A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU !

THE AUSTRALIAN THEOSOPHIST

DECEMBER 15th, 1929

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SPECIAL FEATURES:

WHO'S FOR AUSTRALIA ?

WHAT IS CHRISTMAS ?

BOROBUDUR
(By Bishop Leadbeater)

"FROM PEACE TO POWER"

THE AWAKENING OF THE SOUL

THEOSOPHISTS AND KRISHNAMURTI

SEA LOVE

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

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BEQUESTS TO THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

To such benevolent persons as may be disposed to become benefactors of this Society by Will the following form of Bequest is respectfully recommended :—

"I bequeath to the Australian Section Theosophical Trust Limited, whose offices are, or were, situate at 29 Bligh Street, Sydney, the sum of £..... .....(free of legacy duty), to be applicable for the general purposes of such Society; and I declare that the receipt of the Treasurer, or other proper officer for the time being, of such Society shall be a sufficient discharge for the same."

THE THREE OBJECTS OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY:

First—To form a nucleus of the Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or colour.

Second—To encourage the study of comparative religion, philosophy and science.

Third—To investigate the unexplained laws of nature and the powers latent in man.



PLATE I.

BOROBUDUR

The Australian Theosophist

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

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WHO'S FOR AUSTRALIA ?

Who's for Australia, the Golden, the Youthful ?
Who's for the land of Christ's Cross in the South ?
Whose is the heart that soars high to her splendour ?
Who thanks his God he was born on her soil ?

Who's for Australia, the Free and the Daring ?
Who's for the land of awakening Might ?
Who's for her women, fit mothers for heroes ?
Who's for her Youth, girt about with fair hope ?

Who's for her manhood, eyes flaming with Vision,
Noble in courage, and gracious in strength ?
Who's for her trees and her flowers and creatures,
Heart of her Glory, God's trust to her sons ?

Who's for the Home of the Sunrise, the Dawning ?
Who takes the Vow to be hers to the death ?
Who holds her honour secure in his keeping ?
Who knows no fear to defend her from woe ?

Who will not falter, alone and defeated:
All men reviling him, ruthless in hate ?
Who counts defeat for her equal to triumph ?
Who's for Australia and not for proud fame ?

Who's for Australia, the Queen of the Future ?
Who's for the Child of a glorious Past ?
Hark ! She is calling us: "Who's for Australia ?"
Who's for Australia ? Who thunders forth: "I" ?

By kind permission of the "Who's for Australia ?" League, 29 Bligh Street, Sydney. This song has been set to music and will shortly be available from the League.

From the Crow's Nest

Christmas Eve

Hark ! the bells ringing !
In the deep night, in the depth of the winter of Man,
Lo ! once more the son is born.

O agelong, not in Nazareth alone,
Nor now today—but through all ages of the past,
The bells of Christmas ringing:
The Saviour-music like a dream from heaven
Touching the slumbering heart.
Sweet promise which the people with unerring instinct cling to !
O winter sun arising never more to set !
O Nature slowly changing, slow transforming to the hearts of men,
Shrine of the soul, shrine of the newborn god—of Man himself.

—*Edward Carpenter*

A Merry Christmas

"A merry Christmas to you all !" We greet our readers in the time honoured words which have been repeated in Christendom since the World Teacher founded the Faith nearly two thousand years ago. There is undoubtedly mantric value in these refreshing words even though they be given merely as a formal greeting during the Christmas season; but when with hearty feeling we employ the mechanism of the will in the utterance of this good wish, it is suddenly transformed into a high-tension blessing. To the Theosophist trained in thought culture, this is a magic formula by which he assists in the great re-vitalizing and re-heartening of the world which takes place during the Christmas season. For Christmas is a wondrous spiritual reality, love triumphs over hate, trust triumphs over suspicion, and "the heart of the world grows tender at the touch of a little hand." From the Crow's Nest we take up the old yet ever living hymn which first the Angels sang, that perfect cameo of eloquent art which men having heard can never forget: "Peace on Earth, Goodwill to Men."

The Cosmic Outpouring

The divine outpouring we celebrate at Christmas is ever flowing cosmically, in every universe, in every planet and star, in every form of life great and small, in every human heart. Incessantly the Eternal Giver of life and light pours out His creative power and spiritual energy, His dynamic forces ebbing and flowing in our earth with the changing seasons. The systole and dyastole of the great Cosmic Heart are reflected in the cessation of Nature's activity in the winter and the uprise of creative life which causes the earth to blossom in the spring, and it is this uprise of energy, this birth into manifestation of the Indwelling Christ in Nature, which we celebrate at Christmas. This solar symbolism figures prominently in all religions, for the sun is ever the symbol of the great Cosmic Christ Himself, is in fact the vehicle of His power, and whether we speak of His symbolic birth in Nature, the birth of the Christ as the Deliverer of mankind, or the birth of the Christ in the heart of the individual, the central fact is the same because man is part of nature and shares its hidden life. For every individual the special outpouring at Christmas is an opportunity to enter more deeply into realization of the divine life, to become more at one with the Christ aspect of Nature, to become more incorporate in the mystical body of the Christ, and to share more fully the surging influence of love and peace and goodwill which He ever pours out upon us and in fullest measure at this wondrous time. Every worshipper who says with devotion and concentration the "Kyrie Eleison," which really means, "Lord, pour Thyself forth," should the more readily at Christmas

bring himself into a state of receptivity towards the freely flowing life, not merely to receive it, for he thus becomes merely a stagnant pool, but to be a channel through which the life flows ever more fully, shedding blessing, beauty and health on all around. To be a channel, free from the corroding influence of selfishness, means a dedicated life of service. Only as we give ourselves, richly, abundantly, in service, do we release and pass on the divine energies which flow into us. The mighty outpouring of the Second Person of the Ever-Blessed Trinity is frustrated in us unless we pour ourselves out in loving service on all our fellows, and on the lower orders. Like our Cosmic Archetype, let us pour ourselves forth generously, lavishly, In His Name, and so maximize the influences of love and peace and goodwill which He sheds upon us so torrentially during the Christmas Festival.

The Perpetual Advent

"When man aspires God stoops to raise him, and the mystic Christ is born." This union of the Christ in the Heavens with the Christ in the heart of man is the perpetual flowering of the divine spirit in human life. the perpetual manifestation of the Cosmic Christ in man. Never would the purpose of the Cosmic sacrifice be consummated were there not a perpetual descent, a continuous streaming of the Cosmic Christ life into matter, were there not a perpetual coming of the Christ into the world in the body of a man of the world, were there not countless sparks in the human heart perpetually bursting into flame, the flame of Christlikeness through which the Christ becomes visible in us. The tide of life sweeping through the world brings to birth countless Christs, born in the cave of the heart, the regenerative principle in the life of the individual. The tide of life brings to every race a Saviour, the regenerative principle in the Logos incarnated in human form, and though He were not incarnated, yet would the regenerative principle still work upon the minds and hearts of men. Truly is He a Saviour of the world, for only as His divinity is realized in the heart of man can man attain that stature which the Divine Wisdom intends he shall attain. In the holy season of Christmas we visualise more clearly the possibility of attaining this fulness of divine stature. In the holy season of Christmas we feel the sense of the nearness of Christ intensified as we think of Krishnamurti manifesting Him to a half incredulous world, but manifesting Him with power and wisdom and beauty and a uniqueness that commands the attention of all who think spiritually and the allegiance of those who discern the Reality behind the symbol. So is He coming ever into the world—so comes He ever into the heart of man:

Have YOU not heard His silent steps? He comes, comes, ever comes.

Every moment and every age, every day and every night, He comes, comes, ever comes.

Many a song have I sung in many a mood of mind, but all their notes have ever proclaimed, He comes, comes, ever comes.

In the fragrant days of sunny April, through the forest paths He comes, comes, ever comes.

In the rainy gloom of July nights, on the thundering chariot of the clouds He comes, comes, ever comes.

In sorrow after sorrow, it is His steps that press upon my heart and it is the golden touch of His feet that makes my joy to shine. (Tagore).

The Christmas of the Angels

We associate the approach of Christmas with the first of December, but for many weeks before this date preparation is being made in the inner worlds for the celebration of the great Festival. Angels and Archangels and all the Company of Heaven who throng the inner worlds and are responsible for the control and guidance of the manifold processes of Nature pour out forces of love and adoration to the Christ and in response He sends down His mighty Blessing. The intensity of these outflowing influences

culminates on Christmas Day, when "the world opens its heart to the Lord as a flower opens its petals to the sun, and a mighty flood of love and power is outpoured by the Christ Himself as the Incarnation upon earth of the Second Person of the Ever-Blessed Trinity." It is this preparation in the inner worlds which is responsible for the peculiar atmosphere of goodwill so noticeable at Christmas. For the Angels Christmas is a turning-point of all the forces of Nature, when God Himself sends down new life and energy through the whole creation, and as the Angels balance and control these forces and bring about the rhythmic changes of the seasons and corresponding changes in consciousness in the lower worlds, so is Christmas for them a time of enormous activity. It is for all—Angels and men—a point of balance of deep significance in the hidden life of Nature, a change in polarity from negative to positive, to the yearly renewal and reawakening of creative life in Nature—a process of vivification and reconstruction. The forces in the two halves of the earth's surface complement one another, the energies in the Northern Hemisphere being more creative and those in the Southern Hemisphere tending to deepen the life already bodied forth in forms. These purifying forces are used by certain orders of Angels to cleanse the earth, at the same time as other orders work from higher levels, evoking enormous forces by their wondrous adoration, and others again pour out power through their planetary rituals. When Christmas comes the Christ Himself comes especially close to all His creatures, as though the hidden light of Very God of Very God shone yet brighter through Him who is the Light. On Christmas night the marvellous wealth of love and joy which He and His heavenly hosts pour forth reaches its climax, the whole earth pulsing and thrilling with the waves of adoration ascending to the Lord, and with the power which He sends down in response in a marvellous benediction of peace and love. A still greater enchantment is lent to this Christmas Festival by the Angel music in the inner worlds, the whole Angelic choir uniting on Christmas night in one glorious Hymn of worship to the Lord of Love, which attunes the whole world and floods it with beauty and harmony. If we would celebrate Christmas aright there must be perfect harmony between ourselves and others, for that is a necessary condition if the downpouring Christmas forces are to flow freely through us.

Goodwill in Practice

Since we increase our spiritual riches by sharing our material wealth with others, we and they have much to gain by every contribution we make towards their happiness at Christmas. We can only be truly happy by making others happy. Innumerable ways there are for communicating happiness during the Christmas season, but a special claim is made upon us this year to relieve distress created by unemployment. Much of the distress is due to the unhappy dispute on the coalfields reacting on the whole community, and we owe it to those who suffer to relieve it to the utmost of our power. To this end 2GB has opened a fund for unemployment relief and generous donations have been made by listeners-in outside the Theosophical circle, and many homes will be brightened by Christmas cheer. In every city where a Theosophical Lodge exists unemployment distress should be reduced to a minimum. That is a special call to us this Christmas.

Who's For Australia ?

All Theosophists should be able to unite in supporting the "Who's For Australia?" League, which a small band of lovers of Australia formed on Armistice Day in remembrance of those Australians who died in the war,

calling on those who remain to live, and to live truly, for Australia. The League puts Australia first, it transcends all party interests; it will have the minimum of machinery, but its members will WORK, as they are already working, for the Motherland of Australia, idealizing her, cherishing her, and materializing as far as may be in the present their common vision of her wonderful destiny. They shall, if they so will, embody the spirit of Australia, they shall be living Australias, not the Australia of the present only, but the Australia that is to be, a great and glorious country that shall rank in splendour with Britain and Rome and Greece, with India, Persia and Egypt, an Australia purified by service and ruled by truth, love and knowledge. It lies with such people, who have a pulsating, thrilling vision of what Australia is going to be, to bring that vision down and make it concrete and actual now. Every instructed person who has studied world problems and understands the great plan should be for Australia, and should join the League. The General Secretary of the League, Mr. A. E. Bennett, will be happy to post an eight-page pamphlet to any applicant —the subscription is merely nominal, one shilling a year, setting forth its Objects and methods of work. Briefly the Objects are:

1. To draw into common comradeship, wherever possible for common action, all Australians and lovers of Australia who ardently believe in Australia's great future, and who place her service above all party, class, individual and other interests.

2. To advance Australia's interests in every department of Australian life: religious, educational, industrial, political, aesthetic and cultural. In all departments by stimulating love of country as the dominant note.

3. To help to ensure for Australia an honoured place within the Empire, and for the Empire an honoured place among the nations of the world.

Join the League today.

Buy Australian-Made

2GB, Theosophical Broadcasting Station, Sydney, is vigorously promoting the campaign in support of home industries, Bishop Arundale and other speakers insisting on economic patriotism as the cure for unemployment and other ills which afflict the body poltiic. The Sydney Chamber of Manufacturers is collaborating with 2GB, and has placed in the Sydney trams a series of cartoons appealing to the public to buy Australian goods in order to find work for a "down-and-out" who figures in the picture. Chambers in other States, particularly Victoria, are engaged in similar propaganda, and this nation-wide effort on the part of manufacturers, backed by the Press and patriotic societies, (including *Advance! Australia* and the new "Who's For Australia ?" League), is touching the public conscience and creating a demand for Australian products which is going to help enormously to stimulate local industries, quite independently of the new tariff protection. Business men are growing less and less surprised to hear their customers demand Australian instead of foreign—whether stockings, peaches, rice, suitings, matches or numberless other items which are grown or made in Australia. All this is intensely Theosophical, for patriotism is of the essence of spirituality. In this connection a Bill is before the Theosophical Parliament in Sydney for the Promotion of Industries; the measure was introduced in November at the first meeting after the rearrangement of the Cabinet on a non-party basis, and details were published in *Advance ! Australia,* December 5th. The debate is creating interest because Theosophists are attempting not only to solve the unemployment problem, but also to devise idealistic legislation on sound economic principles. Parliament will reassemble on January 15th.

