox group-soul has gained all the experience it can get through fox-bodies, does it change its appearance when reincarnating in dog bodies?

BISHOP LEADBEATER: No, it does not. It would have certain higher possibilities in it, but it would not affect its shape at all. As I have told you, it is a floating cloud. There would be certain higher possibilities in it, faithfulness, affection and so on, which a fox does not generally show; perhaps we do not give it a chance.

Captain Sidney Ransom writes from Johannesburg:—"I expect to be here for 12 months, during which period they want me to be the first General Secretary for the new Section, application for which is shortly going forward to the President. The existing Section, *The South African*, covers such a wide area, including not only the four distinct Provinces of the Union, but also the two Rhodesias, Kenya and Portuguese East Africa, that administration has always been a bit difficult. The idea is to form what, for the moment, is suggested as *The Central South African Section*, which would include the Transvaal, and all north of that. However, we shall see. Meanwhile, I am doing my bit.—*Notes and News (London)*.

Work in the Lodges

EXPANSION IN PERTH

Our Sunday night audiences have materially increased since we moved into Arundale Hall, James Street; the simplicity and beauty of the design are acknowledged by the public, and the attraction is to be further increased by the introduction of a music programme, a question night on Theosophy and a symposium. We are grateful for public addresses by Professor and Mrs. Wood, Mr. L. W. Burt and Senator Reid.

Besides study nights, news nights, etc., members' meetings include one night a month controlled by the young people. An experiment that aroused great interest was a night devoted to five minute speeches on Theosophy, members being asked to speak impromptu on "What Theosophy Means." We are planning a Theosophical question night on the same lines. On other nights Mr. I. Curtin dealt with the Minority Report of the Child Endowment Commission, and Dr. Jull gave a lantern talk on the League of Nations.

Although we have our own financial difficulties we are supporting the active Service Fund as much as possible and co-operating wholeheartedly in the All Australia Theosophical work. Our members work in a friendly and happy way and we expect greater expansion in the future.—Clare Tracey.

ADELAIDE WEEKLY LUNCHES

With the winter season, the custom of providing weekly vegetarian lunches has been resumed. This is a splendid means of contact with the public, represented by speakers from prominent organizations. With our Vice-President, Mr. R. B. Paterson, in the chair, Mrs. G. McRitchie outlined the scope of the Workers' Educational Association, Miss Shorney and Miss Nesbit that of the long-established City Mission, mothered by Miss Green. Miss Daisy Curtis, of the Women Police, stressed the policy of her work, preventive rather than punitive. Miss B. Stephens, secretary of the W.N.P.A., spoke of methods employed in seeking to mould laws concerning women and children. Senator Reid voiced our duty to Australia.

Mr. C. F. Fryer, who arranges the talks, invited preachers from branches of the Christian Church, the Rev. L. C. Parkin representing Congregationalism and the Rev. G. E. Hale, M.A., Unitarianism. All addresses are well reported by the press.—Muriel Craigie.

KEW LODGE

Besides readings from the *Ancient Wisdom* and a talk by Mrs. Wright on the Order of Service our programme for May included a meeting conducted by young people, Waldo Bryan speaking on Tolerance, Iris Robinson on Youth and Haden Hindhaugh on Education.

MELBOURNE LODGE NOTES.

The music-loving reputation of Melbourne is well reflected in the attendances at public lectures of the Lodge dealing with some musical subject. Mr. Norman Ingamells' lecture-recitals are invariably crowded, and his recent lecture illustrated by a special programme of music provided by Professor Bernard Heinze and other University Conservatorium artists drew a record attendance for the year. Another popular lecture was given by Mr. Fritz Hart, Director of the Albert Street Conservatorium of Music, who spoke on "The Language of Music." As a composer Mr. Hart was able to give a unique insight into the creative powers of the great Masters.

The Lodge is delighted to welcome to Melbourne on a two years' visit Dr. Demarquette, an eminent French social scientist and writer and lecturer in philosophy and sociology, and his wife, Madame Joy McArden, the Dutch prima donna, who has come to take charge of the School of Opera at the University Conservatorium. Dr. Demarquette has taken an active part in the work of the French Section of the Theosophical Society and was formerly President of a Parisian Lodge. The *Melbourne Herald* (19/6/'29) gave him a lengthy notice. He will make a study of the Australian Aborigines.

Madame McArden, who is an expert linguist, is an ardent disciple and exponent of the old "bel canto" method, as taught by Blanche Marchesi, the direct follower of the Garcia-Marchesi tradition. Her repertoire embraces lieder and songs of all nations, from Purcell, Beethoven, Schubert, to modern English, French and German, and she has sung in opera at Covent Garden, the Paris Opera House, and other European centres. Ravel chose her specially as the artist in two successive years for his Annual Festival, and she has studied all the songs of Grieg in Danish and Norwegian with Madame Grieg, with whom she gave many concerts. Madame McArden made her first public appearance with Brailowsky in Melbourne at the celebrity concert given by the University Symphony Orchestra, before a packed house at the Melbourne Town Hall on the 29th June. The *Argus* wrote: Madame McArden is indeed an acquisition; she has musicianship and vitality and intelligence, and all of them in abundance. The talented singer will always be welcome.