All for Brotherhood

Are you thinking of Australia and what you can do for her ? When you have finished talking to your friend or reading the newspaper in the train or on the boat, does your mind fly back to Australia, which should fill your mental background ? Do you ever think whither Australia is tending, what kind of an Australia we shall someday have, and what you can do to hasten her inevitable greatness ? Australia has a spirit, and you can get in touch with that spirit by thinking and dreaming Australia. You can have a happy life full of the sense of the imminence of the future of this wonderful land, but you must go out to meet the spirit of Australia; if you do the spirit of Australia will ensoul you and you will become Australia-obsessed, Australia-intoxicated, and then you will be able to obsess and intoxicate Australia with your Theosophy. That is where we come in. Australia needs Theosophy to clarify her vision, to make her cloudy aura luminous and iridescent, to fill the hearts of her people with goodwill. Henry Drummond said: "The perfect saint is the perfect citizen." With a variation on the same theme we say: "The perfect Theosophist is the perfect citizen." We have but to think of those great men in the Himalayas who are our guides and teachers to see how true that is. In perfecting ourselves we are perfecting Australia, and by taking up the Himalayan attitude we gain an approach to Australia's perplexities which will avaunt them. Think right ideas, feel right ideas, speak right ideas, write right ideas, and we shall change Australia. That is our dharma, and that is the rationale of the current campaign throughout the Section. During January in parallel columns, as it were, we shall promote in every possible way the Science of Occultism and the New Education, synopses as follow: ,

OCCULTISM

Occultism is the science of the inner life, macrocosmic and microcosmic. In the individual it is the science of spiritual development, and properly pursued leads to great heights of wisdom and power. Tremendous forces are awakened; their selfish use is black magic, sorcery; used by the unselfish and all-forgiving and sublimated to spiritual ends—this is divine magic. It depends on the motive. True Occultism is the entire renunciation of self, unconditionally and absolutely. Personality disappears and man becomes a purely beneficent force in Nature.

Keynote of Occultism is "Man, know thyself." Knowledge of self gained by concentrated study and meditation and discipline of the outer bodies. Whole object of occult training to fit men to become members of the Inner Government and leaders of outer world activities. Hierarchy exists to forward the Plan of the Logos.

The Path of Occultism is through a series of Initiations, and only a few specially-organized and peculiar natures are fit for this path. Progress is effected by the Adept directing through the aspirant various occult forces which enable him to obtain powers beyond those to which he is normally entitled.

Occultists a race apart—a continuous association of men of highest intelligence linked together by a bond stronger than any other tie of which mankind has experience and carrying on with a perfect continuity of purpose the studies and traditions and mysteries of self-development handed down to them by their predecessors.

"Once the desire for Occultism has awakened in a man's heart, there remains for him no hope of peace, no place of rest and comfort in all the world. His only way is to become one of the modest benefactors of humanity.

"It is wiser not to seek the path of chelaship; if the man is fit for it, karma will lead him to it imperceptibly and infallibly; for the path of occultism seeks the chela and will not fail to find him, when the fit man presents himself." (Subba Rao).

Pseudo-occultism embraces all the occult arts. Geomancy, palmistry, the use of the tarot, etc, all these things are well enough for those who want to tread the by-ways of Nature, but they are not Occultism and their professors are not Occultists. Occultism has a spiritual connotation and there is not true Occultism save as a man longs to be of service and trains himself in the spiritual life for that end.

Rising tide of Mysticism in the world. Difference: Mystic sweeps up into unconscious ecstasy on high levels. Occultist works up to similarly high levels by discipline and

training. End of both paths the same: deification. Theosophy shows the processes of spiritual unfoldment: Mysticism for the many, Occultism for the few. Mystic attains by faith, Occultist by knowledge. Mystic says: become one with God at any level where you stand; attain through adoration and devotion. Occultist progresses by stages, Initiations, into the Hierarchy, into ever wider ranges of service. Krishnamurti emphasizing direct path of mystic.

THE PROBLEM OF EDUCATION

Object of Education

To release powers in the child, to release the divine in the higher nature so that the individual may shin more and more abundantly. Methods and technique all to this end. Let the educationist subordinate the system to the end, the form to the life. Ever honour independence, originality, freedom above all that is slavish, unfree, subservient. Welcome exclusive, even revolutionary types among young people—cultivate material which shows signs of departing from the beaten track—look for leaders.

Body and Soul

We must revive the ancient ideal of education which showed a knowledge of man's whole nature, and how that nature could be trained and developed. Teacher must recognize with the fullest possible implications that his pupil is an immortal soul; the child is not a child save in body; let the teacher have regard for both body and soul, and being the friend of the soul he will bring its highest expression down to the physical. True freedom is the freedom of the soul, which is the purpose of evolution. The freedom of the body might be the imprisonment of the soul.

Senses and Emotions

In first seven years take care of physical health, and train the senses. In next seven years think of the emotions. Right education of emotions is direct route to brotherliness, to the spirit of unity, to all that makes for generosity and compassion, to happiness and peace. Without the co-operation of the emotions the mind becomes narrow and hard, just as without the co-operation of the mind the emotions tend to become aimless and uncontrolled. The mind can direct the emotions and train them to produce happiness and peace; accomplish this by training mental faculties to utmost capacity.

Stains on our Civilization

Which we must remove: Indifference to suffering among fellowmen and among animals.

Rights of Children: Education must be absolutely devoid of anything that creates fear, for half the faults of children are the result of fear. Coercion and punishment the negation of education. Abolish corporal punishment, which is a confession of impotence on the part of the teacher and outrages the finer elements in the child's emotional life. Final arbiter in difficulties should be compassionate wisdom, not brute force. Cultivate courage, which is fearless.

Rights of Animals: In the new civilization we shall have no meat, because it is poisoned by the fear and agony of dying animals, and we "eat pain." Cease torturing animals to find out cures. Cease killing for sport. Animals are our younger relatives, and our service to them helps their evolution.

Education for Service

Educate Youth in civics with a view to public service. Talk and practise patriotism. Study Australia, and specially read Australian history. Australia has a spirit, get in touch with it by thinking and dreaming Australia. Be obsessed and intoxicated with Australia and realize the greatness she will someday be. Education for service, not self-seeking, for joy and happiness not temporal success, for life not for livelihood, for the highest good of the individual as a factor in the welfare of the State.

The Teacher

Education is not a standard to which pupils have to conform, but an inspiration to which they should react. If the pupils are to inspire they must be inspired. The teacher must be full of inspiration, full of fire, so that the pupils catch his fire. He must be positive, eager, a master and not a slave, standing on his own feet and full of the Truth. Education should help the individual to find his own truth.

Vocational Training

New educationists encourage vocational training, particularly in workshops and handicrafts. No labour is ignoble if it is the natural expression of a man's vocation. Vocational training prevents waste of national life—there is no greater waste than square pegs in round holes. There should be manual occupation or games for all; they teach grace and strength of body, train character and promote comradeship.

Summation

"I look for a civilization. . . .of comradeship, a civilization in which we can meet easily together socially, in which all will be educated, will be trained in good manners and courtesy and the graces of human life. If you have the will to do it you can make an education which will change the face of your civilization, and all will have a life really worth the living. . ."—A.B.

What is Christmas?

By the Rt. Rev. G. S. Arundale

We of the western world are so much accustomed to Christmas—we have been celebrating Christmas for so many centuries—that we have come to associate the Festival with what may be called its more easygoing characteristics, and we have tended to forget its more challenging features.

We think vaguely of Christmas as being the celebration of the birth some two thousand years ago of our Lord Jesus Christ. Still more vaguely do we think of that which His birth was intended to mean to the whole world. But there is plenty of sharp definition about Christmas as a time of special enjoyment, of present exchanging, and of more or less restricted goodwill.

In these days of widespread depression in so many departments of life one must be thankful for any festival that even temporarily lifts the cloud and confers upon the world, though but for a short while, a happiness and lightheartedness that at long last, if in very truth "God's in His heaven, all's right with the world," shall be universal and unbroken.

We may indeed be thankful for the rejoicing, thankful for the goodwill, thankful for the increase in comradeship. But there might be so much of all these if we remembered more of the heart of this Christ-Festival, if we thought with clear definition of the Christ and of the meaning of His birth and life to each one of us:

. . . within the hearts of men."

A beautiful Collect, used in connection with the Festival of the Nativity, gives us the key to the real meaning and purpose of Christmas:

Most dear and holy Lord, we praise Thee, we bless Thee, with all our hearts do we thank and glorify Thee, for this Thy wondrous Feast of Christmas, praying Thee that as Thou wast born on earth as at this time for us, so mayest Thou be born and reign for evermore within the hearts of men, Who with the Father and the Holy Spirit art one God throughout all ages of ages.

What *is* Christmas? The reminder to us that our Lord will have lived in vain unless He be born and come to reign in our hearts. To rejoice is well. To be happy is well. To shower goodwill on others is well. All these commemorations of Christmas are worthy of Him Whose birthday we thus remember, more especially if we do them in His Name. But the Christ was born, He lived and suffered and triumphed, that you and I might, through the birth of the Christ spirit in us, ourselves become Christ-like, and pass onward through growth-giving alternations of peace and storm from Christlikeness to Christfulness.

A Trinity of Seed

A mighty trinity of seed is sown in our hearts, which, watered with discriminating intelligence and intuition, with steadfastness, and with enthusiasm, shall blossom into a trinity of noble flowers. In us is there the seed of Christ-Power, the seed of Christ-Wisdom, the seed of Christ-Love. The seed of Christ-Power is the will to righteousness—the "power that makes for righteousness" to quote Matthew Arnold. The seed of Christ-Wisdom is the will to know, to experience. The seed of Christ-Love is goodwill.

These seeds are already sown in our hearts. They are our life. But Christmastide is a splendid time for their nurturing, the best time for their nurturing. The seeds already well and truly planted, the general lightheartedness about us, and above all the marvellous immanence at Christmas time of the Power, the Wisdom and the Love of our Lord Himself, should strongly incline all who desire

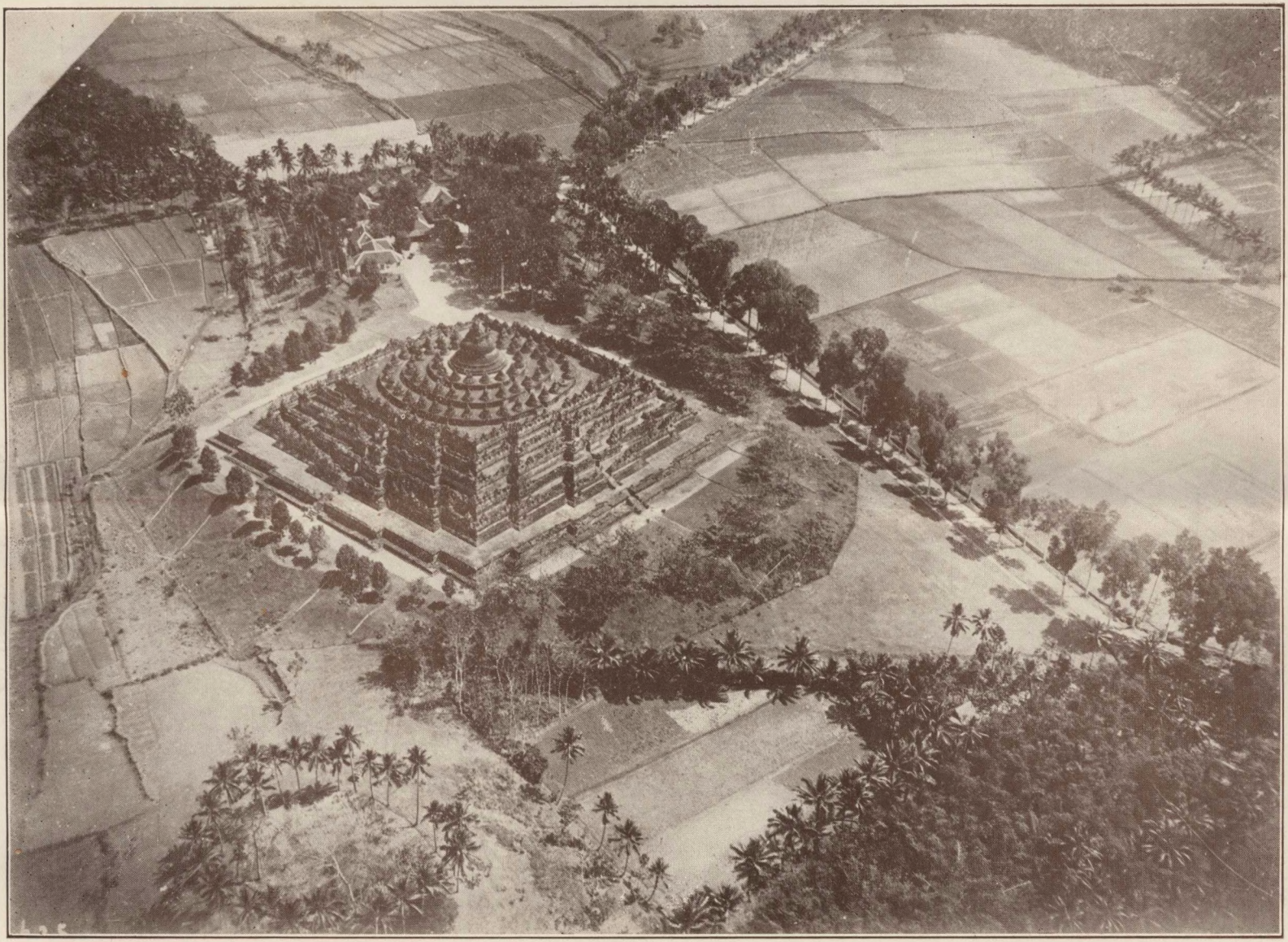


PLATE II.

BOROBUDUR FROM THE AIR



PLATE III.

AN UPPER TERRACE AT BOROBUDUR

(By permission of Mr. Kurkdjian, Surabaya)

that righteousness, wisdom, goodwill shall permeate the world to cause the seeds of these to fructify in their hearts, tending them with joyous remembrance and wise attention, not almost killing them with careless forgetfulness.

Thoughts, feelings, words, acts—these are the seeds. And habits are the flowers. . . . or the weeds. Repetition forms habit. Christmas is a time both for more ardent repetition and for remembrance if we are forgetful to repeat. Let Christmas help us to get into the habit of righteousness, into the habit of wisdom, into the habit of goodwill. So do the seeds little by little blossom forth into buds and thus move on their way to perfect unfoldment.

Now there is no one in whom this trinity of seeds has not been planted. There is no question of beginning. In each one of us dwells the seed of righteousness, the seed of wisdom, the seed of goodwill. In some of us they are much more than seeds. In many of us they are little more than seeds. In all of us they must be far more than they already are. And the Christ was born and lived His splendid life that we might have the tremendous encouragement of knowing that failure does not kill the seed, that difficulties and obstacles do not kill the seed, that mistakes and backslidings do not kill the seed. What *can* kill these seeds? Nothing can really kill them, for they are the very life of Nature, of God, of ourselves. But their growth may be retarded. They may be brought almost to die, though surely not quite. They may be left uncared for, so that weeds grow about them and stifle them. They may lie fallow. But they cannot die.

Perfection Lies About Us.

But His life affords us a still more splendid encouragement—that these seeds sooner or later *must* become flowers in us as He shows us how they became flowers in Him. Crucifixions there may be. Who does not know many Crucifixions? Who does not know defeat and despair? But not only has He shown us that Resurrections wait on Crucifixions, each Crucifixion sooner or later merging into a Resurrection, He has also unveiled to our gaze the Ascension, the final and triumphant entry into Heaven, the final and triumphant achievement of that happiness which is the certain goal of all.

Let Christmas mean to us all these wondrous and splendid things. Let us by all means have a good time at Christmas. Let us enjoy ourselves. Let us try to spread enjoyment, even though it be but fleeting, all around us. Let us be very happy ourselves and look about us to give happiness to those who need it more than we. There is enough unemployment in our midst to afford us ample opportunity to exercise the privileges of Christmas.

But let us at the same time remember that Christmas means nothing less than each individual Soul's Awakening out of the darkness of doubt and ignorance into the light of happiness and peace. For each one of us there is the birth of the Christ-Spirit, a Nativity. For each one of us there is the Baptism of the Christ-Spirit into power. For each one of us there is a Transfiguration into comradeship with the "Just Men made Perfect." For each one of us there is a Crucifixion and a Resurrection. For each one of us a triumphant Ascension.

Let us remember these wonders and splendours, especially at Christmas time. And let us have no fear of our faults and weaknesses. There is no fault and no weakness which shall not in the long run, and often in the short run, retire disconsolate before our essential Christlikeness. There is no earthly dross which shall not be consumed by the heavenly fire within us, be it burning however feebly for the time being. Faults and weaknesses? Let us starve them into nothingness by studied inattention and disregard. Let

us fructify the seeds of Christmas which lie beside them, so that they may be driven forth from the gardens of our lives.

Increase Christ's Happiness.

When Christmas becomes to us as Christmas was to our Lord, then alone will He have triumphed, then alone will He truly be in Heaven. While one single child of His heart—and the whole world is His—remains without the gates of happiness, Heaven is incomplete for Him. Shall we not each one of us help make perfect His happiness by striving towards our own, ever discontented with the happinesses which have their day and cease to be, ever restless until we reach that happiness, His happiness, which "takes no rise from outward things" but wells ever upwards from our hearts.

May His Christmas be the happier in that we make ours truer !

Evil Influence in So-Called Music

It is regrettable that a type of "music" which is so popular as "Jazz" should exercise an evil influence, but such is the occult truth. Jazz has been definitely "put through" by the Black Brotherhood, known in the Christian tradition as the Powers of Evil or Darkness, and put through with the intention of inflaming the sexual nature, and so diverting mankind from spiritual progress. For the Black Brotherhood, as briefly mentioned in our chapter on "Musicians and the Higher Powers," are those entities known as the Brothers of the Left-Hand Path, who work against the Divine Will, for the attainment of personal power. Reference to them under one name or another will be found in practically all the scriptures of the world.

Since the dissemination of Jazz, a very marked decline in sexual morals has eventuated, and in place of control we find promiscuity. Whereas at one time women were content with decorous flirtations, a vast number of them are now constantly preoccupied with the search for erotic adventures. . . . It is just this lack of moderation, this over-emphasis of the sex-nature, this wrong attitude towards it, for which jazz-music is responsible. There is an orgiastic element about its syncopated rhythm, entirely divorced from any more exalted musical content, which produces a hyper-excitement of the nerves and loosens the powers of self-control. It gives rise to a false exhilaration, a fictitious endurance, an insatiability resulting in a deleterious moral and physical reaction. Whereas the old-fashioned melodious dance-music inspired the gentler sentiments, jazz, with its array of harsh, ear-splitting percussion-instruments inflames, intoxicates and brutalizes, thus for a time causing a set-back in Man's nature towards the instincts of his racial childhood. For after all jazz very closely resembles the music of primitive savages.

A further result of jazz is to be seen in that love of sensationalism which has so greatly increased within the last few years. As jazz itself is markedly sensational, the public has come to demand "thrills" in the form of "crook dramas" and plays, the only dramatic interest of which is connected with crime, mystery and brutality. This also applies to sensational fiction, for the output and sale of this type is prodigious. The wide-spread and exaggerated interest taken in prize-fighting is another system of sensationalism.—Cyril Scott, in *The Influence of Music*, p. 151.

Borobudur

By the Rt. Rev. C. W. Leadbeater.

I.

DESCRIPTION.

The wonderful monument called Borobudur is often described as a temple; but this is not strictly speaking correct. A temple is an edifice more or less like a Christian church or a Muhammadan mosque—a building in which people gather together for religious purposes, to offer worship or prayer to their Deity, or to listen to expositions of the doctrines of their faiths. Another type of sacred structure is the *Stupa* or *Dagoba*, which is usually a solid bell-shaped erection, built to safeguard and to enshrine a relic of the Lord Buddha or some other great saint or teacher. Perhaps the finest specimen of this is the Great Shwe Dagon or Golden Pagoda at Rangoon—a magnificent gilded spire higher than St. Paul's Cathedral in London.



PLATE IV.

Borobudur has more of the characteristics of a stupa than of a temple, for undoubtedly a relic was at one time preserved there; yet it is like no other stupa in the world, for it may be called a great picture-gallery, the scenes of which are not painted on canvas or in fresco, but carved in bas-relief in stone in a series of panels of wonderful precision throughout, and many of them really beautiful. There are 2141 of these, and it is calculated that if they were placed end to end they would extend for nearly three miles.

Perhaps the best way to realize Borobudur is to think of it neither as a temple nor a stupa, but as a low rounded hill sheathed with masonry. The original rock of the hill forms the core of the entire erection, which is simply built on to it in successive terraces. The arrangement of these will be best understood by examining first the view of Borobudur from the air, shown in our Plate II., from which we shall see that the whole fabric may be said to consist of three separate parts. There is first the square base on which the whole edifice stands, each side of the square measuring 620 feet; and even that will be seen to be really double, consisting of two platforms. These platforms have their own symbolism, to which I shall refer presently.

The Mystic Seven

From this base rises the second part of the edifice, consisting of four rectangular stages, each being a wide terrace or gallery between walls, but open to the sky. It is upon these walls that we find the beautiful carvings which I have already mentioned, ris-

ing on either hand as we walk along the galleries—usually two lines of panels one above the other. The top row of reliefs on the chief wall of the lowest gallery represents in order the story of the last life of the Lord Gautama, as it is given in the Sanskrit book called *Lalitavistara*, while the other scenes are understood to illustrate His teaching in the successive stages of the heaven-world. In Plate II. we may clearly distinguish the elaborately decorated tops of the five walls which separate the four galleries from each other, and above them we see the third division of the building—the three circular platforms and the large central dagoba.

Unquestionably these seven stages are meant to represent the seven planes. The well-known Dutch archæologist Professor Krom writes in his *Life of Buddha* (p. viii):

> In accordance with the cosmic significance of the building the galleries are richly decorated, but the platforms which, in contrast to the phenomenal world below, are intended to represent the region of formlessness, have been left unadorned. The reliefs represent texts that were intended to impress lessons of wisdom on the believer's mind as he ascended the stupa, and so to prepare him for the attainment of the highest insight that the Mahayana brings before his eyes. In this way was he also spiritually brought on to a higher plane as he approached the central stupa.

Quite apart from the carvings and their story, there are in these four galleries 432 larger statues of the Lord Buddha ranged at regular intervals along the upper part of the walls, each sitting in its own niche or recessed shrine. One of the images, which has been taken out of its shrine, is shown in Plate IV. (It is usually labelled by the photographers "Amitabha," but I do not know why, as it seems an ordinary representation of the Lord Gautama.)

As will be seen from Plate II., on each of the circular platforms we find



PLATE V.—MENDOOT.

a ring of statues of the Lord, 72 in all; but in these cases each statue sits inside a lattice-work dagoba or cupola of stone, as illustrated on a larger scale in Plate III. The lattice-work differs on these planes, the holes being sometimes square and sometimes diamond-shaped, and I take them as meant to symbolize (as well as can be done in stone) the marvellous transparency and delicacy of appearance of the auras or vehicles of men on these higher levels.

The senior monks of the Sangha used to lead their pupils and their pilgrim-visitors from stage to stage of the building, delivering a series of lectures upon the life and teaching of the Lord, and using the carvings as illustrations. But to the more advanced students they also expounded the theory of the seven planes, and yet further, of the seven principles of man, employing the three circles and the four squares as emblems, just as we today use the triangle and the square to signify the Upper Triad and the Lower Quaternary.

Symbols in Stone

The whole edifice is surmounted by a larger cupola, fifty feet in diameter, crowned by a broken spire. This cupola originally contained a small box or jar of ashes (which have, however, long ago been stolen) and also a curious unfinished statue of a Buddha. The theory of many archæologists is that it was intended to symbolize Amitabha, and was intentionally left unfinished, to show that the Boundless Light could not be represented in human form, but could only be suggested—that, as Mr. Banner says in his *Romantic Java*: "Mortal skill may not presume to represent in His completeness the All-Highest." The same author also remarks:

> The lowest of the angled terraces is decorated with carvings representative of common mundane scenes, to emphasise the moral that upon the earth rest all the higher spiritual values. But upon either wall of the four galleries thereafter we find religious phenomena in ascending gradation. The first gallery, that is to say, displays a selection of scenes from the historical life of Buddha; the second shows us the minor deities of the Brahmanic worship adopted into the Buddhist Pantheon; the third contains the higher deities, at the plane in which the shrine rather than the deity itself is worshipped; while in the fourth we find only groups of Dhyani-Buddhas.*



PLATE VI.

Whether the detail of this statement is correct I cannot say, for I am not sufficiently acquainted with the minute indications by which specialists in archæology consider that they recognize the various types of Buddhas; but the general idea corresponds with much that I have seen.

The square double platform upon which the whole vast structure rests really makes another stage below the surface of the earth, in which there is an elaborate series of carvings repre-

*Op. cit. p. 126.

senting various lokas—evidently the lower astral plane, which actually does occupy exactly that position in space. It is supposed by some that this lowest stage was originally intended to be open to the air exactly like the others; other archæologists claim that it was always intended to be underground to typify the "hells," but that a broad vaulted passage ran round in front of the carvings, so that they could be seen. Traces of this vaulted passage are said to exist, but when the place was discovered by Europeans it was already filled by huge blocks of stone. The theory is that the enormous weight of the superincumbent masonry caused the whole structure to begin to settle even before it was finished, and that the builders had therefore to sacrifice their lowest stage in order to save the whole. In other words, it was seen that the base would not be strong enough to support the whole, so in order to strengthen that base, a large band of masonry was built round it like a gigantic stone ring, which is now the square platform.

"Supernatural Beauty"

In the middle of each of the four sides of the square a steep stairway ascends, the gateway to each stairway being guarded by sitting lions, and spanned by ornate arches of the highest architectural perfection. From the square basic platform to the topmost of the circular platforms is but 118ft. in perpendicular height, while the perimeter of the whole pyramid standing on that lower platform is 2080ft., so that the entire complexity of galleries, with their bewildering wealth of ornamentation, makes a much flattened half-globe, whose contour against the sky is a perfect curve. In fact, as one writer has unpoetically said, the work has been carried out so skilfully that from far away the structure looks not unlike a highly-ornate dish-cover !

It is a mere mound as compared with the Shwe Dagon, or the stupendous ruins at Angkor-Wat (which I have not yet seen), but in its details it is far more wonderful and beautiful than either of them. Mr. Scheltema, in his book, *Monumental Java,* describes it as "the most consummate achievement of Buddhist architecture in the whole world;" and in another place



PLATE VII.

he speaks of "the supernatural beauty of Borobudur." Professor Krom, whom I have already quoted, remarks that Borobudur is one of the most renowned documents and religious monuments of Buddhist art, and that this very beautiful architectural erection surpasses all works of art which one finds in the East. Dr. Krom himself, who is otherwise a materialist, was so affected by the beauty of Borobudur that he says that the atmosphere radiated by this monument is so extraordinary because of the divine inspiration which guided the hands that shaped it.

A mile and a half from Borobudur is the temple of Mendoot—a building which, though very much smaller than the other and having quite a different purpose, is evidently of the same period and exhibits the same combination of felicity in design and precision in execution (see Plate V.). This time the edifice is really a temple, containing three large statues, which practically fill it; and one may see that even at the present day the peasants of the neighbourhood still pay reverence to them, and lay before them daily offerings of flowers.