Lodge Study Groups

Every second or third Lodge meeting, after the formal announcements and the usual four minutes' meditation, the meeting breaks up into groups, each studying a separate subject—psychology, the *Secret Doctrine*, economics, first principles of Theosophy, and astrology. We recommend the Study Group idea to other large lodges, as it has solved the problem of meeting the diverse tastes of members at Lodge meetings.

Young People's Activities

In addition to the Round Table meetings once a month, an enthusiastic band of embryonic public speakers meets once a fortnight for study and practice. A special course of speaking compiled from the Theosophical point of view is followed, and members are hopeful of soon being in a position to debate with teams from outside organizations. Tennis every Saturday afternoon on a court kindly lent by a member helps to keep their physical bodies in trim.

Unemployment Distress Relief

The Lodge Committee, impressed by the acute distress caused by unemployment this winter, formed a special committee to take active measures, and regular contributions by members are being sent to help organizations, the value of whose work has been specially investigated by the Committee.

ON THE TWEED RIVER.

In May, Mr. M. O. Hungerford, one of our oldest members, passed on to the other side; his physical body was buried in the Star Garden at Terranora, among the flowers and semi-tropical shrubs he had grown and loved so well; his kindly, genial presence is missed by all.

The Healing Group, formed by Mrs. Harper-Moll, meets every fortnight. The members feel they are doing good work.

June brought Mrs. A. L. Green to Murwillumbah. She gave two most interesting lectures in the Lodge room, the first on "How we remember our past lives," the second on "Thought as a force." She was well received, the local paper printing a detailed account of each lecture.—E. B. Taylor.

BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION AT MARRICKVILLE.

To celebrate the seventh birthday of Marrickville Lodge, a novelty evening was successfully organised by Mrs. De Nagle. Everything went happily, in spite of the inclement weather; more than fifty people attended to do honor to the Lodge. Mr. Theo Phillip (Vice-President) performed the ceremony of lighting the seven candles on the Lodge's birthday cake, made by Miss E. B. Moore.

Reviews and Notices

"AN ENGLISHMAN DEFENDS MOTHER INDIA"

Britishers are supposed to be lovers of fair play. Yet on one of the constituent partners of the British Empire being attacked by a foreigner—an American to wit —very few Britishers have come forward to defend its fair name, foully besmirched as it has been, with the aid of every type of publicity that wit could devise or money could buy. An American woman with undoubted facility for penetrating into the more unsavoury regions of national life has written a book on India in which, entirely ignoring every element of beauty, she has subtly sought to convey the impression that the ugliness she has deveiled is India's normal and dominant condition, is India's state of civilization. Apart from the fact that her book teems with gross exaggerations and inaccuracies, and apart from the fact that Indian life is not as she has described it, any more than Australian life is to be judged by the evils in its midst, the real mischief lies in the fact that the book is being read by innumerable thousands throughout the world who are entirely ignorant about India. They will naturally believe what they read, no less readily than they will believe what they are told by missionaries who know very little of the country they are trying to convert, and whose interest it obviously is to paint the most lurid pictures of Indian conditions —as if Western conditions were any better !

A number of Indians have endeavoured to defend their Motherland, but their championship has received little publicity, and India's state of subordination to Britain muffles her voice no less than it hinders her freedom. But now an Englishman has come forward in a splendid book entitled *An Englishman Defends Mother India*, to vindicate his nation's boast of chivalry. Professor Wood has lived in India for more than thirteen years. He has lived among the people. He has travelled throughout India. He is intimately conversant with every phase of Indian life. He has no axe to grind as have the missionaries. He has simply to describe what is there. Of course

there are evils. Where is Utopia ? In America ? But the good, he perceives, is wonderful, and the evil no worse than elsewhere throughout the world.

Every fair-minded Britisher who has read Miss Mayo's *Mother India* will deem it a matter of honour to read Professor Wood's *An Englishman Defends Mother India,* just as a matter of fairplay and hearing the other side. Anyone could write a book depicting Australia as an abode of savages and as a sink of iniquity. All one would have to do would be entirely to ignore the real life of Australia and concentrate exclusively upon the darker side, and parade the well-used lie that all Australians are descended from convicts. This is exactly what Miss Mayo has done as regards India. Can you imagine what India thinks of Miss Mayo's book ? I think you will if you will try to imagine what you would think of such a book written about Australia.

Well, then, read Professor Wood's book in a spirit of sympathy. You owe this to yourselves, to your British spirit, to your sense of justice, and to the Empire of which India has been said to be the brightest jewel. I who write these words have lived in India even longer than Professor Wood, for I have resided there twenty-five years, living among the people all the time, working with them, staying in their homes, adapting myself entirely to Indian customs and habits, entering as far as a foreigner may into the Indian outlook. And I say that the Indian people are as fine as any in the world, that if anything the seamy side is less pronounced in India than in any other land, that the noblest civilization is India's, that the lowliest class in India is composed of gentlefolk in the best sense of this word, and that only wilful ignorance and deliberate distortion could produce such a book as that written by Miss Mayo, whom I venture to advise to turn her unsavoury pen to the disclosure of the evils of her own land for a change. There she would be on surer ground. And honour is more precious than fortune.