The temple was apparently originally a structure of brick, but round that some eleven or twelve hundred years



PLATE VIII.

ago was built a stone outer sheath, scrupulously following the older design in all its complicated details of panellings, and of horizontal and perpendicular projections. It stands in the middle of an elevated platform, and its exterior is decorated with excellent carvings such as those at Borobudur, but in this case they illustrate not the life of the Lord Buddha but certain ancient folk-tales or popular legends, of the order of *Æsop's Fables*. The building has a high pyramid roof which, I am told, shows remarkable skill in vaulting. It is supposed that there was originally some sort of dagoba-like top or spire as a finish to the truncated pyramid, but as no traces of this now remain, the restorers have not ventured to make any attempt to reproduce it.

Aryan Faces

A broad flight of steps leads up to a high and rather narrow doorway, on entering which the traveller finds himself in a lofty square room in the presence of the three great statues to which I have already referred, sitting with their backs to the three walls, precisely as though they were gathered round a table in conversation; but there is no table. As we enter, the image of the Lord Buddha depicted in Plate VI. faces us, while that shown in Plate VIII. is on our right hand and that in Plate VII. on our left. The statue in the middle, which by many marks is clearly intended for the Lord Buddha, is fourteen feet high in its sitting position, while the other two are only eight feet from top to toe as they sit. Originally, therefore, the central statue must have towered above the others, but its enormous weight has caused its base to subside considerably, so that now they are almost on a level.

Several curious things may be noted in connection with these statues. They are not in the least the traditional half-Mongolian Buddha figures; the faces are clearly Aryan, and also quite individual—indeed, they are supposed to be portraits. The Lord Buddha is seated as a European and not as an Asiatic, and the others are at least half-

way between the two postures. The edge of the Lord's robe is conventionally indicated by a line, yet it does not seem to conceal the rest of the body. Both of the other statues are much more ornately dressed, wearing necklaces, armlets, wristbands, anklets and tiaras; and it is remarkable that these ornaments are far more Brahmanical than Buddhistic in character.

An Underground Passage

There is much dispute among archæologists as to the identity of these other figures, and no reliance can be placed upon the names of Padmapani and Manjushri, which are often attached to them by the photographers. The curator who was in charge of Mendoot on my first visit—a very able man who was exceedingly kind and helpful—professed himself as fairly certain that the figure on the left of the Lord (but of course on *our* right as we look at them from the doorway) was intended for the Lord Maitreya; I myself for various reasons rather inclined to the idea that the other image, seated on the right of the Lord, may have been meant for the great Bodhisattva. The little figure hovering over the head of that statue is usually explained as a Dhyani Buddha overshadowing the earthly manifestation.

There is a strong belief among the Javanese noble families (who have many interesting traditions of the past) that there is an underground passage from Mendoot to Borobudur, leading into a subterranean Temple of Initiation, which, they assert, exists under the latter—a passage which was intentionally closed at a later date. Dr. Brandes, an archæologist of high reputation, discovered in the course of his excavations a red-brick building under the foundations of Mendoot, but was unable to continue his investigations because they endangered the stability of the whole edifice. It is supposed that Mendoot was the central shrine (the private chapel, as it were) of a great group of monasteries occupied by the host of monks attached to Borobudur.

In order to understand fully the part which Borobudur has played in the past, its almost miraculous preservation, and the further part which it has still to play in the future, it is necessary to have some slight acquaintance with the history of the island of Java, a few prominent facts in connection with which I will now put before my readers.

—C.W.L.

(To be continued.)

THE THEOSOPHIST

When Dr. Besant was in America at the Theosophical World-Congress she decided to transfer the publication of her magazine, *The Theosophist,* from Adyar, India, to Hollywood, California, and requested Marie R. Hotchener to act as her Assistant-Editor and Henry Hotchener as her Business Manager, she remaining Editor-in-Chief.

The special features of the magazine which have made it for fifty years the leading Theosophical publication of the world will be retained. Dr. Besant has promised that the articles of our well-known leaders, those who have contributed in the past, will be continued. The President herself is writing a series of articles which will continue and complete her *Autobiography.* The former series was called "From Storm to Peace," the new one will be "From Peace to Power."

In addition, the departments of science, philosophy, religion, education, art, health, civics, and social service will be greatly enlarged.

Will every Lodge President find a person who will volunteer to see that a copy of *The Theosophist* is kept in the Lodge Library, if the officers approve, also a person to see that a copy is kept in the Public Library of his city!

Subscriptions should be sent and make money orders payable to *The Theosophist,* 6137 Temple Hill Drive, Hollywood, California, U.S.A., or to Mr. J. L. Davidge, who will act as agent in Australia and remit subscriptions from the Section Office. Subscription, 4 dollars, or 16/8 per annum.

Mr. and Mrs. Hotchener appeal to their Australian brothers to help them in their new duty and opportunity; they are hoping to give Dr. Besant a Christmas present of at least 1000 new subscriptions as an enthusiastic expression of their gratitude and appreciation. May we count on you as a charter member to the American issue commencing January, 1930?

The One Thing that Matters

Above All Else—The Theosophical Society

At the present time we are living in a state of not inconsiderable tension, and I am always afraid lest, when periods of tension supervene, the weaker vessels may find themselves in a state of oscillation, or may find themselves troubled and worried and perplexed. We ought to have gone beyond the condition of being worried or troubled or perplexed by anything whatever, especially those of us who have been in the Theosophical Society and have profited from our membership for a period of years. We should see no difficulty whatever in the present situation, and yet a good many people who should know better are going about saying, "What ought we to believe ? What are we to do ?" Now those two questions are questions that we may ask ourselves, but we ought to have gone beyond asking other people. There is far too much practically useless discussion with regard to these things. We do not need to discuss things, we do not need to be rushing about to get support. We ought to be able quietly and calmly and comfortably and happily to make up our minds for ourselves, and if we do that, all is well, but if we get into a condition of disturbed excitement about the situation, all is very unwell.

Supposing for example, we take any particular acitvity, the Liberal Catholic Church, or the E.S.T., which is being reopened, or Co-Masonry. Some people say, "Here are these movements going on on the one side, and here are Krishnaji's teachings on the other," and they have said to me, "Are you not flying in the face of Providence when you re-establish the E.S. ?" There is no need to get excited about these things. Here are various opportunities offered to us. What we desire to take let us take. What we do not desire to take let us leave. All that is wanted from any one of us is plain, straightforward, simple sincerity; only the difficulty is that so many people are wanting to get their money's worth out of life. They want to be sure they are doing the right thing, and they have not the least notion what is or what is not the right thing. They want to be told. They ought to know. What is the right thing for them may not be the right thing for somebody else.. I am going along with my Church and my Masonry and my E.S. That is right for me, but the same is said, "Ought you to do it ?" That is my business. I will take upon myself the karma and responsibility for this. But then it is said, "But ought I to do it ?" That is your business. You must make up your mind with regard to that. If you feel that you ought not to do it, then don't do it. You will never lose by sincerely doing your duty as best you can understand it. Some of you say to yourselves, "Now shall I withdraw from the Church ? Let me go here, there and elsewhere and find out what others are doing, and if I find that they are withdrawing that will give me a prop, or if I find that they are not withdrawing then I shall also have a prop." How childish !

Never mind results. Do what your heart and your intuition tell you to do, and you are practically speaking bound to be right. Do not bother about what other people are doing. Never mind what I am doing. Never mind what the President is doing or what Bishop Leadbeater is doing. Do what you feel is the best, the happiest and most peaceful, the most splendid and beautiful things for you to do. Do what you think is best and you will be quite right. Above all things do not let us make a fuss about what we are doing, and do not let us think that because

we are taking a certain course that other people who take a different course are beyond the pale. Each person after all must try to know his own business and each person has plenty of time in which to profit from his mistakes. We have Eternity before us, and if we make a mistake now it will not much matter. You say you want to be sure of doing the right thing. Well you are doing the right thing if you follow the dictates of your heart and of your intuition. As long as you are living a simple and sincere life, as long as you feel happy and as long as you feel you are doing your best, happily, peacefully, quietly, in all friendship, it does not matter what anyone else thinks or happens to be doing. Take for example certain friends of ours. They feel that they must follow a certain line somewhat different from the line they have hitherto followed. They are perfectly right if they know for themselves that their lives are as true as they can make them. Some people make such a fuss about their changes. Some people, when they are changing their minds, get into a terrific state of flutter, and appear to go through tremendous upheavals and attacks of self-righteousness. The only thing I should suggest, supposing an individual feels that he has finished with a particular line of evolution, the Church, Co-Masonry, or the E.S., is that he should go quietly on to whatever is his next course, but let him feel a right thankfulness for that which those movements may have done for him in the past.

There is one movement that ought always to encircle us—the Theosophical Society. The Church—that is something special. Co-masonry—that is rather special. Even the E.S. is rather special, but the Theosophical Society is the one movement that can include everything, and I think that whatever else we may leave, we should do well to retain our membership of the Theosophical Society, so that we may be within the great circle of Universal Brotherhood. Everything else matters very much less than the Theosophical Society, and certainly the last movement that I should leave, if I had to leave one movement after another, the last would be the Theosophical Society. So I say, let us go our different ways in all friendship, in all happiness, but let us go our separate ways within the Theosophical Society.

GEORGE S. ARUNDALE.

THE BOY WHO SAW THE FAIRIES

It was a night of stars in June
When I went whistling up the hill.
The night was clear, serene and still,
I whistled an old Gaelic tune
As I strode on beneath the moon.
Then suddenly I saw a light
About the Rath of Ros-na-Ree,
Sunshine, it surely seemed to me.
Though all around was wrapped in night
The Rath was shining golden bright.
And music sweet, yes honey sweet,
Came round me, like the breath of flowers,
I do not know how passed the hours;
For there was dancing in my feet
And dancing did my glad heart beat.
I saw the Fairy People there
Most beautiful, of Light they seemed.
(So fair a sight I never dreamed)
And then they changed themselves to air,
And of the dawn I grew aware.
A hundred times I've been to see
If still the Fairy light is showing,
But I have never found it glowing,
Around the Rath of Ros-na-Ree;
But I have got the memory.

—*F.H.A.*

"I have written that our Society is not a mere intellectual school for Occultism, and Those greater than we have said that he who thinks the task of working for others too hard had better not undertake it. The moral and spiritual sufferings of the world are more important and need help and cure more than science needs aid from us in any field of discovery. 'He that hath ears to hear, let him hear'."—The Master K.H."

"From Peace to Power"

The true and inner story of how India became a partner-member in the Federation of Free Nations linked in friendly and equal alliance with Britain by the Crown of George the Fifth is begun by Dr. Besant in *New India* for October 3. This story will form the foreword to the second volume of the President's *Autobiography,* and is entitled *From Peace to Power,* the first being entitled *From Storm to Peace.* The foreword is an illuminating commentary on the way in which the Home Rule movement in India has been directed by the Inner Government, under the supreme direction of the KING of the world.

Lord Haldane generously spoke of Dr. Besant as a great statesman, and Mr. Geoffrey West has stressed her foresight in political matters. Looking back, she admits that such foresight does seem rather remarkable. But, she explains, it is not foresight; it is due to her prompt and implicit obedience to the orders of her Guru, whose instructions in her political and other work in India and England she has obeyed for the last forty years. "I have often been pressed to write a continuance of my *Autobiography,* but have refused, because of this invisible but most vital part of my life. I should not do it now were I not desired to disclose it, for the dear sake of India's Freedom. . ."

After lifting the veil on the early history of the movement Dr. Besant goes on to say :

"It was in 1913 that I first came into direct conscious touch with the Rishi Agastya, the Regent of India in the Inner Government. He desired me to form a small band of people who were brave enough to defy wrong social customs such as premature betrothal and marriage. This was done, and carrying out His wishes, I gave some lectures that autumn on Social Reform, published under the title of 'Wake Up, India.' These prepared the way for the desired political reform, and this was started in that same year by the resolve to begin a weekly newspaper, *The Commonweal,* in January, 1914. To guide me in its conduct, I was summoned to Shamballa, where still abide the King and His three Pupils, the 'four Kumaras' of the Indian Scriptures, He the Eldest. There I was given what I always call 'my marching orders' :

You will have a time of trouble and danger. I need not say, Have no fear; but have no anxiety. Do not let opposition become angry. Be firm but not provocative. Press steadily the preparation for the coming changes, and claim India's place in the Empire. The end will be a great triumph. Do not let it be stained by excess. Remember that you represent in the outer world the Regent, who is My Agent. My Hand will be over you, and My Peace with you.

"These words necessarily mark out the policy I follow. India to be within the Empire, but Free. This is only possible by winning Dominion Status. To win it means that India becomes free within her own territory, but in a Federation, not in isolation, as C.R. Das put it. It means the avoidance of a War of Colour, of Asia against Europe. It means the Peace of the World, the necessary addition to Mr. MacDonald's splendid efforts to make a lasting pact with the United States. The two countries will be as the two pillars of Solomon's Temple, Boaz and Jachin. At present Britain's Rule over coloured peoples is an increasing menace to the Peace of the World. In twelve years the 'Awakening of Asia,' of which I spoke, in my Presidential Speech in the Indian National Congress, has become 'The Revolt of Asia,' the significant title of a traveller's book, recording what he saw as he visited Asiatic countries."

THE AWAKE

And it came to pass that once again I stood before my Lord.

And as I stood before Him He drew away from my eyes the veils of my ignorance, and behold, I saw before me a Vision of marvellous Splendour, which was the Growth of the Soul.

And the Vision was a Vision of Darkness and of Silence, intense, power-laden, infinitely deep in stillness.

It was like unto a Runner, tensely poised to start upon a race, rigid, motionless, aloof, yet charged with a throbbing immanence of speed, waiting on the sound of the Signal.

And the Darkness and the Silence rested in majestic hush, a hush vibrant with straining Purpose.

As I watched, the Darkness and the Silence seemed to deepen into a stillness yet more profound, that prophetic stillness which ever precedes the bursting of the storm.

And my Lord breathed upon my eyes that I might see in His Power.

And Lo ! I saw the very Soul of Darkness and of Silence. And I saw that this Soul was Light.

In the Power of my Lord I gazed, and it came wonderfully to pass that I knew Darkness and Silence to be Light asleep in the Heart of God, Who is infinite Light.

And I came to know of the Wonder of Sleep. That Sleep is also Light. And that Sleep is a Vigil of Light.

And thus I saw that Darkness and Silence are Light waiting.

And I wondered on what Darkness and Silence were waiting.

And my Lord breathed upon my very soul, so that I might perceive that the Darkness and the Silence were Light waiting the Word of God, which was the Word of their Awakening.

And as the time came for the Word to be spoken, my Lord breathed upon my ears that I might hear the Word.

And Lo ! I saw the Lips of God move, and upon them hovered a Sound, which was a Word, which was a Signal.

As the Runner dwells upon the Signal for his starting, so dwelt the Darkness and the Silence, which were Light, upon the utterance of their Word.

And I saw that the Stillness was to reach from the Darkness and the Silence even unto the very Lips of God, that the Sound of the Word might travel swiftly to His Light asleep.

And the Darkness and the Silence became ready. And the Stillness went up unto God.

OF THE SOUL

And when all was set, the Lips of God moved, and God spoke the Word of Awakening. And the Word travelled softly upon the Stillness.

God Who is Infinite Light spoke to Light His Seed. And the gentlest Ripple of Omnipotence caressed His Light asleep.

And it came to pass that the Darkness and the Silence began to dream and to murmur with faint sound. And the sound was the Answer of Darkness and of Silence to the Voice of Light.

As in early dawn birds sing farewell to night, so was Light, awakening, singing farewell to its sleep.

And thus a Light, which was Darkness and Silence, arose from its slumber as the Lips of God moved, speaking the Word of Awakening.

The Darkness and the Silence heard, and Light sent forth a shoot.

For the Word was the Word of Light Triumphant speaking into the ears of Light asleep, bidding it to awaken and to arise, and to enter into its Heritage of Glory.

And then the Vision of Darkness and of Silence slowly faded in softening radiance before my eyes, which had been made to see the Tenderness of Power.

And I stood transfigured in a Stillness and in an Awe, for I had gazed upon an Awakening of the Soul.

And I knew that in the Patience and Wisdom of God, Who is Infinite Light, all Souls thus awaken, and that His Voice of Resistless Power is tender upon the Seeds of Light.

And Lo! it came to me that all Darkness and all Silence are but Light asleep in the Heart of God.

And I saw that except Light descend into Darkness and Silence, it shall not ascend into the full Majesty of its Radiance.

The Seed is ever born in Darkness that unto its Flower there may be Light.

And then my Lord made me to know of the Inner Truth of His Omnipotence. That as is the need, so is the cherishing. That as is the Cup, so is the Measure. And thus I perceived for all things a cherishing, perfect, unchanging, eternal.

And bidding me depart my Lord said unto me: Know, wherever you look upon a Darkness, that in that Darkness lies hidden a glorious Sunrise. Therefore: Speak unto each in the Voice of his Sunrise.

Theosophists and Krishnamurti

By C. Jinarajadasa

A few days ago, in Santo Domingo, I suffered a deep stab of pain. Seated at table was a gentleman, and he remarked, "So, it seems that the Theosophists are rejecting Krishnamurti !"

If that impression in the public mind is true, then some of us who have worked for the last nineteen years among Theosophists have failed in our endeavours. But have we failed ?

For, what does Krishnamurti want us to do ? To cease to be Theosophists ? No, but to be "one with Life," and see the "Goal" clearly, and go straight towards it as the arrow flies to its mark. But is that message of his different from what Theosophy has given ? What else has Theosophy proclaimed but that there is a "Goal" for each, a "Life" to become one with ? If the message of Krishnamurti appears to do violence to the ideal proclaimed by Theosophy, it is because that ideal was never really understood.

Krishnamurti proclaims that there is a Goal, which is to be one with Life. He asserts that he is liberated, and so one with Life, and he urges each one of us also to be liberated and to be one with Life. But how ? Certainly not by following Krishnamurti, and not by going to his Goal. On this he is emphatic. For him, becoming one with Life means to go from land to land proclaiming the message of freedom. But does he ask every one of the millions in the world to travel from land to land, imitating him ? Emphatically no !

Krishnamurti wants each to go swiftly to his Goal, each to his own. To all, there is a Liberation, becoming one with Life. But Krishnamurti does not give orders, indicating to each where lies his Goal. That is for the individual to find out.

It is here that many Theosophists are failing to-day, just because in the past they have understood Theosophy only partly. Many have taken as their Goal only to be Dr. Besant's "disciples." Why, some even write to me, begging to be my disciples. Is that what Theosophy has taught ?

As a boy of eleven, before I had any idea of what Theosophy is, I had a dim vision of my Goal. (It does not matter to another what that is.) Before I was fourteen, the vision was clear and precise, And since then, I am going to my Goal, striving, toiling, suffering, in order to be "one with Life."

True, I am a disciple of a Master whom I love dearly. But is He my Goal ? No, He is a wonderful sign-post pointing to my Goal, an unerring compass with which to guide myself to my Goal. But He is not my Goal; He is not my "crutch," and has not prevented me from making my mistakes, nor from hurting myself. That Goal is clear; and because I see it night and day, something of its glory and beauty and strength, and the pain of its distance yet from me, are ever with me.

Let each Theosophist ask of himself: "What after all is my Goal ?" and then go towards it, whether from within the Theosophical Society or from without it. The place does not matter, for there is but one Life—"One without a second." But each must see his own Goal, not Krishnamurti's Goal, not Dr. Besant's Goal, clearly, directly, for and by himself.

Krishnamurti does not desire disciples; but let us imitate him in this—to become one with our Goal, one with Life, in our own way. Then we shall see that there is no contradiction between the Divine Wisdom which comes to us through the tradition of



Mr. Jinarajadasa left Trieste on December 6th for Adyar after completing a lecturing tour of over 12 months in sixteen countries, mainly in South and Central America, but including Spain and Portugal on his return to Europe.

Theosophy, and the Divine Wisdom which Krishnamurti brings.

It is only those who have not yet seen their Goal who discuss and argue; it is only those who undertook activities, not because they saw the Goal through them, but only because they believed that such activities were asked for by the Masters, who are now shaken, as a reed by the wind. Those who have seen the Goal have ever but one thought, one emotion, one action —how to become one with Life, till there is naught but One Life, "One without a second." To those who through any line of Service have already seen their Goal, Krishnamurti is indeed the bringer of "good tidings of great joy."

—C.J.

BISHOP LEADBEATER IN SIAM.

Bishop Leadbeater writes from Bangkok, November 12th, 1929, on the back of a postcard depicting the King of Siam enthroned in the Phya Thai Palace: "This is a country of enormous interest to me. I wish we could stay here longer. There ought to be a flourishing Theosophical Society here. On the other side is a picture of the King sitting on his golden throne (I hope he has a cushion !) and it all really *does* look exactly like that. It is very strange to see the mixture of the old and the new—new streets and public buildings quite equal to Europe, yet surrounded by the prehistoric squalour of countless ages. A wonderful, heroic effort. It is a great thing to have an absolute monarch; he *does* things ! Love to all. C.W.L."

National Angels

By Geoffrey Hodson

Special to *The Australian Theosophist*

V.

CRIME AND THE CRIMINAL.

The Nation's Karma

Crime and vagrancy both serve to retard a nation's evolutionary progress. There is evidently urgent need for reform in the departments of national administration which deal with these two particular aspects of social life.

The Angel's view of crime closely resembles that of a doctor's view of auto-intoxication. He regards the total criminality of His people as a focus of infection from which the nation is being continually poisoned. Our present criminal law, whilst perhaps limiting the area of infection, does not cleanse the nation from the virus of crime; on the contrary it rather defeats its own ends by producing more criminals. This view is symbolized in the Angel's mind by a spinning black wheel, and He sees the vicious circle of cause and effect which turns upon itself and in no way reduces crime or the karma of crime.

It would seem that remedial measures must be applied to the criminal. He must be segregated and prevented from further crime, if necessary by force; but, above all, he must receive remedial treatment. Such correction as he receives must be essentially educative. The criminal who leaves the present prison system—which is the hub of the dark wheel—is a source of infection to the whole nation. He is released, but with the virus of crime still in him. This he carries out into the world and so infects the national life with a moral poison.

Such a state of affairs is very harmful to the race, and apparently is also in some way hurtful to the Angel; it maintains a dark poisonous area in the body of both. The Angel must accept that area into His body though He, Himself, as an individual, may have no part in it. It is evidently part of His office to be one with His nation, to receive into Himself its life-stream, pure or impure as it may be at any particular stage in the nation's development. If suffering is possible at His level, then indeed He suffers from the operation of this law, just as He will surely be exalted by the perfection which His people will at last achieve. He is conscious of the presence of this dark area in His aura, and is urgently desirous of removing the blemish from His own and the national life.

His remedy would be to treat crime as a disease, and a criminal as an infectious patient, not to be released from isolation until completely cured. The State should provide the isolation, the Church the cure. He attributes crime quite as much to the failure of the Church as of the State. The ignorance, incapacity and apathy of the Church in this work make it in the Angel's eyes largely responsible for the crime of the country. The clergy's lack of knowledge of the inner constitution of man prevents them from fulfilling an important part of their service to the State.

A prison chaplain is rendered almost helpless, first by the misery, moral degradation, and deliberate self-hardening which the prison system produces in the prisoner; and, secondly, by an almost entire ignorance of the true cause of crime. The ideal prison chaplain should possess a profound knowledge of human nature, both spiritual and material, and a special capacity for winning the affection and respect of his flock, members of which should always have easy private access to him. He should also have the knowledge of the means, and possess the

power of correcting distortions in the prisoner's subtle bodies, and so helping the ego to reassume his normal control. He should also be able to bring to bear the powers of his own higher consciousness, as well as of his sacred office, to help the prisoner to recover from the disease of which crime is a symptom.

The Church should continue to provide spiritual and moral support for the man, when released as a result of mental and moral cure, and the State should provide him with an acceptable opportunity of re-establishing himself in virtue and self-respect.

Then the black wheel of punishment for crime, producing further criminals for punishment, would cease to revolve, and the vicious circle would be broken. Prisons would become centres of education from which men and women, turned from crime, would be sent out to be useful citizens and servants of the State.

Looking into the future in the Angel's consciousness, it would seem that the prison system disappears, largely because the whole problem has been dealt with during the educational period, when the necessary prophylactic measures have been applied. No student is allowed to go out into the world until his nature has been plumbed to its depths by properly trained teachers, and the possibility of his being a danger to the community has been reduced to a minimum. The Angel sees the importance of combining spiritual with intellectual and material education. He lays grave responsibility upon those at present concerned with education for their failure to make the spiritual life a living and vital reality to the young. He considers that education should be equally spiritual and secular; if anything, He lays stress on the former.

The karma of crime, with its serious effects upon the nation, springs first from the nation's own criminal activities in wars, and in aggressive colonizing enterprises; secondly, from the defects in our education methods, and in the third place from the faults in our prison system.

(To be concluded)

WORK IN THE LODGES

ADELAIDE HONOURS THE PRESIDENT

In common with other Lodges, members gathered gladly on October 1st in honour of the President's birthday. All joined in loving thought of her. The programme took the form of appropriate readings given by Miss C. Radcliffe, Miss E. Ware, and Miss E. Claxton, and Mr. R. Piercey. Miss Haycraft spoke, also Miss Rischbieth, who, of us all, has seen the President most recently, last year, in London. On the following Sunday Miss C. Radcliffe delivered an address at the Lodge, upon the life and work of our honoured leader.— Muriel Craigie.

* * *

BAZAAR AT MARRICKVILLE

The seventh annual Bazaar, on September 27th, was opened by Mr. William Harding, who inspired everyone present to support the Lodge in its good work. The Novelty Evenings held lately have assisted the social and financial aspects of our work. The theosophical influence is moving slowly but surely in Marrickville. A Birthday Celebration to honour our great President was held at the Lodge on October 1st. Deeply appreciative speeches were made by Mrs. Moss and other members.

* * *

THE IMMORTALITY THAT IS NOW.

'Tis said that memory is life,
And that, though dead, men are alive:
Removed from sorrow, care, and strife,
They live because their works survive.
And some find sweetness in the thought
That immortality is now;
That though our earthly parts are brought
To re-unite with all below,
The spirit and the life yet live
In future lives of all our kind,
And, acting still in them, can give
Eternal life to every mind.

The web of things on every side
Is joined by lines we may not see;
And, great or narrow, small or wide,
What has been governs what shall be.
No change in childhood's early day,
No storm that raged, no thought that ran,
But leaves a track upon the clay
Which slowly hardens into man;
And so, amid the race of men,
No change is lost, seen or unseen;
And of the earth no denizen
Shall be as though he had not been.

—George John Romanes in "The Monist."

Patriotism as Service

Urgent Ways of Advancing Australia

By George S. Arundale.

Being a new broom I naturally intend to sweep clean, which involves the broom becoming dirty in due course; and how to sweep clean in the capacity of a new broom I have not the slightest idea; nor am I very hopeful, for the simple reason that nobody seems particularly interested in the Theosophical Order of Service one way or another. The Theosophical Society must be looked upon as an organization for the study and recognition of our responsibilities. We study, or recognize, or appreciate, or realize, scientifically as it were, through the study of the Eternal Wisdom, our individual and respective responsibilities. The Theosophical Order of Service is an avenue for the fulfilment of our responsibilities, as with the help of Theosophy and the Theosophical Society we are able to understand such responsibilities. But the Theosophical Order of Service is entirely distinct from the Theosophical Society. It is a distinct movement. Dr. Besant laid great stress on that at the World Congress in Chicago.