GEORGE S. ARUNDALE.

Professor Wood's book may be ordered from

The Philosophers' Bookshop,
The Boulevard,
Her Majesty's Arcade,
Castlereagh Street, Sydney,
and from all Lodge bookshops.

MUSIC AND OCCULTISM

"The Influence of Music on History and Morals," by Cyril Scott. Theosophical Publishing House, Ltd., 38 Great Ormond Street, London, W.C. 1.

Of peculiar interest to Theosophists, though primarily addressed to those outside our ranks, is the book entitled "The Influence of Music on History and Morals," by Cyril Scott, the well known English artist and composer. Mr. Scott writes from the privileged view-point of a pupil of a Master of the Wisdom, and frankly states that without the special assistance obtainable through that relationship he could not have written this book. His thesis is based on the consideration that "music affects the minds and emotions by suggestion and reiteration, and hence, as in music, so in life."

This requires for its acceptance a reversal of the more usually accepted sequence of cause and effect, so that music, instead of being an expression of national type and character is itself the inspired cause of that national type and character, the creative artist by reason of his receptivity and impressionability being inspired to compose a type of music, whose vibration, constructive or destructive, will produce desired results in these our lower worlds. The author, having inside information not generally accessible, contrives during a comprehensive surview of the centuries to amass a wealth of detailed evidence tending to prove that an innovation in musical style has been invariably followed by an innovation in political and moral outlook.

Thus, the quarter tone of Indian music, affecting chiefly the mental body, was responsible for the subtle metaphysical mind of that nationality; the third tone of ancient Egyptian music affecting chiefly the emotion body induced the ritualistic and occult knowledge of that civilization; the half tone of the Grecian or European music affected chiefly the etheric double, and hence materialism, so that "whereas Greece fell through a perverted love of beauty, Rome fell through a perverted love of manliness." To quote a few examples from more modern times:— The music of Bach, through the mathematical content of its fugal counterpoint, inspired the type of Teutonic mentality; the music of Beethoven, through its sympathetic content, was the forerunner of the modern science of psycho-analysis; the music of the Hypermoderns, with its irregular rhythm and discordant harmonies, is inspired to break down conventional thinking and to destroy cruelty thought forms.

Jazz, on the contrary, by reason of its insidious appeal through syncopated rhythm to the lower nature, was "put through" by the Brothers of the Shadow, to impede spiritual evolution and so, in place of control, we now have an increasing promiscuity.

Enough has now been divulged to indicate that whatever its reception by the world of contemporary thought this book deserves the serious attention of every lover of the Wisdom.

P. A. BONA.

IS IT WORTH WHILE ?

Is it worth while that we jostle a brother
Bearing his load on the rough road of life ?
Is it worth while that we jeer at each other
In blackness of heart ?—that we war to the knife ?
God pity us all in our pitiful strife.

God pity us all as we jostle each other,
God pardon us all for the triumphs we feel
When a fellow goes down; poor, heart-broken brother
Pierced to the heart; words are keener than steel,
And mightier, far, for woe and for weal.

Look at the roses saluting each other;
Look at the herds all at peace on the plain—
Man, and man only, makes war on his brother,
And dotes in his heart on his peril and pain—
Shamed by the brutes that go down on the plain.

—JOAQUIN MILLER

The Theosophical Society

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General Secretary: The Rev. Harold Morton.

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Kuring-gai Lodge (late Chatswood), Gordon Road, Roseville.
Warringah Lodge, 7 Royston Flats, Gilbert Street, Manly.
Marrickville Lodge, Despointe Street, Marrickville.
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Tweed River Lodge, Box 26, Murwillumbah.
Western Suburbs Lodge, "Derwent," 82 Brighton Street, Croydon.

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Cairns Lodge, Box 105, Cairns.
Dawson Valley Lodge, Wowan, N.Q.
Granite Belt Lodge, Box 28, Stanthorpe.
Rockhampton Lodge, New Hall, Denham Street, Rockhampton.
Toowoomba Lodge, Olcott Hall, Russell Street, Toowoomba.
Townsville Lodge, over Rees & Tice, Ltd., Sturt Street, Townsville.

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Geelong Lodge, 52 Gheringhap Street, Geelong.
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Melbourne Lodge, Queen's Hall, 181 Collins Street, Melbourne.

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Glenelg Lodge, 10 Moseley Street, Glenelg.
Redfern Lodge, 62 Angus Road, Westbourne Park, Adelaide.
Woodville Lodge, "Volta," Hannay Street, Largs Bay.

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Perth Lodge, Arundale Hall, James Street, Perth.

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