Looking at the Theosophical Order of Service as a whole it has two general duties. First, in establishing groups, all being active in any work they choose to take up. Secondly, of strengthening the activities of outside movements in such work. We must do what we can to help movements doing the kind of work in which we happen to be interested, and generally speaking I should venture to imagine that outside movements are more competent to deal with most activities than a group of the Theosophical Order of Service, because outside movements on the whole are likely to have more points of contact with the outer world and to consist of people who belong more to the outer world and who are more able to understand the outer world and to help it along. Our groups may tend to be in a hurry, may tend to be a little aloof from the conditions of the outer world, and therefore it is desirable that whatever we do in our groups we should remember that we can do equally good and sometimes perhaps better work by entering existing movements, helping those movements to more effective activity.

A Country Worth Loving

Now the question comes as to what the Theosophical Order of Service in Australia can and should do. I have given very considerable thought to that apart from anything that is already being done. I notice a splendid board outside, the Theosophical Order of Service in gold letters with a number of empty boxes underneath. I suppose that is symbolic of the Theosophical Order of Service in certain parts of this Commonwealth. A beautiful name, all kinds of officers elected and appointed and a tremendous fuss when these are appointed, and then the usual deflation. Looking into one box after another I found nothing in any of them, but an immense accumulation of dust, which seemed to indicate that there has not been anything in them for a considerable time. However, the dust is there. But we must work to get rid of it. How we are to do it is another matter, but I look upon Australia as far as I can from a point of view of the inner aspect of that country, as it is upon the Masters' map, because you know the Elder Brethren have great maps of the world, and each country on those great maps is magnetically linked with its counterpart on the globe, so that They are able to perceive the modifications and changes

continually taking place in those countries. They are able to see what is going on, what changes are necessary, what progress is being made.

Although I have no memory of seeing those maps, I try to look at Australia as though I were looking on a country from that point of view, and certain considerations seem to me to emerge. I do very definitely say that the first consideration is that of patriotism. I hold and declare Australia to be a country worth loving, and that the worthwhile citizen loves Australia. Those are my fundamental principles. Australia is worth loving and the worthwhile citizen loves Australia. And since all citizens must become worthwhile citizens, it is our business to help them in all possible ways.

I lay the greatest stress on that. It is a perfectly simple proposition. It is our supreme duty at the present time, and I say to you, who are more intelligent in certain directions than the outer world, who at least have a certain contact with the Divine Wisdom and who ought to understand that wisdom in terms of country, I say to you that you have the duty to set an example of patriotism in your own individual lives. No doubt many of you are already doing that. There are not very many people to love Australia, a mere six million, but all the more reason that anyone who is an Australian by birth, by disposition or by temporary residence, should honour the country which gives him of its hospitality. This is of vital importance and if you could look upon life from the standpoint of the Great White Lodge, from the standpoint of the Elder Brethren, you would probably perceive immediately what you have to do. Most of us believe in the existence of the Masters. We reverence Them, and we should like to become more or less as They are. For my part I believe that the Elder Brethren lay the greatest stress on right patriotism. Obviously patriotism of the right kind, a patriotism which maintains the country in a healthy and progressive condition and helps that country to play its part in the movement towards Universal Brotherhood. That is the kind of patriotism They surely mean.

Vital Considerations

If we accept that preliminary observation, then what are the urgent ways of expressing that patriotism ? Each individual must make up his own mind as to what is urgent. Looking over the situation there are certain directions in which I feel that patriotism, love of country, needs urgent expression.

First in the ardent support of home industries. Buy Australian and be proud of it. That is vital. We ought to use the Theosophical Order of Service to organize, so that it is easy for everyone to know what home industries there are to support, where he can get Australian-made articles, where he has to go to get British Empire, and where neither Australia nor the British Empire can be of any use. Dr. Besant has said in India: "Buy things which are not quite as good if they are home made things." The first point, the support of home industries.

Second, of no less importance, the endeavour to stimulate cultural leisure. The way in which we spend our leisure is of vital importance to the future of the country. How is Australia utilising its leisure ? In some ways admirably, in other ways less admirably.

We have also to talk about Constitution reform. There is a very important report of a Committee which considered the question of Australian constitutional reform, and we should carefully study its conclusions. We should continually be watching our Constitution because the Constitution must keep pace with the times, and if this Constitution cannot, then we must get another. That is where the United States has an advan-

tage over many countries. It has of course the most wonderful of constitutions; it can expand or contract according to the needs of the American people. Those three are very vital considerations.

Justice to animals is no less vital, because animals are Australian citizens, and we must recognize that fact even though we may have to get rid of some of our citizens. They have their citizenship as we have ours. Educational reform is probably badly needed here, and drink control suggests itself to me as another very important item.

Duty of the Individual

Remember that the salvation of Australia is an individual matter. Never mind what other people are doing. If each individual will do all he can Australia is saved. But if we are always hesitating, waiting for somebody else to walk by our side, arm in arm with us, we may be waiting indefinitely. There must be voices crying in the wilderness before you can expect the wilderness to be dissipated. There is something very delightful in being a voice crying in the wilderness.

If each one of us will consider our duty and come to our own conclusions and live patriotically with just a little self-advertisement so that other people may know what we are doing—I do not mean that anyone must do what he cannot, for no one is going to, and not many people are going to do what they do not want to do—then Australia will be saved. You should ardently want to do what will help Australia. I think it is the only way out of the difficulty of unemployment. It is not a matter of arbitration or of legislation —it is a matter of individual conscience. Every single trouble from which Australia suffers to-day is merely the outward and visible sign of indifference on the part of a considerable proportion of the population. We should realise that the trouble *is* indifference, and although we may not be able to change Australia at once so that everyone becomes different instead of indifferent, we have merely to do our individual duty, even though we see, as we think in our ignorance, that nothing is happening. We should know in our wisdom that there is always a result to everything, and if each one of us will do his patriotic duty and love his country ardently Australia will be the finest country in the world.

Everywhere else there is the same lack of patriotism. In the United States, with all their prosperity and all their population, nobody cares much about America. Hence America is the most lawless country in the world. As one goes through the United States one realises that it is not prohibition that we want, it is not all this economic prosperity, though they have their values, but love of country. All other things of value will then come of themselves.

I want to concentrate the activity of the Theosophical Order of Service, if I can, on immediate ends. I do not want so much to think of groups—I do not think so much of organizations as I do of work. There is an enormous amount of work to be done. Let us realize our responsibilities to Australia. Let us lead Australia even though nobody follows. They may not follow now, but sooner or later the example of wisdom will be followed, and the example of patriotism will be followed.

There is a great opportunity for us at the present time. A new Government has come into power, it professes to desire to do its best for Australia. Let us take it at its word. Let us stand shoulder to shoulder with it and help it. Australia matters more than any Government, and we must try to utilize every government to help Australia. You know, and I know what the Elder Brothers think of Australia. That is the background of my mind, and we must strain every nerve to do what we can.

Sea Love

By F. H. Aldhouse

About my dreams by night and day
The little dancing wavelets play.
In home or street where I may be
I hear the calling of the Sea.
The salt tides' summons soft and clear
O'er all the sounds of earth I hear.
To Ocean will I go and find
That love my heart to her does bind.

There are wonderful sky effects every clear evening and morning, up and down the Boyne, if you look out at Beauleau, or at Queensboro', down to the sea, or up the river, or at any other point of vantage either way.

Not only is every shade of red, purple and violet mingled with the golden sunrays, but before sunrise or after sunset that colour called nacre (the pearly lining of an oyster shell) can be seen in perfection till the full blaze of the sun makes it fade in the azure, or with the waning of the twilight it vanishes into the blackness. I have known that beauty from my earliest recollection and hope it may still be mine till an older night than that of the world's darkness shall embrace me in its shadows. The old Boyne goes crooning to the sea under its canopy of varying glories. And keeps its memories from before the coming of the Milesians to Colpe, back beyond Conal Carnac and Cuculain, to a diviner past than history's page records.

Mists thicker than those that drift in from the sea and render all as mysterious as if covered by the magic cloak of invisibility veil the ancient prime. And yet that past lives in the living present. . . . . .

As a boy I used to sometimes go out in the fishing smacks and I found that those who occupy their business in the great waters are nearer to the elemental life of nature than the townsman can imagine possible; that present, past and even future appear to them less divided and more accessible, and that the ancient belief of a magic life infringing on our own is still theirs.

There was one smack I went with, when I could; it was called the "Spray of the Sea" and was owned by a fisherman whose name was Malachi Brennon, a dour and taciturn man, who with a brother who was a helper but not a partner, and a nephew Desmond Victor, navigated and fished. The Brennon Brothers were not interesting. Malachi spoke seldom and seemed surly. Daniel, his brother, drank when on shore, and though more sociable, was of the cadging class, though a good seaman and worker when under his formidable relative's eye. The nephew was of a completely different type, a well set up boy of eighteen, with fair hair, dark blue eyes, and very faint golden down on his cheeks. He could play the fiddle by ear, was an excellent seaman, and it was his stories of the sea-folk, Fairies, and people of the twilight that attracted me to the "Spray of the Sea" quite as much as her cleanliness, which was largely his work, and the enjoyment our life on the waves gave me.

Dessy was absolutely uncomfortable in female society, he did not dance with girls though he was excellent in a single hornpipe, he was, I think, a bit of a poet as some efforts of his in the *Drogheda Independent* proved, not very well expressed or rhymed, but with a remarkable indication of observation of the beauties of nature. I found him shy but attractive,

he would sometimes pour out his tales and ideas to me, for he found me sympathetic.

At other times it would be hard to get him to talk, he was distinctly temperamental, and his moods varied. Sometimes his silence made me fear I had unconsciously offended him, but later he would tell me all his thoughts and aspirations, till I felt such confidences were more appropriate to a sweetheart, had he possessed one, than to an occasional visitor who belonged to a world so different to his own.

But still I listened, for his world was in many ways more beautiful than mine and its inhabitants with whom he was so familiar I passionately desired to know and could not. Once I had chaffed him good humouredly on his lack of appreciation for the fair sex and he told me in a quiet and matter-of-fact way that his affections were already engaged and to one who was not a daughter of Eve but of Dana.

"Aye, have your laugh Mr. Harry, have your laugh. 'Tis true I have no great regard for those Baltray hoydens, for I have seen those who would take the sway not only of them, but of all the proudest and most lovely ladies that do be on the green ridge of the world. If you had the 'sight' maybe you would know that that is no boast and that what is made of the dust and will melt back to it can bear no comparison with what is born of the sunlight and the moonbeams, of the clean wind and the pure water. Once I was by my lone at Clawer, the uncles had taken the boat, and uncle Malachi was selling our catch, and uncle Dan was in Maglan's spending his share and having a feed or drink. It was a lovely noon : the sky was as blue as one of them ould China plates belonging to Aunt Delia, and the sea was the same but darker. From the Mountains of Mourne to the Wicklow Hills is full a hundred miles : out where I was rocking on the sea, with it and the clouds all lit up with sunlight, I could look from one to the other and see all the shelving coast between. Out on Clawer Head the larks were singing. I could hear them faintly like songs in a dream. I was that happy with the beauty of it all I didn't know whether to laugh or cry, I forgot I was Dessy Brennon, the fisherboy. It's a prince I felt myself, with all that loveliness for my own self alone. 'Twas then I saw the Merrow, and heard her. I heard first. Through the songs of the larks and linnets and blackbirds I began to hear a tune, it was more wonderful than the birds' melody, and more joyous than the golden sunlight laughing on every little wave that was rippling on the calm sea. It was so joyous it made the tears run down my face, and so tenderly sad it made me laugh with pleasure. And there is no music of bells, or harps or pipes or violins, that are other than dissonance in comparison with it. I felt as if the soul would leave my body to bathe in that river of heavenly music.

"It rose and fell like the breeze, it flashed like the sunbeams on the water. It played with my heart as the summer's breath plays with a flower. Then a voice more beautiful (impossible as I know that sounds) joined itself to the harmony, I have no words to describe that voice, and so I will not speak of it. But though the words were neither English or Gaelic I knew their meaning, aye every syllable and I shall never forget them; this is the poor try I will make to give their substance—

" 'Oh Mother sea, the old, the wise,
Whence all that lives did first arise,
How sweet your breath, how blue your eyes.
Dear home of life, dear majesty,
Oh, living splendour called the sea,
Your daughter loves your mystery.
I am your child and in my lays
I sing and magnify with praise
Your beauty through the nights and days.'

"The song and the music ended, and I moved myself for the first time since they began, and looked to see the singer. Mr. Harry, I saw her, she was sitting on the rocks and held a shining harp in her hands that looked as if its body and strings were hammered from the sunbeams. Her eyes were like bits of the blue sky with the sun in them, her hair was as golden as the yellow sun, and streamed like spun light. Her face was more fair and delicate and beautiful than the hairbells and rock-roses, there is nothing that will bear comparison to it, it would bear away the branch of victory from all the beauty of the Sidhe (Fairies) themselves. She looked me straight in the eyes, aye she did that, and she laughed, and waved her hand to me, and she came out walking on the water to me, like the old saints of Erin used to do. Then when I thought she would come to the boat she kissed her two delicate flower-like white hands to me, and said in her language which I knew in my heart's core: 'Thank you boy for liking my song so. You have shed tears for my song, and you have loved my song, thank you child of Eve.' And she sank down into the white foam and was lost to me. But I will find her yet, there was love in her eyes, I will find her if I sail all the seven seas over. I will go down to the depths of the ocean for her. Do you think I want any other girl after that ?"

Poor Dessy Brennan, he was drowned a year later. I wonder, did he join his sea-maid ?

The Yellowstone Park

By the Rt. Rev. C. W. Leadbeater

3. THE CANYON

After leaving the Upper Basin the road enters the forest, again following closely the course of the Firehole River. From the coach as we drive are to be seen several cascades and a geyser or two; but the tourist scarcely stays to look at them, for he has bigger game in view. It is a steady climb up to the Continental Divide eight thousand five hundred feet above the sea, and at many points the view is magnificent. An eighteen-mile drive brings us to the lake—a beautiful sheet of water with a superficies of about a hundred and fifty square miles, situated seven thousand eight hundred and forty feet above the level of the sea. It is three hundred feet deep in the centre; its shores are rugged but exceedingly picturesque, and it is almost enclosed by snow-clad mountains rising from three thousand to five thousand feet above its surface. On its south-west shore is a belt about three miles long, and half-a-mile wide, containing hot springs, paint-pots, mud-volcanoes and geyser cones. One of these latter is in the lake a few feet from the shore, so that people who are still at that stage of evolution which permits them to think of slaughter as a pleasure, may stand on the cone with a fishing-rod, catch with their murderous implements some of the fish which abound in the lake and, without moving from the spot where they stand, drop them for cooking into the boiling water within the cone.

Quite near to this is a paint-pot basin similar to that near the Fountain Geyser, which I have already described. It is about fifty feet in diameter, a seething mass of beautifully-coloured and finely-granulated clay, the prevailing shades being pink and red in varying tones, though a little creamy white and pale blue may also be seen. Around the edge of the basin are about a dozen permanent

cones of mud, perhaps three feet in height, from which discharges of mud occasionally occur. Some five miles along the road from the lake to the canyon is a group of mud geysers—comparatively large craters filled with a bluish pasty mass, and emitting most abominable odours; while close by at the base of the cliff is a still larger specimen called the "Mud-Volcano" —a funnel-shaped crater thirty feet in depth, out of which every few minutes is thrown a leaden-hued mass of evil-smelling mud of the consistency of soft mortar.

All these paint-pots and mud geysers and volcanoes are formed of clays derived from rock decomposed by water charged with sulphuric acid. Soon after passing these so-called volcanoes we come to the Sulphur Mountain, which is in reality a little group of hills, each about one hundred and fifty feet high, in which a large percentage of pure sulphur is noticeable. There is at the base of this mountain a large boiling spring whose waters are so strongly charged with sulphur that it has built itself a solid rim of pure brimstone four feet in width all round the edge of its basin. Great clouds of vapour, loaded with unpleasant sulphurous fumes, are constantly rising not only from the spring but from cracks in the earth all about it.

The Crowning Glory

And now we come to what many people consider the crowning glory of the Park—the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone. It is a magnificent and picturesque gorge, carved out by the Yellowstone River from the volcanic rock of the Park plateau. The river, after leaving the Yellowstone Lake, flows north through an open valley for fifteen miles, and then suddenly plunges by two imposing waterfalls into the Grand Canyon, which it has excavated to the depth of eleven hundred feet out of the rhyolite—an outflowing rock resembling trachyte.

The Falls themselves are sublime and impressive, and anywhere else in the world they would rank as attractions which tourists would come hundreds of miles to visit, though here even they seem almost dwarfed by the other stupendous wonders of the region. The Upper Fall is a hundred and nineteen feet in height, the Lower three hundred and sixty feet. In the space between the Falls the river runs with a rapid current two hundred and fifty feet in width, but just at the brink of the Lower Fall it contracts to seventy-four feet and the whole mass passes with a single bound into the Canyon below, a sheer unbroken compact shining mass of silvery foam.

In trying to describe the Park, one is constantly impressed with the failure of any words to express what has to be told. So many features are unique that we have nothing in physical experience with which to compare them; and this is pre-eminently the case with the Grand Canyon. Any illustration utterly fails to show the thing as it is. The best that I have seen is taken from what is called Inspiration Point, a spur of the mountain which juts out over the chasm. In it one sees the broad Yellowstone River looking like a mere ribbon of foam twelve hundred feet below; the lower Falls are just round the corner, as it were, hidden from sight by a rose-coloured projection which lies at the left on the higher part of the picture, and is called "Look-out Point."

Accustomed as we are to the sober tints of English scenery, our first feeling in looking at such a picture as that is likely to be that it must be greatly exaggerated, as cheap coloured prints often are; yet the fact is exactly the opposite, for in reality the hues of those rocks are infinitely more vivid and startling than those of the picture. Probably no other area of equal extent in the world affords such varied and vigorous colouring. Every shade of red occurs in the walls, from delicate pink and salmon to intense Indian red. Perhaps the prevailing tone is

deep orange, but tints of yellow and green are not infrequent, and there are sometimes touches of grey-blue and violet. It is magnificent, yet desolate and barbaric beyond description. I wish I could reproduce this picture here, but it is unfortunately not possible.

A Flaming Gorge

The rocky sides of the ravine are sculptured by Nature's forces into all kinds of extraordinary and fantastic shapes—many of them like ruined castles or cathedrals, but on a vaster scale than any yet built by man. These are produced by the ever-changing conditions of rock texture, brought about by processes of decomposition by solfataric and thermal agencies, and they form one of the most characteristic features at the Grand Canyon. The sides are precipitous, varying from eleven hundred to fifteen hundred feet in height, and the width of the Canyon at the top increases from perhaps three hundred yards at the beginning to eight hundred or more at the lower end.

There is only one place at which it is possible to climb down into the Canyon, and by its means one can reach a projection called Red Rock, a little way below the Lower Falls, from which the most satisfactory view of them can be obtained—a view never to be erased from the tablets of the memory. Yet even with the Falls in full sight the salient feature of this colossal cleft is its opulence of colour. In attempting to describe it some years ago Dr. Hoyt wrote: "The whole gorge flames. It is as though rainbows had been blown out of the sky and hung themselves there like glorious banners. It is a wilderness of colour. It is as if the most gorgeous sunset you ever saw had been caught and held upon that resplendent awful chasm."

There are many more objects of interest, of which among so much that is splendid one may easily lose sight. For example, only a few yards from the Canyon, about three miles below the falls, lies a huge granite boulder, twenty-four feet long by twenty feet in width and eighteen in height, which has been transported hither by ice far back in the Glacial Period.

I wish we could have spent the whole summer in the Park, so that I might have material to write a more adequate description. Yet I have not written of half of what we saw, even in our flying visit, and words would always fail even after years of residence. Still more do I wish that my readers could see these wonders for themselves; it would be the experience of a lifetime—more educative than the perusal of many books. But for many of us this may not be, so even the slight sketch which I have penned may be of some service in affording a passing glimpse into an unfamiliar realm of Nature, in aiding a little towards a fuller comprehension of the glory and the beauty and the mystery of this grand old world in which we live.

—C.W.L.

THE PRESIDENT'S LOAD

In his prologue to "The Life of Annie Besant," which is at once a biography and a critical study, Geoffrey West compares the President and her career to an express train, and the parable is well worked out, with its allusion to the traversed landscape as "littered with the discarded coaches of Christianity, Marriage, Freethought, Malthusianism, Radicalism, Democracy, Republicanism, Trade Unionism, Fabianism, Atheism." Today the engine is hauling a train of cars heavier than ever before—"Theosophy, Indian Education, Indian Nationalism, the World-teacher, the New Civilization." It is an effective simile, summarising in a few sentences the salient features of a marvellous life which, even after eighty years, holds on its resistless course, unflagging, unwearied, "without any suggestion of a respite or of a final destination sighted."—David Gow in the *Bookman*.

After all, the kind of world one carries about in one's self is the important thing, and the world outside takes all its grace, colour and value from that.—*J. R. Lovell.*

Australia's Theosophical Ambassador in America

By Henry Hotchener

Our Australian brothers may perhaps be interested to know something of the excellent work done in America by their greatly loved representative, Dr. Arundale, on the occasion of his recent visit there for the Theosophical World Congress held in Chicago in the latter part of August.

In addition to the assistance which Dr. Arundale rendered in the more serious work of the Congress, his good nature, witticisms, and brilliance not only kept everybody in excellent humour, despite some weighty problems and some very hot weather, but endeared him to all.

The way in which Dr. Arundale caused to be adopted the resolutions which the Australian Section deputized him to champion was a masterpiece of good generalship. The session had been somewhat hectic because of long discussions about changing the objects of the Society, and also because of the introduction of all sorts of resolutions which had tried the patience and tested the wakefulness of many of the delegates.

Nearly all of the resolutions had been either voted down or referred to the Council at Adyar for further consideration. But Dr. Arundale was not dismayed. He arose, the very essence of geniality, and in his stentorian World-Congress voice said: "And now I should like to introduce a number of non-controversial resolutions which will probably not be opposed by anyone." The "non-controversial" acted as a soporific even to the most combative, and the result was that no sooner were the resolutions read and put than they were unanimously adopted ! A great victory for Australia and her popular ambassador !

Dr. Arundale's lecture on "The Three Aspects of the T.S.," in which he showed the relationship of Madame Blavatsky, Dr. Besant, and Krishnamurti to the evolution of the Theosophical Society, was easily one of the outstanding events of the World-Congress, and doubtless every Australian brother will rejoice to know that this lecture will be published in the first issue of the American incarnation of *The Theosophist*, which will appear in January, 1930.

Lest the Australian members should lose a due sense of proportion, let us remind them that there were other important personages at the World-Congress besides Dr. Arundale, among them a rising young Theosophist, one who rose brilliantly to every occasion and who was about 82 years young—the same being Dr. Annie Besant. But of her the official Congress Report will doubtless speak more fully.

The true purpose of this letter is to praise Dr. Arundale for the great assistance he rendered to the American Section. Having emerged victorious from the World-Congress, he swept on and through the Summer School at the Headquarters of the American Section at Wheaton, where he gave a short course of lectures on Theosophy. These aroused a great deal of enthusiasm, which was reflected in a number of gifts given him by the members there, among them being a "zipper" bag, whose convenience belies its name.

The next wave which carried Dr. Arundale on his mission was a heat wave across the American desert, which landed him in Ojai and later in Hollywood. In both places he gave lectures, held meetings, and generally inspired and vivified the work in Southern California, and endeared himself more than ever to his friends, old and new alike.

Rukmini Arundale, in her own lovely, quiet way, gathered the young people about her, and insinuated into their hearts and minds those tender ideals of the future of which she is the embodiment.

Wherever these two went they left an unforgettable impression of their ideal love for each other and of a sincere devotion to the work of the Masters which was an inspiration to us all.

For many a long day we shall hear Dr. Arundale's hearty laugh as he heard the "story of stories" about the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, one of the mightiest chasms in the world: "What was the origin of the Grand Canyon?" The answer: "A Scotchman lost a sixpence down a squirrel hole!"

A Cleaving Sword

From a London Correspondent

"Krishnaji's words seemed to me to be like the cleaving of a sword through world-wide prejudice and superstition, and it would be impossible for him to single out any one form for his approval at this juncture. He is purposely vague as he wishes each one, through his own experience, to find the Truth.

"Krishnaji's message seemed to me to be like a rushing, mighty wind, sweeping through the forest of the world, seeking out the dead branches, breaking, destroying, tearing down, stopping the rot, but leaving the Life in each tree, ready to burst forth anew; and I could see the Sun of his yearning love ready to vivify that Life. His message seemed like a great throw into the future ages, when, through sincerity of purpose, the peoples of the world will have become more simple, and it seemed to me that he could not concern himself with that which lies between the Thrower and the thrown.

Krishnaji and Annie Besant

"I can never forget the wonderful and inspiring speech made by our beloved Chief when the Master spoke through her, of the World Teacher's ideals which we are obliged to spread, of how he would speak to the people with a power that none other has, but that there would be those who would be deaf to that voice and so there was work of other sort to be done for them. To me, this shows the unity of their work—Krishnaji speaking directly to the people who can accept his message, and that other great soul ever ready to help those who lag behind, the needy and the ignorant, so that they too may grow to beauty and to Truth. There are those who see the difference in the work of these two Great Ones, but to me it is unthinkable.

Plato and Krishnaji

"You say you would like to know how I have taken Krishnaji's teachings which to some people appear to run counter to the teaching we have had in the past. For my own part I have had none of the rather heart-breaking difficulty which has upset some of our people. Perhaps I take things too philosophically and *ought* to feel troubled, but in my youth I was a great student of Plato, and so far I have found nothing which his teaching does not help one to understand. So in the case of Krishnaji. I can only feel that as long as we live in a world of duality which depends on the 'pairs of opposites' for its existence we shall always have the Mystic and the Occultist, the Catholic and the Puritan, the orthodox and the nonconformist with us, and we must decide for ourselves whether we welcome both as complementary or range ourselves on the side of one or the other and fight until we prove there is a gold and silver side to our shield of contention."

Hereward and His Two Servants

By N. C. Moore

A son of a wise and powerful King lived in a beautiful castle. His guardians called him Hereward.

When Hereward was seven he was honoured by a visit from his Father who lived in a far off land. By a Royal decree Hereward was proclaimed the ruler of the castle, and the King having charged his son to become skilled in the management of the affairs of his heritage departed for his own country.

Both inside and out, the castle was the most perfect residence one could imagine. It contained everything for use and everything of beauty. There were golden gates opening into treasure chambers and spiral stairways leading to ivory turret-rooms where one could glimpse the far-off country of the King. There were labyrinthine corridors twisting and turning into unexpected cells and dungeons—dark and airless. Hereward, who alone knew the full secrets of the castle, could hide away in places so secret that not even his guardians could find him. Oh, fearful and wonderful that castle of his !

Hereward had two servants and on the moment he discovered them he knew they were not strangers. Lance, a little fellow about two spans high, with the face of a Methuselah and a modish uniform of black and scarlet and quiver and darts complete, was hailed as an old, old acquaintance—oh, much older than Hereward could really remember much less count—while Jasper, a stripling, robed in shades of blue and rose as fresh as a spring morning, was greeted with a certain amount of hesitation not unmixed with suspicion as though there was something about him that his master had yet to discover.

Both servants seemed to know their business, but it was Lance who attracted Hereward and used much of his time. Lance was always at heel and it was not long before Hereward was learning to forge newer and sharper darts in the dungeons beneath the labyrinthine corridors where Lance set up a forge and anvil, and because Hereward superintended at the forge each dart was branded with his name.

Sometimes, Hereward would pay a flying visit to another part of his castle, but whether his fancy led him to a turret-room or to the golden gates of his treasury he always found Jasper on guard, but as Jasper's manner and moods did not excite curiosity or activity Hereward would decide to explore his treasure chambers some other time. His treasure chambers were well guarded ! There was yet to-morrow to live !

But as time passed Hereward became aware that his servants seemed unwilling to meet face to face; indeed, whenever Lance dashed down a corridor Jasper vanished up a spiral stairway and no shouting, no calling, would bring him to his master's side.

At such times Hereward would hurl his darts as fast as Lance could hand them to him, until it was impossible to see which was the master and which the servant. Oh, very big and very strong grew Lance, and soon he was ahead of Hereward, and leading him into a fearful battle. When it was all over Hereward would hide away in a cell, but he would never admit he was hiding, because he could not bear to hear the sorrowful reproaches of his guardians.

Now it happened on a day when Hereward was in hiding that he was conscious of a numbing pain in his heart and sure enough there was a dart piercing him. At first he thought Lance had given him the

thrust, then his mind turned to secret enemies. But how could an enemy enter his castle ? The more he thought about it the more confused he felt. If it was a thrust from an enemy would he ever be safe again ? It would be wise to wear a suit of mail and outwit him. He reached and plucked out the dart, determined to discover the enemy who had forged the weapon. He examined it carefully and, his eyes being accustomed to dark dungeons, he easily recognised one forged at his own anvil.

It was an alarming discovery. If he needed protection against his own darts the sooner he was safely clad in a suit of mail the better. The thought prompted him to examine his garments. Why, how long—how long had he been wearing a uniform of black and scarlet ?

The son of a King dressed like a menial ! What if his Father saw it ! What if anybody saw it !

Suddenly he remembered his guardians had warned him that parasitic briars were climbing about the entrances of his castle and all who approached were in danger of being torn.

Hereward crept out of his hiding place, and after a surreptitious glance at the forge where Lance was sleeping with his head on the anvil he slipped out of the labyrinthine corridors, hoping that nobody would see him until he had found a suit of mail with which to cover his odious uniform.

But creeping like a thief from chamber to chamber, searching, searching, he grew alarmed at the unfamiliar aspect of his residence. Objects seemed to rush into dim corners—corners once aglow with sunlight.

His eyes turned to a casement overshadowed with a tangle of briars, and while he pondered over his guardians' warning this thought was born in his mind:

"The briars surrounding the castle are the darts I have forged and flung in my anger."

Hereward's heart was filled with sadness. By degrees he realised that if the briars were allowed to flourish his castle would be completely hidden. Already they were climbing to the middle chambers. Why had Jasper not warned him ? But for a long time he had not seen Jasper.

Hurrying from chamber to chamber, he saw no sign of Jasper. Then softly, very softly, lest the sound should arouse the sleeping warrior in the dungeon, he called: "Jasper ! Jasper !"

Were both his servants asleep ?

With faltering steps he approached the door of his treasury. Jasper must be sleeping within ! But there was no reply to his knocks. There was no key, no latch to the door, yet for some curious and inexplicable reason he was unable to open the door. It seemed as though invisible bars of steel were fastened across it. But where was Jasper ? Why had he forsaken his post ?

Up and down stairways, in and out of turret-rooms rushed Hereward, searching, calling, until at last he realized that his neglect had killed a faithful servant and he sank into a helpless sort of discouragement and spent a great deal of his time in secret hiding places.

One evening he slipped away from his guardians, slipped away from Lance and hid in a turret-room. For a long time he sat sad and disconsolate, but the sunlight from his Father's country shone about him and he remembered the glowing colours that once had formed Jasper's raiment.

Little by little, Hereward remembered the gentleness, the patience of his servant. It was useless to regret, useless to sorrow. Jasper was dead. He would have to tell the King! Surely his Father would understand! But how was he to find Him ? One servant was dead and the other—he was afraid to think of the other. . .Dare he venture alone through an unknown country and stand before his Royal Father in the soiled and tattered garments of a menial ?

Oh, wonderful and mysterious is the power of a King !

"My son !"

The moment Hereward heard his Father's voice something snapped in his heart. He looked around. Why, he had not moved from the turret-room and—a yet greater mystery—the treasury door swung open and there was Jasper guarding the threshold !

Oh, mysterious and powerful is the word of a King !

Hereward did not tell his guardians that once he had mourned for Jasper as dead; neither did he tell them that the treasury door was opened and Jasper restored to life by the power of the King's voice. But the guardians knew all about the struggle, all about the victory over Lance, for when Lance was no longer permitted to rush through the corridors of the castle Hereward's raiment reflected the colours of his turret-rooms, and as days slipped into weeks, years, the parasitic briars withered and died and in the place where they had seemed so deeply rooted there blossoms the sweet asphodel.

Notes and News

The Manor household presented Bishop Arundale on his birthday, December 1st, with a silver cup inscribed with the signatures of all the donators. Dr. Arundale has a sportsman's liking for silver cups—another in his possession was presented to him by colleagues and students at the Central Hindu College, Benares. In St. Alban's Church on Advent Sunday, on which the birthday fell, the Vicar appropriately referred to it.

* * *

Captain Max Wardall is supported by Mr. L. W. Rogers (National President) in a proposal that the next American Convention should be held at Wheaton Headquarters, instead of Chicago, 30 miles distant. Wheaton is a pure and fragrant place, while Chicago is the world's greatest slaughter-house, concentrating cruelty and agony. Why not Wheaton ?

* * *

From *The Ojai*: William Heyting from New Zealand, who visited in the Valley this summer for a few weeks is now taking some post-graduate work at Columbia University.

* * *

A gracious and helpful personality, Mrs. Isabel Stead, passed over in September. We recall her pilgrimage to Sydney some years ago. Once she was president of Edinburgh Lodge and always she excelled in the social virtues.

* * *

The greatest migration of modern history is now going on. "Two million Chinese are this year swarming into Manchuria through Harbin and through the break in the Great Wall." "From an airplane it seems as if the world is covered with a new type of beetle, slow moving, blue, and pushing ever northward."—American Exchange.

Mr. G. E. Sutcliffe announces the discovery of two unknown planets beyond Neptune, the first on May 19, 1928, the second on June 30 of a still more distant planet. This has been given the name Osiris and the nearer one Isis. "They are both large planets and are in an early stage of evolution," he states in *The Theosophist* for September. "The observer does not feel sure that the planets will reflect ordinary light in sufficient quantity to be viewed in the telescope, and with regard to the more distant one (Osiris), doubts it. This is the only uncertain feature of the discovery, apart from which it may turn out to be an excellent test of the reliability of the observations, not only to the group, but to the public in general."

* * *

One of the impressive things about the Theosophical World Congress was the spirit of devotion to the work by those who may appropriately be classed as world leaders, because their teaching and theosophical work is world-wide. Dr. Besant came from London to Chicago, a distance of four thousand miles, stayed a week and returned to England—a total journey of eight thousand miles, for the specific purpose of attending the Congress for a few days. Dr. and Mrs. Arundale came from Australia, travelling three weeks by steamer and three days by train, remained through the World Congress and the Summer School, and then immediately returned to Australia, reversing the journey and travelling three days by train and three weeks by steamer. Think of all that travel just to stay fourteen days ! Only in Theosophy, I take it, can you find such service as is represented by these three in the journey to Chicago and return.—L. W. Rogers in *The Theosophical Messenger.*

A.E.—Irish Poet and Mystic

By Hilda A. Steven

A.E., or George William Russell, was born in Lurgan, a little town in Armagh, Ulster, on April 10th, 1867. He is one of those finest and rarest of beings, a practical mystic; a man of wide interests and varied talents, and with a unique personality. In a crowded room one could not long remain unaware of his presence. A tall, loosely-built man, with penetrating grey eyes, he radiates those qualities which produce a sense of harmony and peace in all those with whom he comes into contact. Even George Moore, that most sardonic of writers, whose notable book *Hail and Farewell* caused such deep resentment among the literary and artistic men of his acquaintance, for its bitter and scathing criticism, has only praise for this man of genius.

Russell's name is known throughout the world as Sir Horace Plunkett's chief colleague in the great Co-operative Movement, which Sir Horace founded in Ireland many years ago, discovering A.E. keeping accounts in a tea merchant's shop in Dublin. This organization has rapidly increased, becoming a strong and beneficent power in the country. Probably A.E. is more widely recognized for his work in this direction than for his literary and artistic contributions, though it is undoubtedly through his poems and prose writings that his name will live. His works consist of five volumes of poems—*Homeward, Songs by the Way, The Earth Breath, The Divine Vision,* and *Voices of the Stones.* These are now published in one volume, and there are four prose works—*Imaginations and Reveries, The Candle of Vision, Interpreters,* and *National Being* (Irish polity). These would be better appreciated were there more idealists. He is one of those, of whom Alexander G. Steven writes in his poem:—

THE VANGUARD

They are the reapers of derision,
The heritors of scorn,
Who scale the lonely peaks of vision,
The vanguard of the morn.

Not theirs the meed which the sleek cherish,
Their bay is twined with thorn
Who pierce the murk, lest the hearts perish
Of seekers yet unborn.

Though his poems are full of colour and brilliance, and of the things of beauty, of the earth and of the spirit, they yet breathe deeply of the travail of the spirit and of the pain in the heart of things. Sorrow to him has been the greatest Revealer. In a short preface to the *Collected Poems,* he writes:—

"When I first discovered for myself how near was the King in His Beauty I thought I would be the singer of the happiest songs. Forgive me, Spirit of my spirit, for this, that I have found it easier to read the mystery told in tears and understood Thee better in sorrow than in joy."

Wonderful pictures of pain and desolation flushed with the rainbow hues of hope are depicted in his poems. He sees:

A distant glory o'er the hills of pain.

* * *

Where the last anguish deepens—there
The fire of beauty smites through pain."

A.E. is evidently possessed of great psychic power, the spiritual world being as real, or more real to him, perhaps than the material. In *The Candle of Vision* he tells how, at the age of 16 or 17, he, the slackest and least ideal of boys, became suddenly aware of a mysterious life quickening within him—intense and passionate imaginations of another world began to overpower him. After this awakening, he could not escape from this new life, "at any time and in any place it might arise. Even in moments of inactivity during the busy office hours, he would be aware of this sweet eternal presence

o'ershadowing him, transporting him sometimes to remote scenes of beauty."

At this early age, too, when he had practically no knowledge of literature, and would find difficulty in expressing his thoughts coherently in prose, noble lines full of melody would come to him, as if another and greater than he spoke through him, and he would write verse without effort, which is now considered of great beauty. On these occasions he would experience a rare joy, such as those who have tasted of immortality.

His love of the Earth, the Mighty Mother, the garment of Deity, as he calls her, is intense. He has the same conception of our relationship to the earth as Algernon Blackwood—that is, that we are extensions of the Earth's consciousness, and his sense of union with her is complete. "To touch Earth," he says, "was to feel that influx of power as with *one* who had touched the mantle of the Lord . . . . In those moments of vision, I understood instinctively the high mood they must keep who would walk with the highest."

The book is full of his wondrous visions and experiences. "But," he writes, "there is no personal virtue in me, other than this, that I followed a path all may travel, but on which few do journey," and he tells us, if we have the wish, we, too, can develop this power. "It is not bestowed, it is won. Concentration, aspiration, and meditation persistently practised make the dark caverns of the brain grow luminous, and our inner light will begin to shine." He says he had perhaps some little gift of imagination to build on, but he knew others who had no natural vision, who acquired this power and were raised above the narrow life of the body. Few are those who come to that fullness of power, because of the laborious work entailed in developing the will."

In one passage, referring to the akashic records, or the memory of the earth, he tells how rocks, ruins, or even symbols are able to reproduce in his mind, scenes of the early history of the earth. He puts forward the theory, that the Earth, momentarily throwing off energy, vitalizes the ether, and that this ethereal medium is the storehouse of the earth's memories. "Earth retains for herself and her children, what her children might in passion have destroyed, and it is still in the realm of the ever-living to be seen by the mystic adventurer." His advice to those to whom these apparitions appear, is—"Try to become the master of your vision, and seek for and evoke the greatest of earth memories, not those things which only satisfy curiosity, but those which uplift and inspire, and give us a vision of our own greatness." Then again, he has visions, coming, he thinks, from other spheres, interpenetrating this, and which we inhabit, but of which we are unconscious—and so he explores uncharted seas, discovering new worlds, worlds wherein the spiritual life is made known, and new vistas are opened hitherto undreamed of. In his poem, *A New Theme*, are these lines:—

Though far or strange or cold appear
The shadowy things I tell,
Within the heart the hidden seer
Knows and remembers well.

. . . . . .

I strive to blow the magic horn;
It feebly murmureth;
Arise on some enchanted morn,
Poet, with God's own breath!

And sound the horn I cannot blow,
And by the secret name
Each exile of the heart will know
Kindle the magic flame.

A.E. in very truth is one of these.

(To be concluded.)

WEDDING BELLS

We understand that Oscar Kollerstrom and Miss Barbara Poushkine were to be married in Paris on December 8th.

The Rev. Byron Casselberry and Miss Muriel Beaufoy were married at Eerde on November 12th.

THE ANGELS' SONG

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From Angels bending near the earth,
To touch their harps of gold;
"Peace on the earth, goodwill to men,
From Heaven's all gracious King;"
The world in solemn stillness lay,
To hear the Angels sing.

Still through the cloven sky they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled,
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains,
They bend on heavenly wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The Blessed Angels sing.

Yet with the woes of sin and strife,
The world hath suffered long,
Beneath the Angel-strain have rolled,
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man at war with man hears not,
The love-song which they bring—
O hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the Angels sing.

And ye beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With weary steps and slow,
Look up! for glad and golden hours,
Come swiftly on the wing;
O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the Angels sing.

For lo! the days are hastening on
By prophet-bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years,
Comes round the age of gold,
When Peace shall over all the Earth,
Its ancient splendours fling,
And the whole world send back the song,
Which now the Angels sing.

Words by H. R. Sears.

The Theosophical Society

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